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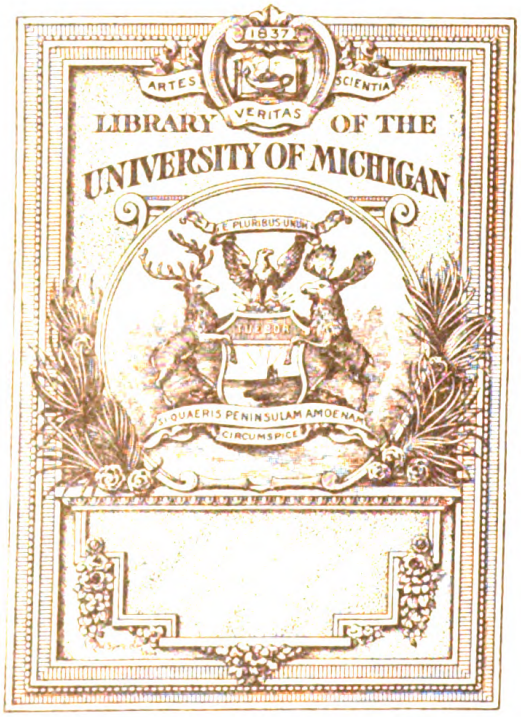
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HARPER'S



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE Fourth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is completed by the issue of the present number. The Publishers embrace the opportunity of renewing the expression of their thanks to the public and the press, for the extraordinary degree of favor with which its successive Numbers have been received. Although it has but just reached the close of its second year, its regular circulation is believed to be at least twice as great as that of any similar work ever issued in any part of the world.

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The Magazine will contain regularly as hitherto:

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Seventh.—An Editor's Easy Chair, or Drawer, which will be devoted to literary and general gossip, memoranda of the topics talked about in social circles, graphic sketches of the most interesting minor matters of the day, anecdotes of literary men, sentences of interest from papers not worth reprinting at length, and generally an agreeable and entertaining collection of literary miscellany.

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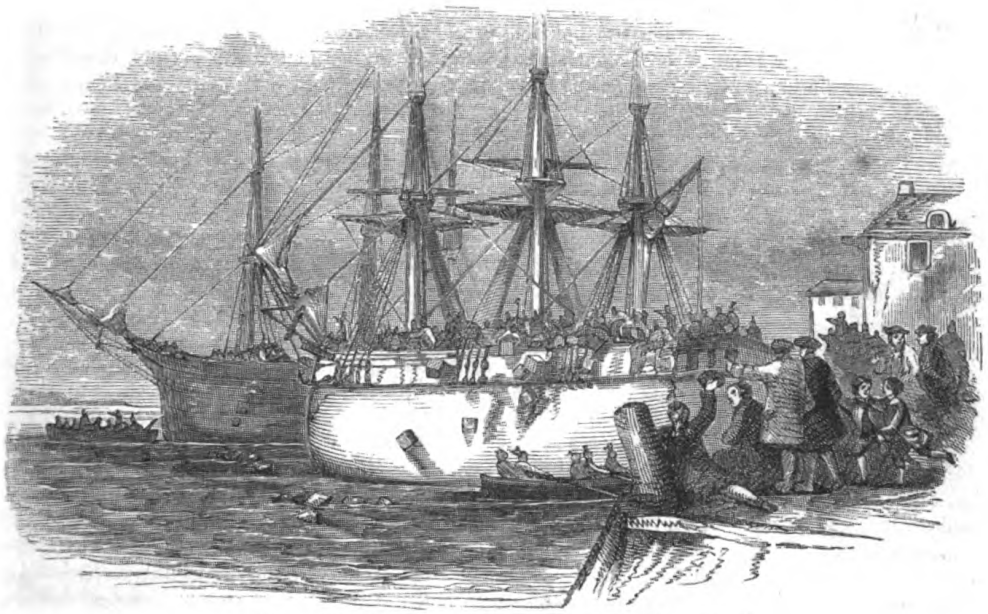
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XIX.—DECEMBER, 1851.—Vol. IV.



CASTING TEA OVERBOARD IN BOSTON HARBOR.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

REVOLUTIONS which dismember and overturn empires, disrupt political systems, and change not only the forms of civil government, but frequently the entire character of society, are often incited by causes so remote, and apparently unconsiderable and inadequate, that the superficial observer would never detect them, or would laugh incredulously if presented to his consideration as things of moment. Yet, like the little spring of a watch, coiled unseen within the dark recess of its chamber, the influences of such remote causes operating upon certain combinations, give motion, power, and value to latent energies, and form the *primum mobile* of the whole machinery of wonderful events which produce revolutions.

As a general rule, revolutions in states are the results of isolated rebellions; and rebellions have their birth in desires to cast off evils inflicted by actual oppressions. These evils generally consist of the interferences of rulers with the physical well-being of the governed; and very few of the political changes in empires which so prominently mark the course of human history, have had a higher incentive to resistance than the maintenance of creature comforts. Abridgment of personal liberty in the exercise of natural rights, excessive taxation, and extortion of public officers, whereby individual competence and consequent ease have not been attainable, these have generally been the chief counts in the indictment, when the people have arisen in their might and arraigned their rulers at the bar of the world's judgment.

The American Revolution, which succeeded local rebellions in the various provinces, was an exception to a general rule. History furnishes no parallel example of a people free, prosperous, and happy, rising from the couch of ease to gird on the panoply of war, with a certainty of encountering perhaps years of privation and distress, to combat the intangible *principle* of despotism. The taxes of which the English colonies in America complained, and which were the ostensible cause of dissatisfaction, were almost nominal, and only in the smallest degree affected the general prosperity of the people. But the method employed in levying those slight taxes, and the prerogatives assumed by the king and his ministers, plainly revealed the *principles* of tyranny, and were the causes which produced

* The Engravings which illustrate this article (except the frontispiece) are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.

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the quarrel. In these assumptions the kernel of despotism was very apparent, and the sagacious Americans, accustomed to vigorous and independent thought, and a free interchange of opinions, foresaw the speedy springing of that germ into the bulk and vigor of an umbrageous tree, that would overshadow the land and bear the bitter fruit of tyrannous misrule. Foreseeing this, they resolved neither to water it kindly, nor generously dig about its roots and open them to the genial influences of the blessed sun and the dews; but, on the contrary, to eradicate it. Tyranny had no abiding-place in America when the quarrel with the imperial government began, and the War of the Revolution, in its inception and progress, was eminently a war of principle.

How little could the wisest political seer have perceived of an elemental cause of a revolution in America, and the dismemberment of the British Empire, in two pounds and two ounces of TEA, which, a little less than two centuries ago, the East India Company sent as a present to Charles the Second of England! Little did the "merrie monarch" think, while sitting with Nell Gwynn, the Earl of Rochester, and a few other favorites, in his private parlor at Whitehall, and that new beverage gave pleasure to his sated taste, that events connected with the use of the herb would shake the throne of England, albeit a Guelph, a wiser and more virtuous monarch than any Stuart, should sit thereon. Yet it was even so; and TEA, within a hundred years after that viceregal corporation made its gift to royalty, became one of the causes which led to rebellion and revolution, resulting in the independence of the Anglo-American colonies, and the founding of our Republic.

When the first exuberant feelings of joy, which filled the hearts of the Americans when intelligence of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached them, had subsided, and sober judgment analyzed the Declaratory act of William Pitt which accompanied the Repeal Bill, they perceived small cause for congratulation. They knew Pitt to be a friend—an earnest and sincere friend of the colonists. He had labored shoulder to shoulder with Barrè, Conway, Burke, and others, to effect the repeal, and had recently declared boldly in the House of Commons, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Yet he saw hesitation; he saw *pride* standing in the place of *righteousness*, and he allowed *expediency* to usurp the place of *principle*, in order to accomplish a great good. He introduced the Declaratory Act, which was a sort of salvo to the national honor, that a majority of votes might be secured for the Repeal Bill. That act affirmed that Parliament possessed the power *to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever*; clearly implying the right to impose taxes to any extent, and in any manner that ministers might think proper. That temporizing measure was unworthy of the great statesman, and had not the colonists possessed too many proofs of his friendship to doubt his constancy, they would now have placed him in the category of the enemies of America. They plainly perceived that no actual concession had been made, and that the passage of the Repeal Bill was only a truce in the systematic endeavors of ministers to hold absolute control over the Americans. The loud acclamations of joy and the glad expressions of loyalty to the king, which rung throughout America in the spring and early summer of 1766, died away into low whispers before autumn, and as winter approached, and other schemes for taxation, such as a new clause in the mutiny act developed, were evolved from the ministerial laboratory, loud murmurings went over the sea from every English colony in the New World.

Much good was anticipated by the exercise of the enlightened policy of the Rockingham ministry, under whose auspices the Stamp Act had been repealed, when it was suddenly dissolved, and William Pitt, who was now elevated to the peerage, became prime minister. Had not physical infirmities borne heavily upon Lord Chatham, all would have been well; but while he was tortured by gout, and lay swathed in flannels at his country-seat at Hayes, weaker heads controlled the affairs of state. Charles Townshend, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, a vain, truckling statesman, coalesced with Grenville, the father of the Stamp Act, in the production of another scheme for deriving a revenue from America. Too honest to be governed by expediency, Grenville had already proposed levying a direct tax upon the Americans of two millions of dollars per annum, allowing them to raise that sum in their own way. Townshend, had the sagacity to perceive that such a measure would meet with no favor; but in May, 1767, he attempted to accomplish the same result by introducing a bill providing for the imposition of a duty upon glass, paper, painters' colors, and TEA imported from Great Britain into America. This was only another form of taxation, and judicious men in Parliament viewed the proposition with deep concern. Burke and others denounced it in the Commons; and Shelburne in the House of Lords warned ministers to have a care how they proceeded in the matter, for he clearly foresaw insurrection, perhaps a revolution as a consequence. But the voice of prudence, uttering words of prophecy, was disregarded; Townshend's bill was passed, and became a law at the close of June, by receiving the royal signature. Other acts, equally obnoxious to the Americans, soon became laws by the sanction of the king, and the principles of despotism, concealed behind the honest-featured Declaratory Act, were displayed in all their deformity.

During the summer and autumn, John Dickenson sent forth his powerful *Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer*. Written in a simple manner, they were easily understood. They laid bare the evident designs of the ministry; proved the unconstitutionality of the late acts of Parliament, and taught the people the necessity of united

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BOSTON IN 1770–74.

resistance to the slow but certain approaches of oppression.

Boston, "the ringleader in rebellion," soon took the initiative step in revolutionary movements, and during 1768, tumults occurred, which caused Governor Bernard to call for troops to awe the people. General Thomas Gage, then commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, ordered two regiments from Halifax. Borne by a fleet which blockaded the harbor in September, they landed upon Long Wharf, in Boston, on Sunday morning, and while the people were desirous of worshiping quietly in their meeting-houses, these soldiers marched to the Common with charged muskets, fixed bayonets, drums beating, and colors flying, with all the pomp and insolence of victorious troops entering a vanquished city. It was a great blunder, and Governor Bernard soon perceived it.

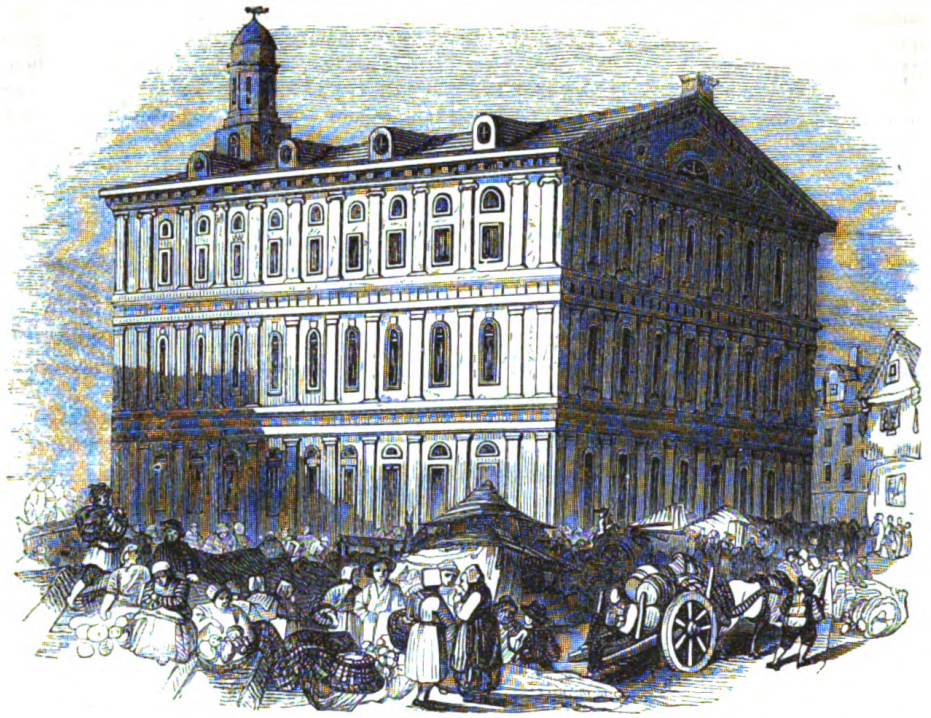
A convention of delegates from every town but one in Massachusetts was in session, when the fleet arrived in Nantasket roads. They were not alarmed by the approach of cannon and bayonets, but deliberated coolly, and denounced firmly the current measures of government. Guided by their advice, the select-men of Boston refused to furnish quarters for the troops, and they were obliged to encamp on the open Common, where insults were daily bandied between the military hirelings and the people. The inhabitants of Boston, and of the whole province felt insulted—ay, degraded—and every feeling of patriotism and manhood rebelled. The alternative was plain before them—*submission or the bayonet!*

Great indignation prevailed from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's, and the cause of Boston became the common cause of all the colonists. They resented the insult as if offered to themselves; and hatred of royal rule became a fixed emotion in the hearts of thousands. Legislative assemblies spoke out freely, and for the crime of being thus independent, royal governors dissolved them. Delegates returned to their constituents, each an eloquent crusader against oppression; and in every village and hamlet men congregated to consult upon the public good, and to determine upon a remedy for the monster evil now sitting like an incubus upon the peace and prosperity of the land.

As a countervailing measure, merchants in the various coast towns entered into an agreement to cease importing from Great Britain, every thing but a few articles of common necessity (and especially those things enumerated in the impost bill), from the first of January, 1769, to the first of January, 1770, unless the obnoxious act should be sooner repealed. The people every where seconded this movement by earnest co-operation, and Provincial legislatures commended the scheme. An agreement, presented in the Virginia House of Burgesses by Washington, was signed by every member; and in all the colonies the people entered at once upon a course of self-denial. For more than a year this powerful engine of retaliation waged war upon British commerce in a constitutional way, before ministers would listen to petitions and remonstrances; and it was not until virtual rebellion in the British capital, born of commercial distress, menaced the ministry, that the expostulations of the Americans were noticed, except with sneers.

In America meetings were frequently held, and men thus encouraged each other by mutual conference. Nor did *men*, alone, preach and practice self-denial; American *women*, the wives and daughters of patriots, cast their influence into the scale of patriotism, and by cheering voices and noble examples, became efficient co-workers. And when, in Boston, cupidity overcame patriotism, and the defection of a few merchants who loved gold more than liberty, aroused the friends

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FANEUIL HALL.

of the non-importation leagues, and assembled them in general council in Faneuil Hall, there to declare that they would "totally abstain from the use of TEA," and other proscribed articles, the women of that city, fired with zeal for the general good, spoke out publicly and decidedly upon the subject. Early in February, 1770, the mistresses of three hundred families subscribed their names to a league, binding themselves not to use any more TEA until the impost clause in the Revenue Act should be repealed. Their daughters speedily followed their patriotic example, and three days afterward, a multitude of young ladies in Boston and vicinity, signed the following pledge:

"WE, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity—as such, do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign TEA, in hopes to frustrate a plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life."

From that time, TEA was a proscribed article in Boston, and opposition to the form of oppression was strongly manifested by the unanimity with which the pleasant beverage was discarded. Nor did the ladies of Boston bear this honor alone, but in Salem, Newport, Norwich, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Williamsburg, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah, the women sipped "the balsamic hyperion," made from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant, and discarded "the poisonous bohea." The newspapers of the day abound with notices of social gatherings where foreign tea was entirely discarded.

About this time Lord North succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honest man, a statesman of good parts, and a sincere friend to English liberty. He doubtless desired to discharge his duty faithfully, yet in dealing with the Americans, he utterly misunderstood their character and temper, and could not perceive the justice of their demands. This was the minister who mismanaged the affairs of Great Britain throughout the whole of our war for independence, and by his pertinacity in attempts to tax the colonies, and in opposing them in their efforts to maintain their rights, he finally drove them to rebellion, and protracted the war until reconciliation was out of the question.

Early in 1770, the British merchants, the most influential class in the realm, were driven by the non-importation agreements to become the friends of the colonists, and to join with them in petitions and remonstrances. The London merchants suffered more from the operations of the new Revenue Laws, than the Americans. They had early foreseen the consequences of an attempt to tax the colonists; and when Townshend's scheme was first proposed, they offered to pay an equivalent sum into the Treasury, rather than risk the loss of the rapidly-increasing American trade. Now, that anticipated loss was actual, and was bearing heavily upon them. It also affected the national exchequer. In one year, exports to America had decreased in amount to the value of almost four millions of dollars; and within three years (1767 to 1770), the government revenue from America decreased from five hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, to one hundred and fifty thousand. These facts awakened the people; these figures alarmed the government; and early in March, Lord North asked leave to bring in a bill, in the House of

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Commons, for repealing the duties upon glass, paper, and painters' colors, but retaining the duty of three-pence upon TEA. This impost was very small—avowedly a "pepper-corn rent," retained to save the national honor, about which ministers prated so loudly. The friends of America—the *true* friends of English liberty and "national honor"—asked for a repeal of the whole act; the stubborn king, and the short-sighted ministry would not consent to make the concession. North's bill became a law in April, and he fondly imagined that the insignificant three-pence a pound, upon a single article of luxury, would now be overlooked by the colonists. How egregiously he misapprehended their character!

When intelligence of this act reached America, the scheme found no admirers. The people had never complained of the *amount* of the taxes levied by impost; it was trifling. They asserted that Great Britain had *no right to tax them at all*, without their consent. It was for a great *principle* they were contending; and they regarded the retention of the duty of three-pence upon the single article of TEA, as much a violation of the constitutional rights of the colonists, as if there had been laid an impost a hundred-fold greater, upon a score of articles. This was the issue, and no partial concessions would be considered.

The non-importation agreements began to be disregarded by many merchants, and six months before this repeal bill became a law, they had agreed, in several places, to import every thing but TEA, and that powerful lever of opposition had now almost ceased to work. TEA being an article of luxury, the resolutions to discard that were generally adhered to, and concerning TEA, alone, the quarrel was continued.



For two years very little occurred to disturb the tranquillity of New England. Thomas Hutchinson, a man of fair abilities, but possessed of very little prudence or sound judgment, succeeded Bernard as Governor of Massachusetts. New men, zealous and capable, were coming forth from among the people, to do battle for right and freedom. Poor Otis, whose eloquent voice had often stirred up the fires of rebellion in the hearts of the Bostonians, when *Writs of Assistance*, and the *Stamp Act*, elicited his denunciations, and who, with prophetic voice, had told his brethren in Great Britain, "Our fathers were a *good* people, we have been a *free* people, and if you will not let us be so any longer, we shall be a *great* people," was now under a cloud. But his colleagues, some of them very young, were growing strong and experienced. John Adams, then six-and-thirty, and rapidly rising in public estimation, occupied the seat of Otis in the General Assembly. John Hancock, one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston; Samuel Adams, a Puritan of great experience and tried integrity; Joseph Warren, a young physician, full of energy and hope, who afterward fell on Breed's Hill; Josiah Quincy, a polished orator, though almost a stripling; Thomas Cushing, James Warren, Dr. Samuel Church, Robert Treat Paine—these became the popular leaders; and fostered "the child independence," which John Adams said, was born when Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, and the populace sympathized. These were the men who, at private meetings, concerted plans for public action; and with them, Hutchinson soon quarreled. They issued a circular, declaring the rights of the colonies, and enumerating their grievances. Hutchinson denounced it as seditious and traitorous; and while the public mind was excited by the quarrel, Dr. Franklin, who was agent for the colony in England, transmitted to the Speaker of the Assembly several private letters, written by the governor to members of Parliament, in which he spoke disrespectfully of the Americans, and recommended the adoption of coercive measures to abridge "what are called English liberties." These revelations raised a furious storm, and the people were with difficulty restrained from inflicting personal violence upon the governor. All classes, from the men in legislative council to the plainest citizen, felt a disgust that could not be concealed, and a breach was opened between ruler and people that grew wider every day.

The Earl of Hillsborough, who had been Secretary of State for the Colonies during the past few years of excitement, was now succeeded by



EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

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Lord Dartmouth, a personal friend to Dr. Franklin, a sagacious statesman, and a man sincerely disposed to do justice to the colonies. Had his councils prevailed, the duty upon tea would have been taken off, and all cause for discontent on the part of the colonies, removed. But North's blindness, countenanced by ignorant or wicked advisers, prevailed in the cabinet, and the olive-branch of peace and reconciliation, constantly held out by the Americans while declaring their rights, was spurned.

At the beginning of 1773, the East India Company, feeling the effects of the non-importation agreements and the colonial contraband trade, opened the way for reconciliation, while endeavoring to benefit themselves. Already seventeen millions of pounds of tea had accumulated in their warehouses in England, and the demand for it in America was daily diminishing. To open anew an extensive market so suddenly closed, the Company offered to allow government to retain six-pence upon the pound as an exportation tariff, if they would take off the duty of three-pence. Ministers had now a fair opportunity, not only to conciliate the colonies in an honorable way, but to procure, without expense, double the amount of revenue. But the ministry, deluded by false views of national honor, would not listen to the proposition, but stupidly favored the East India Company, while persisting in unrighteousness toward the Americans. A bill was passed in May, to allow the Company to export tea to America on their own account, without paying export duty, while the impost of three-pence was continued. The mother country thus taught the colonists to regard her as a voluntary oppressor.

While the bill for allowing the East India Company to export tea to America on their own account, was under consideration in Parliament, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and others, apprised the colonists of the movement; and when, a few weeks afterward, several large vessels laden with the plant, were out upon the Atlantic, bound for American ports, the people here were actively preparing to prevent the landing of the cargoes. The Company had appointed consignees in various seaport towns, and these being generally known to the people, were warned to resign their commissions, or hold them at their peril.

In Boston the most active measures were taken to prevent the landing of the tea. The consignees were all friends of government; two of them were Governor Hutchinson's sons, and a third (Richard Clarke, father-in-law of John Singleton Copley, the eminent painter), was his nephew. Their neighbors expostulated with them, but in vain; and as the time for the expected arrival of two or three tea-ships approached, the public mind became feverish. On the first of November several of the leading "Sons of Liberty," as the patriots were called, met at the house of John Hancock, on Beacon-street, facing the Common, to consult upon the public good, touching the expected tea ships. A public



HANCOCK'S HOUSE.

meeting was decided upon, and on the morning of the third the following placard was posted in many places within the city:

"TO THE FREEMEN OF THIS AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

"*Gentlemen.*—You are desired to meet at the Liberty Tree this day at twelve o'clock at noon, then and there to hear the persons to whom the TEA shipped by the East India Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their offices as consignees, upon oath; and also swear that they will reship any teas that may be consigned to them by the said Company, by the first vessel sailing to London. O. C. Sec'y.

"Boston, Nov. 3, 1773.

"☞ Show me the man that dare take this down!"

The consignees were summoned at an early hour in the morning, to appear under Liberty Tree (a huge elm, which stood at the present junction of Washington and Essex streets), and resign their commissions. They treated the summons with contempt, and refused to comply. At the appointed hour the town-crier proclaimed the meeting, and the church-bells of the city also gave the annunciation. Timid men remained at home, but about five hundred people assembled near the tree, from the top of which floated the New England flag. No definite action was taken, and at three o'clock the meeting had dispersed.

On the 5th, another meeting was held, over which John Hancock presided. Several short but vehement speeches were made, in which were uttered many seditious sentiments; eight resistance resolutions adopted by the Philadelphians were agreed too; and a committee was appointed to wait upon the consignees, who. it was known, were then at Clarke's store, on King-street, and request them to resign. Again those gentlemen refused compliance, and when the committee reported to the meeting, it was voted that

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the answer of the consignees was "unsatisfactory and highly affrontive." This meeting also adjourned without deciding upon any definite course for future action.

The excitement in Boston now hourly increased. Grave citizens congregated at the corners of the streets to interchange sentiments, and all seemed to have a presentiment that the sanguinary scenes of the 5th of March, 1770, when blood flowed in the streets of Boston, were about to be reproduced.

The troops introduced by Bernard had been removed from the city, and there was no legal power but that of the civil authorities, to suppress disorder. On the 12th, the captain-general of the province issued an order for the Governor's Guards, of which John Hancock was colonel, to stand in readiness to assist the civil magistrate in preserving order. This corps, being strongly imbued with the sentiments of their commander, utterly disregarded the requisition. Business was, in a measure, suspended, and general uneasiness prevailed.

On the 18th, another meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and a committee was again appointed to wait upon the consignees and request them to resign. Again they refused, and that evening the house of Richard Clarke, on School-street, was surrounded by an unruly crowd. A pistol was fired from the house, but without serious effect other than exciting the mob to deeds of violence; the windows were demolished, and the family menaced with personal injury. Better counsels than those of anger soon prevailed, and at midnight the town was quiet. The meeting, in the mean while, had received the report of the committee in silence, and adjourned without uttering a word. This silence was ominous of evil to the friends of government. The consignees were alarmed, for it was evident that the people were determined to *talk* only, no more, but henceforth to *act*. The governor, also, properly interpreted their silence as a calm before a storm, and he called his council together at the Province House, to consult upon measures for



PROVINCE HOUSE.

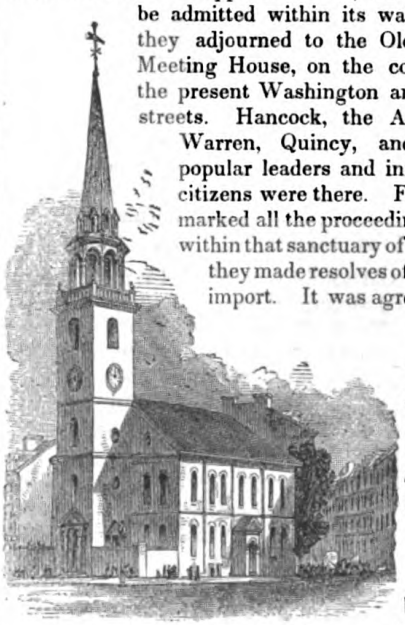
preserving the peace of the city. During their session the frightened consignees presented a petition to the council, asking leave to resign their commissions into the hands of the governor and his advisers, and praying them to adopt measures for the safe landing of the teas. The council, equally fearful of the popular vengeance, refused the prayer of their petition, and the consignees withdrew, for safety, to Castle William, a strong fortress at the entrance of the harbor, then garrisoned by a portion of the troops who had been encamped on Boston Common. The flight of the consignees allayed the excitement for a few days.

On Sunday evening, the 28th of November, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, one of the East India Company's ships, arrived in the harbor. The next morning the following handbill was posted in every part of the city:

"*Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!*—That worst of plagues, the detested TEA shipped for this port, by the East India Company, is now arrived in the harbor. The hour of destruction, or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny, stares you in the face; every friend to his country, to himself, and to posterity, is now called upon to meet at *Faneuil Hall*, at nine o'clock THIS DAY (at which time the bells will ring), to make united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.

"Boston, Nov. 29th, 1773."

A large concourse assembled in and around Faneuil Hall at the appointed hour, too large to be admitted within its walls, and they adjourned to the Old South Meeting House, on the corner of the present Washington and Milk streets. Hancock, the Adamses, Warren, Quincy, and other popular leaders and influential citizens were there. Firmness marked all the proceedings, and within that sanctuary of religion they made resolves of gravest import. It was agreed that NO TEA should be landed within the precincts of Boston; that no duty should be paid; and that it should be sent back in the same bottom. They also voted that Mr. Roch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, "be directed not to enter the tea at his peril; and that Captain Hall be informed, and at his peril, not to suffer any of the tea to be landed." They ordered the ship to be moored at Griffin's wharf, near the present Liverpool dock, and appointed a guard of twenty-five men to watch her.



THE "OLD SOUTH."

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When the meeting was about to adjourn, a letter was received from the consignees, offering to store the tea until they could write to England and obtain instructions from the owners The people had resolved that not a chest should be landed, and the offer was at once rejected. The sheriff, who was present, then stepped upon the back of a pew, and read a proclamation by the governor, ordering the assembly to disperse. It was received with hisses. Another resolution was then adopted, ordering two other tea vessels, then hourly expected, to be moored at Griffin's wharf; and, after solemnly pledging themselves to carry their several resolutions into effect at all hazards, and thanking the people in attendance from the neighboring towns for their sympathy, they adjourned.

Every thing relating to the TEA movement was now in the hands of the Boston Committee of Correspondence. A large volunteer guard was enrolled, and every necessary preparation was made to support the resistance resolutions of the 29th. A fortnight elapsed without any special public occurrence, when, on the afternoon of the 13th of December, intelligence went through the town that the *Eleanor*, Captain James Bruce, and the *Beaver*, Captain Hezekiah Coffin, ships of the East India Company, laden with tea, had entered the harbor. They were moored at Griffin's wharf by the volunteer guard, and that night there were many sleepless eyes in Boston. The Sons of Liberty convened at an early hour in the evening, and expresses were sent to the neighboring towns with the intelligence. Early the next morning the following placard appeared:

"*Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!*—The perfidious arts of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the resolutions of the body of the people, demand your assembling at the Old South Meeting House precisely at two o'clock this day, at which time the bells will ring."

The "Old South" was crowded at the appointed hour, yet perfect order prevailed. It was resolved to order Mr. Roch to apply immediately for a clearance for his ship, and send her to sea. The owner was in a dilemma, for the governor had taken measures, since the arrival of the Dartmouth, to prevent her sailing out of the harbor. Admiral Montague, who happened to be in Boston, was directed to fit out two armed vessels, and station them at the entrance to the harbor, to act in concert with Colonel Leslie, the commander of the garrison at the Castle. Leslie had already received written orders from the governor not to allow any vessel to pass the guns of the fort, outward, without a permit, signed by himself. Of course Mr. Roch could do nothing.

As no effort had yet been made to land the tea, the meeting adjourned, to assemble again on the 16th, at the same place. These several popular assemblies attracted great attention in the other colonies; and from New York and Philadelphia in particular, letters, expressive of the strongest sympathy and encouragement, were received by the Committee of Correspondence.

At the appointed hour on the 16th, the "Old South" was again crowded, and the streets near were filled with a multitude, eager to participate in the proceedings. They had flocked in from the neighboring towns by hundreds. So great a gathering of people had never before occurred in Boston. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, was chosen Moderator, or Chairman, and around him sat many men who, two years afterward, were the recognized leaders of the Revolution in Massachusetts. When the preliminary business was closed, and the meeting was about to appoint committees for more vigorous action than had hitherto been directed, the youthful Josiah Quincy arose, and with words almost of prophecy, uttered with impassioned cadence, he harangued the multitude. "It is not, Mr. Moderator," he said, "the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of this day, entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and the value of the prize for which we contend: we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge, which actuates our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosoms, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts—to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue. Let us look to the end. Let us weigh and consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." This gifted young patriot did not live to see the struggle he so confidently anticipated; for, when blood was flowing, in the first conflicts at Lexington and Concord, eighteen month's afterward, he was dying with consumption, on ship-board, almost within sight of his native land.

The people, in the "Old South," were greatly agitated when Quincy closed his harangue. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The question was immediately proposed to the meeting, "Will you abide by your former resolutions with respect to not suffering the TEA to be landed?" The vast assembly within, as with one voice, replied affirmatively, and when the purport was known without, the multitude there responded in accordance. The meeting now awaited the return of Mr. Roch, who had been to the governor to request a permit for his vessel to leave the harbor. Hutchinson, alarmed at the stormy aspect of affairs, had taken counsel of his fears, and withdrawn from the city to his country-house at Milton, a few miles from Boston. It was sunset when Roch returned and informed the meeting that the governor refused to grant a permit, until a clearance should be exhibited. As a clearance had already been refused by the collector of the port, until the cargo should be landed,

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t was evident that government officers had concerted to resist the demands of the people. Like a sea lashed by a storm, that meeting swayed with excitement, and eagerly demanded from the leaders some indication for immediate action. Night was fast approaching, and as the twilight deepened, a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person in the gallery, disguised in the garb of a Mohawk Indian, gave a war-whoop, which was answered from without. That signal, like the notes of a trumpet before the battle-charge, fired the assemblage, and as another voice in the gallery shouted, "Boston harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" a motion to adjourn was carried, and the multitude rushed to the street. "To Griffin's wharf! to Griffin's wharf!" again shouted several voices, while a dozen men, disguised as Indians, were seen speeding over Fort Hill, in that direction. The populace followed, and in a few minutes the scene of excitement was transferred from the "Old South" to the water side.

No doubt the vigilant patriots had arranged this movement, in anticipation of the refusal of the governor to allow the *Dartmouth* to depart; for concert of action marked all the operations at the wharf. The number of persons disguised as Indians, was fifteen or twenty, and these, with others who joined them, appeared to recognize Lendall Pitts, a mechanic of Boston, as their leader. Under his directions, about sixty persons boarded the three tea-ships, brought the chests upon deck, broke them open, and cast their contents into the water. The *Dartmouth* was boarded first; the *Eleanor* and *Beaver* were next entered; and within the space of two hours, the contents of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were cast into the waters of the harbor. During the occurrence very little excitement was manifested among the multitude upon the wharf; and as soon as the work of destruction was completed, the active party marched in perfect order back into the town, preceded by a drum and fife, dispersed to their homes, and Boston, untarnished by actual mob or riot, was never more tranquil than on that bright and frosty December night.

A British squadron was not more than a quarter of a mile from Griffin's wharf, where this event occurred, and British troops were near, yet the whole proceeding was uninterrupted. The newspapers of the day doubtless gave the correct interpretation to this apathy. Something far more serious had been anticipated, if an attempt should be made to land the tea; and the owners of the vessels, as well as the public authorities, civil and military, doubtless thanked the *rioters*, in their secret thoughts, for thus extricating them from a serious dilemma. They would doubtless have been worsted in an attempt forcibly to land the tea; now, the vessels were saved from destruction; no blood was spilt; the courage of the civil and military officers remained unimpeached; the "*national honor*" was not compromised, and the Bostonians, having carried their resolutions into effect, were satisfied. The East India Company alone, which was the actual loser, had cause for complaint.

It may be asked, Who were the men actively engaged in this high-handed measure? Were they an ignorant rabble, with no higher motives than the gratification of a mobocratic spirit? By no means. While some of them were doubtless governed, in a measure, by such a motive, the greater portion were young men and lads who belonged to the respectable part of the community, and of the fifty-nine participators whose names have been preserved, some of them held honorable stations in after life; some battled nobly in defense of liberty in the Continental Army of the Revolution which speedily followed, and almost all of them, according to traditionary testimony, were entitled to the respect due to good citizens. Only one, of all that band, as far as is known, is yet among the living, and he has survived almost a half century beyond the allotted period of human life. When the present century dawned, he had almost reached the goal of three score and ten years; and now, at the age



David Kinnison

of *one hundred and fifteen years*, David Kinnison, of Chicago, Illinois, holds the eminent position of the *last survivor of the Boston Tea Party!* When the writer, in 1848, procured the portrait and autograph of the aged patriot, he was living among strangers and ignorant of the earthly existence of one of all his twenty-two children. A

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daughter survives, and having been made acquainted of the existence of her father, by the publication of this portrait in the "Field-Book," she hastened to him, and is now smoothing the pillow of the patriarch as he is gradually passing into the long and peaceful slumber of the grave.

The life of another actor was spared, until



GEORGE ROBERT TWELVES HEWES.

within ten years, and his portrait, also, is preserved. GEORGE ROBERT TWELVES HEWES, was supposed to be the latest survivor, until the name of David Kinnison was made public. Soon not one of all that party will be among the living.

Before closing this article let us advert to the *effect* produced by the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, for to effects alone are causes indebted for importance.

The events of the 16th of December produced a deep sensation throughout the British realm. They struck a sympathetic chord in every colony which afterward rebeled; and even Canada, Halifax, and the West Indies, had no serious voice of censure for the Bostonians. But the ministerial party here, and the public in England, amazed at the audacity of the Americans in opposing royal authority, and in destroying private property, called loudly for punishment; and even the friends of the colonists in Parliament were, for a moment, silent, for they could not fully excuse the lawless act. Another and a powerful party was now made a principal in the quarrel; the East India Company whose property had been destroyed, was now directly interested in the question of taxation. That huge monopoly which had controlled the commerce of the Indies for more than a century and a half, was then almost at the zenith of its power. Already it had laid the foundation, broad and deep, of that British-Indian Empire which now comprises the whole of Hindostan, from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, with a population of more than one hundred and twenty millions, and its power in the government affairs of Great Britain, was almost vice-regal. Unawed by the fleets and armies of the imperial government, and by the wealth and power of this corporation, the Bostonians justified their acts by the rules of justice and the guarantees of the British constitution; and the next vessel to England, after the event was known there, carried out an honest proposition to the East India Company, from the people of Boston, to pay for the tea destroyed. The whole matter rested at once upon its original basis—the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies—and this fair proposition of the Bostonians disarmed ministers of half their weapons of vituperation. The American party in England saw nothing whereof to be ashamed, and the presses, opposed to the ministry, teemed with grave disquisitions, satires, and lampoons, all favorable to the colonists, while art lent its aid in the production of several caricatures similar to the one here given, in which Lord North is represented as pouring tea down the throat of unwilling America, who is held fast by Lord Mansfield (then employed by government in drawing up the various acts so obnoxious to the colonists), while Britannia stands by, weeping at the distress of her daughter. In America, almost every newspaper of the few printed, was filled with arguments, epigrams, parables, sonnets, dialogues, and every form of expression favorable to the resistance made in Boston to the arbitrary acts of government; and a voice of approval went forth from pulpits, courts of law, and the provincial legislatures.



Great was the exasperation of the king and his ministers when intelligence of the proceedings in Boston reached them. According to Burke, the "House of Lords was like a seething caldron"—the House of Commons was "as hot as Faneuil Hall or the Old South Meeting House at Boston." Ministers and their supporters charged the colonies with open rebellion, while the opposition denounced, in the strongest language which common courtesy would allow, the foolish, unjust, and wicked course of government.

In cabinet council, the king and his ministers deliberately considered the matter, and the result was a determination to use coercive measures against the colonies. The first of these schemes was a bill brought forward in March, 1774, which provided for the closing of the port of Boston,

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and the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government offices of every kind from Boston to Salem. This was avowedly a retaliatory measure; and the famous *Boston Port Bill*, which, more than any other act of the British government, was instrumental in driving the colonies to rebellion, became a law within a hundred days after the destruction of the tea. In the debate upon this bill, the most violent language was used toward the Americans. Lord North justified the measure by asserting that Boston was "the centre of rebellious commotion in America; the ring-leader in every riot." Mr. Herbert declared that the Americans deserved no consideration; that they were "never actuated by decency or reason, and that they always chose tarring and feathering as an argument;" while Mr. Van, another ministerial supporter, denounced the people of Boston as totally unworthy civilized forbearance—declared that "they ought to have their town knocked about their ears, and destroyed;" and concluded his tirade of abuse by quoting the factious cry of the old Roman orators, "Delenda est Carthago!"—Carthage must be destroyed.

Edmund Burke, who now commenced his series of splendid orations in favor of America, denounced the whole scheme as essentially wicked and unjust, because it punished the innocent with the guilty. "You will thus irrevocably alienate the hearts of the colonies from the mother country," he exclaimed. "The bill is unjust, since it bears only upon the city of Boston, while it is notorious that all America is in flames; that the cities of Philadelphia, of New York, and all the maritime towns of the continent, have exhibited the same disobedience. You are contending for a matter which the Bostonians will not give up quietly. They can not, by such means, be made to bow to the authority of ministers; on the contrary, you will find their obstinacy confirmed and their fury exasperated. The acts of resistance in their city have not been confined to the populace alone, but men of the first rank and opulent fortune in the place have openly countenanced them. One city in proscription and the rest in rebellion, can never be a remedial measure for disturbances. Have you considered whether you have troops and ships sufficient to reduce the people of the whole American continent to your devotion?" From denunciation he passed to appeal, and besought ministers to pause ere they should strike a blow that would forever separate the colonies from Great Britain. But the pleadings of Burke and others, were in vain, and "deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity," this, and other rigorous measures, were put in operation by ministers.

The industry and enterprise of Boston was crushed when, on the first of June, the *Port Bill* went into operation; but her voice of wail, as it went over the land, awakened the noblest expressions and acts of sympathy, and the blow inflicted upon her was resented by all the colonies. They all felt that forbearance was no longer a virtue. Ten years they had pleaded, petitioned, remonstrated; they were uniformly answered by insult. There seemed no other alternative but abject submission, or open, armed resistance. They chose the latter, and thirteen months after the Boston *Port Bill* became a law, the battle at Lexington and Concord had been fought, and Boston was beleaguered by an army of patriots. The Battle of Bunker Hill soon followed; a continental army was organized with Washington at its head, and the war of the Revolution began. Eight long years it continued, when the oppressors, exhausted, gave up the contest. Peace came, and with it, INDEPENDENCE; and the Republic of the United States took its place among the nations of the earth.

How conspicuous the feeble Chinese plant should appear among these important events let the voice of history determine.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

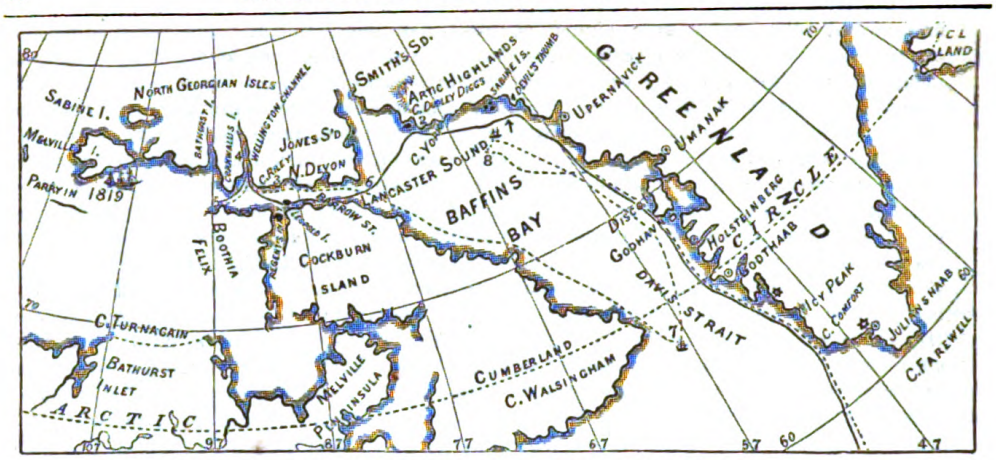
THE safe return of the Expedition sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, an opulent merchant of New York city, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, is an event of much interest; and the voyage, though not resulting in the discovery of the long-absent mariners, presents many considerations satisfactory to the parties immediately concerned, and to the American public in general.

In the second volume of the Magazine, on pages 588 to 597 inclusive, we printed some interesting extracts from the journal of Mr. W. PARKER SNOW, of the *Prince Albert*, a vessel which sailed from Aberdeen with a crew of Scotchmen, upon the same errand of mercy. That account is illustrated by engravings; and in his narrative, Mr. Snow makes favorable mention of Mr. Grinnell's enterprise, and the character of the officers, crew, and vessels. We now present a more detailed account of the American Expedition, its adventures and results, together with several graphic illustrations, engraved from drawings made in the polar seas during the voyage, by Mr. CHARLES BERRY, a seaman of the *Advance*, the largest of the two vessels. These drawings, though made with a pencil in hands covered with thick mittens, while the thermometer indicated from 20° to 40° below zero, exhibit much artistic skill in correctness of outline and beauty of finish. Mr. Berry is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and was properly educated for the duties of the counting-room and the accomplishments of social life. Attracted by the romance of

"The sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,"

he abandoned home for the perilous and exciting life of a sailor. Although only thirty years of age, he has been fifteen years upon the ocean. Five years he was in the English service, much of the time in the waters near the Arctic Circle; the remainder has been spent in the service of the United States. He was with the *Germantown* in the Gulf, during the war with Mexico, and accompanied her marines at the siege of Vera Cruz. He was in the *North Carolina* when Lieutenant De Haven went on board seeking volunteers for the Arctic Expedition. He offer-

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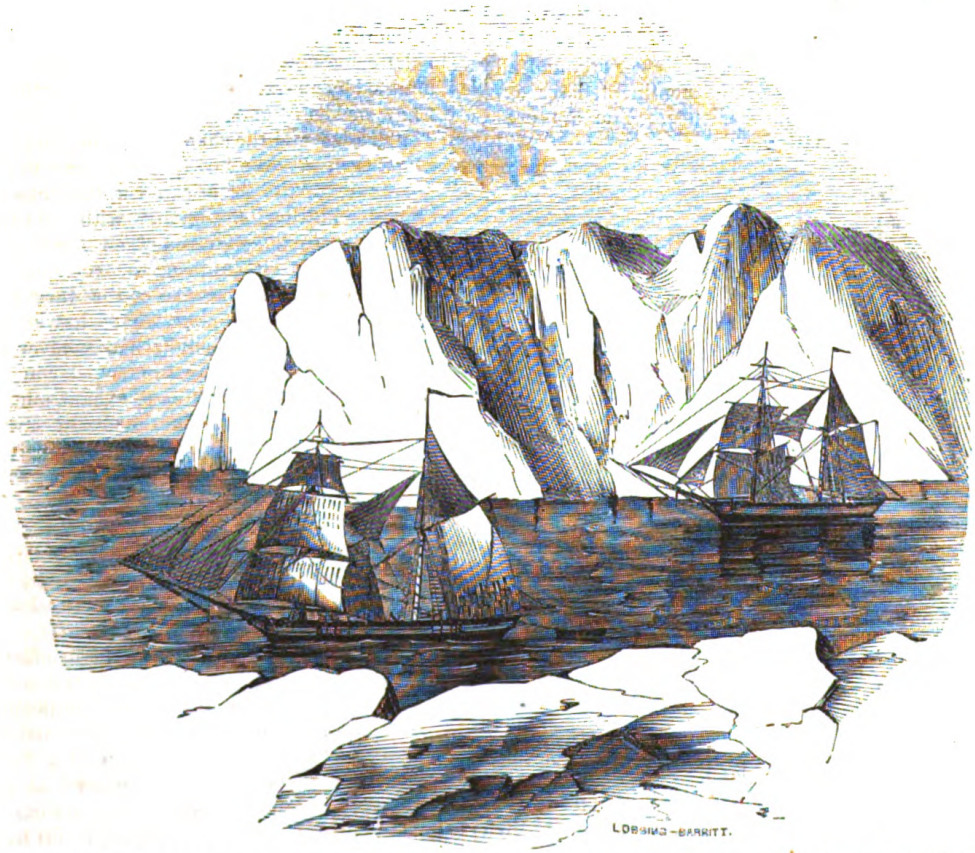


MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.

[The solid black line shows the outward course of the vessels; the dotted line denotes the drift of the vessels, their baffled attempt to reach Lancaster Sound a second time, and their return home.]

ed his services; they were accepted, and a more skillful and faithful seaman never went aloft. And it is pleasant to hear with what enthusiasm he speaks of Commander De Haven, as a skillful navigator and kind-hearted man. "He was as kind to me as a brother," he said, "and I would go with him to the ends of the earth, if he wanted me." Although he speaks English somewhat imperfectly, yet we have listened with great pleasure to his intelligent narrative of the perils, occupations, sports, and duties of the voyage. Since his return he has met an uncle, the commander of a merchant vessel, and, for the first time in fifteen years, he received intelligence from his family. "My mother is dead," said he to us, while the tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes; "I have no one to go home to now—I shall stay here."

We shall not attempt to give a detailed narrative of the events of the Expedition; we shall



ADVANCE AND RESCUE BEATING TO WINDWARD OF AN ICEBERG THREE MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

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PERILOUS SITUATION OF THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE IN MELVILLE BAY.

relate only some of the most noteworthy circumstances, especially those which the pencil of the sailor-artist has illustrated. By reference to the small map on the preceding page, the relative position of the places named; the track of the vessels in their outward voyage; their ice-drift of more than a thousand miles, and their abortive attempt to penetrate the ice of Baffin's Bay a second time, will be more clearly understood.

Mr. Grinnell's Expedition consisted of only two small brigs, the *Advance* of 140 tons; the *Rescue* of only 90 tons. The former had been engaged in the Havana trade; the latter was a new vessel, built for the merchant service. Both were strengthened for the Arctic voyage at a heavy cost. They were then placed under the directions of our Navy board, and subject to naval regulations as if in permanent service. The command was given to Lieutenant E. De Haven, a young naval officer who accompanied the United States Exploring Expedition. The result has proved that a better choice could not have been made. His officers consisted of Mr. Murdoch, sailing-master; Dr. E. K. Kane, Surgeon and Naturalist; and Mr. Lovell, midshipman. The Advance had a crew of twelve men when she sailed; two of them complaining of sickness, and expressing a desire to return home, were left at the Danish settlement at Disko Island, on the coast of Greenland.

The Expedition left New York on the 23d of May, 1850, and was absent a little more than sixteen months. They passed the eastern extremity of Newfoundland ten days after leaving Sandy Hook, and then sailed east-northeast, directly for Cape Comfort, on the coast of Greenland. The weather was generally fine, and only a single accident occurred on the voyage to that country of frost and snow. Off the coast of Labrador, they met an iceberg making its way toward the tropics. The night was very dark, and as the huge voyager had no "light out" the *Advance* could not be censured for running foul. She was punished, however, by the loss of her jib-boom, as she ran against the iceberg at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour.

The voyagers did not land at Cape Comfort, but turning northward, sailed along the southwest coast of Greenland, sometimes in an open sea, and sometimes in the midst of broad acres of broken ice (particularly in Davis's Straits), as far as Whale Island. On the way the anniversary of our national independence occurred; it was observed by the seamen by "splicing the main-brace"—in other words, they were allowed an extra glass of grog on that day.

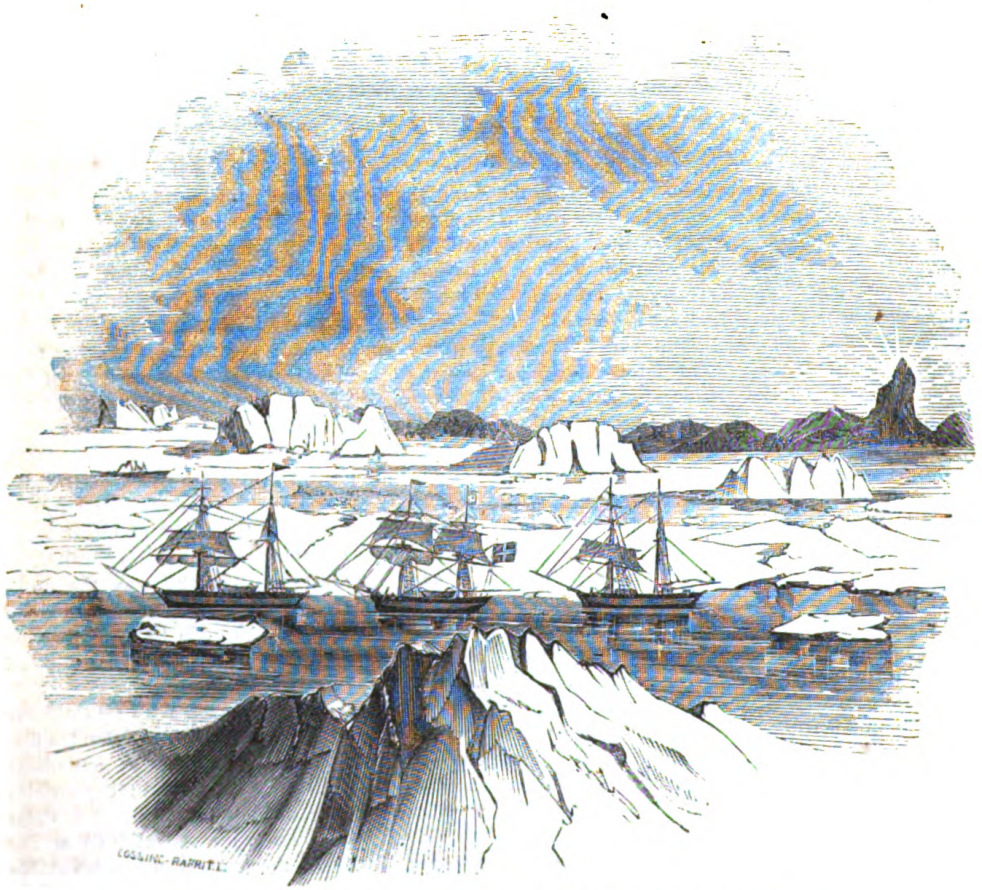
From Whale Island, a boat, with two officers and four seamen, was sent to Disko Island, a distance of about 26 miles, to a Danish settlement there, to procure skin clothing and other articles necessary for use during the rigors of a Polar winter. The officers were entertained at the government house; the seamen were comfortably lodged with the Esquimaux, sleeping in fur bags

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at night. They returned to the ship the following day, and the Expedition proceeded on its voyage. When passing the little Danish settlement of Upernavick, they were boarded by natives for the first time. They were out in government whale-boats, hunting for ducks and seals. These hardy children of the Arctic Circle were not shy, for through the Danes, the English whalers, and government expeditions, they had become acquainted with men of other latitudes.

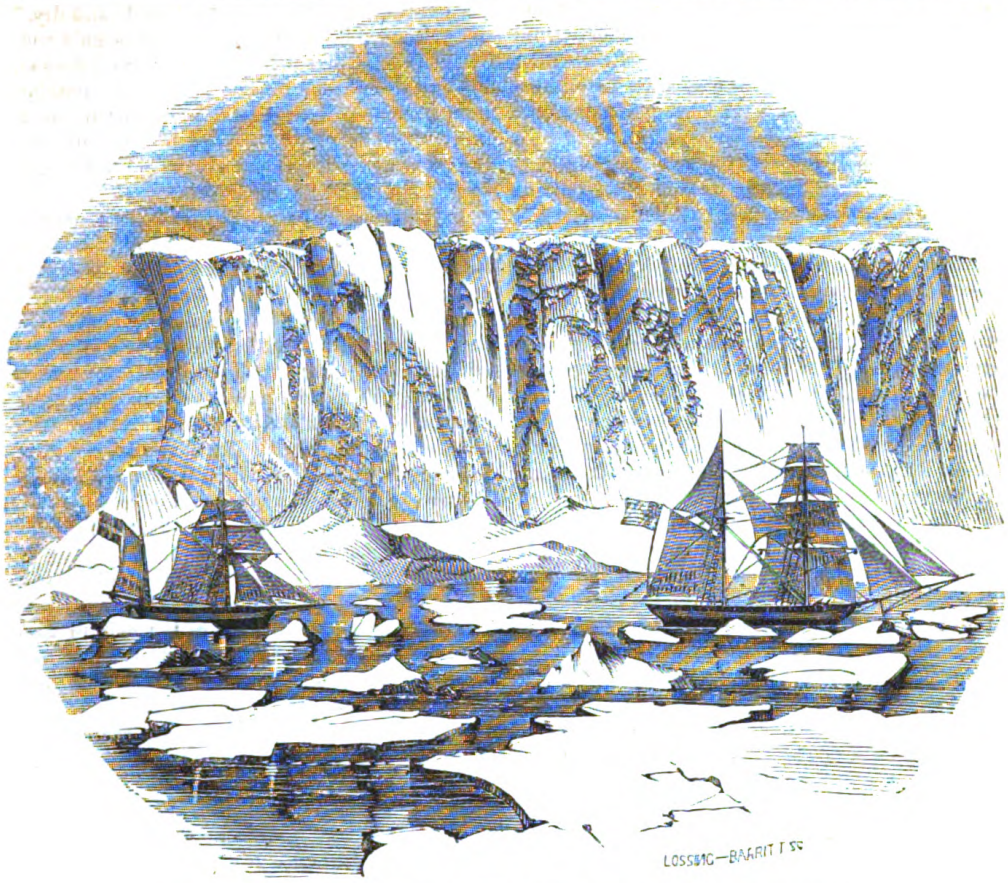
When the Expedition reached Melville Bay, which, on account of its fearful character, is also called the *Devil's Nip*, the voyagers began to witness more of the grandeur and perils of Arctic scenes. Icebergs of all dimensions came bearing down from the Polar seas like vast squadrons, and the roar of their rending came over the waters like the booming of the heavy broadsides of contending navies. They also encountered immense *floes*, with only narrow channels between, and at times their situation was exceedingly perilous. On one occasion, after heaving through fields of ice for five consecutive weeks, two immense *floes*, between which they were making their way, gradually approached each other, and for several hours they expected their tiny vessels—tiny when compared with the mighty objects around them—would be crushed. An immense *calf* of ice six or eight feet thick slid under the *Rescue*, lifting her almost "high and dry," and careening her partially upon her beam's end. By means of ice-anchors (large iron hooks), they kept her from capsizing. In this position they remained about sixty hours, when, with saws and axes, they succeeded in relieving her. The ice now opened a little, and they finally warped through into clear water. While they were thus confined, polar bears came around them in abundance, greedy for prey, and the seamen indulged a little in the perilous sports of the chase.

The open sea continued but a short time, when they again became entangled among *bergs*, *floes*, and *hummocks*, and encountered the most fearful perils. Sometimes they anchored their vessels to icebergs, and sometimes to *floes* or masses of *hummock*. On one of these occasions, while the cook, an active Frenchman, was upon a *berg*, making a place for an anchor, the mass of ice split beneath him, and he was dropped through the yawning fissure into the water, a distance of almost thirty feet. Fortunately the masses, as is often the case, did not close up again, but floated apart, and the poor cook was hauled on board more dead than alive, from excessive fright. It was in this fearful region that they first encountered *pack-ice*, and there they were locked in from the 7th to the 23d of July. During that



THE ADVANCE, RESCUE, AND PRINCE ALBERT NEAR THE DEVIL'S THUMB.

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THE ADVANCE LEADING THE PRINCE ALBERT, NEAR LEOPOLD ISLAND.

time they were joined by the yacht *Prince Albert*, commanded by Captain Forsyth, of the Royal Navy, and together the three vessels were anchored, for a while, to an immense field of ice, in sight of the *Devil's Thumb*. That high, rocky peak, situated in latitude 74° 22′ was about thirty miles distant, and with the dark hills adjacent, presented a strange aspect where all was white and glittering. The peak and the hills are masses of rock, with occasionally a lichen or a moss growing upon their otherwise naked surfaces. In the midst of the vast ice-field loomed up many lofty *bergs*, all of them in motion—slow and majestic motion.

From the *Devil's Thumb* the American vessels passed onward through the *pack* toward Sabine's Islands, while the *Prince Albert* essayed to make a more westerly course. They reached Cape York at the beginning of August. Far across the ice, landward, they discovered, through their glasses, several men, apparently making signals; and for a while they rejoiced in the belief that they saw a portion of Sir John Franklin's companions. Four men (among whom was our sailor-artist) were dispatched with a whale-boat to reconnoitre. They soon discovered the men to be Esquimaux, who, by signs, professed great friendship, and endeavored to get the voyagers to accompany them to their homes beyond the hills. They declined; and as soon as they returned to the vessel, the expedition again pushed forward, and made its way to Cape Dudley Digges, which they reached on the 7th of August.

At Cape Dudley Digges they were charmed by the sight of the *Crimson Cliffs*, spoken of by Captain Parry and other Arctic navigators. These are lofty cliffs of dark brown stone, covered with snow of a rich crimson color. It was a magnificent sight in that cold region, to see such an apparently warm object standing out in bold relief against the dark blue back-ground of a polar sky. This was the most northern point to which the expedition penetrated. The whole coast which they had passed from Disko to this cape is high, rugged, and barren, only some of the low points, stretching into the sea, bearing a species of dwarf fir. Northeast from the cape rise the Arctic Highlands, to an unknown altitude; and stretching away northward is the unexplored Smith's Sound, filled with impenetrable ice.

From Cape Dudley Digges, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, beating against wind and tide in the midst of the ice-fields, made Wolstenholme Sound, and then changing their course to the southwest, emerged from the fields into the open waters of Lancaster Sound. Here, on the 18th of August, they encountered a tremendous gale, which lasted about twenty-four hours. The two vessels parted company during the storm, and remained separate several days. Across Lan-

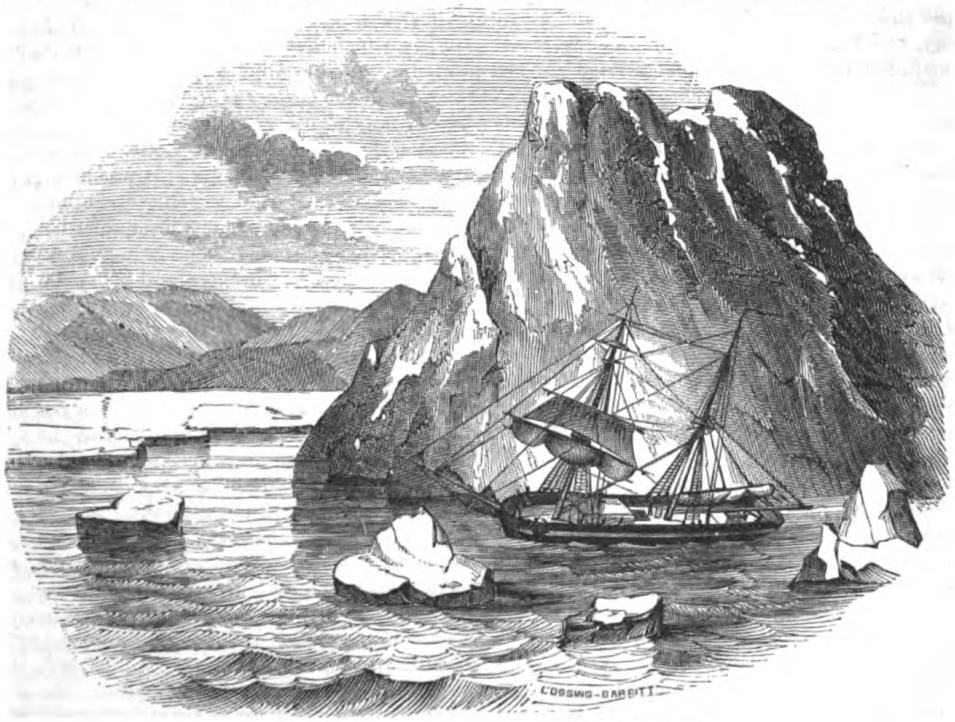
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caster Sound, the *Advance* made her way to Barrow's Straits, and on the 22d discovered the *Prince Albert* on the southern shore of the straits, near Leopold Island, a mass of lofty, precipitous rocks, dark and barren, and hooded and draped with snow. The weather was fine, and soon the officers and crews of the two vessels met in friendly greeting. Those of the *Prince Albert* were much astonished, for they (being towed by a steamer) left the Americans in Melville Bay on the 6th, pressing northward through the *pack*, and could not conceive how they so soon and safely penetrated it. Captain Forsyth had attempted to reach a particular point, where he intended to remain through the winter, but finding the passage thereto completely blocked up with ice, he had resolved, on the very day when the Americans appeared, to " 'bout ship," and return home. This fact, and the disappointment felt by Mr. Snow, are mentioned in our former article.

The two vessels remained together a day or two, when they parted company, the *Prince Albert* to return home, and the *Advance* to make further explorations. It was off Leopold Island, on the 23d of August, that the " mad Yankee" took the lead through the vast masses of floating ice, so vividly described by Mr. Snow, and so graphically portrayed by the sailor-artist. " The way was before them," says Mr. Snow, who stood upon the deck of the *Advance;* " the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly, or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark nobly following in the American's wake; and as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

From Leopold Island the *Advance* proceeded to the northwest, and on the 25th reached Cape Riley, another amorphous mass, not so regular and precipitate as Leopold Island, but more lofty. Here a strong tide, setting in to the shore, drifted the *Advance* toward the beach, where she stranded. Around her were small bergs and large masses of floating ice, all under the influence of the strong current. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when she struck. By diligent labor in removing every thing from her deck to a small *floe*, she was so lightened, that at four o'clock the next morning she floated, and soon every thing was properly replaced.

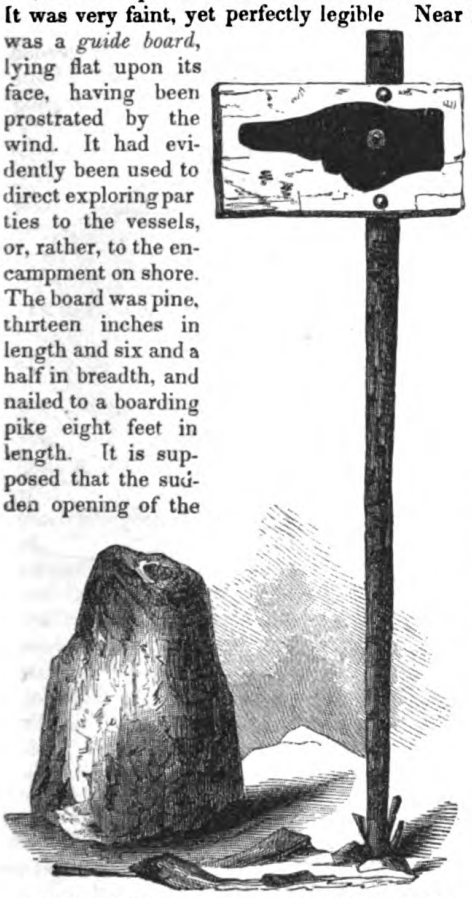
Near Cape Riley the Americans fell in with a portion of an English Expedition, and there also the *Rescue*, left behind in the gale in Lancaster Sound, overtook the *Advance*. There was Captain Penny with the *Sophia* and *Lady Franklin;* the veteran Sir John Ross, with the *Felix*, and Commodore Austin, with the *Resolute* steamer. Together the navigators of both nations explored the coast at and near Cape Riley, and on the 27th they saw in a cove on the shore of Beechy Island, or Beechy Cape, on the east side of the entrance to Wellington Channel, unmistakable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his companions were there in April, 1846. There they found many articles known to be-



THE ADVANCE STRANDED AT CAPE RILEY.

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long to the British Navy, and some that were the property of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the ships under the command of Sir John. There lay, bleached to the whiteness of the surrounding snow, a piece of *canvas*, with the name of the *Terror*, marked upon it with indestructible charcoal It was very faint, yet perfectly legible Near it was a *guide board*, lying flat upon its face, having been prostrated by the wind. It had evidently been used to direct exploring parties to the vessels, or, rather, to the encampment on shore. The board was pine, thirteen inches in length and six and a half in breadth, and nailed to a boarding pike eight feet in length. It is supposed that the sudden opening of the



ANVIL BLOCK. GUIDE BOARD.

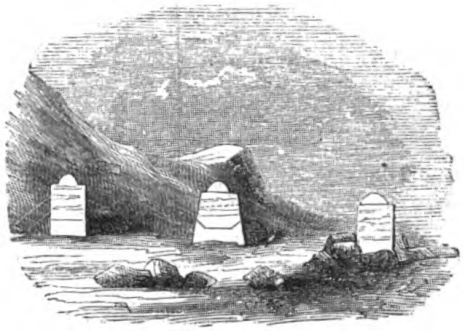
ice, caused Sir John to depart hastily, and that in so doing, this pike and its board were left behind. They also found a large number of *tin canisters*, such as are used for packing meats for a sea voyage; an *anvil block*; remnants of clothing, which evinced, by numerous patches and their threadbare character, that they had been worn as long as the owners could keep them on; the remains of an *India rubber glove*, lined with wool; some old *sacks*; a *cask*, or tub, partly filled with charcoal, and an unfinished *rope-mat*, which, like other fibrous fabrics, was bleached white.

But the most interesting, and at the same time most melancholy traces of the navigators, were *three graves*, in a little sheltered cove, each with a board at the head, bearing the name of the sleeper below. These inscriptions testify positively when Sir John and his companions were there. The board at the head of the grave on the left has the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN TORRINGTON, who departed this life, January 1st, A.D., 1846, on board her Majesty's ship *Terror*, aged 20 years."

On the centre one—"Sacred to the memory of JOHN HARTNELL, A. B, of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*; died, January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider your ways:' Haggai, chap. i. v. 7."

On the right—"Sacred to the memory of W. BRAINE, R.M., of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*, who died April 3d, 1846, aged 32 years. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve:' Joshua, chap. xxiv., part of the 15th verse."



THREE GRAVES AT BEECHY.*

How much later than April 3d (the date upon the last-named head-board), Sir John remained at Beechy, can not be determined. They saw evidences of his having gone northward, for sledge tracks in that direction were very visible. It is the opinion of Dr. Kane that, on the breaking up of the ice, in the spring, Sir John passed northward with his ships through Wellington Channel, into the great Polar basin, and that he did not return. This, too, is the opinion of Captain Penny, and he zealously urges the British government to send a powerful screw steamer to pass through that channel, and explore the *theoretically* more hospitable coasts beyond. This will doubtless be undertaken another season, it being the opinions of Captains Parry, Beechy, Sir John Ross, and others, expressed at a conference with the Board of Admiralty, in September, that the season was too far advanced to attempt it the present year. Dr. Kane, in a letter to Mr. Grinnell, since the return of the expedition, thus expresses his opinion concerning the safety of Sir John and his companions. After saying, "I should think that he is now to be sought for north and west of Cornwallis Island," he adds, "as to the chance of the destruction of his party by the casualties of ice, the return of our own party after something more than the usual share of them, is the only *fact* that I can add to what we knew when we set out. The hazards from cold and privation of food may be almost looked upon as subordinate The snow-hut, the fire and light from the moss-lamp fed with blubber, the seal, the narwhal, the white whale, and occasionally abundant stores of migratory birds, would sustain vigorous life. The scurvy, the worst visitation of explorers deprived of permanent quarters, is more rare in the depths of a Polar winter, than in the milder weather of

* This and the picture of the *guide-board* and *anvil block* are copied from sketches made by Captain Austin of the English Expedition.

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the moist summer; and our two little vessels encountered both seasons without losing a man."

Leaving Beechy Cape, our expedition forced its way through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being frozen in for the winter. They endeavored to enter the Inlet, for the purpose of making it their winter quarters, but were prevented by the mass of *pack-ice* at its entrance.



THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE AT BARLOW'S INLET.

It was on the 4th of September, 1850, when they arrived there, and after remaining seven or eight days, they abandoned the attempt to enter. On the right and left of the above picture, are seen the dark rocks at the entrance of the Inlet, and in the centre the frozen waters and the range of hills beyond. There was much smooth ice within the Inlet, and while the vessels lay anchored to the "field," officers and crew exercised and amused themselves by skating. On the left of the Inlet, (indicated by the dark conical object,) they discovered a *Cairn* (a heap of stones with a cavity) eight or ten feet in height, which was erected by Captain Ommanny of the English Expedition then in the Polar waters. Within it he had placed two letters, for "whom it might concern." Commander De Haven also deposited a letter there. It is believed to be the only post-office in the world, free for the use of all nations. The rocks, here, presented vast fissures made by the frost; and at the foot of the cliff on the right, that powerful agent had cast down vast heaps of *debris*.

From Barlow's Inlet, our Expedition moved slowly westward, battling with the ice every rood of the way, until they reached Griffin's Island, at about 96° west longitude from Greenwich. This was attained on the 11th, and was the extreme westing made by the expedition. All beyond seemed impenetrable ice; and, despairing of making any further discoveries before the winter should set in, they resolved to return home. Turning eastward, they hoped to reach Davis's Straits by the southern route, before the cold and darkness came on, but they were doomed to disappointment. Near the entrance to Wellington Channel they became completely locked in by *hummock-ice*, and soon found themselves drifting with an irresistible tide up that channel toward the pole.

Now began the most perilous adventures of the navigators. The summer day was drawing to a close; the diurnal visits of the pale sun were rapidly shortening, and soon the long polar night, with all its darkness and horrors, would fall upon them. Slowly they drifted in those vast fields of ice, whither, or to what result, they knew not. Locked in the moving yet compact mass; liable every moment to be crushed; far away from land; the mercury sinking daily lower and lower from the zero figure, toward the point where that metal freezes, they felt small hope of ever reaching home again. Yet they prepared for winter comforts and winter sports, as cheerfully as if lying safe in Barlow's Inlet. As the winter advanced, the crews of both vessels went on board the larger one. They unshipped the rudders of each to prevent their being injured by the ice, covered the deck of the *Advance* with felt, prepared their stores, and made arrangements

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for enduring the long winter, now upon them. Physical and mental activity being necessary for the preservation of health, they daily exercised in the open air for several hours. They built ice huts, hunted the huge white bears and the little polar foxes, and when the darkness of the winter night had spread over them, they arranged in-door amusements and employments.

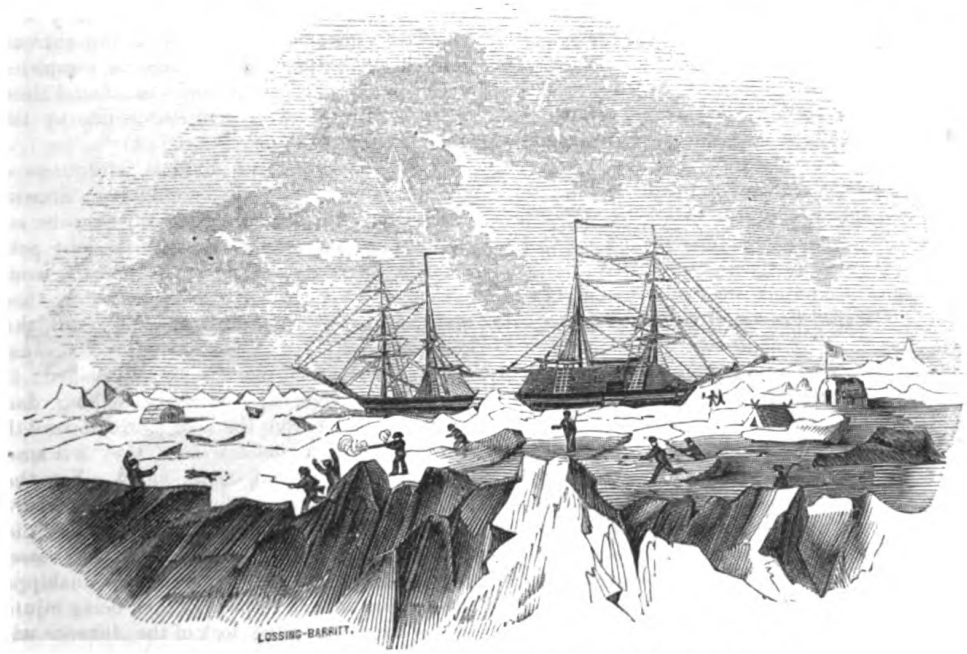
Before the end of October, the sun made its appearance for the last time, and the awful polar night closed in. Early in November they wholly abandoned the *Rescue*, and both crews made the *Advance* their permanent winter home. The cold soon became intense; the mercury congealed, and the spirit thermometer indicated 46° below zero! Its average range was 30° to 35° They had drifted helplessly up Wellington Channel as high as the point 4. on the map, almost to the latitude from whence Captain Penny saw an open sea, and which all believe to be the great polar basin, where there is a more genial clime than that which intervenes between the Arctic Circle and the 75th degree. Here, when almost in sight of the open ocean, that mighty polar tide, with its vast masses of ice, suddenly ebbed, and our little vessels were carried back as resistlessly as before, through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound! All this while the immense fields of *hummock-ice* were moving, and the vessels were in hourly danger of being crushed and destroyed. At length, while drifting through Barrow's Straits, the congealed mass, as if crushed together by the opposite shores, became more compact, and the *Advance* was elevated almost seven feet by the stern, and keeled two feet eight inches, starboard, as seen in the engraving. In this position she remained, with very little alteration, for five consecutive months; for, soon after entering Baffin's Bay in the midst of the



SITUATION OF THE ADVANCE IN BARROW S STRAITS

winter, the ice became frozen in one immense tract, covering millions of acres. Thus frozen in, sometimes more than a hundred miles from land, they drifted slowly along the southwest coast of Baffin's Bay, a distance of more than a thousand miles from Wellington Channel. For eleven weeks that dreary night continued, and during that time the disc of the sun was never seen above the horizon. Yet nature was not wholly forbidding in aspect. Sometimes the Aurora Borealis would flash up still further northward; and sometimes Aurora Parhelia—mock suns and mock moons—would appear in varied beauty in the starry sky. Brilliant, too, were the northern constellations; and when the real moon was at its full, it made its stately circuit in the heavens without descending below the horizon, and lighted up the vast piles of ice with a pale lustre, almost as great as the morning twilights of more genial skies.

Around the vessels the crews built a wall of ice; and in ice huts they stowed away their cordage and stores to make room for exercise on the decks. They organized a theatrical com-



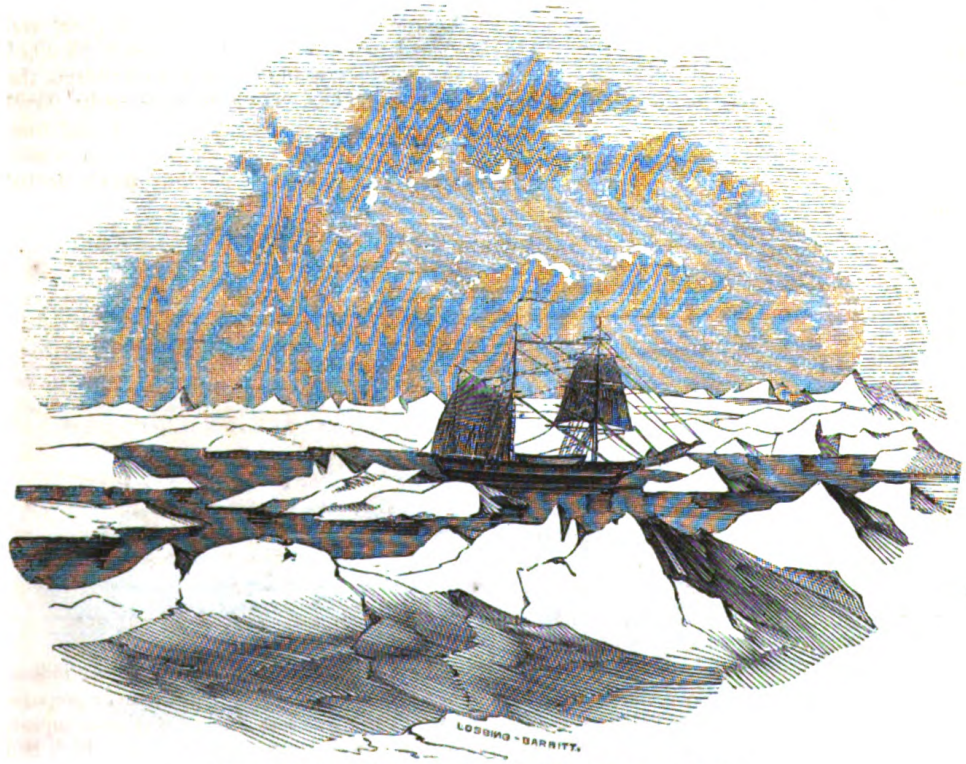
ADVANCE AND RESCUE DRIFTING IN WELLINGTON SOUND.

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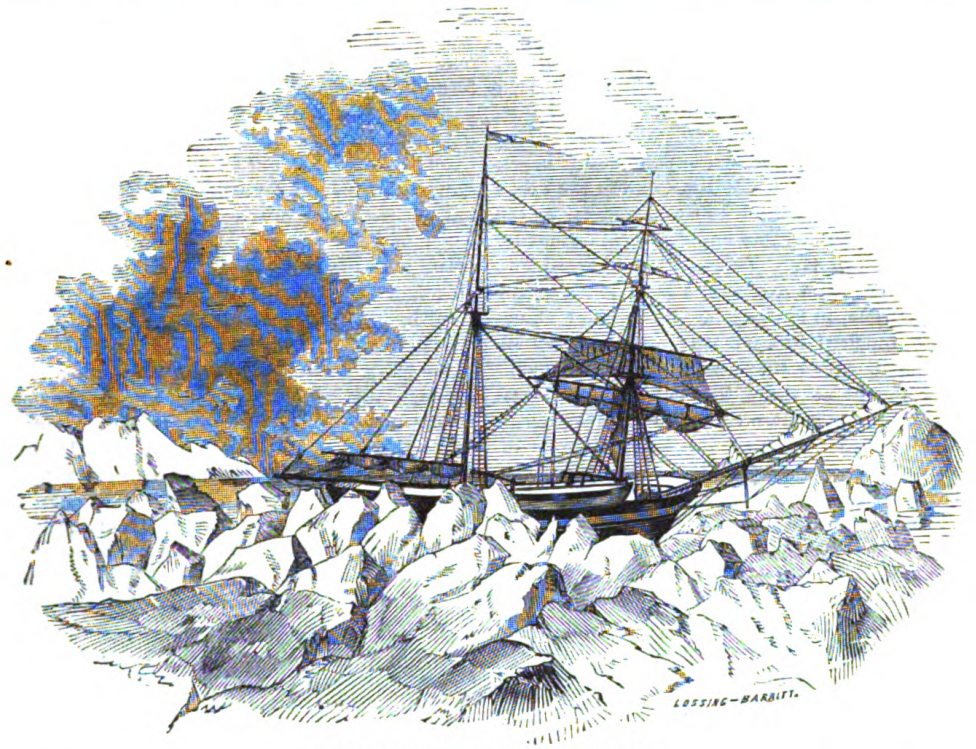
ADVANCE AND RESCUE DURING THE WINTER OF 1850–51.

pany, and amused themselves and the officers with comedy well performed. Behind the pieces of *hummock* each actor learned his part, and by means of calico they transformed themselves into female characters, as occasion required. These dramas were acted upon the deck of the *Advance*, sometimes while the thermometer indicated 30° below zero, and actors and audience highly enjoyed the fun. They also went out in parties during that long night, fully armed, to hunt the polar bear, the grim monarch of the frozen North, on which occasions they often encountered perilous adventures. They played at foot-ball, and exercised themselves in drawing sledges, heavily



THE ADVANCE IN DAVIS'S STRAITS, JUNE 5, 1851.

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THE ADVANCE AMONG HUMMOCKS

laden with provisions. Five hours of each twenty-four, they thus exercised in the open air, and once a week each man washed his whole body in cold snow water. Serious sickness was consequently avoided, and the scurvy which attacked them soon yielded to remedies.

Often during that fearful night, they expected the disaster of having their vessels crushed. All through November and December, before the ice became fast, they slept in their clothes, with knapsacks on their backs, and sledges upon the ice, laden with stores, not knowing at what moment the vessels might be demolished, and themselves forced to leave them and make their way toward land. On the 8th of December, and the 23d of January, they actually lowered their boats and stood upon the ice, for the crushing masses were making the timbers of the gallant vessel creak and its decks to rise in the centre. They were then ninety miles from land, and hope hardly whispered an encouraging idea of life being sustained. On the latter occasion, when officers and crew stood upon the ice, with the ropes of their provision sledges in their hands, a terrible snow-drift came from the northeast, and intense darkness shrouded them. Had the vessel then been crushed, all must have perished. But God, who ruled the storm, also put forth his protecting arm and saved them.

Early in February the northern horizon began to be streaked with gorgeous twilight, the herald of the approaching king of day; and on the 18th the disc of the sun first appeared above the horizon. As its golden rim rose above the glittering snow-drifts and piles of ice, three hearty cheers went up from those hardy mariners, and they welcomed their deliverer from the chains of frost as cordially as those of old who chanted,

"See! the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

Day after day it rose higher and higher, and while the pallid faces of the voyagers, bleached during that long night, darkened by its beams, the vast masses of ice began to yield to its fervid influences. The scurvy disappeared, and from that time, until their arrival home, not a man suffered from sickness. As they slowly drifted



STERN OF THE RESCUE IN THE ICE.

through Davis's Straits, and the ice gave indications of breaking up, the voyagers made preparations for sailing. The *Rescue* was re-occupied, (May 13th 1851), and her stern-post, which had been broken by the ice in Barrow's Straits, was

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repaired. To accomplish this, they were obliged to dig away the ice which was from 12 to 14 feet thick around her, as represented in the engraving. They re-shipped their rudders; removed the felt covering; placed their stores on deck, and then patiently awaited the disruption of the ice. This event was very sudden and appalling. It began to give way on the 5th of June, and in the space of twenty minutes the whole mass, as far as the eye could reach became one vast field of moving *floes*. On the 10th of June they emerged into open water (7, on the map) a little south of the Arctic Circle, in latitude 65° 30′. They immediately repaired to Godhaven, on the coast of Greenland, where they re-fitted, and, unappalled by the perils through which they had just passed, they once more turned their prows northward to encounter anew the ice squadrons of Baffin's Bay. Again they traversed the coast of Greenland to about the 73d degree, when they bore to the westward, and on the 7th and 8th of July passed the English whaling fleet near the Dutch Islands. Onward they pressed through the accumulating ice to Baffin's Island, where, on the 11th, they were joined by the *Prince Albert*, then out upon another cruise. They continued in company until the 3d of August, when the *Albert* departed for the westward, determined to try the more southern passage. Here again (8,) our expedition encountered vast fields of *hummock-ice*, and were subjected to the most imminent perils. The floating ice, as if moved by adverse currents, tumbled in huge masses, and reared upon the sides of the sturdy little vessels like monsters of the deep intent upon destruction. These masses broke in the bulwarks, and sometimes fell over upon the decks with terrible force, like rocks rolled over a plain by mountain torrents. The noise was fearful; so deafening that the mariners could scarcely hear each other's voices. The sounds of these rolling masses, together with the rending of the icebergs floating near, and the vast *floes*, produced a din like the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance upon a field of battle.

Finding the north and west closed against further progress, by impenetrable ice, the brave De Haven was balked, and turning his vessels homeward, they came out into an open sea, somewhat crippled, but not a plank seriously started. During a storm off the banks of Newfoundland, a thousand miles from New York, the vessels parted company. The *Advance* arrived safely at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn on the 30th of September, and the *Rescue* joined her there a few days afterward. Toward the close of October the government resigned the vessels into the hands of Mr. Grinnell, to be used in other service, but with the stipulation that they are to be subject to the order of the Secretary of the Navy in the spring, if required for another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

We have thus given a very brief account of the principal events of interest connected with the American Arctic Expedition; the officers of which will doubtless publish a more detailed narrative. Aside from the success which attended our little vessels in encountering the perils of the polar seas, there are associations which must forever hallow the effort as one of the noblest exhibitions of the true glory of nations. The navies of America and England have before met upon the ocean, but they met for deadly strife. Now, too, they met for strife, equally determined, but not with each other. They met in the holy cause of benevolence and human sympathy, to battle with the elements beneath the Arctic Circle; and the chivalric heroism which the few stout hearts of the two nations displayed in that terrible conflict, redounds a thousand-fold more to the glory of the actors, their governments, and the race, than if four-score ships, with ten thousand armed men had fought for the mastery of each other upon the broad ocean, and battered hulks and marred corpses had gone down to the coral caves of the sea, a dreadful offering to the demon of Discord. In the latter event, troops of widows and orphan children would have sent up a cry of wail; now, the heroes *advanced* manfully to *rescue* husbands and fathers to restore them to their wives and children. How glorious the thought! and how suggestive of the beauty of that fast approaching day, when the nations shall sit down in peace as united children of one household.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

MANTUA had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still Austria refused to make peace with republican France, and with indomitable perseverance gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and will sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given. The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral,

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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then," said Napoleon, "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The hour that witnesses the treachery of Venice, shall terminate her independence."

Mantua was the birth-place of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honor of the illustrious Mantuan bard. But hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honor of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavored to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his head-quarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe. "Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Austrian Emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation."

The Archduke Charles, brother of the king, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character can not be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. "Prince Charles," said Napoleon, "is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all he is a good man, and that includes every thing, when said of a prince." Early in March, Charles, a young man of about Napoleon's age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an army of 50,000 men stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire 40,000 men were on the march to join him. This would give him 90,000 troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment, that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst of the elemental warfare, and unprepared to resist them, hastily retired some forty miles to the eastern banks of the Tagliamento. Napoleon closely followed the retreating foe. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th of March, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in most magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

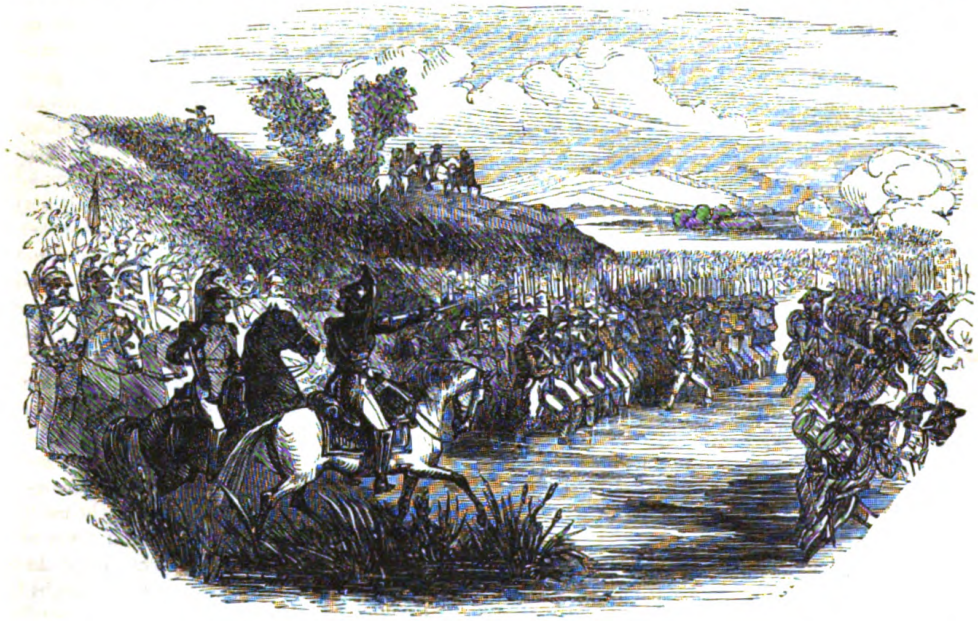
The French army had been marching all night over miry roads, and through mountain defiles With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley, as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn, and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array as forty thousand men, with plumes and banners and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid

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river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, to sweep the advancing ranks, the well fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemies' fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful picnic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to their arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river. This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity, as to



THE PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO.

excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible. But it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The Imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion to await the arrival of the reinforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic. The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the welkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of their foes. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavor to perform feats of the most romantic valor, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror. But with the footsteps of a giant, Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep acclivities. He charged the tempests of wind and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides. Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow

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which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains, with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets, and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis, the battle, decisive of this fearful question, was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snow drifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glacier, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice, and half-buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigor the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a perfect storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks, which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had with unparalleled audacity entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labor of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turks.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with 45,000 men, flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile steams which flow into the Danube.

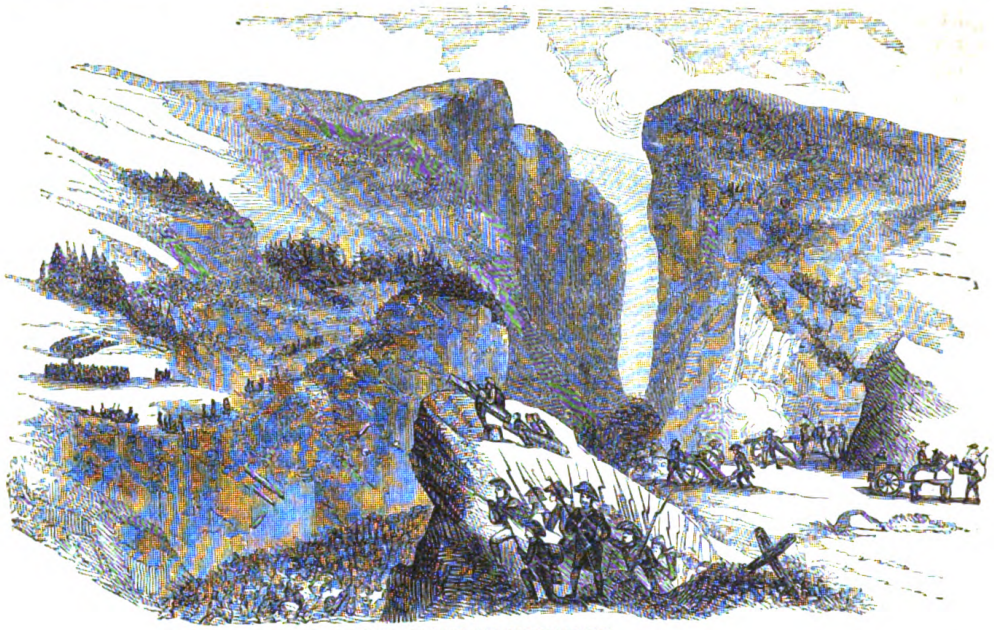
Under these triumphant circumstances Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following most noble letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief. Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish. And after all we must come to an accommodation, for every thing has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real saviour of Austria. Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honor to make, shall be the means of saving a single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

To these magnanimous overtures the Archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war, I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore can not enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this most interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign; with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, onward he rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose. At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion pell-mell with the victors through the streets. At last they approached another mountain range called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist can not pass through it unawed, Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents, thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable

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THE GORGE OF NEUMARKT.

horror ensued. The French cavalry made most destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon balls plowed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled, hand to hand, in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. Charles hurried along the great road to the capital, with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary. The Danube was covered with boats conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louisa, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterward became. All the military resources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations which was scattered all over the region he had overrun. He assured the *people* that he was their friend, that he was fighting not for conquest but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France: that the *people* of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers, inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamor loudly for peace. Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the Emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Embassadors were immediately dispatched from the imperial court authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days, to settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires." A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article, that the Emperor recognized the French Republic. "Strike that out," said Napoleon, proudly. "The Republic is like the sun; none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was

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not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the possibilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterward remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognized by the Imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trembling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days, when railroads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumor, with her thousand voices filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated—that he was a captive—that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud, cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry, "Death to the French." The priests incited the peasants to frenzy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals, and poniarded the wounded and the dying in their beds. Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror, when it was announced, that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, dispatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word he listened to their awkward attempts



THE VENETIAN ENVOYS.

at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then in tones of firmness which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed, "If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacherously spilt. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark* must lick the dust. Go." The Venetians in their terror sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon, to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice. But Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the doge The

* The armorial bearing of Venice

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thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The doge, pallid with consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodeled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty forever," and "Long live St. Mark," resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage. Amid this horrible confusion three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offenses against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation. It was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze, it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations, by the people who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-five years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognizing him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honor of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals, wherever he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword, the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy, Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany, were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights. In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell in revenge upon the French, who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government. But the Genoese democracy began now in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes which had disgraced Paris, began to be re-enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, thus urged upon them a more humane policy. "I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause inquietude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office, is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider *that* one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily."

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to re-act upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the Republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time, which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide, and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all

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political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted and addressed a manifesto to all Europe, setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights, of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon, soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given. But the proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.* Since the Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa. Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate with his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Wherever her navy could penetrate she assailed the French, and as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with Republican France.

Napoleon now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was emaciate in the extreme from the prodigious toils which he had endured. Yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labors were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted, constructing canals, and roads, improving harbors, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military dépôts, calling cities and navies into existence, awaking every where the hum of prosperous industry. All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these jealousies, he endeavored to consolidate the Republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alive in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence, that it could only be strong by the alliance of France, he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland, for the construction of the road through its territories; and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the design of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediteranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road for India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon *rested* after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire, and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not

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accede, threatening at the same time that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favorable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe, by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words he dashed the vase into fragments upon the floor, and bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action he instantly dispatched an officer to the Archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be re-commenced in twenty-four hours; and entering his carriage, urged his horses with the speed of the wind, toward the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted, was the release of La Fayette, then imprisoned for his republican sentiments, in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decision, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day at five o'clock the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.



THE CONFERENCE DISSOLVED.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria, than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Austria, unless the freedom of the Republic of Venice was recognized. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city with its naval arsenals to the Emperor. The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed: "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I can not have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded. And how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vi-

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enna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succor before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

This treaty, extended France to the Rhine, recognized the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his anxiety for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honor. His persistence in that demand which the Directory enjoined, would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavor was made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise, to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him. But his proud spirit could not be thus tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot." The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, entreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was indeed an alluring offer to a young man but twenty-five years of age, and who had but just emerged from obscurity and poverty. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honors but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satisfied with whatever they might be disposed to offer.



THE COURT AT MILAN.

While at Montebello, transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace, over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendor, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire, and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She frequently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream. But a few months before, Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution; and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, a penniless Corsi-

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can soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favor. Josephine reveled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the desire of visiting this land, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences. Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hill-sides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favorite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accordance with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran; but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily and said: "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "am I not the wife of their general?"

Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh," exclaimed another, "What do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon. The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidingly to her. "Truly," he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way, without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world, and there are some very fine eyes here, shall not make me deviate a hair's breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one can not be General Bonaparte," Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. Said Josephine in subsequent years, "I never once beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses, off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

The French Government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied. "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* every where. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are laboring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio, Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory, in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people, for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving

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he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic: "We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny make only discreet and honorable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the Republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you."

Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, traveled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and above all the most cordial and



THE TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY.

warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable. Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah!" Napoleon replied; "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Traveling with great rapidity, he appeared and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person, who saw him upon this occasion, thus described his appearance: "I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not as has been reported in ill-health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering, which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe." Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes, who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.

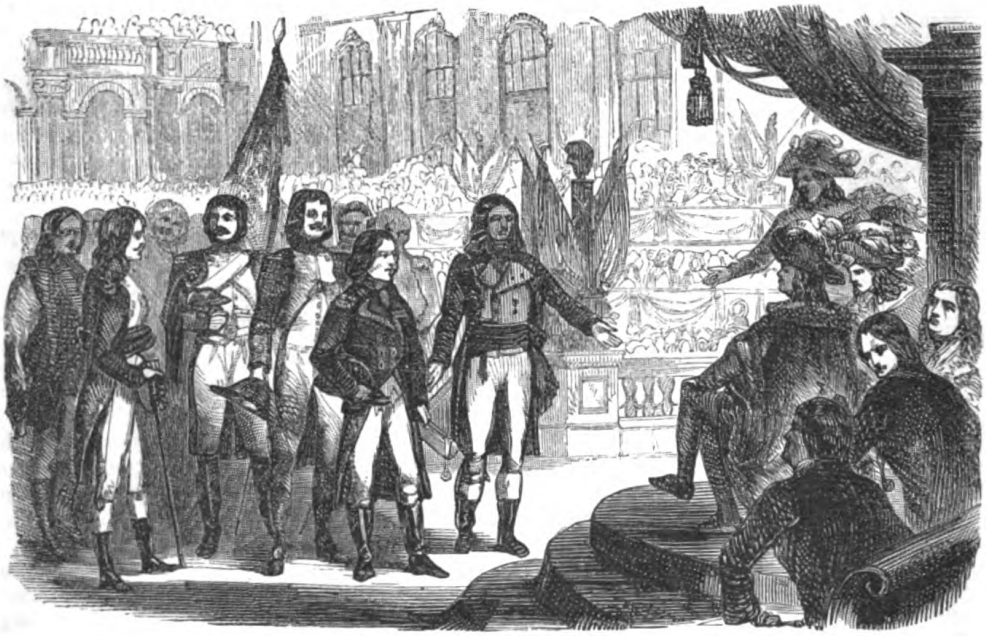
In taking leave of the army he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the

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realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

Napoleon left Rastadt, and traveling incognito through France, arrived in Paris the 7th of December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with the desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chanteraine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honor of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.



THE DELIVERY OF THE TREATY.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman Senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Embassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tri-colored tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favored with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand, and his aids-de-camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which

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he ever carried with him, and all associated with his most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech. "For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph. And on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity which distinguishes him in his favorite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian which seems to detach him from the world; on his well known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement." Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while in tones, calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the saviour of France," resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directory, replied, "Nature," exclaimed the orator in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte. Go," said he turning to Napoleon, "crown a life, so illustrious, by a conquest which the great nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber, march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave still indignant who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tri-colored standard wave on the blood-stained shores of the Thames, ere an unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator." Chenier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory reaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us! Let us say with Æschylus, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself!'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but in most lucid and dramatic recitals often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer. "The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honor me. I feel sensibly that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests—those which never taken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist, which does not owe its birth to their exertions." He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute, as a philosopher and a scholar became one of its brightest ornaments. His comprehensive mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labor of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among these distinguished scholars,

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as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still greater achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while any thing remained to be done. Subsequently he referred to his course at this time and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing, I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

A strong effort was made at this time, by the royalists, for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. Napoleon was not adverse to a monarchy. But he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the *people*, and not merely pamper the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the royalists, and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors, in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those gray-haired diplomatists, as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognized.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy, blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the Evangelists had not said the same things much better, eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he, "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity It is not composed, like your creed, of a few common-place sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the Republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression but of defense, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast, opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact he immediately made himself familiar with every thing which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers. Upon his return to Paris his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general! what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head. "It is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government. The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt in her East Indian acquisitions, had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris, relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance. Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own hand-writing, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

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Napoleon was now almost adored by the republicans all over Europe, as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown, and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire. And yet the common people who were to fight the battles almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four-and-twenty hours." It was necessary to change public sentiment and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a perfect demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasuries of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his vagrant desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*—a monster—whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshiped, with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage, grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavoring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right; thus I poisoned Hoche,* I strangled Pichegru† in his cell, I caused Kleber‡ to be assassinated in Egypt, I blew out Desaix's◊ brains at Marengo, I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison, I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review. They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice, than to write *false*, *false*, on every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, comme il est beau! *O, how beautiful the sight!*' This is true enough. And of it they have made a crime. My commendation of the gallantry of a brave soldier, is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honor the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This fête," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event, a tragedy; and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper

* Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."

† Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians, who met on the occasion, asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat. "Pichegru," said Napoleon, "instructed me in mathematics at Brienne when I was about ten years old. As a general he was a man of no ordinary talent. After he had united himself with the Bourbons, he sacrificed the lives of upward of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely in the enemies' hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions.

‡ General Kleber fell beneath the poinard of an assassin in Egypt, when Napoleon was in Paris.

◊ General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss, as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends

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to celebrate victories; but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it creates more enemies than friends—it estranges instead of conciliating; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength." The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants; and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the Republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend, as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the Church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shouts, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *Little Corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors, in sending Napoleon to Egypt. And most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return.

AN INDIAN PET.

THE ichneumon, called in India the neulah, benjee, or mungoos, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the old walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Loodianah; for, like others of the weasel kind, this little animal delights in places where it can lurk and peep—such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the neulah is a fierce, terrible, bloodthirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led to become his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career (for I was for a long time attached to the army) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen: the rapacious neulahs, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, sucking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hennah or mehendy hedges, where the clucking-hens used to repose in the shade, surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *battues*, my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking which seemed to proceed from an old rat-hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the neulahs which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. So the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well, that three wee, hairless, blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed toward the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that neulahs were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants.

My daughter's protégée, however, was the only one that survived under its new *régime*; and Jumnie, as she called her nursling, throve well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name, and endearing itself to every body by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofas, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Jumnie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and formed an attachment for one of her own race—a wild, roving bandit of a neulah, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl-house as to compel us to take up arms again. If she had only made her mistress the confidante of her love!—but, alas! little did we suspect *our* neulah of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so leaving her, we thought, to her customary frolics, we marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two neulahs appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Jumnie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Jumnie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty for the sake of the innocent, and Jumnie might long have lived a favorite pet; but the deed was done.

The neulahs, like other of the weasel kind—and like some animals I know of a loftier species—are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Jumnie, although fond of milk, used to delight in livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the neulah. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat-killing propensities; and on a similar account it must have been that this creature was deified by the Egyptians, whose

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country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumons were embalmed as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindoos, however, the neulah does not obtain quite such high honors, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c., play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the Bâhons, or vehicles of the gods.

In Hindoostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the neulah. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy end generally in the death of the snake, which the neulah seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The color of the Indian neulah is a grayish-brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark-brown eyes. Like most of the weasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odor; and if it were not for this there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of an Old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly-curious subject just glanced at—the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, "Winter Nights"—and capital amusement for such nights they are—describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot, and at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

"No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

"'My God! I am lost!' was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

"It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I looked downward at the loathsome bedfellow which my evil stars had sent me.

"Unexpectedly, a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upward to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mungoos* or ichneumon and a *cobra di capello!*

"I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snaky glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the mungoos was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mungoos—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals."

Many other authors refer to the alleged antidote against a snake-bite, known only to the ichneumon, and there are about as many different opinions as there are authors; but, on the whole, our Old Indian appears to us to be on the strongest side.

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KOSSUTH, AS GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY IN 1849.

LOUIS KOSSUTH * was born at Monok, in Zemplin, one of the northern counties of Hungary, on the 27th of April, 1806. His family was ancient, but impoverished; his father served in the Austrian army during the wars against Napoleon; his mother, who still survives to exult in the glory of her son, is represented to be a woman of extraordinary force of mind and character. Kossuth thus adds another to the long list of great men who seem to have inherited their genius from their mothers. As a boy he was remarkable for the winning gentleness of his disposition, and for an earnest enthusiasm, which gave promise of future eminence, could he but break the bonds imposed by low birth and iron fortune. A young clergyman was attracted by the character of the boy, and voluntarily took upon himself the office of his tutor, and thus first opened before his mind visions of a broader world than that of the miserable village of his residence. But these serene days of powers expanding under genial guidance soon passed away. His father died, his tutor was translated to another post, and the walls of his prison-house seemed again to close upon the boy. But by the aid of members of his family, themselves in humble circum-

* Pronounced as though written *Kos-shoot*, with the accent on the last syllable. The Magyar equivalent for the French LOUIS and the German LUDWIG is LAJOS. We have given the date of his birth, which seems best authenticated. The notice of the Austrian police, quoted below, makes him to have been born in 1804; still another account gives 1801 as the year of his birth. The portrait which we furnish is from a picture taken a little more than two years since in Hungary, for Messrs. GOUPIL, the well-known picture-dealers of Paris and New York, and is undoubtedly an authentic likeness of him at that time. The following is a pen-and-ink portrait of Kossuth, drawn by those capital artists, the Police authorities of Vienna:—"*Louis Kossuth*, an ex-advocate, journalist, Minister of Finance, President of the Committee of Defense, Governor of the Hungarian Republic, born in Hungary, Catholic [this is an error, Kossuth is of the Lutheran faith], married. He is of middle height, strong, thin; the face oval, complexion pale, the forehead high and open, hair chestnut, eyes blue, eyebrows dark and very thick, mouth very small and well-formed, teeth fine, chin round He wears a mustache and imperial, and his curled hair does not entirely cover the upper part of the head. He has a white and delicate hand, the fingers long. He speaks German, Hungarian, Latin, Slovack, a little French and Italian. His bearing when calm, is solemn, full of a certain dignity; his movements elegant, his voice agreeable, softly penetrating, and very distinct, even when he speaks low. He produces, in general, the effect of an enthusiast; his looks often fixed on the heavens; and the expression of his eyes, which are fine, contributes to give him the air of a dreamer. His exterior does not announce the energy of his character." Photography could hardly produce a picture more minutely accurate

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stances, he was enabled to attend such schools as the district furnished. Little worth knowing was taught there; but among that little was the Latin language; and through that door the young dreamer was introduced into the broad domains of history, where, abandoning the mean present, he could range at will through the immortal past. History relates nothing so spirit-stirring as the struggles of some bold patriot to overthrow or resist arbitrary power. Hence the young student of history is always a republican; but, unlike many others, Kossuth never changed from that faith.

The annals of Hungary contain nothing so brilliant as the series of desperate conflicts which were waged at intervals for more than two centuries to maintain the elective character of the Hungarian monarchy, in opposition to the attempts of the House of Austria to make the crown hereditary in the Hapsburg line. In these wars, from 1527 to 1715, seventeen of the family of Kossuth had been attainted for high treason against Austria. The last, most desperate, and decisively unsuccessful struggle was that waged by Rakozky, at the beginning of the last century. Kossuth pored over the chronicles and annals which narrate the incidents of this contest, till he was master of all the minutest details. It might then have been predicted that he would one day write the history of that fruitless struggle, and the biography of its hero; but no one would have dared to prophesy that he would so closely reproduce it in deeds.

(In times of peace, the law offers to an aspiring youth the readiest means of ascent from a low degree to lofty stations.) Kossuth, therefore, when just entering upon manhood, made his way to Pesth, the capital, to study the legal profession. Here he entered the office of a notary, and began gradually to make himself known by his liberal opinions, and the fervid eloquence with which he set forth and maintained them; and men began to see in him the promise of a powerful public writer, orator, and debater.

The man and the hour were alike preparing. In 1825, the year before Kossuth arrived at Pesth, the critical state of her Italian possessions compelled Austria to provide extraordinary revenues. The Hungarian Diet was then assembled, after an interval of thirteen years. This Diet at once demanded certain measures of reform before they would make the desired pecuniary grants. The court was obliged to concede these demands. Kossuth, having completed his legal studies, and finding no favorable opening in the capital, returned, in 1830, to his native district, and commenced the practice of the law, with marked success. He also began to make his way toward public life by his assiduous attendance and intelligent action in the local assemblies. A new Diet was assembled in 1832, and he received a commission as the representative, in the Diet, of a magnate who was absent. As proxy for an absentee, he was only charged, by the Hungarian Constitution, with a very subordinate part, his functions being more those of a counsel than of a delegate. This, however, was a post much sought for by young and aspiring lawyers, as giving them an opportunity of mastering legal forms, displaying their abilities, and forming advantageous connections.

This Diet renewed the Liberal struggle with increased vigor. By far the best talent of Hungary was ranged upon the Liberal side. Kossuth early made himself known as a debater, and gradually won his way upward, and became associated with the leading men of the Liberal party, many of whom were among the proudest and richest of the Hungarian magnates. He soon undertook to publish a report of the debates and proceedings of the Diet. This attempt was opposed by the Palatine, and a law hunted up which forbade the "printing and publishing" of these reports. He for a while evaded the law by having his sheet lithographed. It increased in its development of democratic tendencies, and in popularity, until finally the lithographic press was seized by Government. Kossuth, determined not to be baffled, still issued his journal, every copy being written out by scribes, of whom he employed a large number. To avoid seizure at the post-office, they were circulated through the local authorities, who were almost invariably on the Liberal side. This was a period of intense activity on the part of Kossuth. He attended the meetings of the Diet, and the conferences of the deputies, edited his paper, read almost all new works on politics and political economy, and studied French and English for the sake of reading the debates in the French Chambers and the British Parliament; allowing himself, we are told, but three hours' sleep in the twenty-four. His periodical penetrated into every part of the kingdom, and men saw with wonder a young and almost unknown public writer boldly pitting himself against Metternich and the whole Austrian Cabinet. Kossuth might well, at this period declare that he "felt within himself something nameless."

In the succeeding Diets the Opposition grew still more determined. Kossuth, though twice admonished by Government, still continued his journal; and no longer confined himself to simple reports of the proceedings of the Diet, but added political remarks of the keenest satire and most bitter denunciation. He was aware that his course was a perilous one. He was once found by a friend walking in deep reverie in the fortress of Buda, and in reply to a question as to the subject of his meditations, he said, "I was looking at the casemates, for I fear that I shall soon be quartered there." Government finally determined to use arguments more cogent than discussion could furnish. Baron Wesselenyi, the leader of the Liberal party, and the most prominent advocate of the removal of urbarial burdens, was arrested, together with a number of his adherents. Kossuth was of course a person of too much note to be overlooked, and on the 4th of May, 1837, to use the words of an Austrian partisan, "it happened that as he was promenading in the vicinity of Buda, he was seized by the myrmidons of the law, and confined

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in the lower walls of the fortress, there to consider, in darkness and solitude, how dangerous it is to defy a powerful government, and to swerve from the path of law and of prudence."

Kossuth became at once sanctified in the popular mind as a martyr. Liberal subscriptions were raised through the country for the benefit of his mother and sisters, whom he had supported by his exertions, and who were now left without protection. Wesselenyi became blind in prison; Lovassi, an intimate friend of Kossuth, lost his reason; and Kossuth himself, as was certified by his physicians, was in imminent risk of falling a victim to a serious disease. The rigor of his confinement was mitigated; he was allowed books, newspapers, and writing materials, and suffered to walk daily upon the bastions of the fortress, in charge of an officer. Among those who were inspired with admiration for his political efforts, and with sympathy for his fate, was Teresa Mezlenyi, the young daughter of a nobleman. She sent him books, and corresponded with him during his imprisonment; and they were married in 1841, soon after his liberation.

The action of the drama went on, though Kossuth was for a while withdrawn from the stage. His connection with Wesselenyi procured for him a degree of influence among the higher magnates which he could probably in no other way have attained. Their aid was as essential to the early success of the Liberals, as was the support of Essex and Manchester to the Parliament of England at the commencement of the contest with Charles I.

In the second year of Kossuth's imprisonment, Austria again needed Hungarian assistance. The threatening aspect of affairs in the East, growing out of the relations between Turkey and Egypt, determined all the great powers to increase their armaments. A demand was made upon the Hungarian Diet for an additional levy of 18,000 troops. A large body of delegates was chosen pledged to oppose this grant except upon condition of certain concessions, among which was a general amnesty, with a special reference to the cases of Wesselenyi and Kossuth. The most sagacious of the Conservative party advised Government to liberate all the prisoners, with the exception of Kossuth; and to do this before the meeting of the Diet, in order that their liberation might not be made a condition of granting the levy; which must be the occasion of great excitement. The Cabinet temporized, and did nothing. The Diet was opened, and the contest was waged during six months. The Opposition had a majority of two in the Chamber of Deputies, but were in a meagre minority in the Chamber of Magnates. But Metternich and the Cabinet grew alarmed at the struggle, and were eager to obtain the grant of men, and to close the refractory Diet. In 1840 a royal rescript suddenly made its appearance, granting the amnesty, accompanied also with conciliatory remarks, and the demands of the Government for men and money were at once complied with. This action of Government weakened the ranks of its supporters among the Hungarian magnates, who thus found themselves exposed to the charge of being more despotic than the Cabinet of Metternich itself.

Kossuth issued from prison in 1840, after an imprisonment of three years, bearing in his debilitated frame, his pallid face, and glassy eyes, traces of severe sufferings, both of mind and body. He repaired for a time to a watering-place among the mountains to recruit his shattered health. His imprisonment had done more for his influence than he could have effected if at liberty. The visitors at the watering-place treated with silent respect the man who moved about among them in dressing-gown and slippers, and whose slow steps, and languid features disfigured with yellow spots, proclaimed him an invalid. Abundant subscriptions had been made for his benefit and that of his family, and he now stood on an equality with the proudest magnates. These had so often used the name of the "Martyr of the liberty of the press" in pointing their speeches, that they now had no choice but to accept the popular verdict as their own. Kossuth, in the meanwhile mingled little with the society at the watering-place; but preferred, as his health improved, to wander among the forest-clad hills and lonely valleys, where, says one who there became acquainted with him, and was his frequent companion, "the song of birds, a group of trees, and even the most insignificant phenomena of nature furnished occasions for conversation." But now and then flashes would burst forth which showed that he was revolving other things in his mind. Sometimes a chord would be casually struck which awoke deeper feelings, then his rare eloquence would burst forth with the fearful earnestness of conviction, and he hurled forth sentences instinct with life and passion. The wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, the daughter of a great magnate, was attracted by his appearance, and desired this companion of Kossuth to introduce him to her house. When this desire was made known to Kossuth, the mysterious and nervous expression passed over his face, which characterizes it when excited. "No," he exclaimed, "I will not go to that woman's house; her father subscribed four-pence to buy a rope to hang me with!"

Soon after his liberation, he came forward as the principal editor of the "Pesth Gazette" (*Pesthi Hirlap*), which a bookseller, who enjoyed the protection of the Government, had received permission to establish. The name of the editor was now sufficient to electrify the country; and Kossuth at once stood forth as the advocate of the rights of the lower and middle classes against the inordinate privileges and immunities enjoyed by the magnates. But when he went to the extent of demanding that the house-tax should be paid by all classes in the community, not even excepting the highest nobility, a party was raised up against him among the nobles, who established a paper to combat so disorganizing a doctrine. This party, backed by the influence of Government, succeeded in defeating the election

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of Kossuth as member from Pesth for the Diet of 1843. He was, however, very active in the local Assembly of the capital.

Kossuth was not altogether without support among the higher nobles. The blind old Wesselenyi traversed the country, advocating rural freedom and the abolition of the urbarial burdens. Among his supporters at this period also, was Count Louis Batthyanyi, one of the most considerable of the Maygar magnates, subsequently President of the Hungarian Ministry, and the most illustrious martyr of the Hungarian cause. Aided by his powerful support, Kossuth was again brought forward, in 1847, as one of the two candidates from Pesth. The Government party, aware that they were in a decided minority, limited their efforts to an attempt to defeat the election of Kossuth. This they endeavored to effect by stratagem. The Liberal party nominated Szentkiraly and Kossuth. The Government party also named the former. The Royal Administrator, who presided at the election, decided that Szentkiraly was chosen by acclamation; but that a poll must be held for the other member. Before the intention of Kossuth to present himself as a candidate was known, the Liberals had proposed M. Balla as second delegate. He at once resigned in favor of Kossuth. The Government party cast their votes for him, in hopes of drawing off a portion of the Liberal party from the support of Kossuth. M. Balla loudly but unavailingly protested against this stratagem; and when after a scrutiny of twelve hours, Kossuth was declared elected, Balla was the first to applaud. That night Kossuth, Balla, and Szentkiraly were serenaded by the citizens of Pesth; they descended together to the street, and walked arm-in-arm among the crowd. The Royal Administrator was severely reprimanded for not having found means to prevent the election of Kossuth.

Kossuth no sooner took his seat in the Diet than the foremost place was at once conceded to him. At the opening of the session he moved an address to the king, concluding with the petition that "liberal institutions, similar to those of the Hungarian Constitution, might be accorded to all the hereditary states, that thus might be created a united Austrian monarchy, based upon broad and constitutional principles." During the early months of the session Kossuth showed himself a most accomplished parliamentary orator and debater; and carried on a series of attacks upon the policy of the Austrian Cabinet, which for skill and power have few parallels in the annals of parliamentary warfare. Those form a very inadequate conception of its scope and power, whose ideas of the eloquence of Kossuth are derived solely from the impassioned and exclamatory harangues which he flung out during the war. These were addressed to men wrought up to the utmost tension, and can be judged fairly only by men in a state of high excitement. He adapted his matter and manner to the occasion and the audience. Some of his speeches are marked by a stringency of logic worthy of Webster or Calhoun:—but it was what all eloquence of a high order must ever be—"Logic red-hot."

Now came the French Revolution of February, 1848. The news of it reached Vienna on the 1st of March, and was received at Pressburg on the 2d. On the following day Kossuth delivered his famous speech on the finances and the state of the monarchy generally, concluding with a proposed "Address to the Throne," urging a series of reformatory measures. Among the foremost of these was the emancipation of the country from feudal burdens—the proprietors of the soil to be indemnified by the state; equalizing taxation; a faithful administration of the revenue to be satisfactorily guaranteed; the further development of the representative system; and the establishment of a government representing the voice of, and responsible to the nation.* The speech produced an effect almost without parallel in the annals of debate. Not a word was uttered in reply, and the motion was unanimously carried. On the 13th of March took place the revolution in Vienna which overthrew the Metternich Cabinet. On the 15th, the Constitution granted by the Emperor to all the nations within the Empire was solemnly proclaimed, amidst the wildest transports of joy. Henceforth there were to be no more Germans or Sclavonians, Magyars or Italians; strangers embraced and kissed each other in the streets, for all the heterogeneous races of the Empire were now brothers:—as likewise were all the nations of the earth at Anacharsis Klootz's "Feast of Pikes" in Paris, on that 14th day of July in the year of grace 1790—and yet, notwithstanding, came the "Reign of Terror."

Among the demands made by the Hungarian Diet was that of a separate and responsible Ministry for Hungary. The Palatine, Archduke Stephen, to whom the conduct of affairs in Hungary had been intrusted, persuaded the Emperor to accede to this demand, and on the following day Batthyanyi, who with Kossuth and a deputation of delegates of the Diet was in Vienna, was named President of the Hungarian Ministry. It was, however, understood that Kossuth was the life and soul of the new Ministry.

Kossuth assumed the department of Finance, then, as long before and now, the post of difficulty under Austrian administration. The Diet meanwhile went on to consummate the series of reforms which Kossuth had so long and steadfastly advocated. The remnants of feudalism

* We have not space to present any portion of this admirable speech. It is given at length in PULSZKY's Introduction to SCHLESSINGER's "*War in Hungary*," which has been republished in this country; in a different, and somewhat indifferent translation, in the anonymous "*Louis Kossuth and Hungary*," published in London, written strongly in the Austrian interest. In this latter, however, the "Address to the Throne," by far the most important and weighty portion of the speech, is omitted. A portion of the speech, taken from this latter source, and of course not embracing the Address, is given in Dr TEFFT's recent valuable work, "*Hungary and Kossuth*." The whole speech constitutes a historical document of great importance

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were swept away—the landed proprietors being indemnified by the state for the loss they sustained. The civil and political rights which had heretofore been in the exclusive possession of the nobles, were extended to the burghers and the peasants. A new electoral law was framed, according the right of suffrage to every possessor of property to the amount of about one hundred and fifty dollars. The whole series of bills received the royal signature on the 11th of April: the Diet having previously adjourned to meet on the 2d of July.

Up to this time there had been indeed a vigorous and decided opposition, but no insurrection. The true cause of the Hungarian war was the hostility of the Austrian Government to the whole series of reformatory measures which had been effected through the instrumentality of Kossuth; but its immediate occasion was the jealousy which sprung up among the Servian and Croatian dependencies of Hungary against the Hungarian Ministry. This soon broke out into an open revolt, headed by Baron Jellachich, who had just been appointed Ban or Lord of Croatia. How far the Serbs and Croats had occasion for jealousy, is of little consequence to our present purpose to inquire; though we may say, in passing, that the proceedings of the Magyars toward the other Hungarian races was marked by a far more just and generous feeling and conduct than could have been possibly expected; and that the whole ground of hostility was sheer misrepresentation; and this, if we may credit the latest and best authorities, is now admitted by the Sclavic races themselves. But however the case may have been as between the Magyars and Croats, as between the Hungarians and Austria, the hostile course of the latter is without excuse or palliation. The Emperor had solemnly sanctioned the action of the Diet, and did as solemnly denounce the proceedings of Jellachich. On the 29th of May the Ban was summoned to present himself at Innspruck, to answer for his conduct; and as he did not make his appearance, an Imperial manifesto was issued on the 10th of June, depriving him of all his dignities, and commanding the authorities at once to break off all intercourse with him. He, however, still continued his operations, and levied an army for the invasion of Hungary, and a fierce and bloody war of races broke out, marked on both sides by the most fearful atrocities.

The Hungarian Diet was opened on the 5th of July, when the Palatine, Archduke Stephen, in the name of the king, solemnly denounced the conduct of the insurgent Croats. A few days after, Kossuth, in a speech in the Diet, set forth the perilous state of affairs, and concluded by asking for authority to raise an army of 200,000 men, and a large amount of money. These proposals were adopted by acclamation, the enthusiasm in the Diet rendering any debate impossible and superfluous.

The Imperial forces having been victorious in Italy, and one pressing danger being thus averted from the Empire, the Austrian Cabinet began openly to display its hostility to the Hungarian movement. Jellachich repaired to Innspruck, and was openly acknowledged by the court, and the decree of deposition was revoked. Early in September Hungary and Austria stood in an attitude of undisguised hostility. On the 5th of that month, Kossuth, though enfeebled by illness, was carried to the hall of the Diet where he delivered a speech, declaring that so formidable were the dangers that surrounded the nation, that the Ministers might soon be forced to call upon the Diet to name a Dictator, clothed with unlimited powers, to save the country; but before taking this final step they would recommend a last appeal to the Imperial government. A large deputation was thereupon dispatched to the Emperor, to lay before him the demands of the Hungarian nation. No satisfactory answer was returned, and the deputation left the Imperial presence in silence. On their return, they plucked from their caps the plumes of the united colors of Austria and Hungary, and replaced them with red feathers, and hoisted a flag of the same color on the steamer which conveyed them to Pesth. Their report produced the most intense agitation in the Diet, and at the capital, but it was finally resolved to make one more attempt for a pacific settlement of the question. In order that no obstacle might be interposed by their presence, Kossuth and his colleagues resigned, and a new Ministry was appointed. A deputation was sent to the National Assembly at Vienna, which refused to receive it. Jellachich had in the mean time entered Hungary with a large army, not as [redacted] however, openly sanctioned by Imperial authority. The Diet seeing the imminent peril of the country, conferred dictatorial powers upon Kossuth. The Palatine resigned his post, and left the kingdom. The Emperor appointed Count Lemberg to take the entire command of the Hungarian army. The Diet declared the appointment illegal, and the Count, arriving at Pesth without escort, was slain in the streets of the capital by the populace, in a sudden outbreak. The Emperor forthwith placed the kingdom under martial law, giving the supreme civil and military power to Jellachich. The Diet at once revolted; declared itself permanent, and appointed Kossuth Governor, and President of the Committee of Safety.

There was now but one course left for the Hungarians: to maintain by force of arms the position they had assumed. We can not detail the events of the war which followed, but merely touch upon the most salient points. Jellachich was speedily driven out of Hungary, toward Vienna. In October, the Austrian forces were concentrated under command of Windischgratz, to the number of 120,000 veterans, and were put on the march for Hungary. To oppose them, the only forces under the command of the new Government of Hungary, were 20,000 regular infantry, 7000 cavalry, and 14,000 recruits, who received the name of Honveds, or "protectors of home." Of all the movements that followed, Kossuth was the soul and chief. His burning

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and passionate appeals stirred up the souls of the peasants, and sent them by thousands to the camp. He kindled enthusiasm, he organized that enthusiasm, and transformed those raw recruits into soldiers more than a match for the veteran troops of Austria. Though himself not a soldier, he discovered and drew about him soldiers and generals of a high order. The result was that Windischgrätz was driven back from Hungary, and of the 120,000 troops which he led into that kingdom in October, one half were killed, disabled, or taken prisoners at the end of April. The state of the war on the 1st of May, may be gathered from the Imperial manifesto of that date, which announced that "the insurrection in Hungary had grown to such an extent," that the Imperial Government "had been induced to appeal to the assistance of his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, who generously and readily granted it to a most satisfactory extent." The issue of the contest could no longer be doubtful, when the immense weight of Russia was thrown into the scale. Had all power, civil and military been concentrated in one person, and had he displayed the brilliant generalship and desperate courage which Napoleon manifested in 1814, when the overwhelming forces of the allies were marching upon Paris, the fall of Hungary might have been delayed for a few weeks, perhaps to another campaign; but it could not have been averted. In modern warfare there is a limit beyond which devotion and enthusiasm can not supply the place of numbers and material force. [redacted]hat limit was overpassed when Russia[redacted]Austria were pitted against Hungary.

The chronology of the Hungarian struggle may be thus stated: On the 9th of September, 1848, Jellachich crossed the Drave and invaded Hungary; and was driven back at the close of that month toward Vienna. In October, Windischgrätz advanced into Hungary, and took possession of Pesth, the capital. On the 14th of April, 1849, the Declaration of Hungarian Independence was promulgated. At the close of that month, the Austrians were driven out at every point, and the issue of the contest, as between Hungary and Austria, was settled. On the 1st of May the Russian intervention was announced. On the 11th of August Kossuth resigned his dictatorship into the hands of Görgey who, two days after, in effect closed the war by surrendering to the Russians.

The Hungarian war thus lasted a little more than eleven months; during which time there was but one ruling and directing spirit; and that was Kossuth, to whose immediate career we now return.

Early in January it was found advisable to remove the seat of government from Pesth to the town of Debreczin, situated in the interior. Pesth was altogether indefensible, and the Austrian army were close upon it; but here the Hungarians had collected a vast amount of stores and ammunition, the preservation of which was of the utmost importance. In saving these the administrative power of Kossuth was strikingly manifested. For three days and three nights he labored uninterruptedly in superintending the removal, which was successfully effected. From the heaviest locomotive engine down to a shot-belt, all the stores were packed up and carried away, so that when the Austrians took possession of Pesth, they only gained the eclat of occupying the Hungarian capital, without acquiring the least solid advantage.

Debreczin was the scene where Kossuth displayed his transcendent abilities as an administrator, a statesman, and an orator. The population of the town was about 50,000, which was at once almost doubled, so that every one was forced to put up with such accommodations as he could find, and occupy the least possible amount of space. Kossuth himself occupied the Town Hall On the first floor was a spacious ante-room, constantly filled with persons waiting for an interview, which was, necessarily, a matter of delay, as each one was admitted in his turn; the only exception being in cases where public business required an immediate audience.

This ante-room opened into two spacious apartments, in one of which the secretaries of the Governor were always at work. Here Kossuth received strangers. At these audiences he spoke but little, but listened attentively, occasionally taking notes of any thing that seemed of importance. His secretaries were continually coming to him to receive directions, to present a report, or some document to receive his signature. These he never omitted to examine carefully, before affixing his signature, even amidst the greatest pressure of business; at the same time listening to the speaker. "Be brief," he used to say, "but for that very reason forget nothing." These hours of audience were also his hours of work, and here it was that he wrote those stirring appeals which aroused and kept alive the spirit of his countrymen. It was only when he had some document of extraordinary importance to prepare, that he retired to his closet. These audiences usually continued until far into the night, the ante-room being often as full at midnight as in the morning. Although of a delicate constitution, broken also by his imprisonment, the excitement bore him up under the immense mental and bodily exertion, and while there was work to do he was never ill.

He usually allowed himself an hour for rest or relaxation, from two till three o'clock, when he was accustomed to take a drive with his wife and children to a little wood at a short distance, where he would seek out some retired spot, and play upon the grass with his children, and for a moment forget the pressing cares of state.

At three o'clock he dined; and at the conclusion of his simple meal, was again at his post. This round of audiences was frequently interrupted by a council of war, a conference of ministers, or the review of a regiment just on the point of setting out for the seat of hostilities New battalions seemed to spring from the earth at his command, and he made a point of review-

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ing each, and delivering to them a brief address, which was always received with a burst of "*eljens*."

At Debreczin the sittings of the House of Assembly were held in what had been the chapel of the Protestant College. Kossuth attended these sittings only when he had some important communications to make. Then he always walked over from the Town Hall. Entering the Assembly, he ascended the rostrum, if it was not occupied; if it was, he took his place in any vacant seat, none being specially set apart for the Governor. He was a monarch, but with an invisible throne, the hearts of his subjects. When the rostrum was vacant, he would ascend it, and lay before the Assembly his propositions, or sway all hearts by his burning and fervent eloquence

Such was the daily life of Kossuth at the temporary seat of government, bearing upon his shoulders the affairs of state, calling up, as if by magic, regiment after regiment, providing for their arming, equipment, and maintenance, while the Hungarian generals were contending on the field, with various fortunes; triumphantly against the Austrians, desperately and hopelessly when Russia was added to the enemy.

The defeat of Bem at Temesvar, on the 9th of August gave the death-blow to the cause. Two days afterward, Kossuth and Görgey stood alone in the bow-window of a small chamber in the fortress of Arad. What passed between them no man knows; but from that room Görgey went forth Dictator of Hungary; and Kossuth followed him to set out on his journey of exile. On the same day the new Dictator announced to the Russians his intention to surrender the forces under his command. The following day he marched to the place designated, where the Russian General Rudiger arrived on the 13th, and Görgey's army, numbering 24,000 men, with 144 pieces of artillery, laid down their arms.

Nothing remained for Kossuth and his companions but flight. They gained the Turkish frontier, and threw themselves on the hospitality of the Sultan, who promised them a safe asylum. Russia and Austria demanded that the fugitives should be given up; and for some months it was uncertain whether the Turkish Government would dare to refuse. At first a decided negative was returned; then the Porte wavered; and it was officially announced to Kossuth and his companions that the only means for them to avoid surrendry would be to abjure the faith of their fathers; and thus take advantage of the fundamental Moslem law, that any fugitive embracing the Mohammedan faith can claim the protection of the Government. Kossuth refused to purchase his life at such a price. And finally Austria and Russia were induced to modify their demand, and merely to insist upon the detention of the fugitives. On the other hand, the Turkish Government was urged to allow them to depart. Early in the present year, Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, directed our Minister at Constantinople to urge the Porte to suffer the exiles to come to the United States. A similar course was pursued by the British Government. It was promised that these representations should be complied with; but so late as in March of the present year, Kossuth addressed a letter to our Chargé at Constantinople, despairing of his release being granted. But happily his fears were groundless; and our Government was notified that on the 1st of September, the day on which terminated the period of detention agreed upon by the Sultan, Kossuth and his companions would be free to depart to any part of the world. The United States steam-frigate Mississippi, was at once placed at his disposal. The offer was accepted. On the 12th of September the steamer reached Smyrna, with the illustrious exile and his family and suite on board, bound to our shores, after a short visit in England. The Government of France, in the meanwhile, denied him the privilege of passing through their territory. While this sheet is passing through the press, we are in daily expectation of the arrival of Kossuth in our country, where a welcome awaits him warmer and more enthusiastic than has greeted any man who has ever approached our shores, saving only the time when La Fayette was our nation's honored guest.

It is right and fitting that it should be so. When a monarch is dethroned it is appropriate that neighboring monarchies should accord a hearty and hospitable reception to him, as the representative of the monarchical principle, even though his own personal character should present no claims upon esteem or regard. Kossuth comes to us as the exiled representative of those fundamental principles upon which our political institutions are based. He is the representative of these principles, not by the accident of birth, but by deliberate choice. He has maintained them at a fearful hazard. It is therefore our duty and our privilege to greet him with a hearty, "Well done!"

Kossuth occupies a position peculiarly his own, whether we regard the circumstances of his rise, or the feelings which have followed him in his fall. Born in the middle ranks of life, he raised himself by sheer force of intellect to the loftiest place among the proudest nobles on earth, without ever deserting or being deserted by the class from which he sprung. He effected a sweeping reform without appealing to any sordid or sanguinary motive. No soldier himself, he transformed a country into a camp, and a nation into an army. He transmuted his words into batteries, and his thoughts into soldiers. Without ever having looked upon a stricken field, he organized the most complete system of resistance to despotism that the history of revolutions has furnished. It failed, but only failed where nothing could have succeeded.

Not less peculiar are the feelings which have followed him in his fall. Men who have saved a state have received the unbounded love and gratitude of their countrymen. Those who have fallen in the lost battle for popular rights, or who have sealed their devotion on the scaffold or in the dungeon, are reverenced as martyrs forever-

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more. But Kossuth's endeavors have been sanctified and hallowed neither by success nor by martyrdom. He is the living leader of a lost cause. His country is ruined, its nationality destroyed, and through his efforts. Yet no Hungarian lays this ruin to his charge; and the first lesson taught the infant Magyar is a blessing upon his name. Yet whatever the future may have in store, his efforts have not been lost efforts. The tree which he planted in blood and agony and tears, though its tender shoots have been trampled down by the Russian bear, will yet spring up again to gladden, if not his heart, yet those of his children or his children's children. The man may perish, but the cause endures.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST WELL.

IN ancient times there existed in the desert that lies to the west of Egypt—somewhere between the sun at its setting and the city of Siout—a tribe of Arabs that called themselves Waled Allah, or The Children of God They professed Mohammedanism, but were in every other respect different from their neighbors to the north and south, and from the inhabitants of the land of Egypt. It was their custom during the months of summer to draw near to the confines of the cultivated country and hold intercourse with its people, selling camels and wool, and other desert productions; but when winter came they drew off toward the interior of the wilderness, and it was not known where they abode. They were by no means great in numbers; but such was their skill in arms, and their reputation for courage, that no tribe ever ventured to trespass on their limits, and all caravans eagerly paid to them the tribute of safe-conduct.

Such was the case for many years; but at length it came to pass that the Waled Allah, after departing as usual for the winter, returned in great disorder and distress toward the neighborhood of the Nile. Those who saw them on that occasion reported that their sufferings must have been tremendous. More than two-thirds of their cattle, a great number of the women and children, and several of the less hardy men, were missing; but they would not at first confess what had happened to them. When, however, they asked permission to settle temporarily on some unoccupied lands, the curious and inquisitive went among them, and by degrees the truth came out.

It appeared that many centuries ago one of their tribe, following the track of some camels that had strayed, had ventured to a great distance in the desert, and had discovered a pass in the mountains leading into a spacious valley, in the midst of which was a well of the purest water, that overflowed and fertilized the land around. As the man at once understood the importance of his discovery, he devoted himself for his tribe, and returned slowly, piling up stones here and there that the way might not again be lost. When he arrived at the station he had only sufficient strength to relate what he had seen before he died of fatigue and thirst. So they called the well after him—Bir Hassan.

It was found that the valley was only habitable during the winter; for being surrounded with perpendicular rocks it became like a furnace in the hot season—the vegetation withered into dust, and the waters hid themselves within the bowels of the earth. They resolved, therefore, to spend one half of their time in that spot, where they built a city; and during the other half of their time they dwelt, as I have said, on the confines of the land of Egypt.

But it was found that only by a miracle had the well of Hassan been discovered. Those who tried without the aid of the road-marks to make their way to it invariably failed. So it became an institution of the tribe that two men should be left, with a sufficient supply of water and food, in a large cave overlooking the desert near the entrance of the valley; and that they should watch for the coming of the tribe, and when a great fire was lighted on a certain hill, should answer by another fire, and thus guide their people. This being settled, the piles of stones were dispersed, lest the greedy Egyptians, hearing by chance of this valley, should make their way to it.

How long matters continued in this state is not recorded, but at length, when the tribe set out to return to their winter quarters, and reached the accustomed station and lighted the fire, no answering fire appeared. They passed the first night in expectation, and the next day, and the next night, saying: "Probably the men are negligent;" but at length they began to despair. They had brought but just sufficient water with them for the journey, and death began to menace them. In vain they endeavored to find the road. A retreat became necessary; and, as I have said, they returned and settled on the borders of the land of Eygpt. Many men, however, went back many times year after year to endeavor to find the lost well; but some were never heard of more, and some returned, saying that the search was in vain.

Nearly a hundred years passed away, and the well became forgotten, and the condition of the tribe had undergone a sad change. It never recovered its great disaster: wealth and courage disappeared; and the governors of Eygpt, seeing the people dependent and humble-spirited, began, as is their wont, to oppress them, and lay on taxes and insults. Many times a bold man of their number would propose that they should go and join some of the other tribes of Arabs, and solicit to be incorporated with them; but the idea was laughed at as extravagant, and they continued to live on in misery and degradation.

It happened that the chief of the tribe at the time of which I now speak was a man of gentle character and meek disposition, named Abdallah the Good, and that he had a son, like one of the olden time, stout, and brave as a lion, named Ali. This youth could not brook the subjection in which his people were kept, nor the wrongs daily heaped upon them, and was constantly

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revolving in his mind the means of escape and revenge. When he gave utterance to these sentiments, however, his father, Abdallah, severely rebuked him; for he feared the power of the lords of Egypt, and dreaded lest mischief might befall his family or his tribe.

Now contemporary with Abdallah the Good there was a governor of Siout named Omar the Evil. He had gained a great reputation in the country by his cruelties and oppressions, and was feared by high and low. Several times had he treated the Waled Allah with violence and indignity, bestowing upon them the name of Waled Sheitan, or Children of the Devil, and otherwise vexing and annoying them, besides levying heavy tribute, and punishing with extreme severity the slightest offense. One day he happened to be riding along in the neighborhood of their encampment when he observed Ali trying the paces of a handsome horse which he had purchased. Covetousness entered his mind, and calling to the youth, he said "What is the price of thy horse!"

"It is not for sale," was the reply

No sooner were the words uttered than Omar made a signal to his men, who rushed forward, threw the young man to the ground in spite of his resistance, and leaving him there, returned leading the horse. Omar commanded them to bring it with them, and rode away, laughing heartily at his exploit.

But Ali was not the man to submit tamely to such injustice. He endeavored at first to rouse the passions of his tribe, but not succeeding, resolved to revenge himself or die in the attempt. One night, therefore, he took a sharp dagger, disguised himself, and lurking about the governor's palace, contrived to introduce himself without being seen, and to reach the garden, where he had heard it was the custom of Omar to repose awhile as he waited for his supper. A light guided him to the kiosque where the tyrant slept alone, not knowing that vengeance was nigh. Ali paused a moment, doubting whether it was just to strike an unprepared foe; but he remembered all his tribe had suffered as well as himself, and raising his dagger, advanced stealthily toward the couch where the huge form of the governor lay.

A slight figure suddenly interposed between him and the sleeping man. It was that of a young girl, who, with terror in her looks, waved him back. "What wouldst thou, youth?" she inquired.

"I come to slay that enemy," replied Ali, endeavoring to pass her and effect his purpose while there was yet time.

"It is my father," said she, still standing in the way and awing him by the power of her beauty.

"Thy father is a tyrant, and deserves to die."

"If he be a tyrant he is still my father; and thou, why shouldst thou condemn him!"

"He has injured me and my tribe."

"Let injuries be forgiven, as we are commanded. I will speak for thee and thy tribe. Is not thy life valuable to thee! Retire ere it be too late; and by my mother, who is dead, I swear to thee that I will cause justice to be done."

"Not from any hopes of justice, but as a homage to God for having created such marvelous beauty, do I retire and spare the life of that man which I hold in my hands."

So saying Ali sprang away, and effected his escape. No sooner was he out of sight than Omar, who had been awakened by the sound of voices, but who had feigned sleep when he heard what turn affairs were taking, arose and laughed, saying: "Well done, Amina! thou art worthy of thy father. How thou didst cajole that son of a dog by false promises!"

"Nay, father; what I have promised must be performed."

"Ay, ay. Thou didst promise justice, and, by the beards of my ancestors, justice shall assuredly be done!"

Next day Ali was seized and conducted to the prison adjoining the governor's palace. Amina, when she heard of this, in vain sought to obtain his release. Her father laughed at her scruples, and avowed his intention of putting the young man to death in the cruelest possible manner. He had him brought before him, bound and manacled, and amused himself by reviling and taunting him—calling him a fool for having yielded to the persuasions of a foolish girl! Ali, in spite of all, did not reply; for he now thought more of Amina than of the indignities to which he was subjected; and instead of replying with imprudent courage, as under other circumstances he might have done, he took care not to exasperate the tyrant, and meanwhile revolved in his mind the means of escape. If he expected that his mildness would disarm the fury of Omar, never was mistake greater; for almost in the same breath with the order for his being conducted back to prison was given that for public proclamation of his execution to take place on the next day.

There came, however, a saviour during the night: it was the young Amina, who, partly moved by generous indignation that her word should have been given in vain, partly by another feeling, bribed the jailers, and leading forth the young man, placed him by the side of his trusty steed which had been stolen from him, and bade him fly for his life. He lingered to thank her and enjoy her society. They talked long and more and more confidentially. At length the first streaks of dawn began to show themselves; and Amina, as she urged him to begone, clung to the skirts of his garments. He hesitated a moment, a few hurried words passed, and presently she was behind him on the horse, clasping his waist, and away they went toward the mountains, into the midst of which they soon penetrated by a rugged defile.

Amina had been prudent enough to prepare a small supply of provisions, and Ali knew where at that season water was to be found in small quantities. His intention was to penetrate to a

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certain distance in the desert, and then turning south, to seek the encampment of a tribe with some of whose members he was acquainted. Their prospects were not very discouraging; for even if pursuit were attempted, Ali justly confided in his superior knowledge of the desert: he expected in five days to reach the tents toward which he directed his course, and he calculated that the small bag of flour which Amina had provided would prevent them at least from dying of hunger during that time.

The first stage was a long one. For seven hours he proceeded in a direct line from the rising sun, the uncomplaining Amina clinging still to him; but at length the horse began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue, and its male rider of anxiety. They had traversed an almost uninterrupted succession of rocky valleys, but now reached an elevated undulating plain covered with huge black boulders that seemed to stretch like a petrified sea to the distant horizon. Now and then they had seen during their morning's ride, in certain little sheltered nooks, small patches of a stunted vegetation; but now all was bleak and barren, and grim like the crater of a volcano. And yet it was here that Ali expected evidently to find water—most necessary to them; for all three were feeling the symptoms of burning thirst. He paused every now and then, checking his steed, and rising in his stirrups to gaze ahead or on one side; but each time his search was in vain. At length he said: "Possibly I have, in the hurry of my thoughts, taken the wrong defile, in which case nothing but death awaits us. We shall not have strength to retrace our footsteps, and must die here in this horrible place. Stand upon the saddlebow, Amina, while I support thee: if thou seest any thing like a white shining cloud upon the ground, we are saved."

Amina did as she was told, and gazed for a few moments around. Suddenly she cried: "I see, as it were a mist of silver far, far away to the left."

"It is the first well," replied Ali; and he urged his stumbling steed in that direction.

It soon appeared that they were approaching a mound of dazzling whiteness. Close by was a little hollow, apparently dry. But Ali soon scraped away a quantity of the clayey earth, and presently the water began to collect, trickling in from the sides. In a couple of hours they procured enough for themselves and for the horse, and ate some flour diluted in a wooden bowl; after which they lay down to rest beneath a ledge of rock that threw a little shade. Toward evening, after Ali had carefully choked up the well, lest it might be dried by the sun, they resumed their journey, and arrived about midnight at a lofty rock in the midst of the plain, visible at a distance of many hours in the moonlight. In a crevice near the summit of this they found a fair supply of water, and having refreshed themselves, reposed until dawn. Then Amina prepared their simple meal, and soon afterward off they went again over the burning plain.

This time, as Ali knew beforehand, there was no prospect of well or water for twenty-four hours; and unfortunately they had not been able to procure a skin However, they carried some flour well moistened in their wooden bowl, which they covered with a large piece of wet linen, and studied to keep from the sun. They traveled almost without intermission the whole of that day and a great part of the night. Ali now saw that it was necessary to rest, and they remained where they were until near morning.

"Dearest Amina," said he, returning to the young girl after having climbed to the top of a lofty rock and gazed anxiously ahead, "I think I see the mountain where the next water is to be found. If thou art strong enough, we will push on at once"

Though faint and weary, Amina said: "Let us be going;" and now it was necessary for Ali to walk, the horse refusing to carry any longer a double burden. They advanced, however, rapidly; and at length reached the foot of a lofty range of mountains, all white, and shining in the sun like silver. In one of the gorges near the summit Ali knew there was usually a small reservoir of water; but he had only been there once in his boyhood, when on his way to visit the tribe with which he now expected to find a shelter. However, he thought he recognized various landmarks, and began to ascend with confidence. The sun beat furiously down on the barren and glistering ground; and the horse exhausted, more than once refused to proceed. He had not eaten once since their departure, and Ali knew that he must perish ere the journey was concluded.

As they neared the summit of the ridge, the young man recognized with joy a rock in the shape of a couching camel that had formerly been pointed out to him as indicating the neighborhood of the reservoir, and pressed on with renewed confidence. What was his horror, however, on reaching the place he sought, at beholding it quite dry! dry, and hot as an oven! The water had all escaped by a crevice recently formed. Ali now believed that death was inevitable; and folding the fainting Amina in his arms, sat down and bewailed his lot in a loud voice.

Suddenly a strange sight presented itself. A small caravan appeared coming down the ravine —not of camels, nor of horses, nor asses, but of goats and a species of wild antelope. They moved slowly, and behind them walked with tottering steps a man of great age with a vast white beard, supporting himself with a long stick. Ali rushed forward to a goat which bore a water-skin, seized it, and without asking permission carried it to Amina Both drank with eagerness; and it was not until they were well satisfied that they noticed the strange old man looking at them with interest and curiosity. Then they told their story; and the owner of the caravan in his turn told his, which was equally wonderful.

"And what was the old man's story?" inquired the listeners in one breath.

"It shall be related to-morrow The time for sleep has come"

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I was not fortunate enough to hear the conclusion of this legend, told in the simple matter-of-fact words of Wahsa; but one of our attendants gave me the substance. The old man of the caravan was stated to be the younger of the two watchers left behind more than a hundred years before at Bir Hassan. His companion had been killed, and he himself wounded by some wild beast, which had prevented the necessary signals from being made. He understood that some terrible disaster had occurred, and dared not brave the vengeance which he thought menaced him from the survivors. So he resolved to stay in the valley, and had accordingly remained for a hundred years, at the expiration of which period he had resolved to set out on a pilgrimage to the Nile, in order to ascertain if any members of the tribes still remained, that he might communicate the secret of the valley before he perished. Like the first discoverer, he had marked the way by heaps of stones, and died when his narrative was concluded. Ali and Amina made their way to the valley, where, according to the narrative, they found a large city, scarcely if at all ruined, and took up their abode in one of the palaces. Shortly afterward Ali returned to Egypt, and led off his father, Abdallah the Good, and the remnants of his tribe in secret. Omar was furious, and following them, endeavored to discover the valley, of which the tradition was well known. Not succeeding, he resolved to wait for the summer; but the tribe never reappeared in Egypt, and is said to have passed the hot months in the oasis of Farafreh, to which they subsequently removed on the destruction of their favorite valley by an earthquake.

This tradition, though containing some improbable incidents, may nevertheless be founded on fact, and may contain, under a legendary form, the history of the peopling of the oases of the desert. It is, however, chiefly interesting from the manner in which it illustrates the important influence which the discovery or destruction of a copious well of pure water may exercise on the fortunes of a people. It may sometimes, in fact, as represented in this instance, be a matter of life and death; and no doubt the Waled Allah are not the only tribe who have been raised to an enviable prosperity, or sunk into the depths of misery, by the fluctuating supply of water in the desert.

THE BOW-WINDOW

AN ENGLISH TALE

THERE is something so English, so redolent of home, of flowers in large antique stands, about a bow-window, that we are always pleased when we catch a glimpse of one, even if it be when but forming the front of an inn It gives a picturesque look too, to a home, that is quite refreshing to gaze on, and when journeying in foreign lands, fond recollections of dear England come flooding o'er us, if we happen, in some out-of-the-way village, on such a memory of the land from whence we came. I have not, from absence from my country, seen such a thing for some few years; but there is one fresh in my memory, with its green short Venetian blinds, its large chintz curtains, its comfortable view up and down the terrace where we lived, to say nothing of its associations in connection with my childhood. But it is not of this bow-window that I would speak, it is of one connected with the fortunes of my friend Maria Walker, and which had a considerable influence on her happiness.

Maria Walker was usually allowed to be the beauty of one of the small towns round London in the direction of Greenwich, of which ancient place she was a native. Her father had originally practiced as a physician in that place, but circumstances had caused his removal to another locality, which promised more profitable returns The house they occupied was an ancient red brick mansion in the centre of the town, with a large bow-window, always celebrated for its geraniums, myrtles, and roses that, with a couple of small orange-trees, were the admiration of the neighborhood. Not that Thomas Walker, Esq. had any horticultural tastes—on the contrary, he was very severe on our sex for devoting their minds to such trifles as music, flowers, and fancy work; but then blue-eyed Maria Walker differed with him in opinion, and plainly told him so—saucy, pert girl, as even I thought her, though several years my senior. Not that she neglected any more serious duties for those lighter amusements; the poorer patients of her father ever found in her a friend. Mr. Walker strongly objected to giving any thing away, it was a bad example, he said, and people never valued what they got for nothing; but many was the box of pills and vial of medicine which Maria smuggled under her father's very nose, to poor people who could not afford to pay; of course he knew nothing about it, good, easy man, though it would have puzzled a philosopher to have told how the girl could have prepared them. She was an active member, too, of a charitable coal club, made flannel for the poor, and even distributed tracts upon occasion. When this was done, then she would turn to her pleasures, which were her little world. She was twenty, and I was not sixteen at the time of which I speak, but yet we were the best friends in the world. I used to go and sit in the bow-window; while she would play the piano for hours together, I had some fancy-work on my lap; but my chief amusement was to watch the passers-by. I don't think that I am changed by half-a-dozen more years of experience, for I still like a lively street, and dislike nothing more than a look out upon a square French court in this great city of Paris, where houses are more like prisons than pleasant residences. But to return to my bow-window.

In front of the house of the Walkers, had been, a few years before, an open space, but which now, thanks to the rapid march of improvement, was being changed into a row of very good houses. There were a dozen of them, and they were dignified with the name of Beauchamp Terrace. They were, about the time I speak of, all to let; the last finishing touch had been put to

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them, the railings had been painted, the rubbish all removed, and they wanted nothing, save furniture and human beings to make them assume a civilized and respectable appearance. I called one morning on Maria Walker, her father was out, she had been playing the piano till she was tired, so we sat down in the bow-window and talked.

"So the houses are letting?" said I, who took an interest in the terrace which I had seen grow under my eyes.

"Two are let," replied she, "and both to private families; papa is pleased, he looks upon these twelve houses as twelve new patients."

"But," said I, laughing, "have you not read the advertisement: 'Healthy and airy situation, rising neighborhood, and yet only one medical man.'"

"Oh! yes," smiled Maria; "but sickness, I am sorry to say, is very apt to run about at some time or other, even in airy situations."

"But, Maria, you are mistaken, there are three houses let," said I, suddenly, "the bill is taken down opposite, it has been let since yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I recollect a very nice young man driving up there yesterday, and looking over the house for an hour; I suppose he has taken it."

"A nice young man," said I, "that is very interesting—I suppose a young couple just married."

"Very likely," replied Maria Walker, laughing; but whether at the fact of my making up my mind to its being an interesting case of matrimony, or what else, I know not.

It was a week before I saw Maria again, and when I did, she caught me by the hand, drew me rapidly to the window, and with a semi-tragic expression, pointed to the house over the way. I looked. What was my astonishment when, on the door in large letters, I read these words, 'Mr. Edward Radstock, M.D."

"A rival," cried I, clapping my hands, thoughtless girl that I was; "another feud of Montague and Capulet. Maria, could not a Romeo and Juliet be found to terminate it?"

"Don't laugh," replied Maria, gravely; "papa is quite ill with vexation; imagine, in a small town like this, two doctors! it's all the fault of that advertisement. Some scheming young man has seen it, and finding no hope of practice elsewhere, has come here. I suppose he is as poor as a rat."

At this instant the sound of horses' footsteps was heard, and then three vans full of furniture appeared in sight. They were coming our way. We looked anxiously to see before which house they stopped. I must confess that what Maria said interested me in the young doctor, and I really hoped all this was for him. Maria said nothing, but, with a frown on her brow, she waited the progress of events. As I expected, the vans stopped before the young doctor's house, and in a few minutes the men began to unload. My friend turned pale as she saw that the vehicles were full of elegant furniture.

"The wretch has got a young wife, too," she exclaimed, as a piano and harp came to view, and then she added, rising, "this will never do; they must be put down at once; *they* are strangers in the neighborhood, *we* are well known Sit down at that desk, my dear girl, and help me to make out a list of all the persons *we* can invite to a ball and evening party. I look upon them as impertinent interlopers, and they must be crushed."

I laughingly acquiesced, and aided by her, soon wrote out a list of invitations to be given.

"But now," said Miss Walker, after a few moments of deep reflection, "one name more must be added, *they* must be invited."

"Who?" exclaimed I, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edward Radstock," replied Maria, triumphantly, while I could scarcely speak from astonishment.

The rest of my narrative I collected from the lips of my friend, a little more than a year later.

The ball took place to the admiration of all C——. It was a splendid affair: a select band came down from London, in which two foreigners, with dreadfully un-euphonic names, played upon two unknown instruments, that deafened nearly every sensitive person in the room, and would have driven every body away, had not they been removed into the drawing-room balcony; then there was a noble Italian, reduced to a tenor-singer, who astonished the company, equally by the extraordinary number of strange songs that he sang, and the number of ices and jellies which he ate; then there were one or two literary men, who wrote anonymously, but might have been celebrated, only they scorned to put their names forward among the common herd, the οἱ πολλοί already known to the public; there was a young poet too, who thought Alfred Tennyson infinitely superior to Shakspeare, and by the air with which he read a poem, seemed to insinuate that he himself was greater than either; and then there was a funny gentleman, who could imitate Henry Russell, John Parry, Buckstone, or any body, only he had a cold and could not get beyond a negro recitation, which might have been Chinese poetry for all the company understood of it. In fact it was the greatest affair of the kind which C—— had seen for many a long day. Mr. and *Miss* Radstock came, and were received with cold politeness by both father and daughter. The young man was good-looking, with an intelligent eye, a pleasing address, and none of that pertness of manner which usually belongs to those who have just thrown off the medical student to become the doctor. Miss Radstock, his sister, who kept house for him, until he found a wife, was a charming girl of about twenty. She smiled at the manner of both Mr. and Miss Walker, but said nothing. Young Radstock's only revenge for the lady of the house's coldness and stateliness of tone, was asking her to dance at the first opportunity, which certainly was vexatious, for his tone was so pleasing, his manner so courteous, that my friend Maria could not but feel pleased—when she wanted to be irate, distant, and haughty.

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They danced together several times, and to the astonishment of many friends of the young lady, of myself in particular, they went down to supper the best friends in the world, laughing and joking like old acquaintances.

Next day, however, she resumed her original coldness of manner when the brother and sister called to pay their respects. She was simply polite, and no more, and after two or three words they retired, Emily Radstock becoming as stiff and formal as her new acquaintance. From that day Maria became very miserable. She was not avaricious, and did not fear her father losing his practice from any pecuniary motives, but it was pride that influenced her. Her father had for some years monopolized the parish, as his predecessor had for forty years before him; and now to behold a young unfledged physician setting up exactly opposite, and threatening to divide in time the business of the town, was dreadful. *The* physician of the town, sounded better, too, than one of the doctors, and altogether it was a most unpleasant affair.

Maria's place was now always the bow-window. She had no amusement but to watch the opposite house, to see if patients came, or if Edward Radstock made any attempt to call about and introduce himself. But for some time she had the satisfaction of remarking, that not a soul called at the house, save the butcher, the baker, and other contributors to the interior comforts of man, and Maria began to feel the hope that Edward Radstock would totally fail in his endeavors to introduce himself. She remarked, however, that the young man took it very quietly; he sat by his sister's side while she played the piano, or with a book and a cigar at the open window, or took Emily a drive in his gig; always, when he remarked Maria at the open window, bowing with provoking courtesy, nothing daunted by her coldness of manner, or her pretense of not noticing his politeness.

One day Mr. Walker was out, he had been called to a distance to see a patient, who was very seriously ill, when Maria sat at the bow-window looking up the street. Suddenly she saw a boy come running down on their side of the way; she knew him by his bright buttons, light jacket, and gold lace. It was the page of the Perkinses, a family with a host of little children, who, from constant colds, indigestions, and fits of illness, caused by too great a liking for the pleasures of the table, which a fond mother had not the heart to restrain, were continually on Mr. Walker's books.

The boy rang violently at the bell, and Maria opened the parlor-door and listened.

"Is Mr. Walker at home?" said the boy, scarcely able to speak from want of breath.

"No," replied the maid who had opened the door.

"He will be home directly," said Maria, advancing.

"Oh! but missus can't wait, there's little Peter been and swallowed a marble, and the baby's took with fits," and away rushed the boy across the road to the hated rival's house

Maria retreated into her room and sank down upon a sofa. The enemy had gained an entrance into the camp, it was quite clear. In a moment more she rose, just in time to see Mr. Edward Radstock hurrying down the street beside the little page, without waiting to order his gig. This was a severe blow to the doctor's daughter. The Perkinses were a leading family in the town, and one to whom her father was called almost every day in the year. They had a large circle of acquaintances, and if young Radstock became their medical adviser, others would surely follow. In about an hour, the young man returned and joined his sister in the drawing-room, as if nothing had happened. This was more provoking than his success. If he had assumed an air of importance and bustle, and had hurried up to inform his sister with an air of joy and triumph of what had happened, she might have been tempted to pity him, but he did every thing in such a quiet, gentlemanly way, that she felt considerable alarm for the future.

Maria was in the habit of spending most of her evenings from home, her father being generally out, and that large house in consequence lonely. The town of C—— was famous for its tea and whist-parties, and though Maria was not of an age to play cards, except to please others, she, however, sometimes condescended to do so. One evening she was invited to the house of a Mrs. Brunton, who announced her intention of receiving company every Thursday. She went, and found the circle very pleasant and agreeable, but, horror of horrors—there was Mr. Edward Radstock and his sister Emily; and worse than that, when a lady present volunteered to play a quadrille, and the ladies accepted eagerly, up he came, of all others, to invite her to dance! Mrs. Brunton the instant before had asked her to play at whist, to oblige three regular players, who could not find a fourth.

"I am afraid," she said, quietly, but in rather distant tones, "I am engaged"—the young man looked surprised, even hurt, for no gentleman had spoken to her since she had entered the room—"to make a fourth at the whist-table, but—"

"Oh, go and dance, Miss Walker," exclaimed Mrs. Brunton, "I did not know dancing was going to begin, when I asked you to make up a rubber."

Maria offered her hand to the young man, and walked away to the dancing-room. Despite herself, that evening she was very much pleased with him. He was well informed, had traveled, was full of taste and feeling, and conversed with animation and originality; he sought every opportunity of addressing himself to her, and found these opportunities without much difficulty. For several Thursdays the same thing occurred. The young man began to find a little practice. He was popular wherever he went, and whenever he was called in was quite sure of keeping up the connection. He was asked out to all the principal parties in the town; and had Mr Walker been not very much liked, would have proved a very serious rival.

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One morning the father and daughter were at breakfast. Maria, who began to like her bow-window better than ever, sat near it to scent the fragrance of her flowers. When the young doctor came out, she always now returned his bow, and a young lady opposite declared in confidence to her dressmaker that she had even kissed her hand to him once. However this may be, Maria sat at the bow-window, pouring out tea for her father in a very abstracted mood. Mr. Walker had been called out at an early hour, and returned late. He was not in the best of humors, having waited four hours beyond his time for his tea.

"I shall die in the workhouse," said he, as he buttered his toast with an irritability of manner quite alarming. "This Radstock is getting all the practice. I heard of two new patients yesterday."

"Oh, papa," replied Maria, gently. "I don't think he has got a dozen altogether."

"A dozen—but that's a dozen lost to me, miss. It's a proof that people think me old—worn out—useless."

"Nonsense, papa; C—— is increasing in population every day, and for every one he gets, you get two."

"My dear," replied Mr. Walker, with considerable animation, "I think you are beginning to side with my rival."

A loud knocking came this instant to the door, and the man-servant immediately after announced "Dr. Radstock."

Mr. Walker had no time to make any remark, ere the young man entered the room, bowing most politely to the old gentleman and his daughter; both looked confused, and the father much surprised. He was in elegant morning costume, and looked both handsome and happy—the old doctor thought, triumphant.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "for disturbing you at this early hour; but your numerous calls take you so much out, that one must take you when one can find you. My errand will doubtless surprise you, but I am very frank and open; my object in visiting you is to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"To do what, sir?" thundered the old doctor in a towering passion. "Are you not satisfied with trying to take from me my practice, but you must ask me for my child? I tell you, sir, nothing on earth would make me consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"But, sir," said Edward Radstock, turning to Maria, "I have your daughter's permission to make this request. I told her of my intentions last night, and she authorized me to say that she approved of them."

"Maria," exclaimed the father, almost choking with rage, "is this true?"

"My dear papa, I am in no hurry to get married, but if I did, I must say, that I should never think of marrying any one but Edward Radstock. I will not get married against your will, but I will never marry any one else; nothing will make me."

"Ungrateful girl," muttered Mr. Thomas Walker, and next minute he sank back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

"Open the window, raise the blinds," said the young man, preparing with promptitude and earnestness to take the necessary remedies, "be not alarmed. It is not a dangerous attack."

Maria quietly obeyed her lover, quite aware of the necessity of self-possession and presence of mind in a case like the present. In half an hour Mr. Walker was lying in a large, airy bedroom, and the young man had left, at the request of Maria, to attend a patient of her father's. It was late at night before Edward was able to take a moment's rest. What with his own patients, and those of his rival, he was overwhelmed with business; but at eleven o'clock he approached the bedside of the father of Maria, who, with her dear Emily now by her side, sat watching.

"He sleeps soundly," said Maria in a low tone, as Edward entered.

"Yes, and is doing well," replied Radstock. "I answer for his being up and stirring to-morrow, if he desires it."

"But it will be better for him to rest some days," said Maria.

"But, my dear Miss Walker," continued the young doctor, "what will his patients do?"

"You can attend to them as you have done to-day," replied Maria.

"My dear Miss Walker, you, who know me, could trust me with your father's patients; you know, that when he was able to go about, I would hand them all back to him without hesitation. But you must be aware, that for your father to discover me attending to his patients, would retard his recovery. If I do as you ask me, I must retire from C—— immediately on his convalescence."

"No, sir," said Dr. Walker, in a faint voice, "I shall not be about for a month; after making me take to my bed, the least you can do is to attend to my patients."

"If you wish it, sir—?"

"I insist upon it; and to prevent any opposition, you can say we are going into partnership."

"But—" said Edward.

"If you want my daughter," continued Dr. Walker, gruffly, "you must do as I tell you. If you wish to be my son-in-law, you must be my partner, work like a horse, slave day and night, while I smoke my pipe and drink my grog."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the young man, "you overwhelm me."

"Dear papa!" said Maria.

"Yes, dear papa!" muttered old Walker; "pretty girl you are; give a party to crush the interloper; faint when he gets his first patient; watch him from your bow-window like a cat watches a mouse, and then—marry him."

"But, my dear papa, is not this the surest way to destroy the opposition?" said happy Maria.

"Yes! because we can not crush him, we take him as a partner," grumbled old Walker: "never heard of such a thing; nice thing it is

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to have children who take part with your enemies."

Nobody made any reply, and after a little more faint attempts at fault-finding, the old doctor fell asleep.

About six months later, after a journey to Scotland, which made me lose sight of Maria, I drove up the streets of C——, after my return to my native Greenwich, which, with its beautiful park, its Blackheath, its splendid and glorious monument of English greatness, its historic associations, I dearly love, and eager to see the dear girl, never stopped until I was in her arms.

"How you have grown," said she, with a sweet and happy smile.

"Grown! indeed; do you take me for a child?" cried I, laughing. "And you! how well and pleased you look; always at the bow-window, too; I saw you as I came up."

"I am very seldom there now," said she, with a strange smile.

"Why?"

"Because I live over the way," replied she, still smiling.

"Over the way!" said I.

"Yes, my dear girl; alas! for the mutability of human things—Maria Walker is now Mrs. Radstock."

I could not help it; I laughed heartily. I was very glad. I had been interested in the young man, and the *dénoûement* was delightful.

The firm of Walker and Radstock prospered remarkably without rivalry, despite a great increase in the neighborhood; but the experience of the old man, and the perseverance of the young, frightened away all opposition. They proved satisfactorily that union is indeed strength. Young Radstock was a very good husband. He told me privately that he had fallen in love with Maria the very first day he saw her; and every time I hear from them I am told of a fresh accession to the number of faces that stare across for grandpapa, who generally, when about to pay them a visit, shows himself first at the Bow-window.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

I WAS lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. At that moment I had neither profound nor useful resources of thought. I sate simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as "after dinner," so peculiarly agreeable in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or by some pretty little fingers, simply, I can not say; but, at the same moment, a rose was insinuated into my buttonhole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connection with the eyes, the fingers, and the voice, a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favorite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *décorés*, who I found were sharing my honors, I placed a piece of money—I believe, in my case, it was silver—in the hand of the girl; and, receiving about five hundred times its value, in the shape of a smile and a "*Merci bien, monsieur!*" was again left alone—("desolate," a Frenchman would have said)—in the crowded and carousing Boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary acknowledgment, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested—unaccountably so—in this young girl: her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which, in England, we are accustomed to call "theatrical," she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except, perhaps, in a certain coquetish simplicity—from the conventional mode: its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Living a life that seemed one long summer's day—one floral *fête*—with a means of existence that seemed so frail and immaterial—she conveyed an impression of *unreality*. She might be likened to a Nymph, or a Naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses, at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers—close and perfumed air—foot-lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and, it may be readily imagined, became one of the most constant of her *clientelle*. I learned, too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode which has since become worse than vulgarized by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct—or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stockbrokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion, and more mystification, as to who this Queen of Flowers could be—where she lived—and so forth. Nothing was known of her except her name—Hermance. More than one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour, till night set in—in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence, that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector; and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

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After all stratagems have failed, it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen except in very public places—often in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her, was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account; and I believe that at several of the theatres, Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible proposal, and he was treated with most glorious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *Bouquetière's* disdain of the drama. She who *lived* a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be Rosalind than Rachel. She refused the part of Cerito, and chose to be an Alma on her own account.

It may be supposed that where there was so much mystery, imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the conflicting stories about Hermance, would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents, brought up by an *ouvrier:* but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness, on the profits of his daughter's industry;—that her mother was a deceased duchess—but, on the other hand, was alive, and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse.* As for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in such a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities, in the delicate discussions held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve every thing.

One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *Bouquetière* in a startling hat of some expensive straw, and of a make bordering on the ostentatious. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labors were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent, had she chosen; but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a hat, in contradistinction to the little cap of the *grisette*, is considered an assumption of a superior grade, and unless warranted by the "position" of the wearer, is resented as an impertinence. In Paris, indeed, there are only two classes of women—those with bonnets, and those without; and these stand in the same relation to one another, as the two great classes into which the world may be divided—the powers that be, and the powers that want to be. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that the surmises were many and marvelous. The little *Bouquetière* was becoming proud—becoming a lady;—but how? why? and above all—where? Curiosity was never more rampant, and scandal never more inventive.

For my part, I saw nothing in any of these appearances worthy, in themselves, of a second thought; nothing could have destroyed the strong and strange interest which I had taken in the girl; and it would have required something more potent than a straw hat—however coquettish in crown, and audacious in brim—to have shaken my belief in her truth and goodness. Her presence, for the accustomed few minutes, in the afternoon or evening, became to me—I will not say a necessity, but certainly a habit;—and a habit is sufficiently despotic when

"A fair face and a tender voice have made me—"

I will not say "mad and blind," as the remainder of the line would insinuate—but most deliciously in my senses, and most luxuriously wide awake!

But to come to the catastrophe—

"One morn we missed *her* in the accustomed spot—"

Not only, indeed, from "accustomed" and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, improbable, and even impossible spots—all of which were duly searched—was she missed. In short, she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the Boulevards. Hardened old *flaneurs* turned pale under their rouge, and some of the younger ones went about with drooping mustaches, which, for want of the *cire*, had fallen into the "yellow leaf."

A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentalities. A clever little monkey at the Hippodrome, and a gentleman who stood on his head while he ate his dinner, became the immediate objects of interest, and Hermance seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clew, information, or indication, seem to me now something absurd. In the course of my walks, I met an old man, who was pointed out to me as her father—met him frequently, alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission—and with about as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him; but he turned aside, and avoided me with a manner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before.

A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. The *Bouquetière* had never been so friendless or unprotected as people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied, or rather followed, by her father; whenever she stopped, then he stopped also; and never was he distant more than a dozen yards, I wonder that he was not recognized by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his attire or appearance, from time to time. One morning this strange pair were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when, passing through a rather secluded street, the *Bouquetière* made a sudden bound from the pavement, sprung into a post-chaise, the door of which stood open, and was immediately whirled away, as fast as four horses could tear—leaving the old man alone with his despair, and the basket of flowers.

Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *Bouquetière;* but only a

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days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those "brilliant receptions," for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me, for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolizing all the admiration of the evening—she was the newly-married bride of a young German baron of great wealth, and noted for a certain wild kind of genius, and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by their side, and entered into conversation. The baronne observed that she had met me before, but could not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers.

I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand.

The baronne selected a flower, and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented; and the flower, not being re-demanded, I did not return it. The conversation changed to other subjects, and, shortly afterward the baronne took her leave with her husband. They left Paris next day for the baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since.

I learned subsequently that some strange stories had obtained circulation respecting the previous life of the baronne. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *Bouquetière* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages that can, with any degree of courtesy, be included in that category, and of all degrees of beauty short of the hunch-back, may be seen in all directions intruding their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers, and making war upon button-holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls, I find, are being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and facetious country.

I should have mentioned before, that a friend calling upon me the morning after my meeting with the baronne, saw the flower which she had placed in my hand standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me: "Do you know any thing of the language of flowers?" I asked.

"Something," was the reply.

"What, then, is the meaning of this?"

"SECRECY."

DIFFICULTY.

THERE is an aim which all Nature seeks; the flower that opens from the bud—the light that breaks the cloud into a thousand forms of beauty—is calmly striving to assume the perfect glory of its power; and the child, whose proud laugh heralds the mastery of a new lesson, unconsciously develops the same life-impulse seeking to prove the power it has felt its own.

This is the real goal of life shining dimly from afar; for as our fullest power was never yet attained, it is a treasure which must be sought, its extent and distance being unknown. No man can tell what he can do, or suffer, until tried; his path of action broadens out before him; and, while a path appears, there is power to traverse it. It is like the fabled hill of Genius, that ever presented a loftier elevation above the one attained. It is like the glory of the stars, which shine by borrowed light, each seeming source of which is tributary to one more distant, until the view is lost to us; yet we inly know there must be a life-giving centre, and, to the steady mind, though the goal of life be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain, while all lesser aims are but reflections of this glory in myriad-descending shades, which must be passed, one by one, as the steps of the ladder on which he mounts to Heaven.

Man has an unfortunate predilection to pervert whatever God throws in his way to aid him, and thus turn good to evil. The minor hopes which spur to action are mistaken for the final one; and we often look no higher than some mean wish, allowing that to rule us which should have been our servant. From this false view rises little exertion, for it is impossible for man to believe in something better and be content with worse. We all aim at self-control and independence while in the shadow of a power which controls us, whispering inerly, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but how apt is self-indulgence to suit this limit to its own measure, and suffer veneration and doubt to overgrow and suppress the rising hope of independent thought. "I am not permitted to know this, or to do this," is the excuse of the weak and trivial; but the question should be, "*Can* I know or do this?" for what is not permitted we can not do. We may not know the events of the future, or the period of a thought, or the Great First Cause, but we may hope to see and combine the atoms of things—pierce the realms of space—make the wilderness a garden—attain perfection of soul and body; and for this our end we may master all things needful.

There is nothing possible that faith and striving can not do; take the road, and it must lead you to the goal, though strewn with difficulties, and cast through pain and shade. If each would strain his energies to gain what he has dared to hope for, he would succeed, for since that which we love and honor is in our nature, it is to be drawn forth, and what is not there we can not wish.

Our greatest drawback is, not that we expect too much, but that we do too little; we set our worship low, and let our higher powers lie dormant; thus are we never masters, but blind men stumbling in each other's way. As maturity means self-controlling power, so he who gains not this is childish, and must submit, infant-like, to be controlled by others. This guidance we must feel in our upward course, and be grateful for the check; but as we have each a work to do, we must look beyond help to independence

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The school-boy receives aid in learning that he may one day strive with his own power, for if he always depends on help he can never be a useful man.

He who seeks for himself no path, but merely follows where others have been before, covering his own want with another's industry, may find the road not long or thickly set, but he does and gains nothing. He who bows to difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill instead of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered place—a snug retreat, but the world in its glory he can never see, and the pestilence from the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest in perfect comfort, but the health that comes of labor will fade away. The trees of the forest were not planted that man might pass round and live between them, but that he might cut them down and use them. The savage has little toil before him, but the civilized man has greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful, and bid his genius rule his fellow-men? he must toil to gain means; while his thought reads the hearts that he would sway, he must be led into temptation, and pass through pain and danger, ere he can know what another may endure. Would he pour golden truth upon the page of life? he must seek it from every source, weigh the relations of life, and concede to its taste, that he may best apply it, for the proverb must be written in fair round hand, that common men may read it. Would he picture the life of man or nature? he must go forth with heart and eye alive, nor turn from the sorest notes of human woe, or the coarsest tones of vice; he must watch the finest ray of light, and mark the falling of the last withered leaf. Would he be actively benevolent? winter cold, nor summer lassitude must not appall him; in season and out of season he must be ready; injured pride, wounded feeling must not unstring his energy, while stooping to learn from the simplest lips the nature of those wants to which he would minister.

In all accomplishment there is difficulty; the greater the work, the greater the pains. There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or grace, for the steps of life are slow, and what is not thus attained is nothing worth. In darkness the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom when objects appear, one by one, until the most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden light the eyes are pained, and blinded, and left weak.

At school, we found that when one difficulty was surmounted another was presented; mastering "Addition" would not do—we must learn "Subtraction;" so it is in life. A finished work is a glory won, but a mind content with one accomplishment is childish, and its weakness renders it incapable of applying that—"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath;" his one talent shall rise up to him as a shame. A little sphere insures but little happiness.

There is a time of youth for all; but youth has a sphere of hope that, embracing the whole aim which man must work for, gives unbounded happiness. Thus God would equalize the lot of all where necessity would create difference; it is only when states are forced unnaturally that misery ensues. When those who would seem to be men are children in endeavor, we see that God's will is not done, but a falsehood. The greatest of us have asked and taken guidance in their rising course, and owned inferiority without shame; but his is a poor heart that looks to be inferior ever; and shameful indeed it is, when those who are thus poor imagine or assume a right to respect as self-supporting men. How painfully ridiculous it is to see the lazy man look down on his struggling wife as the "weaker vessel," or the idle sinecurist hold contempt for the tradesman who is working his way to higher wealth by honest toil. Were the aims of living truly seen, no man would be dishonored because useful. But wait awhile; the world is drawing near the real point, and we shall find that the self-denying, fearless energy, that works its will in spite of pettiness, must gain its end, and become richest; that the man who begins with a penny in the hope of thousands will grow wealthier than his aimless brother of the snug annuity; for while the largest wealth that is not earned is limited, the result of ceaseless toil is incalculable, since the progress of the soul is infinite!

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XLVI.

A GLANCE AT THE "PREFECTURE DE POLICE."

POOR Mahon's melancholy story made a deep impression upon me, and I returned to Paris execrating the whole race of spies and "Mouchards," and despising, with a most hearty contempt, a government compelled to use such agencies for its existence. It seemed to me so utterly impossible to escape the snares of a system so artfully interwoven, and so vain to rely on innocence as a protection, that I felt a kind of reckless hardihood as to whatever might betide me, and rode into the Cour of the Prefecture with a bold indifference as to my fate that I have often wondered at since.

The horse on which I was mounted was immediately recognized as I entered; and the obsequious salutations that met me showed that I was regarded as one of the trusty followers of the Minister; and in this capacity was I ushered into a large waiting-room, where a considerable number of persons were assembled, whose air and appearance, now that necessity for disguise was over, unmistakably pronounced them to be spies of the police. Some, indeed, were occupied in taking off their false whiskers and mustaches; others were removing shades from their eyes; and one was carefully opening what had been the hump on his back, in search of a paper he was anxious to discover.

I had very little difficulty in ascertaining that these were all the very lowest order of "Mouchards," whose sphere of duty rarely led beyond the Fauxbourg or the Battyriolles, and indeed

* Continued from the November Number

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soon saw that my own appearance among them led to no little surprise and astonishment.

"You are looking for Nicquard, monsieur?" said one, "but he has not come yet."

"No; monsieur wants to see Boule-de-Fer," said another.

"Here's José can fetch him," cried a third.

"He'll have to carry him, then," growled out another, "for I saw him in the Morgue this morning!"

"What! dead?" exclaimed several together.

"As dead as four stabs in the heart and lungs can make a man! He must have been meddling where he had no business, for there was a piece of a lace ruffle found in his fingers."

"Ah, voila!" cried another, "that comes of mixing in high society."

I did not wait for the discussion that followed, but stole quietly away, as the disputants were waxing warm. Instead of turning into the Cour again, however, I passed out into a corridor, at the end of which was a door of green cloth. Pushing open this, I found myself in a chamber, where a single clerk was writing at a table.

"You're late to-day, and he's not in a good humor," said he, scarcely looking up from his paper, "go in!"

Resolving to see my adventure to the end, I asked no further questions, but passed on to the room beyond. A person who stood within the door-way withdrew as I entered, and I found myself standing face to face with the Marquis de Maurepas, or, to speak more properly, the Minister Fouché. He was standing at the fire-place as I came in, reading a newspaper, but no sooner had he caught sight of me than he laid it down, and, with his hands crossed behind his back, continued steadily staring at me.

"Diable!" exclaimed he, at last, "how came you here?"

"Nothing more naturally, sir, than from the wish to restore what you were so good as to lend me, and express my sincere gratitude for a most hospitable reception."

"But who admitted you?"

"I fancy your saddle-cloth was my introduction, sir, for it was speedily recognized. Gesler's cap was never held in greater honor."

"You are a very courageous young gentleman, I must say—very courageous, indeed," said he, with a sardonic grin that was any thing but encouraging.

"The better chance that I may find favor with Monsieur de Fouché," replied I.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said he, seating himself in his chair, and motioning me to a spot in front of it. "Who are you?"

"A lieutenant of the 9th Hussars, sir; by name Maurice Tiernay."

"I don't care for that," said he, impatiently; "what's your occupation?—how do you live?—with whom do you associate?"

"I have neither means nor associates. I have been liberated from the Temple but a few days back; and what is to be my future, and where, are facts of which I know as little as does Monsieur de Fouché of my past history."

"It would seem that every adventurer, every fellow destitute of home, family, fortune, and position, thinks that his natural refuge lies in this Ministry, and that I must be his guardian."

"I never thought so, sir."

"Then why are you here? What other than personal reasons procures me the honor of this visit?"

"As Monsieur de Fouché will not believe in my sense of gratitude, perhaps he may put some faith in my curiosity, and excuse the natural anxiety I feel to know if Monsieur de Maurepas has really benefited by the pleasure of my society."

"Hardi, monsieur, bien hardi," said the Minister, with a peculiar expression of irony about the mouth that made me almost shudder. He rang a little hand-bell as he spoke, and a servant made his appearance.

"You have forgotten to leave me my snuff-box, Geoffroy," said he, mildly, to the valet, who at once left the room, and speedily returned with a magnificently-chased gold box, on which the initials of the First Consul were embossed in diamonds.

"Arrange those papers, and place those books on the shelves," said the Minister. And then turning to me, as if resuming a previous conversation, went on—

"As to that memoir of which we were speaking t'other night, monsieur, it would be exceedingly interesting just now; and I have no doubt that you will see the propriety of confiding to me what you already promised to Monsieur de Maurepas. That will do, Geoffroy; leave us."

The servant retired, and we were once more alone.

"I possess no secrets, sir, worthy the notice of the Minister of Police," said I boldly.

"Of that I may presume to be the better judge," said Fouché calmly. "But waving this question, there is another of some importance. You have, partly by accident, partly by a boldness not devoid of peril, obtained some little insight into the habits and details of this Ministry; at least, you have seen enough to suspect more, and misrepresent what you can not comprehend. Now, sir, there is an almost universal custom in all secret societies, of making those who intrude surreptitiously within their limits, to take every oath and pledge of that society, and to assume every responsibility that attaches to its voluntary members—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but my intrusion was purely involuntary; I was made the dupe of a police spy."

"Having ascertained which," resumed he, coldly, "your wisest policy would have been to have kept the whole incident for yourself alone, and neither have uttered one syllable about it, nor ventured to come here, as you have done, to display what you fancy to be your power over the Minister of Police. You are a very young man, and the lesson may possibly be of service to you; and never forget that to attempt a contest of address with those whose habits have taught them every wile and subtlety of their

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fellow-men, will always be a failure. This Ministry would be a sorry engine of government if men of your stamp could out-wit it."

I stood abashed and confused under a rebuke which, at the same time, I felt to be but half deserved.

"Do you understand Spanish?" asked he suddenly.

"No, sir, not a word."

"I'm sorry for it; you should learn that language without loss of time. Leave your address with my secretary, and call here by Monday or Tuesday next."

"If I may presume so far, sir," said I, with a great effort to seem collected, "I would infer that your intention is to employ me in some capacity or other. It is, therefore, better I should say at once, I have neither the ability nor the desire for such occupation. I have always been a soldier. Whatever reverses of fortune I may meet with, I would wish still to continue in the same career. At all events, I could never become a—a—"

"Spy. Say the word out; its meaning conveys nothing offensive to my ears, young man. I may grieve over the corruption that requires such a system; but I do not confound the remedy with the disease."

"My sentiments are different, sir," said I resolutely, as I moved toward the door. "I have the honor to wish you a good morning."

"Stay a moment, Tiernay," said he, looking for something among his papers; "there are, probably, situations where all your scruples could find accommodation, and even be serviceable, too."

"I would rather not place them in peril, Mons. Le Ministre."

"There are people in this city of Paris who would not despise my protection, young man; some of them to the full as well supplied with the gifts of fortune as Mons. Tiernay."

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" said I, sarcastically; for every moment now rendered me more courageous.

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it," repeated he after me, with a wave of the hand in token of adieu.

I bowed respectfully, and was retiring, when he called out in a low and gentle voice—

"Before you go, Mons. de Tiernay, I will thank you to restore my snuff-box."

"Your snuff-box, sir!" cried I, indignantly, "what do I know of it?"

"In a moment of inadvertence, you may, probably, have placed it in your pocket," said he, smiling; "do me the favor to search there."

"This is unnecessary insult, sir," said I fiercely; "and you forget that I am a French officer!"

"It is of more consequence that you should remember it," said he calmly; "and now, sir, do as I have told you."

"It is well, sir, that this scene has no witness," said I, boiling over with passion, "or, by Heaven, all the dignity of your station should not save you."

"Your observation is most just," said he, with the same coolness. "It is as well that we are quite alone; and for this reason I beg to repeat my request. If you persist in a refusal, and force me to ring that bell—"

"You would not dare to offer me such an indignity," said I, trembling with rage.

"You leave me no alternative, sir," said he, rising, and taking the bell in his hand. "My honor is also engaged in this question. I have preferred a charge—"

"You have," cried I, interrupting, "and for whose falsehood I am resolved to hold you responsible."

"To prove which, you must show your innocence."

"There, then—there are my pockets; here are the few things I possess. This is my pocket-book—my purse. Oh, heavens, what is this?" cried I, as I drew forth the gold box, along with the other contents of my pocket; and then staggering back, I fell, overwhelmed with shame and sickness, against the wall. For some seconds I neither saw nor heard any thing; a vague sense of ineffable disgrace—of some ignominy that made life a misery, was over me, and I closed my eyes with the wish never to open them more.

"The box has a peculiar value in my eyes, sir," said he; "it was a present from the First Consul, otherwise I might have hesitated—"

"Oh, sir, you can not, you dare not, suppose me guilty of a theft. You seem bent on being my ruin; but, for mercy's sake, let your hatred of me take some other shape than this. Involve me in what snares, what conspiracies you will, give me what share you please in any guilt, but spare me the degradation of such a shame."

He seemed to enjoy the torments I was suffering, and actually revel in the contemplation of my misery; for he never spoke a word, but continued steadily to stare me in the face.

"Sit down here, monsieur," said he, at length, while he pointed to a chair near him; "I wish to say a few words to you, in all seriousness, and in good faith, also."

I seated myself, and he went on.

"The events of the last two days must have made such an impression on your mind that even the most remarkable incidents of your life could not compete with. You fancied yourself a great discoverer, and that, by the happy conjuncture of intelligence and accident, you had actually fathomed the depths of that wonderful system of police, which, more powerful than armies or councils, is the real government of France! I will not stop now to convince you that you have not wandered out of the very shallowest channels of this system. It is enough that you have been admitted to an audience with me, to suggest an opposite conviction, and give to your recital, when you repeat the tale, a species of importance. Now, sir, my counsel to you is, never to repeat it, and for this reason; nobody possessed of common powers of judgment will ever believe you! not one, sir! No one would ever believe that Monsieur Fouché had made so grave a mistake, no more than he would believe that a man of

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good name and birth, a French officer, could have stolen a snuff-box. You see, Monsieur de Tiernay, that I acquit you of this shameful act. Imitate my generosity, sir, and forget all that you have witnessed since Tuesday last. I have given you good advice, sir; if I find that you profit by it, we may see more of each other."

Scarcely appreciating the force of his parable, and thinking of nothing save the vindication of my honor, I muttered a few unmeaning words, and withdrew, glad to escape a presence which had assumed, to my terrified senses, all the diabolical subtlety of satanic influence. Trusting that no future accident of my life should ever bring me within such precincts, I hurried from the place as though it were contaminated and plague-stricken.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"THE VILLAGE OF SCHWARTZ-ACH."

I was destitute enough when I quitted the 'Temple," a few days back; but my condition now was sadder still, for in addition to my poverty and friendlessness, I had imbibed a degree of distrust and suspicion that made me shun my fellow-men, and actually shrink from the contact of a stranger. The commonest show of courtesy, the most ordinary exercise of politeness, struck me as the secret wiles of that police, whose machinations, I fancied, were still spread around me. I had conceived a most intense hatred of civilization, or, at least, of what I rashly supposed to be the inherent vices of civilized life. I longed for what I deemed must be the glorious independence of a savage. If I could but discover this Paradise beyond seas, of which the marquise raved so much; if I only could find out that glorious land which neither knew secret intrigues nor conspiracies, I should leave France forever, taking any condition, or braving any mischances fate might have in store for me.

There was something peculiarly offensive in the treatment I had met with. Imprisoned on suspicion, I was liberated without any "amende;" neither punished like a guilty man, nor absolved as an innocent one. I was sent out upon the world as though the state would not own nor acknowledge me; a dangerous practice, as I often thought, if only adopted on a large scale. It was some days before I could summon resolution to ascertain exactly my position: at last I did muster up courage, and under pretense of wishing to address a letter to myself, I applied at the Ministry of War for the address of Lieutenant Tierr.ay, of the 9th Hussars. I was one of a large crowd similarly engaged, some inquiring for sons that had fallen in battle, or husbands or fathers in far away countries. The office was only open each morning for two hours, and consequently, as the expiration of the time drew nigh, the eagerness of the inquirers became far greater, and the contrast with the cold apathy of the clerks the more strongly marked. I had given way to many, who were weaker than myself, and less able to buffet with the crowd about them; and at last, when, wearied by waiting, I was drawing nigh the table, my attention was struck by an old, a very old man, who, with a beard white as snow, and long mustaches of the same color, was making great efforts to gain the front rank. I stretched out my hand, and caught his, and by considerable exertion, at last succeeded in placing him in front of me.

He thanked me fervently, in a strange kind of German, a *patois* I had never heard before, and kissed my hand three or four times over in his gratitude; indeed, so absorbed was he for the time in his desire to thank me, that I had to recall him to the more pressing reason of his presence, and warn him that but a few minutes more of the hour remained free.

"Speak up," cried the clerk, as the old man muttered something in a low and very indistinct voice; "speak up; and remember, my friend, that we do not profess to give information further back than the times of 'Louis Quatorze.'"

This allusion to the years of the old man was loudly applauded by his colleagues, who drew nigh to stare at the cause of it.

"Sacre bleu! he is talking Hebrew," said another, "and asking for a friend who fell at Ramoth Gilead."

"He is speaking German," said I, peremptorily, "and asking for a relative whom he believes to have embarked with the expedition to Egypt."

"Are you a sworn interpreter, young man?" asked an older and more consequential-looking personage.

I was about to return a hasty reply to this impertinence, but I thought of the old man, and the few seconds that still remained for his inquiry, and I smothered my anger, and was silent.

"What rank did he hold?" inquired one of the clerks, who had listened with rather more patience to the old man. I translated the question for the peasant, who, in reply, confessed that he could not tell. The youth was his only son, and had left home many years before, and never written. A neighbor, however, who had traveled in foreign parts, had brought tidings that he had gone with the expedition to Egypt, and was already high in the French army.

"You are not quite certain that he did not command the army of Egypt?" said one of the clerks in mockery of the old man's story.

"It is not unlikely," said the peasant gravely, "he was a brave and bold youth, and could have lifted two such as you with one hand and hurled you out of that window."

"Let us hear his name once more," said the elder clerk; "it is worth remembering."

"I have told you already. It was Karl Kleber."

"The General—General Kleber!" cried three or four in a breath.

"Mayhap," was all the reply.

"And are you the father of the great general of Egypt?" asked the elder, with an air of deep respect.

"Kleber is my son; and so that he is alive

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and well, I care little if a general or simple soldier."

Not a word was said in answer to this speech, and each seemed to feel reluctant to tell the sad tidings. At last the elder clerk said, "You have lost a good son, and France one of her greatest captains. The General Kleber is dead."

"Dead!" said the old man, slowly.

"In the very moment of his greatest glory, too, when he had won the country of the Pyramids, and made Egypt a colony of France."

"When did he die?" said the peasant.

"The last accounts from the East brought the news; and this very day the Council of State has accorded a pension to his family of ten thousand livres."

"They may keep their money. I am all that remains, and have no want of it; and I should be poorer still before I'd take it."

These words he uttered in a low, harsh tone, and pushed his way back though the crowd.

One moment more was enough for *my* inquiry.

"Maurice Tiernay, of the 9th—*destitué*," was the short and stunning answer I received.

"Is there any reason alleged—is there any charge imputed to him?" asked I, timidly.

"Ma foi! you must go to the Minister of War with that question. Perhaps he was paymaster, and embezzled the funds of the regiment; perhaps he liked royalist gold better than republican silver; or perhaps he preferred the company of the baggage-train and the 'ambulances,' when he should have been at the head of his squadron."

I did not care to listen longer to this impertinence, and making my way out I gained the street. The old peasant was still standing there, like one stunned and overwhelmed by some great shock, and neither heeding the crowd that passed, nor the groups that halted occasionally to stare at him.

"Come along with *me*," said I, taking his hand in mine. "*Your* calamity is a heavy one, but *mine* is harder to bear up against."

He suffered himself to be led away like a child, and never spoke a word as we walked along toward the "barriere," beyond which, at a short distance, was a little ordinary, where I used to dine. There we had our dinner together, and as the evening wore on the old man rallied enough to tell me of his son's early life, and his departure for the army. Of his great career *I* could speak freely, for Kleber's name was, in soldier esteem, scarcely second to that of Bonaparte himself. Not all the praises I could bestow, however, were sufficient to turn the old man from his stern conviction, that a peasant in the "Lech Thal" was a more noble and independent man than the greatest general that ever marched to victory.

"We have been some centuries there," said he, "and none of our name has incurred a shadow of disgrace. Why should not Karl have lived like his ancestors?"

It was useless to appeal to the glory his son had gained—the noble reputation he had left behind him. The peasant saw in the soldier but one who hired out his courage and his blood, and deemed the calling a low and unworthy one. I suppose I was not the first who, in the effort to convince another, found himself shaken in his own convictions; for I own before I lay down that night many of the old man's arguments assumed a force and power that I could not resist, and held possession of my mind even after I fell asleep. In my dreams I was once more beside the American lake, and that little colony of simple people, where I had seen all that was best of my life, and learned the few lessons I had ever received of charity and good-nature.

From what the peasant said, the primitive habits of the Lech Thal must be almost like those of that little colony, and I willingly assented to his offer to accompany him in his journey homeward. He seemed to feel a kind of satisfaction in turning my thoughts away from a career that he held so cheaply, and talked enthusiastically of the tranquil life of the Bregenzer-wald.

We left Paris the following morning, and, partly by diligence, partly on foot, reached Strassburg in a few days; thence we proceeded by Kehel to Freyburg, and, crossing the Lake of Constance at Rorsbach, we entered the Bregenzer-wald on the twelfth morning of our journey. I suppose that most men preserve fresher memory of the stirring and turbulent scenes of their lives than of the more peaceful and tranquil ones, and I shall not be deemed singular when I say, that some years passed over me in this quiet spot and seemed as but a few weeks. The old peasant was the "Vorsteher," or ruler of the village, by whom all disputes were settled, and all litigation of an humble kind decided—a species of voluntary jurisdiction maintained to this very day in that primitive region. My occupation there was as a species of secretary to the court, an office quite new to the villagers, but which served to impress them more reverentially than ever in favor of this rude justice. My legal duties over, I became a vine-dresser, a woodcutter, or a deer-stalker, as season and weather dictated. My evenings being always devoted to the task of a schoolmaster. A curious seminary was it, too, embracing every class from childhood to advanced age, all eager for knowledge, and all submitting to the most patient discipline to attain it. There was much to make me happy in that humble lot. I had the love and esteem of all around me; there was neither a harassing doubt for the future, nor the rich man's contumely to oppress me; my life was made up of occupations which alternately engaged mind and body, and, above all and worth all besides, I had a sense of duty, a feeling that I was doing that which was useful to my fellow-men; and however great may be a man's station in life, if it want this element, the humblest peasant that rises to his daily toil has a nobler and a better part.

As I trace these lines how many memories of the spot are rising before me! Scenes I had long forgotten—faces I had ceased to remember!

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And now I see the little wooden bridge—a giant tree, guarded by a single rail, that crossed the torrent in front of our cottage; and I behold once more the little waxen image of the Virgin over the door, in whose glass shrine at nightfall a candle ever burned! and I hear the low hum of the villagers' prayer as the Angelus is singing, and see on every crag or cliff the homebound hunter kneeling in his deep devotion!

Happy people, and not less good than happy! Your bold and barren mountains have been the safeguard of your virtue and your innocence! Long may they prove so, and long may the waves of the world's ambition be staid at their rocky feet!

I was beginning to forget all that I had seen of life, or, if not forget, at least to regard it as a wild and troubled dream, when an accident, one of those things we always regard as the merest chances, once more opened the flood-gates of memory, and sent the whole past in a strong current through my brain.

In this mountain region the transition from winter to summer is effected in a few days. Some hours of a scorching sun and south wind swell the torrents with melted snow; the icebergs fall thundering from cliff and crag, and the sporting waterfall once more dashes over the precipice. The trees burst into leaf, and the grass springs up green and fresh from its wintry covering; and from the dreary aspect of snow-capped hills and leaden clouds, nature changes to fertile plains and hills, and a sky of almost unbroken blue.

It was on a glorious evening in April, when all these changes were passing, that I was descending the mountain above our village after a hard day's chamois hunting. Anxious to reach the plain before nightfall, I could not, however, help stopping from time to time to watch the golden and ruby tints of the sun upon the snow, or see the turquoise blue which occasionally marked the course of a rivulet through the glaciers. The Alp-horn was sounding from every cliff and height, and the lowing of the cattle swelled into a rich and mellow chorus. It was a beautiful picture, realizing in every tint and hue, in every sound and cadence, all that one can fancy of romantic simplicity, and I surveyed it with a swelling and a grateful heart.

As I turned to resume my way, I was struck by the sound of voices speaking, as I fancied, in French, and before I could settle the doubt with myself, I saw in front of me a party of some six or seven soldiers, who, with their muskets slung behind them, were descending the steep path by the aid of sticks.

Weary-looking and foot-sore as they were, their dress, their bearing, and their soldier-like air, struck me forcibly, and sent into my heart a thrill I had not known for many a day before. I came up quickly behind them, and could overhear their complaints at having mistaken the road, and their maledictions, muttered in no gentle spirit, on the stupid mountaineers who could not understand French.

"Here comes another fellow, let us try *him*," said one, as he turned and saw me near. "Schwartz-Ach, Schwartz-Ach," added he, addressing me, and reading the name from a slip of paper in his hand.

"I am going to the village," said I, in French, "and will show the way with pleasure."

"How! what! are you a Frenchman, then!" cried the corporal, in amazement.

"Even so," said I.

"Then by what chance are you living in this wild spot? How, in the name of wonder, can you exist here?"

"With venison like this," said I, pointing to a chamois buck on my shoulder, "and the red wine of the Lech Thal, a man may manage to forget Veray's and the "Dragon Vert," particularly as they are not associated with a bill and a waiter!"

"And perhaps you are a royalist," cried another, "and don't like how matters are going on at home?"

"I have not that excuse for my exile," said I coldly.

"Have you served, then?"

I nodded.

"Ah, I see," said the corporal, "you grew weary of parade and guard mounting."

"If you mean that I deserted," said I, "you are wrong there also; and now let it be my turn to ask a few questions. What is France about? Is the Republic still as great and victorious as ever?"

"Sacre bleu, man, what are you thinking of! We are an Empire some years back, and Napoleon has made as many kings as he has got brothers and cousins to crown."

"And the army, where is it?"

"Ask for some half dozen armies, and you'll still be short of the mark. We have one in Hamburg, and another in the far North, holding the Russians in check; we have garrisons in every fortress of Prussia and the Rhine Land; we have some eighty thousand fellows in Poland and Gallicia; double as many more in Spain; Italy is our own, and so will be Austria ere many days go over."

Boastfully as all this was spoken, I found it to be not far from truth, and learned, as we walked along, that the emperor was, at that very moment, on the march to meet the Archduke Charles, who, with a numerous army, was advancing on Ratisbon, the little party of soldiers being portion of a force dispatched to explore the passes of the "Voralberg," and report on how far they might be practicable for the transmission of troops to act on the left flank and rear of the Austrian army. Their success had up to this time been very slight, and the corporal was making for Schwartz-Ach, as a spot where he hoped to rendezvous with some of his comrades. They were much disappointed on my telling them that I had quitted the village that morning, and that not a soldier had been seen there. There was, however, no other spot to pass the night in, and they willingly accepted the offer I made them of a shelter and a supper in our cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

"FANCY it burgundy," said Boniface of his ale, "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!" Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves laboring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verifying the apprehension: the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed toward it; indeed it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds of our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve, died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the ax, is well known. Paracelsus held, "that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body moves it in fact, and by his imagination and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body." Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have "a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects. All doubt," he says, "destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature; it is from faith that imagination draws its strength, it is by faith it becomes complete and realized; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results—and hence the cause of superstition."

So early as 1462, Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvelous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. "The soul," he said, "if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies." However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body is proved by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent: individuals, not merely singly but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers; while the barking disease at the camp-meetings of the Methodists of North America has been described as "extravagant beyond belief." Rollin and Hecquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves transformed into cats, and a universal mewing was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy, which at one period spread through Europe; in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests, uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence possessed by the imagination over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: "what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an over-excited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals." The following paragraph from the "Curiosities of Medicine" appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—"Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent the fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of colored water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue."

A remarkable cure through a similar aid of the imagination took place in a patient of Dr. Bed

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does, who was at the time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphry Davy, with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphry put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic, to ascertain the temperature of the body, that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was what was to effect the cure, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphry, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to undeceive the man, but saying that he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him the next morning. The thermometer was then applied as it had been the day before, and for every day during a fortnight—at the end of which time the patient was perfectly cured.

Perhaps there is nothing on record more curious of this kind than the cures unwittingly performed by Chief-justice Holt. It seems that for a youthful frolic he and his companions had put up at a country inn; they, however, found themselves without the means of defraying their expenses, and were at a loss to know what they should do in such an emergency. Holt, however, perceived that the innkeeper's daughter looked very ill, and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that she had the ague; when, passing himself off for a medical student, he said that he had an infallible cure for the complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and inclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed, he suspended the amulet round the neck of the young woman, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the restoration of his daughter, not only declined receiving any payment from the youths, but pressed them to remain as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft: she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All she said in defense was, that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the judge, who recognized the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not only half the cure, but the whole cure. Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported: she was in such a pitiable state of weakness, the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it into her head that if she was taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepont where she lived. She was placed in a cart which her father drove, while her sister sat by her supporting her back. The moment the steeple of Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the car without assistance, and no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor Grimaldi in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bed side of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlor with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of Grimaldi's son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be: but in an instant Grimaldi sprung from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bed-side, and told his wife that their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief he flung himself into a chair, and became again instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, "an enfeebled and crippled old man."

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks: she was spending some time at the sea-side for change of air, but the evening-gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavored if possible to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment: at length one evening they succeeded, and while she was engaged in an interesting conversation the evening-gun was unnoticed. By-and-by she asked the hour, and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn: the gun fired, and she swooned away: and when revived, another faint-

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ing fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress Clairon, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or traveling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it to the very moment.

The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science, or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion Pascal had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted forever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of Dalkey Island. It is said Curran and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing "a king of Dalkey and the adjacent islands," and appointing his chancellor and all the officers of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humors of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept, called the "Dalkey Gazette," in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of "King John," as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself "every inch a king." His family and friends perceived with dismay and deep sorrow the strange delusion which nothing could shake: he would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative: he never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene: to the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church: he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish forever his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks: "I leave it," said he, "to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!" This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim: his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures—an occupation best suited to his benevolent disposition.

MYSTERIES!

"I BELIEVE nothing that I do not understand," is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, a gentleman who very much prides himself on his intellectual perspicacity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo if he understands how it is that he wags his little finger, and he can give you no reasonable account of it. He will tell you (for he has read books and "studied" anatomy), that the little finger consists of so many jointed bones, that there are tendons attached to them before and behind, which belong to certain muscles, and that when these muscles are made to contract, the finger wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo knows about it! How it is that the volition acts on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is—Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite as little about the Sensation which resides in the skin of that little finger—how it is that it feels and appreciates forms and surfaces—why it detects heat and cold—in what way its papillæ erect themselves, and its pores open and close—about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet Mr. Pettipo is under the necessity of believing that his little finger wags, and that it is endowed with the gift of sensation, though he in fact knows nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that we can not understand. Matter and its combinations are a grand mystery—how much more so, Life and its manifestations. Look at those far-off worlds majestically wheeling in their appointed orbits, millions of miles off: or, look at this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion upon its own axis, and its annual circle round the sun! What do we understand of the causes of such motions? what can we ever know about them, beyond the facts that such things are so? To discover and apprehend facts is much, and it is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive facts and apprehend their relative value—that is a great deal—that is our

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duty; and not to reject, suspect, or refuse to accept them, because they happen to clash with our preconceived notions, or, like Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, because we "can not understand" them.

"O, my dear Kepler!" writes Galileo to his friend, "how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat-sleeve, and it emits sparks: hold it near to light, fleecy particles of wool or cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels them. What do you understand about that, Mr. Pettipo, except merely that it is so? Stroke the cat's back before the fire, and you will observe the same phenomena. Your own body will, in like manner, emit sparks in certain states, but you know nothing about why it is so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but no sooner are they mixed together than they become nearly solid. How is that? You tell me that an ingredient of the one solution combines with an ingredient of the other, and an insoluble sulphate of lime is produced. Well! you tell me a fact; but you do not account for it by saying that the lime has a greater attraction for the sulphuric acid than the potash has: you do not *understand* how it is—you merely see that it is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to Life, and its wonderful manifestations, you are more in the dark than ever. You understand less about this than you do even of dead matter. Take an ordinary every-day fact: you drop two seeds, whose component parts are the same, into the same soil. They grow up so close together that their roots mingle and their stalks intertwine. The one plant produces a long slender leaf, the other a short flat leaf—the one brings forth a beautiful flower, the other an ugly scruff—the one sheds abroad a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely inodorous. The hemlock, the wheatstalk, and the rose-tree, out of the same chemical ingredients contained in the soil, educe, the one deadly poison, the other wholesome food, the third a bright consummate flower. Can you tell me, Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand the secret by which the roots of these plants accomplish so much more than all your science can do, and so infinitely excel the most skillful combinations of the philosopher? You can only recognize the fact—but you can not unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the "nature" of the plants, does not in the slightest degree clear up the difficulty. You can not get at the ultimate fact—only the proximate one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little plant—touch it, and the leaves shrink on the instant: one leaf seeming to be in intimate sympathy with the rest, and the whole leaves in its neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a foreign object. Or, take the simple pimpernel, which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and opens as he rises again—shrinks at the approach of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop twines round the pole in the direction of the sun, and—

> "The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
> The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know any thing about these things, further than they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell and steps forth into its new world. Instantly it runs about and picks up the seeds lying about on the ground. It had never learned to run, or to see, or to select its food; but it does all these on the instant. The lamb of a few hours' old frisks about full of life, and sucks its dam's teat with as much accuracy as if it had studied the principle of the air-pump. Instinct comes full-grown into the world at once, and we know nothing about it, neither does the Mr. Dapperling above named.

When we ascend to the higher orders of animated being—to man himself—we are as much in the dark as before—perhaps more so. Here we have matter arranged in its most highly-organized forms—moving, feeling, and thinking. In man the animal powers are concentrated; and the thinking powers are brought to their highest point. How, by the various arrangements of matter in man's body, one portion of the nervous system should convey volitions from the brain to the limbs and the outer organs—how another part should convey sensations with the suddenness of lightning—and how, finally, a third portion should collect these sensations, react upon them, store them up by a process called Memory, reproduce them in thought, compare them, philosophize upon them, embody them in books—is a great and unfathomable mystery!

Life itself! how wonderful it is! Who can understand it, or unravel its secret! From a tiny vesicle, at first almost imperceptible to the eye, but gradually growing and accumulating about it fresh materials, which are in turns organized and laid down, each in their set places, at length a body is formed, becomes developed—passing through various inferior stages of being—those of polype, fish, frog, and animal—until, at length, the human being rises above all these forms, and the law of the human animal life is fulfilled. First, he is merely instinctive, then sensitive, then reflective—the last the greatest, the crowning work of man's development. But what do we *know* of it all? Do we not merely see that it is so, and turn aside from the great mystery in despair of ever unraveling it!

The body sleeps! Volition, sensation, and thought, become suspended for a time, while the animal powers live on; capillary arteries working, heart beating, lungs playing, all without an effort—voluntarily and spontaneously. The shadow of some recent thought agitates the

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brain, and the sleeper dreams. Or, his volition may awake, while sensation is still profoundly asleep, and then we have the somnambule, walking in his sleep. Or, volition may be profoundly asleep, while the senses are preternaturally excited, as in the abnormal mesmeric state. Here we have a new class of phenomena, more wonderful because less usual, but not a whit more mysterious than the most ordinary manifestations of life.

We are astonished to hear men refusing to credit the evidence of their senses as to mesmeric phenomena, on the ground that they can not "understand" them. When they can not understand the commonest manifestations of life—the causation of volition, sensation, or thought—why should they refuse belief on such a ground? Are the facts real? Are these things so? This should be the chief consideration with us. Mysteries they may be; but all life, all matter, all that is, are mysteries too. Do we refuse to believe in the electric telegraph, because the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between points a thousand miles apart seems at first sight fabulous, and, to the uninitiated, profoundly mysterious? Why should not thought—the most wonderful and subtle of known agencies—manifest itself in equally extraordinary ways?

We do not know that what the mesmerists call *clairvoyance* is yet to be held as established by sufficient evidence. Numerous strongly authenticated cases have certainly been adduced by persons whose evidence is above suspicion—as, for instance, by Swedenborg (attested by many impartial witnesses), by Goethe, by Zschokke, by Townshend, by Martineau, and others; but the evidence seems still to want confirmation. Only, we say, let us not prejudge the case—let us wait patiently for all sorts of evidence. We can not argue *à priori* that *clairvoyance* is not true, any more than the Professor at Padua could argue, with justice, that the worlds which Galileo's telescope revealed in the depths of space, were all a sham. That truth was established by extended observation. Let us wait and see whether this may not yet be established, too, by similar means.

Some of the things which the mesmerists, who go the length of *clairvoyance*, tell us, certainly have a very mysterious look; and were not sensation, thought, and all the manifestations of Life (not yet half investigated) all alike mysterious, we might be disposed to shut our eyes with the rest, and say we refused to believe, because we "did not understand."

But equally extraordinary relations to the same effect have been made by men who were neither mesmerists nor clairvoyantes. For instance, Kant, the German writer, relates that Swedenborg once, when living at Gottenburg, some three hundred miles from Stockholm, suddenly rose up and went out, when at the house of one Kostel, in the company of fifteen persons. After a few minutes he returned, pale and alarmed, and informed the party that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, in Sudermalm, and that the fire was spreading fast. He was restless, and went out often; he said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God, the fire is extinguished the third door from my house." This statement of Swedenborg's spread through the town, and occasioned consternation and wonder. The governor heard of it, and sent for Swedenborg, who described the particulars of the fire—where and how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the Monday evening, two days after the fire, a messenger arrived from Gottenburg, who had been dispatched during the time of the fire, and the intelligence he brought confirmed all that Swedenborg had said as to its commencement: and on the following morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's with full intelligence of the calamity, which did not differ in the least from the relation which Swedenborg had given immediately after the fire had ceased on the Saturday evening.

A circumstance has occurred while the writer was engaged in the preparation of this paper, which is of an equally curious character, to say the least of it. The lady who is the subject of it is a relation of the writer, and is no believer in the "Mysteries of Mesmerism." It may be remarked, however, that she is of a very sensitive and excitable nervous temperament. It happened, that on the night of the 30th of April, a frightful accident occurred on the Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Railway, in consequence of first one train, and then another, running into the trains preceding. A frightful scene of tumult, mutilation, and death ensued. It happened that the husband of the lady in question was a passenger in the first train; though she did not know that he intended to go to the Chester races, having been in Liverpool that day on other business. But she had scarcely fallen asleep, ere, half-dozing, half-awake, she *saw* the accident occur—the terror, the alarm, and the death. She walked up and down her chamber in terror and alarm the whole night, and imparted her fears to others in the morning. Her husband was not injured, though greatly shaken by the collision, and much alarmed; and when he returned home in the course of the following day, he could scarcely believe his wife when she informed him of the circumstances which had been so mysteriously revealed to her in connection with his journey of the preceding day!

Zschokke, an estimable man, well known as a philosopher, statesman, and author, possessed, according to his own and contemporary accounts, the most extraordinary power of divination of the characters and lives of other men with whom he came in contact. He called it his "inward sight," and at first he was himself quite as much astonished at it as others were. Writing of this feature himself, he says: "It has happened to me, sometimes, on my first meeting with stran-

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gers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time, I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consideration on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was *true*, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke."* Zschokke gives numerous instances of this extraordinary power of divination or waking clairvoyance, and mentions other persons whom he met, who possessed the same marvelous power.

The "Posthumous Memoirs of La Harpe" contain equally extraordinary revelations, looking *forward*, instead of backward, as in Zschokke's case, into the frightful events of the great French Revolution, the sightseer being Cazove, a well-known novel writer, who lived previous to the frightful outbreak. Mary Howitt, in her account of the extraordinary "Preaching Epidemic of Sweden," recites circumstances of the same kind, equally wonderful; and the Rev. Mr. Sandy and Mr. Townshend's books on mesmerism are full of similar marvels. Among the various statements, the grand point is, how much of them is true? What are the *facts* of mesmerism? To quote the great Bacon: "He who hath not first, and before all, intimately explained the movements of the human mind, and therein most accurately distinguished the course of knowledge and the seats of error, shall find all things masked, and, as it were, enchanted; and, until he undo the charm, shall be unable to interpret." How few of us have yet arrived at this enviable position.

* Autobiography of Zschokke, p. 119–170.

CLARA CORSINI.—A TALE OF NAPLES.

A YOUNG French traveler, named Ernest Leroy, on arriving at Naples, found himself during the first few days quite confused by the multitude of his impressions. Now as it was in search of impressions that he had left his beloved Paris, there was nothing, it should seem, very grievous in this; and yet in the midst of his excitement there occurred intervals of intolerable weariness of spirit—moments when he looked upon the Strada Toledo with disgust, wished himself any where but in San Carlos, sneered at Posilippo, pooh-poohed Vesuvius, and was generally skeptical as to the superiority of *the Bay* over the Bosphorus, which he had not seen. All this came to pass because he had set out on the principle of traveling in a hurry, or, as he expressed it, making the most of his time. Every night before going to bed he made out and wrote down a programme of next day's duties—assigning so many hours to each sight, and so many minutes to each meal, but forgetting altogether to allow himself any opportunity for repose or digestion.

Thus he had come from Paris *viâ* Milan, Florence, and Rome, to Naples—the whole in the space of three weeks, during which, as will be easily imagined, he had visited an incredible number of churches, galleries, temples, and ruins of every description. In order to profit as much as possible by his travels he had arranged beforehand five or six series of ideas, or meditations as he called them: one on the assistance afforded by the fine arts to the progress of civilization, another consisting of a string of sublime commonplaces on the fall of empires and the moral value of monumental history; and so on. Each of these meditations he endeavored to recall on appropriate occasions; and he never had leisure to reflect, that for any instruction he was deriving from what he saw he might as well have stopped at home. However, having some imagination and talent, he frequently found himself carried away by thoughts born of the occasion, and so irresistibly, that once or twice he went through a whole gallery or church before he had done with the train of ideas suggested by some previous sight, and was only made aware that he had seen some unique painting or celebrated windows of stained-glass by the guide claiming payment for his trouble, and asking him to sign a testimonial doing justice to his civility and great store of valuable informntion. It is only just to state that M. Ernest never failed to comply with either of these demands.

When, however, as we have said, he had been two or three days in Naples, and had rushed over the ground generally traversed by tourists, our young traveler began to feel weary and disgusted. For some time he did not understand what was the matter, and upbraided himself with the lack of industry and decline of enthusiasm, which made him look forward with horror to the summons of Giacomo, his guide, to be up and doing. At length, however, during one sleepless night

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the truth flashed upon him, and in the morning, to his own surprise and delight, he mustered up courage to dismiss Giacomo with a handsome present, and to declare that that day at least he was resolved to see nothing.

What a delightful stroll he took along the seashore that morning with his eyes half-closed lest he might be tempted to look around for information! He went toward Portici, but he saw nothing except the sand and pebbles at his feet, and the white-headed surf that broke near at hand. For the first time since his departure from Paris he felt light-minded and at ease; and the only incident that occurred to disturb his equanimity was, when his eyes rested for half a second on a broken pillar in a vine-garden, and he was obliged to make an effort to pass by without ascertaining whether it was of Roman date. But this feat once accomplished, he threw up his cap for joy, shouted "*Victoire!*" and really felt independent.

He was much mistaken, however, if he supposed it to be possible to remain long in the enjoyment of that *dolce far niente*, the first savor of which so captivated him. One day, two days passed, at the end of which he found that while he had supposed himself to be doing nothing, he had in reality made the great and only discovery of his travels—namely, that the new country in which he found himself was inhabited, and that, too, by people who, though not quite so different from his countrymen as the savages of the South Sea Islands, possessed yet a very marked character of their own, worthy of study and observation. Thenceforward his journal began to be filled with notes on costume, manners, &c.; and in three weeks, with wonderful modesty, after combining the results of all his researches, he came to the conclusion that he understood nothing at all of the character of the Italians.

In this humble state of mind he wandered forth one morning in the direction of the Castle of St. Elmo, to enjoy the cool breeze that came wafting from the sea, and mingled with and tempered the early sunbeams as they streamed over the eastern hills. Having reached a broad, silent street, bordered only by a few houses and gardens, he resolved not to extend his walk further, but sat down on an old wooden bench under the shade of a platane-tree that drooped over a lofty wall. Here he remained some time watching the few passengers that occasionally turned a distant corner and advanced toward him. He noticed that they all stopped at some one of the houses further down the street, and that none reached as far as where he sat; which led him first to observe that beyond his position were only two large houses, both apparently uninhabited. One, indeed, was quite ruined—many of the windows were built up or covered with old boards; but the other showed fewer symptoms of decay, and might be imagined to belong to some family at that time absent in the country.

He had just come to this very important conclusion when his attention was diverted by the near approach of two ladies elegantly dressed, followed by an elderly serving-man in plain livery, carrying a couple of mass-books. They passed him rather hurriedly, but not before he had time to set them down as mother and daughter, and to be struck with the great beauty and grace of the latter. Indeed, so susceptible in that idle mood was he of new impressions, that before the young lady had gone on more than twenty paces he determined that he was in love with her, and by an instinctive impulse rose to follow. At this moment the serving-man turned round, and threw a calm but inquisitive glance toward him. He checked himself, and affected to look the other way for a while, then prepared to carry out his original intention. To his great surprise, however, both ladies and follower had disappeared.

An ordinary man would have guessed at once that they had gone into one of the houses previously supposed to be uninhabited, but M. Ernest Leroy must needs fancy, first, that he had seen a vision, and then that the objects of his interest had been snatched away by some evil spirit. Mechanically, however, he hurried to the end of the street, which he found terminated in an open piece of ground, which there had not been time for any one to traverse. At length the rational explanation of the matter occurred to him, and he felt for a moment inclined to knock at the door of the house that was in best preservation, and complain of what he persisted in considering a mysterious disappearance. However, not being quite mad, he checked himself, and returning to his wooden bench, sat down, and endeavored to be very miserable.

But this would have been out of character Instead thereof he began to feel a new interest in life, and to look back with some contempt on the two previous phases of his travels. With youthful romance and French confidence he resolved to follow up this adventure, never doubting for a moment of the possibility of ultimate success, nor of the excellence of the object of his hopes. What means to adopt did not, it is true, immediately suggest themselves; and he remained sitting for more than an hour gazing at the great silent house opposite, until the unpleasant consciousness that he had not breakfasted forced him to beat a retreat.

We have not space to develop—luckily it is not necessary—all the wild imaginings that fluttered through the brain of our susceptible traveler on his return to his lodgings, and especially after a nourishing breakfast had imparted to him new strength and vivacity. Under their influence he repaired again to his post on the old wooden bench under the platane-tree, and even had the perseverance to make a third visit in the evening; for—probably, because he expected the adventure to drawl out to a considerable length—he did not imitate the foolish fantasy of some lovers, and deprive himself of his regular meals. He saw nothing that day; but next morning he had the inexpressible satisfaction of again beholding the two ladies approach, followed by their respectable-looking servant. They passed without casting a glance toward him; but their attendant this

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time not only turned round, but stopped, and gazed at him in a manner he would have thought impertinent on another occasion. For the moment, however, this was precisely what he wanted, and without thinking much of the consequences that might ensue, he hastily made a sign requesting an interview. The man only stared the more, and then turning on his heel, gravely followed the two ladies, who had just arrived at the gateway of their house.

"I do not know what to make of that rascally valet," thought Ernest. "He seems at once respectable and hypocritical. Probably my appearance does not strike him as representing sufficient wealth, otherwise the hopes of a fair bribe would have induced him at any rate to come out and ask me what I meant."

He was; of course, once more at his post in the afternoon; and this time he had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and the elderly serving-man saunter slowly out, as if disposed to enjoy the air. First he stopped on the steps, cracking pistachio-nuts, and jerking the shells into the road with his thumb; then took two or three steps gently toward the other end of the street; and at last, just as Ernest was about to follow him, veered round and began to stroll quietly across the road, still cracking his nuts, in the direction of the old wooden bench.

"The villain has at length made up his mind," soliloquized our lover. "He pretends to come out quite by accident, and will express great surprise when I accost him in the way I intend."

The elderly serving-man still came on, seemingly not at all in a hurry to arrive, and gave ample time for an examination of his person. His face was handsome, though lined by age and care, and was adorned by a short grizzled beard. There was something very remarkable in the keenness of his large gray eyes, as there was indeed about his whole demeanor. His dress was a plain suit of black, that might have suited a gentleman; and if Ernest had been less occupied with one idea he would not have failed to see in this respectable domestic a prince reduced by misfortune to live on wages, or a hero who had never had an opportunity of exhibiting his worth.

When this interesting person had reached the corner of the bench he set himself down with a slight nod of apology or recognition—it was difficult to say which—and went on eating his nuts quite unconcernedly. As often happens in such cases, Ernest felt rather puzzled how to enter upon business, and was trying to muster up an appearance of condescending familiarity—suitable, he thought, to the occasion—when the old man, very affably holding out his paper-bag that he might take some nuts, saved him the trouble by observing: "You are a stranger, sir, I believe?"

"Yes, my good fellow," was the reply of Ernest, in academical Italian; "and I have come to this county—"

"I thought so," interrupted the serving-man, persisting in his offer of nuts, but showing very little interest about Ernest's views in visiting Italy—"by your behavior."

"My behavior!" exclaimed the young man, a little nettled.

"Precisely. But your quality of stranger has hitherto protected you from any disagreeable consequences."

This was said so quietly, so amiably, that the warning or menace wrapped up in the words lost much of its bitter savor; yet our traveler could not refrain from a haughty glance toward this audacious domestic, on whom, however, it was lost, for he was deeply intent on his pistachios. After a moment Ernest recovered his self-possession, remembered his schemes, and drawing a little nearer the serving-man, laid his hand confidentially on the sleeve of his coat, and said: "My good man, I have a word or two for your private ear."

Not expressing the least surprise or interest, the other replied: "I am ready to hear what you have to say, provided you will not call me any more your good man. I am not a good man, nor am I your man, without offense be it spoken. My name is Alfonso."

"Well, Alfonso, you are an original person, and I will not call you a good man, though honesty and candor be written on your countenance. (Alfonso smiled, but said nothing). But listen to me attentively, remembering that though neither am I a good man, yet am I a generous one. I passionately love your mistress."

"Ah!" said Alfonso, with any thing but a benevolent expression of countenance. Ernest, who was no physiognomist, noticed nothing; and being mounted on his new hobby-horse, proceeded at once to give a history of his impressions since the previous morning. When he had concluded, the old man, who seemed all benevolence again, simply observed: "Then it is the younger of the two ladies that captivated your affections in this unaccountable manner!"

"Of course," cried Ernest; "and I beseech you, my amiable Alfonso, to put me in the way of declaring what I experience."

"You are an extraordinary young man," was the grave reply; "an extraordinary, an imprudent, and, I will add, a reckless person. You fall in love with a person of whom you know nothing—not even the name. This, however, is, I believe, according to rule among a certain class of minds. Not satisfied with this, you can find no better way of introducing yourself to her notice than endeavoring to corrupt one whom you must have divined to be a confidential servant. Others would have sought an introduction to the family; you dream at once of a clandestine intercourse—"

"I assure you—" interrupted Ernest, feeling both ashamed and indignant at these remarks proceeding from one so inferior in station.

"Assure me nothing, sir, as to your intentions, for you do not know them yourself. I understand you perfectly, because I was once young and thoughtless like you. Now listen to me: in that house dwells the Contessa Corsini, with her daughter Clara; and if these two persons had no one to protect them but themselves and a foolish

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old servitor, whom the first comer judges capable of corruption, they would ere this have been much molested; but it happens that the Count Corsini is not dead, and inhabiteth with them, although seldom coming forth into the public streets. What say you, young man, does not this a little disturb your plans!"

"In the first place," replied Ernest, "I am offended that you will persist in implying—more, it is true, by your manner than your words—that my views are not perfectly avowable."

"Then why, in the name of Heaven, do you not make yourself known to the count, stating your object, and asking formally for his daughter's hand!"

"Not so fast, Alfonso. It was necessary for me to learn, as a beginning, that there was a count in the case."

"And what do you know now? Perhaps those women are two adventurers, and I a rascal playing a virtuous part, in order the better to deceive you."

"You do not look like a rascal," said Ernest, quite innocently. At which observation the old man condescended to laugh heartily, and seemed from that moment to take quite a liking to his new acquaintance. After a little while, indeed, he began to give some information about the young Clara, who, he said, was only sixteen years of age, though quite a woman in appearance, and not unaccomplished. As to her dowry—Ernest interrupted him by saying, that he wished for no information on that point, being himself rich. The old man smiled amiably, and ended the conversation by requesting another interview next day at the same hour, by which time, he said, he might have some news to tell.

Ernest returned home in high spirits, which sank by degrees, however, when he reflected that as Alfonso declined favoring any clandestine correspondence, there was little in reality to be expected from him. True, he had given him some information, and he might now, by means of his letters of introduction, contrive to make acquaintance with the count. But though he spent the whole evening and next morning in making inquiries, he could not meet with any one who had ever even heard of such a person. "Possibly," he thought, "the old sinner may have been laughing at me all the time, and entered into conversation simply with the object of getting up a story to divert the other domestics of the house. If such be the case, he may be sure I shall wreak vengeance upon him."

In spite of these reflections, he was at his post at the hour appointed, and felt quite overjoyed when Alfonso made his appearance. The old man said that a plan had suggested itself by which he might be introduced into the house—namely, that he should pretend to be a professor of drawing, and offer his services. Ernest did not inquire how Alfonso came to know that he was an amateur artist, but eagerly complied with the plan, and was instructed to call on the following morning, and to say that he had heard that a drawing-master was wanted.

He went accordingly, not very boldly, it is true, and looking very much in reality like a poor professor anxious to obtain employment. The contessa, who was yet young and beautiful, received him politely, listened to his proposals, and made no difficulty in accepting them. The preliminaries arranged, Clara was called, and, to Ernest's astonishment, came bouncing into the room like a great school-girl, looked him very hard in the face, and among the first things she said, asked him if he was not the man she had seen two mornings following sitting opposite the house on the bench under the platane tree.

Now Ernest had imagined to himself something so refined, so delicate, so fairy-like, instead of this plain reality, that he all at once began to feel disgusted, and to wish he had acted more prudently. And yet there was Clara, exactly as he had seen her, except that she had exchanged the demure, conventional step adopted by ladies in the street for the free motions of youth; and except that, instead of casting her eyes to the earth, or glancing at him sideways, she now looked toward him with a frank and free gaze, and spoke what came uppermost in her mind. Certes, most men would have chosen that moment to fall in love with so charming a creature; for charming she was beyond all doubt, with large, rich, black eyes, pouting ruby lips, fine oval cheeks, and a mass of ebony hair; but Ernest's first impression was disappointment, and he began to criticise both her and every thing by which she was surrounded.

He saw at once that there was poverty in the house. The furniture was neat, but scanty; and the door had been opened by a female servant, who had evidently been disturbed from some domestic avocations. The contessa and her daughter were dressed very plainly—far differently from what they had been in the street; and it was an easy matter to see that this plainness was not adopted from choice but from necessity. Had Clara come into the room with a slow, creeping step, keeping her eyes modestly fixed on the chipped marble floor, not one of these observations would have been made: the large, dreary house would have been a palace in Ernest's eyes; but his taste was a morbid one, and in five minutes after he had begun to give his lesson, he began to fear that the conquest he had so ardently desired would be only too easy.

There was something, however, so cheerful and fascinating in Clara's manner that he could not but soon learn to feel pleasure in her society; and when he went away he determined, instead of starting off for Sicily, as he had at first thought of doing, to pay at least one more visit to the house in the character of drawing master. Alfonso joined him as he walked slowly homeward, and asked him how things had passed. He related frankly his first impressions, to which the old man listened very attentively without making any remark. At parting, however, he shook his head, saying that young men were of all animals the most difficult to content.

Next day, when Ernest went to give his les

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son, he was told by Alfonso that the contessa, being indisposed, had remained in bed, but that he should find Clara in the garden. There was something romantic in the sound of this, so he hurried to the spot indicated, impatient to have the commonplace impressions of the previous day effaced. This time his disgust was complete. He found Clara engaged in assisting the servant maid to wring and hang out some clothes they had just finished washing. She seemed not at all put out by being caught thus humbly employed; but begging him to wait a little, finished her work, ran away, dressed somewhat carefully, and returning begged he would return to the house. He followed with cheeks burning with shame: he felt the utmost contempt for himself because he had fallen in love with this little housewife, and the greatest indignation against her for having presumed, very innocently, to excite so poetical a sentiment; and, in the stupidity of his offended self-love, resolved to avenge himself by making some spiteful remark ere he escaped from a house into which he considered that he had been regularly entrapped. Accordingly, when she took the pencil in hand, he observed that probably she imagined that contact with soap-suds would improve the delicacy of her touch. Clara did not reply, but began to sketch in a manner that proved she had listened to the pedantic rules he had laid down on occasion of the previous lesson more from modesty than because she was in want of them. Then suddenly rising without attending to some cavil he thought it his duty to make, she went to the piano, and beginning to play, drew forth such ravishing notes, that Ernest, who was himself no contemptible musician, could not refrain from applauding enthusiastically. She received his compliments with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and commenced a song that enabled her to display with full effect the capabilities of her magnificent voice. The soap-suds were forgotten; and Ernest's romance was coming back upon him: he began to chide himself for his foolish prejudices; and thought that, after all, with a little training, Clara might be made quite a lady. Suddenly, however, she broke off her song, and turning toward him with an ironical smile, said: "Not bad for a housemaid, Mr. Professor —is it?"

He attempted to excuse himself, but he was evidently judged; and, what was more—not as an obscure drawing-master, but as M. Ernest Leroy. His identity was evidently no secret; and she even called him by his name. He endeavored in vain to make a fine speech to apologize for his ill-behavior; but she interrupted him keenly, though good-humoredly, and the entrance of Alfonso was fatal to a fine scene of despair he was about to enact. Clara upon this retired with a profound salute; and Alfonso spoke with more of dignity than usual in his manner, and said: "My young friend, you must excuse a little deception which has been practiced on you, or rather which you have practiced upon yourself. I am going to be very free and frank with you to-day. I am not what you take me for. I am the Count Corsini, a Roman; and because I have not the means of keeping a man-servant, when the women of my family go to church I follow them, as you saw. This is not unusual among my countrymen. It is a foolish pride I know; but so it is. However, the matter interests you not. You saw my daughter Clara, and thought you loved her. I was willing, as on inquiry I found you to be a respectable person, to see how you could agree together; but your pride—I managed and overheard all—has destroyed your chance. My daughter will seek another husband."

There was a cold friendliness in Alfonso's tone which roused the pride of Ernest. He affected to laugh, called himself a foolish madcap, but hinted that a splendid marriage awaited him, if he chose, on his return to Paris; and went away endeavoring to look unconcerned. The following morning he was on board a vessel bound for Palermo, very sea-sick it is true, but thinking at the same time a great deal more of Clara than he could have thought possible had it been predicted.

Some few years afterward Ernest Leroy was in one of the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Still a bachelor, he no longer felt those sudden emotions to which he had been subject in his earlier youth. He was beginning to talk less of sentiments present and more of sentiments passed. In confidential moods he would lay his hand upon his waistcoat—curved out at its lower extremity, by the by, by a notable increase of substance—and allude to a certain divine Clara who had illuminated a moment of his existence. But he was too discreet to enter into details.

Well, being in that *salon*, as we have said, pretending to amuse himself, his attention was suddenly drawn by the announcement of Lady D——. He turned round, probably to quiz *la belle Anglaise* he expected to behold. What was his astonishment on recognizing in the superb woman who leaned on the arm of a tall, military-looking Englishman, the identical Clara Corsini of his youthful memories. He felt at first sick at heart; but, taking courage, soon went up and spoke to her. She remembered him with some little difficulty, smiled, and holding out her alabaster hand, said gently: "Do you see any trace of the soap-suds?" She never imagined he had any feeling in him, and only knew the truth when a large, round tear fell on the diamond of her ring. "Charles," said Ernest awhile afterward to a friend, "it is stiffling hot and dreadfully stupid here. Let us go and have a game of billiards."

OUR SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WE went to look at it, only this last Midsummer, and found that the Railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk-line had swallowed the play-ground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house: which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself, in a green stage of stucco, profile-wise toward the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

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It seems as if our schools were doomed to be the sport of change. We have faint recollections of a Preparatory Day-School, which we have sought in vain, and which must have been pulled down to make a new street, ages ago. We have dim impressions, scarcely amounting to a belief, that it was over a dyer's shop. We know that you went up steps to it; that you frequently grazed your knees in doing so; that you generally get your leg over the scraper, in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe. The mistress of the Establishment holds no place in our memory; but, rampant on one eternal door-mat, in an eternal entry, long and narrow, is a puffy pug-dog, with a personal animosity toward us, who triumphs over Time. The bark of that baleful Pug, a certain radiating way he had of snapping at our undefended legs, the ghastly grinning of his moist black muzzle and white teeth, and the insolence of his crisp tail curled like a pastoral crook, all live and flourish. From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction, and his name *Fidèle*. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back-parlor, whose life appears to us to have been consumed in sniffing, and in wearing a brown beaver bonnet. For her, he would sit up and balance cake upon his nose, and not eat it until twenty had been counted. To the best of our belief, we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable, even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all.

Why a something in mourning, called "Miss Frost," should still connect itself with our preparatory school, we are unable to say. We retain no impression of the beauty of Miss Frost—if she were beautiful; or of the mental fascinations of Miss Frost—if she were accomplished; yet her name and her black dress hold an enduring place in our remembrance. An equally impersonal boy, whose name has long since shaped itself unalterably into "Master Mawls," is not to be dislodged from our brain. Retaining no vindictive feeling toward Mawls—no feeling whatever, indeed—we infer that neither he nor we can have loved Miss Frost. Our first impression of Death and Burial is associated with this formless pair. We all three nestled awfully in a corner one wintry day, when the wind was blowing shrill, with Miss Frost's pinafore over our heads; and Miss Frost told us in a whisper about somebody being "screwed down." It is the only distinct recollection we preserve of these impalpable creatures, except a suspicion that the manners of Master Mawls were susceptible of much improvement. Generally speaking, we may observe that whenever we see a child intently occupied with its nose, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, our mind reverts in a flash to Master Mawls.

But, the School that was Our School before the Railroad came and overthrew it, was quite another sort of place. We were old enough to be put into Virgil when we went there, and to get Prizes for a variety of polishing on which the rust has long accumulated. It was a School of some celebrity in its neighborhood—nobody could have said why—and we had the honor to attain and hold the eminent position of first boy. The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know every thing. We are still inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct.

We have a general idea that its subject had been in the leather trade, and had bought us—meaning our School—of another proprietor, who was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation, we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance, were, ruling, and corporally punishing. He was always ruling ciphering-books with a bloated mahogany ruler, or smiting the palms of offenders with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands, and caning the wearer with the other. We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principal solace of his existence.

A profound respect for money pervaded Our School, which was, of course, derived from its Chief. We remember an idiotic, goggle-eyed boy, with a big head and half-crowns without end, who suddenly appeared as a parlor-boarder, and was rumored to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth where his parents rolled in gold. He was usually called "Mr." by the Chief, and was said to feed in the parlor on steaks and gravy; likewise to drink currant wine. And he openly stated that if rolls and coffee were ever denied him at breakfast, he would write home to that unknown part of the globe from which he had come, and cause himself to be recalled to the regions of gold. He was put into no form or class, but learnt alone, as little as he liked—and he liked very little—and there was a belief among us that this was because he was too wealthy to be "taken down." His special treatment, and our vague association of him with the sea, and with storms, and sharks, and coral reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as his history. A tragedy in blank verse was written on the subject—if our memory does not deceive us, by the hand that now chronicles these recollections—in which his father figured as a Pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities: first imparting to his wife the secret of the cave in which his wealth was stored, and from which his only son's half-crowns now issued. Dumbledon (the boy's name) was represented as "yet unborn," when his brave father met his fate; and the despair and grief of Mrs. Dumbledon at that calamity was movingly shadowed forth as having weakened the parlor-boarder's mind. This production was received with great favor, and was twice performed with closed doors in the dining-room. But, it got wind, and was seized as libelous, and brought the unlucky poet into severe affliction. Some two years afterward, all of a sudden one day, Dumbledon vanished. It was

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whispered that the Chief himself had taken him down to the Docks, and reshipped him for the Spanish Main; but nothing certain was ever known about his disappearance. At this hour, we can not thoroughly disconnect him from California.

Our School was rather famous for mysterious pupils. There was another—a heavy young man, with a large double-cased silver watch, and a fat knife, the handle of which was a perfect tool-box—who unaccountably appeared one day at a special desk of his own, erected close to that of the Chief, with whom he held familiar converse. He lived in the parlor, and went out for walks, and never took the least notice of us—even of us, the first boy—unless to give us a depreciatory kick, or grimly to take our hat off and throw it away, when he encountered us out of doors: which unpleasant ceremony he always performed as he passed—not even condescending to stop for the purpose. Some of us believed that the classical attainments of this phenomenon were terrific, but that his penmanship and arithmetic were defective, and he had come there to mend them; others, that he was going to set up a school, and had paid the Chief "twenty-five pound down," for leave to see Our School at work. The gloomier spirits even said that he was going to buy *us*; against which contingency conspiracies were set on foot for a general defection and running away. However, he never did that. After staying for a quarter, during which period, though closely observed, he was never seen to do any thing but make pens out of quills, write small-hand in a secret portfolio, and punch the point of the sharpest blade in his knife into his desk, all over it, he, too, disappeared, and his place knew him no more.

There was another boy, a fair, meek boy, with a delicate complexion and rich curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out (we have no idea now, and probably had none then, on what grounds, but it was confidentially revealed from mouth to mouth), was the son of a Viscount who had deserted his lovely mother. It was understood that if he had his rights, he would be worth twenty thousand a year. And that if his mother ever met his father, she would shoot him with a silver pistol which she carried, always loaded to the muzzle, for that purpose. He was a very suggestive topic. So was a young Mulatto, who was always believed (though very amiable) to have a dagger about him somewhere. But, we think they were both outshone, upon the whole, by another boy who claimed to have been born on the twenty-ninth of February, and to have only one birthday in five years. We suspect this to have been a fiction—but he lived upon it all the time he was at Our School.

The principal currency of Our School was slate-pencil. It had some inexplicable value, that was never ascertained, never reduced to a standard. To have a great hoard of it, was somehow to be rich. We used to bestow it in charity, and confer it as a precious boon upon our chosen friends. When the holidays were coming, contributions were solicited for certain boys whose relatives were in India, and who were appealed for under the generic name of "Holiday-stoppers"—appropriate marks of remembrance that should enliven and cheer them in their homeless state. Personally, we always contributed these tokens of sympathy in the form of slate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treasure to them.

Our School was remarkable for white mice. Red-polls, linnets, and even canaries, were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and other strange refuges for birds; but white mice were the favorite stock. The boys trained the mice, much better than the masters trained the boys. We recall one white mouse, who lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary, who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the stage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to mistake his way in a triumphal procession to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep inkstand, and was dyed black, and drowned. The mice were the occasion of some most ingenious engineering, in the construction of their houses and instruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a Company of proprietors, some of whom have since made Railroads, Engines, and Telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand.

The usher at our school, who was considered to know every thing as opposed to the Chief who was considered to know nothing, was a bony, gentle-faced, clerical-looking young man in rusty black. It was whispered that he was sweet upon one of Maxby's sisters (Maxby lived close by, and was a day pupil), and further that he "favored Maxby." As we remember, he taught Italian to Maxby's sisters on half-holidays. He once went to the play with them, and wore a white waistcoat and a rose: which was considered among us equivalent to a declaration. We were of opinion on that occasion, that to the last moment he expected Maxby's father to ask him to dinner at five o'clock, and therefore neglected his own dinner at half-past one, and finally got none. We exaggerated in our imaginations the extent to which he punished Maxby's father's cold meat at supper; and we agreed to believe that he was elevated with wine and water when he came home. But, we all liked him; for he had a good knowledge of boys, and would have made it a much better school if he had had more power. He was writing-master, mathematical-master, English master, made out the bills, mended the pens, and did all sorts of things. He divided the little boys with the Latin master (they were smuggled through their rudimentary books, at odd times when there was nothing else to do), and he always called at parents' houses to inquire after sick boys, because he had gentlemanly manners. He was rather musical, and on some remote quarter-day had bought an old trombone; but a bit of it was lost, and it made the most extraordinary sounds when he sometimes tried

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to play it of an evening. His holidays never began (on account of the bills) until long after ours; but in the summer-vacations he used to take pedestrian excursions with a knapsack; and at Christmas-time he went to see his father at Chipping Norton, who we all said (on no authority) was a dairy-fed-pork-butcher. Poor fellow! He was very low all day on Maxby's sister's wedding-day, and afterward was thought to favor Maxby more than ever, though he had been expected to spite him. He has been dead these twenty years. Poor fellow!

Our remembrance of Our School, presents the Latin master as a colorless, doubled-up, near-sighted man with a crutch, who was always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round. He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn; otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as color—as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness—as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a mill of boys. We remember with terror how he fell asleep one sultry afternoon with the little smuggled class before him, and awoke not when the footstep of the Chief fell heavy on the floor; how the Chief aroused him, in the midst of a dread silence, and said, "Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, sir?" how he blushingly replied, "Sir, rather so;" how the Chief retorted with severity, "Mr. Blinkins, this is no place to be ill in" (which was very, very true), and walked back, solemn as the ghost in Hamlet, until, catching a wandering eye, he caned that boy for inattention, and happily expressed his feelings toward the Latin master through the medium of a substitute.

There was a fat little dancing-master who used to come in a gig, and taught the more advanced among us hornpipes (as an accomplishment in great social demand in after-life); and there was a brisk little French master who used to come in the sunniest weather with a handleless umbrella, and to whom the Chief was always polite, because (as we believed), if the Chief offended him, he would instantly address the Chief in French, and forever confound him before the boys with his inability to understand or reply.

There was, besides, a serving man, whose name was Phil. Our retrospective glance presents Phil as a shipwrecked carpenter, cast away upon the desert island of a school, and carrying into practice an ingenious inkling of many trades. He mended whatever was broken, and made whatever was wanted. He was general glazier, among other things, and mended all the broken windows—at the prime cost (as was darkly rumored among us) of ninepence for every square charged three-and-six to parents. We had a high opinion of his mechanical genius, and generally held that the Chief "knew something bad of him," and on pain of divulgence enforced Phil to be his bondsman. We particularly remember that Phil had a sovereign contempt for learning; which engenders in us a respect for his sagacity, as it implies his accurate observation of the relative positions of the Chief and the ushers. He was an impenetrable man, who waited at table between whiles, and, throughout "the half" kept the boxes in severe custody. He was morose, even to the Chief, and never smiled, except at breaking-up, when, in acknowledgment of the toast, "Success to Phil! Hooray!" he would slowly carve a grin out of his wooden face, where it would remain until we were all gone. Nevertheless, one time when we had the scarlet fever in the school, Phil nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them.

There was another school not far off, and of course our school could have nothing to say to that school. It is mostly the way with schools, whether of boys or men. Well! the railway has swallowed up ours, and the locomotives now run smoothly over its ashes.

> So fades and languishes, grows dim and dies,
> All that this world is proud of,

and is not proud of, too. It had little reason to be proud of Our School, and has done much better since in that way, and will do far better yet.

A STORY OF ORIENTAL LOVE.

POETS have complained in all countries and in all ages, that true love ever meets with obstacles and hindrances, and the highest efforts of their art have been exhausted in commemorating the sufferings or the triumphs of affection. Will the theme ever cease to interest? Will the hopes, the fears, the joys, the vows of lovers, ever be deemed matters of light moment, unworthy to be embalmed and preserved in those immortal caskets which genius knows how to frame out of words? If that dreary time be destined to come—if victory decide in favor of those mechanical philosophers who would drive sentiment out of the world—sad will be the lot of mortals; for it is better to die with a heart full of love, than live for an age without feeling one vibration of that divine passion.

I am almost ashamed to translate into this level English, the sublime rhapsody with which the worthy Sheikh Ibrahim introduced the simple story about to be repeated. The truth is, I do not remember much of what he said, and at times he left me far behind, as he soared up through the cloudy heaven of his enthusiasm. I could only occasionally discern his meaning as it flashed along; but a solemn, rapturous murmur of inarticulate sounds swept over my soul, and prepared it to receive with devout faith and respect, what else might have appeared to me a silly tale of truth and constancy and passionate devotion. I forgot the thousand musquitoes that were whirling with threatening buzz around; the bubbling of the water-pipe grew gradually less frequent, and at length died away; and the sides of the kiosque overlooking the river, with its flitting

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sails and palm-fringed shores dimming in the twilight, seemed to open and throw back a long vista into the past. I listened, and the Sheikh continued to speak:

I will relate the story of Gadallah, the son of the sword-maker, and of Hosneh, the daughter of the merchant. It is handed down to us by tradition, and the fathers of some yet living, remember to have heard it told by eye-witnesses. Not that any great weight of testimony is required to exact belief. No extraordinary incident befell the lovers; and the pure-hearted, when they hear these things, will say within themselves, "This must be so; we would have done likewise."

Gadallah was a youth of wonderful beauty; his like is only to be seen once in a long summer's day, by the favor of God. All Cairo spoke of him, and mothers envied his mother, and fathers his father; and maidens who beheld him grew faint with admiration, and loved as hopelessly as if he had been the brightest star of heaven. For he did not incline to such thoughts, and had been taught to despise women, and to believe that they were all wicked and designing—full of craft and falsehood. Such instructions had his mother given him, for she knew the snares that would beset so beautiful a youth, and feared for him, lest he might be led into danger and misfortune.

Gadallah worked with his father in the shop, and being a cunning artificer, assisted to support the family. He had many brothers and sisters, all younger than he; but there were times when money was scarce with them, and they were compelled to borrow for their daily expenses of their neighbors, and to trust to Providence for the means of repayment. Thus time passed, and they became neither richer nor poorer, as is the common lot of men who labor for their bread; but neither Gadallah nor his father repined. When Allah gave good fortune they blessed him, and when no good fortune was bestowed, they blessed him for not taking away that which they had. They who spend their lives in industry and in praise of God, can not be unhappy.

It came to pass one day, that a man richly dressed, riding on a mule, and followed by servants, stopped opposite the shop, and calling to the father of Gadallah, said to him: "O Sheikh, I have a sword, the hilt of which is broken, and I desire thee to come to my house and mend it; for it is of much value, and there is a word of power written on it, and I can not allow it to leave the shelter of my roof." The sword-maker answered: "O master, it will be better that my son should accompany thee; for he is young, and his eyes are sharp, and his hand is clever, while I am growing old, and not fit for the finer work." The customer replied that it was well, and having given Gadallah time to take his tools, rode slowly away, the youth following him at a modest distance.

They proceeded to a distant quarter, where the streets were silent and the houses large and lofty, surrounded by gardens with tall trees that trembled overhead in the sur-light. At length they stopped before a mansion fit for a prince, and Gadallah entered along with the owner. A spacious court, with fountains playing in the shade of two large sycamores, and surrounded by light colonnades, so struck the young sword-maker with astonishment, that he exclaimed: "Blessed be God, whose creatures are permitted to rear palaces so beautiful!" These words caused the master to smile with benignity, for who is insensible to the praise of his own house? And he said: "Young man, thou seest only a portion of that which has been bestowed upon me—extolled be the Lord and his Prophet; follow me." So they passed through halls of surprising magnificence, until they came to a lofty door, over which swept long crimson curtains, and which was guarded by a black slave with a sword in his hand. He looked at Gadallah with surprise when the master said "open," but obeying, admitted them to a spacious saloon—more splendid than any that had preceded.

Now Gadallah having never seen the interior of any house better than that of his neighbor the barber, who was a relation by the mother's side, and highly respected as a man of wealth and condition, was lost in amazement and wonder at all he beheld, not knowing that he was the most beautiful thing in that saloon, and scarcely ventured to walk, lest he might stain the polished marble or the costly carpets. His conductor, who was evidently a good man, from the delight he honestly showed at this artless tribute to his magnificence, took him to a small cabinet containing a chest inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This he opened, and producing a sword, the like of which never came from Damascus, bade him observe where the hilt was broken, and ordered him to mend it carefully. Then he left him, saying he would return in an hour.

Gadallah began his work with the intention of being very industrious; but he soon paused to admire at leisure the splendor of the saloon; when he had fed his eyes with this, he turned to a window that looked upon a garden, and saw that it was adorned with lovely trees, bright flowers, elegant kiosques, and running fountains. An aviary hard by was filled with singing-birds, which warbled the praises of the Creator. His mind soon became a wilderness of delight, in which leaf-laden branches waved, and roses, and anemones, and pinks, and fifty more of the bright daughters of spring, blushed and glittered; and melody wandered with hesitating steps, like a spirit seeking the coolest and sweetest place of rest. This was like an exquisite dream; but presently, straying in a path nigh at hand, he beheld an unvailed maiden and her attendant It was but for a moment she appeared, yet her image was so brightly thrown in upon his heart, that he loved her ever afterward with a love as unchangeable as the purity of the heavens. When she was gone, he sat himself down beside the broken sword and wept.

The master of the house came back, and gently chid him for his idleness. "Go," said he, "and return to-morrow at the same hour. Thou hast

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now sufficiently fed thine eyes—go; but remember, envy me not the wealth which God hath bestowed. Gadallah went his way, having first ascertained from the servants, that his employer was the Arabian merchant Zen-ed-din, whose daughter Hosneh was said to surpass in beauty all the maidens of the land of Egypt. On reaching the house, he repaired to his mother's side, and sitting down, told her of all he had seen and all he felt, beseeching her to advise him and predict good fortune to him.

Fatoumeh, the mother of Gadallah, was a wise woman, and understood that his case was hopeless, unless his desires received accomplishment. But it seemed to her impossible that the son of the poor sword-maker should ever be acceptable to the daughter of the wealthy merchant. She wept plentifully at the prospect of misery that unfolded itself, and when her husband came in, he also wept; and all three mingled their tears together until a late hour of the night.

Next day Gadallah went at the appointed hour to the merchant's house, and being kindly received, finished the work set to him; but saw no more of the maiden who had disturbed his mind. Zen-ed-din paid him handsomely for his trouble, and added some words of good advice. This done, he gently dismissed him, promising he would recall him shortly for other work; and the youth returned home despairing of all future happiness. The strength of his love was so great, that it shook him like a mighty fever, and he remained ill upon his couch that day, and the next, and the next, until he approached the margin of the grave; but his hour was not yet come, and he recovered.

In the mean time, the Angel of Death received permission from the Almighty to smite thirty thousand of the inhabitants of Cairo; and he sent a great plague, that introduced sorrow into every house. It flew rapidly from quarter to quarter, and from street to street, smiting the chosen of the tomb—the young, the old, the bad, the good, the rich, the poor—here, there, every where; in the palace, the hovel, the shop, the market-place, the deewan. All day and all night the shriek of sorrow resounded in the air; and the thoroughfares were filled with people following corpses to the cemetery. Many fled into other cities and other lands; but the plague followed those who were doomed, and struck them down by the wayside, or in the midst of their new friends.

It happened that the merchant Zen-ed-din had gone upon a journey, and had left his house, and his harem, and his lovely daughter, under the care of Providence, so that when Gadallah recovered, before the pestilence reached its height, he waited in vain in the shop, expecting that the merchant would pass, and invite him again to his house. At length the affliction of the city reached so great a degree of intensity, that all business was put a stop to, the bazaars were deserted, and men waited beneath their own roofs the inevitable decrees of fate.

Gadallah, who had confidence in God, spent part of his time walking in the streets; but every day went and sat on a stone bench opposite to Zen-ed-din's house, expecting to see some one come forth who might tell him that all were well within. But the doors remained closed, and not a sound ever proceeded from the interior of the vast mansion. At length, however, when he came at the usual hour, he perceived that the great entrance-gate was left half-open, and he mustered up courage to enter He found the Bawab dead on his bench, and two black slaves by the side of the fountain. His heart smote him with a presentiment of evil. He advanced into the inner halls without seeing a sign of life. Behind the great crimson curtains that swept over the doorway of the saloon where he had worked, lay the guardian with his sword still in his hand. He pressed forward, finding every place deserted. Raising his voice at length, he called aloud, and asked if any living thing remained within those walls. No reply came but the echo that sounded dismally along the roof; with a heart oppressed by fear, he entered what he knew to be the ladies' private apartments; and here he found the attendant of Hosneh dying. She looked amazed at beholding a stranger, and, at first, refused to reply to his questions. But, at length, in a faint voice, she said that the plague had entered the house the day before like a raging lion, that many fell victims almost instantly, and that the women of the harem in a state of wild alarm had fled. "And Hosneh?" inquired Gadallah. "She is laid out in the kiosque, in the garden," replied the girl, who almost immediately afterward breathed her last.

Gadallah remained for some time gazing at her, and still listening, as if to ascertain that he had heard correctly. Then he made his way to the garden, and searched the kiosques, without finding what he sought, until he came to one raised on a light terrace, amid a grove of waving trees. Here beneath a canopy of white silk, on pillows of white silk, and all clothed in white silk, lay the form that had so long dwelt in his heart. Without fear of the infection, having first asked pardon of God, he stooped over her, and kissed those lips that had never even spoken to a man except her father; and he wished that death might come to him likewise; and he ventured to lie down by her side, that the two whom life could never have brought together, might be found united at least under one shroud.

A rustling close by attracted his attention. It was a dove fluttering down to her accustomed place on a bough, which once gained, she rolled forth from her swelling throat a cooing challenge to her partner in a distant tree. On reverting his look to the face of Hosneh, Gadallah thought he saw a faint red tint upon the lips he had pressed, like the first blush of the dawn in a cold sky. He gazed with wonder and delight, and became convinced he was not mistaken. He ran to a fountain and brought water in a large hollow leaf, partly poured it between the pearly teeth, which he parted timidly with his little finger, and partly sprinkled it over the maiden's face and bosom

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At length a sigh shook her frame—so soft, so gentle that a lover's senses alone could have discerned it; and then, after an interval of perfect tranquillity, her eyes opened, gazed for a moment at the youth, and closed not in weakness, but as if dazzled by his beauty. Gadallah bent over her, watching for the least motion, the least indication of returning consciousness; listening for the first word, the first murmur that might break from those lips which he had tasted without warrant. He waited long, but not in vain; for at last there came a sweet smile, and a small, low voice cried, "Sabrea! where is Sabrea?" Gadallah now cast more water, and succeeded in restoring Hosneh to perfect consciousness, and to modest fear.

He sat at her feet and told her what had happened, omitting no one thing—not even the love which he had conceived for her; and he promised, in the absence of her friends, to attend upon her with respect and devotion, until her strength and health should return. She was but a child in years, and innocent as are the angels; and hearing the frankness of his speech, consented to what he proposed. And he attended her that day and the next, until she was able to rise upon her couch, and sit and talk in a low voice with him of love. He found every thing that was required in the way of food amply stored in the house, the gates of which he closed, lest robbers might enter; but he did not often go into it, for fear of the infection, and this was his excuse for not returning once to his parents' house, lest he might carry death with him.

On the fourth day Hosneh was well enough to walk a little in the garden, supported by the arms of Gadallah, who now wished that he might spend his life in this manner. But the decrees of fate were not yet accomplished. On the fifth day the young man became ill; he had sucked the disease from the lips of Hosneh in that only kiss which he had ventured; and before the sun went down, Hosneh was attending on him in despair, as he had attended on her in hope. She, too, brought water to bathe his forehead and his lips; she, too, watched for the signs of returning life, and as she passed the night by his side, gazing on his face, often mistook the sickly play of the moonbeams, as they fell between the trees, for the smile which she would have given her life to purchase.

Praise be to God, it was not written that either of them should die; and not many days afterward, toward the hour of evening, they were sitting in another kiosque beside a fountain, pale and wan it is true, looking more like pensive angels than mortal beings, but still with hearts full of happiness that broke out from time to time in bright smiles, which were reflected from one to the other as surely as were their forms in the clear water by which they reclined. Gadallah held the hand of Hosneh in his, and listened as she told how her mother had long ago been dead, how her father loved her, and how he would surely have died had any harm befallen her. She praised the courage, and the modesty, and the gentleness of Gadallah—for he had spoken despondingly about the chances of their future union, and said that when Zen-ed-din returned, she would relate all that had happened, and fall at his knees and say, "Father, give me to Gadallah."

The sun had just set, the golden streams that had been pouring into the garden seemed now sporting with the clouds overhead; solid shadows were thickening around; the flowers and the blossoms breathed forth their most fragrant perfumes; the last cooing of the drowsy doves was trembling on all sides; the nightingale was trying her voice in a few short, melancholy snatches: it was an hour for delight and joy; and the two lovers bent their heads closer together; closer, until their ringlets mingled, and their sighs, and the glances of their eyes. Then Gadallah suddenly arose, and said, "Daughter of my master, let there be a sword placed betwixt me and thee." And as he spoke, a bright blade gleamed betwixt him and the abashed maiden; and they were both seized with strong hands and hurried away.

Zen-ed-din had returned from his journey, and finding the great gate closed, had come round with his followers to the garden entrance, which he easily opened. Struck by the silence of the whole place, he advanced cautiously until he heard voices talking in the kiosque. Then he drew near, and overheard the whole of what had passed, and admired the modesty and virtue of Gadallah. He caused him to be seized and thrown that night into a dark room, that he might show his power; and he spoke harshly to his daughter, because of her too great trustfulness, and her unpermitted love. But when he understood all that had happened, and had sufficiently admired the wonderful workings of God's Providence, he said to himself, "Surely this youth and this maiden were created one for the other, and the decrees of fate must be accomplished." So he took Gadallah forth from his prison, and embraced him, calling him his son, and sent for his parents, and told them what had happened, and they all rejoiced; and in due time the marriage took place, and it was blessed, and the children's children of Hosneh and Gadallah still live among us.

While the excellent sheikh was rapidly running over the concluding statements of his narrative, I remember having read the chief incident in some European tradition—possibly borrowed as so many of our traditions are, from the East—and then a single line of one of our poets, who has versified the story, came unbidden to my memory; but I could not recollect the poet's name, nor understand how the train of association could be so abruptly broken. The line doubtless describes the first interview of the lover with the plague-stricken maiden—it is as follows:

"And folds the bright infection to his breast."

A BIRD-HUNTING SPIDER.

WHEN the veracity of any person has been impugned, it is a duty which we owe to society, if it lies in our power, to endeavor to establish it; and when that person is a lady

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gallantry redoubles the obligation. Our chivalry is, on the present occasion, excited in favor of Madame Merian, who, toward the latter end of the seventeenth century, and during a two years' residence in Surinam, employed her leisure in studying the many interesting forms of winged and vegetable life indigenous to that prolific country. After her return to Holland, her native land, she published the results of her researches. Her writings, although abounding in many inaccuracies and seeming fables, contained much curious and new information; all the more valuable from the objects of her study having been, at that period, either entirely unknown to the naturalists of Europe, or vaguely reported by stray seafaring visitants; who, with the usual license of travelers, were more anxious to strike their hearers with astonishment than to extend their knowledge.

These works were rendered still more attractive by numerous plates—the result of Madame Merian's artistic skill—with which they were profusely embellished. It is one of these which, with the description accompanying it, has caused her truth to be called into question by subsequent writers; who, we must conclude, had either not the good fortune or the good eyesight to verify her statements by their own experience. The illustration to which I allude represents a large spider carrying off in its jaws a humming-bird, whose nest appears close at hand, and who had apparently been seized while sitting on its eggs.

Linnæus, however, did not doubt the lady, and called the spider (which belongs to the genus *Mygale*), "avicularia" (bird-eating). Whether this ferocious-looking hunter does occasionally capture small birds; or whether he subsists entirely on the wasps, bees, ants, and beetles which every where abound, what I chanced myself to see in the forest will help to determine.

Shortly after daybreak, one morning in 1848, while staying at a wood-cutting establishment on the Essequibo, a short distance above the confluence of that river and the Magaruni, we—a tall Yorkshireman and myself—started in our "wood-skin" to examine some spring hooks which we had set during the previous evening, in the embouchure of a neighboring creek. Our breakfast that morning depended on our success. Our chagrin may be imagined on finding all the baits untouched save one; and from that, some lurking cayman had snapped the body of the captured fish, leaving nothing but the useless head dangling in the air. After mentally dispatching our spoiler—who had not tricked us for the first time—to a place very far distant, we paddled further up the creek in search of a maam, or maroudi; or, indeed, of any thing eatable—bird, beast, or reptile. We had not proceeded far, when my companion, Blottle, who was sitting, gun in hand, prepared to deal destruction on the first living creature we might chance to encounter—suddenly fired at some object moving rapidly along the topmost branch of a tree which overhung the sluggish stream a short way in advance. For a moment or two the success of his aim seemed doubtful; then something came tumbling through the intervening foliage, and I guided the canoe beneath, lest the prey should be lost in the water. Our surprise was not unmingled, I must confess, with vexation at first, on finding that the strange character of our game removed our morning's repast as far off as ever. A huge spider and a half-fledged bird lay in the bottom of our canoe—the one with disjointed limbs and mutilated carcase; the other uninjured by the shot, but nearly dead, though still faintly palpitating. The remains of the spider showed him larger than any I had previously seen—smaller, however, than one from Brazil, before me while I write—and may have measured some two-and-half inches in the body, with limbs about twice that length. He was rough and shaggy, with a thick covering of hair or bristles; which, besides giving him an additional appearance of strength, considerably increased the fierceness of his aspect. The hairs were in some parts fully an inch long, of a dark brown color, inclining to black. His powerful jaws and sturdy arms seemed never adapted for the death-struggle of prey less noble than this small member of the feathered race, for whom our succor had unhappily arrived too late. The victim had been snatched from the nest while the mother was probably assisting to collect a morning's meal for her offspring. It had been clutched by the neck immediately above the shoulders: the marks of the murderer's talons still remained; and, although no blood had escaped from the wounds, they were much inflamed and swollen.

The few greenish-brown feathers sparingly scattered among the down in the wings, were insufficient to furnish me with a clew toward a knowledge of its species. That it was a humming-bird, however, or one of an allied genus, seemed apparent from the length of its bill. The king of the humming-birds, as the Creoles call the topaz-throat (*Trochilus pella* of naturalists), is the almost exclusive frequenter of Marabella Creek, where the overspreading foliage—here and there admitting stray gleams of sunshine—forms a cool and shady, though sombre retreat, peculiarly adapted to his disposition; and I strongly suspect that it was the nest of this species which the spider had favored with a visit. After making a minute inspection of the two bodies, we consigned them to a watery grave; both of us convinced that, whatever the detractors of Madame Merian may urge, that lady was correct in assigning to the bush-spider an ambition which often soars above the insect, and occasionally tempts him to make a meal of some stray feathered denizen of the forest. This conclusion, I may add, was fully confirmed some few weeks after, by my witnessing a still more interesting rencontre between members of the several races. "Eat the eater," is one of Nature's laws; and, after preventing its accomplishment by depriving the spider of his food. strict justice would probably have balked us of ours. Fortunately not—one of the heartiest breakfasts I ever made, and one of the tenderest

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and most succulent of meat, was that very morning. Well I remember exclaiming, at that time, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*"—it was my first dish of stewed monkey and yams.

PROMISE UNFULFILLED.—A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

THE *Rose* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbor, and utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time, I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay, whistling for a breeze, and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row-boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton, the packet-cutter to which the boat belonged being as hopelessly immovable, except for such drift as the tide gave her, as the *Rose*. The slowness of its approach—for I expected a messenger with letters—added to my impatient weariness; and as, according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing-steps, I returned to the Fountain Inn in the High-street, called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspapers lying on the table, though with scarcely a hope of coming athwart a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a "Cornwall Gazette" among them which I had not before seen, and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects new and extremely interesting paragraph: "We copy the following statement from a contemporary, solely for the purpose of contradicting it: 'It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast guard in St. Michael's Bay, was no other than Mr. George Polwhele Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, formerly, as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court-martial at the close of the war.' There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs. Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, requests us to state that her son, from whom she heard but about ten days since, commands a first-class ship in the merchant navy of the United States."

I was exceedingly astonished. The court-martial I had not heard of, and having never overhauled the Navy List for such a purpose, the absence of the name of G. P. Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offense? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt; for of misbehavior before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong, it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat; and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only; but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty years of humdrum, every-day life. The varnish of pretension falls quickly off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—peril especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognized some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served, were consorts for awhile on the South African coast, during which time we fell in with a Franco-Italian privateer or pirate—for the distinction between the two is much more technical than real. She was to leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore, and so quickly did she shoal her water, that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men, four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consort's—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our friend when he vanished behind a headland, on rounding which we found he had disappeared up a narrow, winding river, of no great depth of water We of course followed, and, after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull, found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a Tartar. We had, in fact, come upon a complete nest of privateers—a rendezvous or dépôt they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance among them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery; and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on toward the privateer, while the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *mêlée* I ever had the honor to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat, others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface, and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had, with equal daring and presence of mind, swam toward a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her, with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forthwith began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody

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and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns among the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skillful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admiringly remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom while gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths—could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Cornish paper. The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjecture as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the man was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferrety eyes were restless and perturbed; while the stout round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and dismal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmer, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveler was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Frères*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk northwester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily dispatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter, when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

"The telegraph has just announced," said the admiral, "that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him."

"What is his description?"

"Mr. James," replied the admiral, addressing one of the telegraph clerks, "give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted." Mr. James did so, and I read: "Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lisps in his speech."

"By Jove, sir," I exclaimed, "I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!" I then briefly related what had occurred, and was directed not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr. Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch—about which spot I knew, if any where, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavor to embark—while the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signaled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a league from us in the direction of Cape La Hogue. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Frères;* and this, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood toward the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I should not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master

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Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Frères*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all that we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me showing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also as yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* abeam with such terrible force, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Frères* had not been so lucky: she had carried away her topmast, and sustained other damage; but so well and boldly was she handled, and so perfectly under command appeared her crew, that these accidents were, so far as it was possible to do so, promptly repaired; and so little was she crippled in comparative speed, that, although it was clear enough after a time, that the *Rose* gained something on her, it was so slowly that the issue of the chase continued extremely doubtful. The race was an exciting one: the Caskets, Alderney, were swiftly past, and at about two o'clock in the morning we made the Guernsey lights. We were, by this time, within a mile of *Les Trois Frères*; and she, determined at all risks to get rid of her pursuer, ventured upon passing through a narrow opening between the small islets of Herm and Jethon, abreast of Guernsey—the same passage, I believe, by which Captain, afterward Admiral Lord Saumarez, escaped with his frigate from a French squadron in the early days of the last war.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Frères* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethon—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night-glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important passenger was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated, it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of the catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Frères* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground-floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr. Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr. Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

"You are, I believe, sir, the Mr. Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?"

His deathy face grew more corpse-like as I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out, "No; Jamth Edward, thir."

"At all events, that pretty lisp, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire, and you must be detained till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them. Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers," I continued, "pray, inform me where I may see your renowned captain?"

"He is in the next room," replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; "and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him *alone*."

"Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?"

"Yes, sir; in that room." I pushed open a rickety door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was toward me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said, "You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?"

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said, briefly and sternly, "Yes, Warneford, I *am* Captain Pickard."

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of a privateer!

"Hendrick!" I at length exclaimed, for the sudden inrush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—"can it indeed be you?"

"Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of

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whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question." I comprehended the slow, meaning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

"Of course it is out of the question," he went on. "I was but a fool to even seem to doubt that it was. You must do your duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands."

"So am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed."

"The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Frères* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief."

"What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offense."

"The unfortunate business in St. Michael's Bay."

"Good God! The newspaper was right, then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that—"

"The *mercy* of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty." He laughed bitterly.

"Or—or," I hesitatingly suggested, "you may not be identified—that is, legally so."

"Easily, easily, Warneford. I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick, ex-lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect."

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Frères*, and Mr. Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose*. Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethon is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offenses with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the southwest.

As soon as we were fairly underweigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to "Mrs. Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, care of Lieutenant Warneford." Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he grasped and shook my hand I felt half-choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a seaman's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. "You promised to tell me," I said, "how all this unhappy business came about."

"I am about to do so," he answered. "It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its color, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances." He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:

"I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-privation, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellew, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr. Redstone, at whose 'High School' I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's, name was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time; but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as if it would burst my bosom at witnessing her patient submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality toward her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favorite with the great bumpkin's mother.

"Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterward, when, during absence on sick leave, I met her at Penzance, in the neighborhood of which place the doctor had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty nearly as much dominated by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated: we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up.

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and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs. Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language, at all events. This, however, must, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace, in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second-lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr. Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. You knew Lieutenant ——?"

"I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinets that ever trod a quarter-deck."

"Well, him I sought, and asked temporary leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally aflame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel. I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterward by court-martial. Exmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed the service."

"I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time," I remarked; "and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial."

"The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple: Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, 'that he would pray for me.' The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after a while that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of disreputable persons, among whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know," he added, bitterly, "it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim."

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes. What on my part *could* be said or suggested?

"You hinted just now," I remarked, after a while, "that all your remaining property was in this parcel. You have, however, of course, reserved sufficient for your defense?"

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered, "O yes; more than enough—more much more than will be required."

"I am glad of that." We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed, "Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one."

"With all my heart," he answered; and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon-lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

"A beautiful, however illusive world," he by-and-by sadly resumed; "this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal."

"A sense of duty and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death."

"Is it not also, think you, the greater fear of disgrace, dishonor in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?"

"No doubt that has an immense influence What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers, say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it in his last great signal."

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"Ay, to be sure," he musingly replied; "what would our mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing their sons' dishonor! That is the masterchord." We once more relapsed into silence; and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatchway. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nerving himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

"I shall go below again," I said. "Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together."

"I will be with you directly," he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flushing intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. "One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you! He drained and set the glass on the table. "The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made," he hurriedly went on. "It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person."

"I will; but why—"

"God bless you!" he broke in. "I must on deck again."

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud, confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard amid the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of "Man overboard!"—"Bout ship!"—"Down with the helm!" The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprung overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned toward us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, "Your promise!" distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear.

I have only further to add, that the parcel intrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe Mrs. Hendrick remained to her last hour ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochrane, and she ultimately resigned herself to a belief that he had there met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom made me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring pond for life.

THE TUB SCHOOL.

SPEAKING without passion, we are bound to state, in broad terms, that the founder of the Diogenic philosophy was emphatically a humbug. Some people might call him by a harsher name; we content ourselves with the popular vernacular. Formidable as he was—this unwashed dog-baptized—with a kind of savage grandeur, too, about his independence and his fearlessness—still was he a humbug; setting forth fancies for facts, and judging all men by the measure of one. Manifestly afflicted with a liver complaint, his physical disorders wore the mask of mental power, and a state of body that required a course of calomel or a dose of purifying powders, passed current in the world for intellectual superiority; not a rare case in times when madness was accounted potent inspiration, and when the exhibition of mesmeric phenomena formed the title of the Pythoness to her mystic tripod.

Diogenes is not the only man whose disturbed digestion has led multitudes, like an *ignis fatuus*, into the bogs and marshes of falsehood. Abundance of sects are about, which their respective followers class under one generic head of inspiration, but which have sprung from the same hepatic inaction, or epigrastic inflammation, as that which made the cynic believe in the divinity of dirt, and see in a tub the fittest temple to virtue. All that narrows the sympathies—all that makes a man think better of himself than of his "neighbors"—all that compresses the illimitable mercy of God into a small talisman which you and your followers alone possess—all that creates condemnation—is of the Diogenic Tub School; corrupt in the core, and rotten in the root—fruit, leaves, and flowers, the heritage of death.

A superstitious reverence for a bilious condition of body, and an abhorrence of soap and water, as savoring of idolatry or of luxury—according to the dress and nation of the Cynic—made up the fundamental ideas of his school; and to this day they are the cabala of one division of the sect. We confess not to be able to see much beauty in either of these conditions, and are rather proud than otherwise of our state of disbelief; holding health and cleanliness in high honor, and hoping much of moral improvement from their better preservation. But to the Tub School, good digestive powers, and their consequence, good temper, were evidences of lax principles, and cleanliness was ungodliness or effeminacy; as the unpurified denouncer prayed to St. Giles, or sacrificed to Venus Cloacina. Take the old monks as an example. Not that we are about to condemn the whole Catholic Church under a cowled mask. She has valuable men among her sons; but, in such a large body, there must of necessity be some members weaker than the rest; and the mendicant friars, and do

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nothing monks, were about the weakest and the worst that ever appeared by the Catholic altar. They were essentially of the Tub School, as false to the best purposes of mankind as the famous old savage of Alexander's time. Dirt and vanity, bile and condemnation, were the paternosters of their litany; and what else lay in the tub which the king over-shadowed from the sun? All the accounts of which we read, of pious horror of baths and washhouses—all the frantic renunciation of laundresses, and the belief in hair shirts, to the prejudice of honest linen—all the religious zeal against small-tooth combs, and the sin which lay in razors and nail-brushes—all the holy preference given to coarse cobbling of skins of beasts, over civilized tailoring of seemly garments—all the superiority of bare feet, which never knew the meaning of a pediluvium, over those which shoes and hose kept warm, and foot-baths rendered clean—all the hatred of madness against the refinements of life, and the cultivation of the beautiful: these were the evidences of the Diogenic philosophy; and of Monachism too; and of other forms of faith, which we could name in the same breath. And how much good was in them? What natural divinity lies in fur, which the cotton plant does not possess? Wherein consists the holiness of mud, and the ungodliness of alkali? wherein the purity of a matted beard, and the impiety of Metcalfe's brushes, and Mechi's magic strop? It may be so; and we all the while may be mentally blind; and yet, if we lived in a charnel-house, whose horrors the stony core of a cataract concealed, we could not wish to be couched, that seeing, we might understand the frightful conditions of which blindness kept us ignorant.

But bating the baths and wash-houses, hempen girdles, and hairy garments, we quarrel still with the *animus* of Diogenes and his train. Its social savageness was bad enough—its spiritual insolence was worse. The separatism—the "stand off, for I am holier than thou"—the condemnation of a whole world, if walking apart from *his* way—the substitution of solitary exaltation for the activity of charity—the proud judgment of God's world, and the presumptuous division into good and evil of the Eternal; all this was and is of the Cynic's philosophy; and all this is what we abjure with heart and soul, as the main link of the chain which binds men to cruelty, to ignorance, and to sin; for the unloosing of which we must wait before we see them fairly in the way of progress.

How false the religion of condemnation!—how hardening to the heart!—how narrowing to the sympathies! We take a section for the whole, and swear that the illimitable All must be according to the form of the unit I; we make ourselves gods, and judge of the infinite universe by the teaching of our finite senses. They who do this most are they whom men call "zealous for God's glory," "stern sticklers for the truth," and "haters of latitudinarianism." And if all the social charities are swept down in their course, they are mourned over gently; but only so much as if they were sparrows lying dead beneath the blast that slew the enemy. "'Tis a pity," say they, "that men must be firm to the truth, yet cruel to their fellows; but if it must be so, why, let them fall fast as snow-flakes. What is human life, compared to the preservation of the truth?" Ah! friends and brothers—is not the necessity of cruelty the warrantry of falsehood? The truth of life is Love, and all which negatives love is false; and every drop of blood that ever flowed in the preservation of any dogma, bore in its necessity the condemnation of that dogma.

Turn where we will, and as far backward as we will, we ever find the spirit of the Diogenic philosophy; and clothed, too, in much the same garb and unseemly disorder as that in vogue among the dog-baptized. Ancient East gives us many parallels; and to this day, dirty, lazy fakirs of Hindostan assault the olfactories, and call for curses on the effeminacy of the cleanly and the sane. Sometimes, though, the Diogenites assume the scrupulosity of the Pharisee, and then they retain only the crimes of the Inquisition, not the habits and apparel of the Bosjesmen. Take the sincere Pharisee, for instance; regard his holy horror of the Samaritan (the Independent of his day) for failing in the strict letter of the law; hear his stern denunciations against all sinners, be they moral or be they doctrinal; mark the unpitying "Crucify him! crucify him!" against Him who taught novel doctrines of equality and brotherhood, and the nullity of form; see the purity of his own Pharisaic life, and grant him his proud curse on all that are not like unto him. He is a Cynic in his heart, one who judges of universal humanity by the individualism of one. Then, the hoary, hairy, dog-baptized, who scoffed at all the decencies of life, not to speak of its amenities, and had no gentle Plato's pride of refinement, with all the brutal pride of coarseness—did Diogenes worthily represent the best functions of manhood? Again, the monks and friars of the dark ages, and the hermits of old, they who left the world of man "made in the image of God," because they were holier than their brethren, and might have naught in common with the likeness of the Elohim; they who gave up the deeds of charity for the endless repetition of masses and vespers, and who thought to do God better service by mumbling masses in a cowl, than by living among their fellows, loving, aiding, and improving—were not all these followers in the train of Diogenes?—if not in the dirt, then in the bile; if not in the garb, then in the heart. Denouncers, condemners; narrowing, not enlarging; hating, not loving; they were traitors to the virtue of life, while dreaming that they alone held it sacred.

And now, have we no snarling Cynics, no Pharisee, no Inquisitor? Have we taken to good heart the divine record of love, of faith, which an æsthetic age has sublimated into credos, and left actions as a *caput mortuum*? Have we looked into the meaning of the practical lesson which the Master taught when he forgave the adulteress, and sat at meat with the sinners? or have

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we not rather cherished the spiritual pride which shapes out bitter words of censure for our fellows, and lays such stress on likeness that it overlooks unity? The question is worthy of an answer.

The world is wide. Beasts and fishes, birds and reptiles, weeds and flowers—which *here* are weeds, and *there* are flowers, according to local fancy—the dwarfed shrub of the Alpine steeps, and the monster palm of the tropical plains; the world is wide enough to contain them all, and man is wise enough to love them all, each in its sphere, and its degree. But what we do for Nature, we refuse to Humanity. To her we allow diversity; to him we prescribe sameness; in her we see the loveliness of unlikeness, the symmetry of variation; in him we must have multitudes shaped by one universal rule; and what we do not look for in the senseless tree, we attempt on the immortal soul. Religion, philosophy, and social politics, must be of the same form with all men, else woe to the wight who thinks out of the straight line! Diagonal minds are never popular, and the hand which draws one radius smites him who lines another equal to it in all its parts, and from the same centre-point. The Catholic denies the Protestant; the Episcopalian contemns the Presbyterian; the Free Kirk is shed like a branching horn; the Independent denounces the Swedenborgian; the Mormonite is persecuted by the Unitarian. It is one unvarying round; the same thing called by different names. Now all this is the very soul of Diogenism. Cowl, mitre, or band—distinctive signs to each party—all are lost in the shadow of the tub, and jumbled up into a strange form, which hath the name of Him of Sinope engraved on its forehead. Separatism and denunciation against him who is not with thee in all matters of faith, make thee, my friend, a Cynic in thy heart; and, though thou mayst wear Nicoll's paletots and Medwin's boots, and mayst prank thyself in all imaginable coxcombries, thou art still but a Diogenite, a Cynic, and a Pharisee; washing the outside of the platter, but leaving the inside encrusted still, believing falsely, that thou hast naught to do with a cause, because thou hast not worn its cockade.

Yet, are we going past the Tub School, though it lingers still in high places. We see it in party squabbles, not so much of politics to-day, as of the most esoteric doctrines of faith. We hear great men discussing the question of "prevenient grace," as they would discuss the composition of milk punch, and we hear them mutually anathematize each other on this plain and demonstrable proposition. We call this Diogenism, and of a virulent sort, too. We know that certain men are tabooed by certain other men; that a churchman refuses communion with him who is of no church, or of a different church; and that one Arian thinks dreadful things of another Arian. We call these men Pharisees, who deny kindred with the Samaritans—but we remember who it was that befriended the Samaritans. We know that monks still exist, whose duty to man consists in endless prayers to GOD (in using vain repetitions as the Heathens do); who open their mouths wide, and expect that Heaven will fill them; who hold the active duties of life in no esteem; and separate themselves from their fellows in all the grandeur of religious superiority. We can not see much difference between these men, the Hindoo fakirs, and the unsavory gentlemen of the Grecian tub. They are all of the same genus; but, Heaven be praised! they are dying out from the world of man, as leprosy, and the black plague, and other evils are dying out. True enlightenment will extirpate them, as well as other malaria. If Sanitary Commissions sweep out the cholera, acknowledged Love will sweep out all this idleness and solitary hatred, and make men at last confess that Love and Recognition are grander things than contempt and intolerance; in a word, that real Christianity is better than any form whatsoever of the Diogenic philosophy of hatred.

GOLD—WHAT IT IS AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

ROAD-MENDING is pretty general at this time of the year, and upon roads now being newly macadamized we may pick up a good many differing specimens of granite. On the newly-broken surface of one of them, four substances of which it is composed can be perceived with great distinctness. The more earthy-looking rock, in which the others seem to be embedded, is called felspar; the little hard white stones are bits of quartz; the dark specks are specks of hornblende, and the shining scales are mica. Felspar, quartz, hornblende, and mica are the four constituents of granite. These are among the rocks of the most ancient times, which form a complete barrier to the power of the geologist in turning back the pages which relate the story of our globe. Layer under layer—leaf behind leaf—we find printed the characters of life in all past ages, till at last we come to rocks—greenstone, porphyry, quartz, granite, and others—which contain no trace of life; which do not show, as rocks above them do, that they have been deposited by water; but which have a crystalline form, and set our minds to think of heat and pressure. These lowest rocks are frequently called "igneous," in contradistinction to the stratified rocks nearer the surface, which have been obviously deposited under water. Between the two there is not an abrupt transition; for above the igneous, and below the aqueous, are rocks which belong to the set above them, insomuch as they are stratified; while they belong to the set below them—insomuch as they are crystalline, contain no traces of life, and lead us by their characters to think of heat and pressure. These rocks, on account of their equivocal position, are called metamorphic.

Under the influence of air, combined with that of water—water potent in streams, lakes, and seas, but not less potent as a vapor in our atmosphere, when aided by alternations in the temperature—granite decomposes. We noticed that one of the constituents of granite—felspar—was

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a comparatively earthy-looking mass, in which the other matters seemed to be embedded. In the decomposition of granite, this felspar is the first thing to give way; it becomes friable, and rains or rivers wash it down. Capital soil it makes. When the constituents of granite part in this way, quartz is the heaviest, and settles. Felspar and the others may run with the stream, more or less; quartz is not moved so easily. Now, as our neighbors in America would put it, "that's a fact;" and it concerns our gossip about gold.

Below the oldest rocks there lie hidden the sources of that volcanic action which is not yet very correctly understood. Fortunately, we are not now called upon for any explanation of it: it is enough for us that such a force exists; and thrusting below, forces granite and such rocks (which ought to lie quite at the bottom), through a rent made in the upper layers, and still up into the air, until, in some places, they form the summit of considerable mountains. Such changes are not often, if ever, the results of a single, mighty heave, which generates a great catastrophe upon the surface of the earth; they are the products of a force constantly applied through ages in a given manner. In all geologic reasoning we are apt to err grossly when we leave out of our calculation the important element of time. These lower rocks, then—these greenstones, porphyries and granites, sienites and serpentines—thrust themselves in many places through the upper strata of the earth's crust, in such a way as to form mountain ranges. Now, it is a fact, that wherever the oldest of the aqueous deposits—such as those called clay-slates, limestones, and greywacke sandstones—happen to be superficial, so as to be broken through by pressure from below, and intruded upon by the igneous rocks (especially if the said igneous rocks form ranges tending at all from north to south), there gold may be looked for. Gold, it is true, may be found combined with much newer formations; but it is under the peculiar circumstances just now mentioned that gold may be expected to be found in any great and valuable store.

In Australia, the gold discoveries, so new and surprising to the public, are not new to the scientific world. More than two years ago, in an "Essay on the Distribution of Gold Ore," read before the British Association, to which our readers will be indebted for some of the facts contained in the present gossip, Sir Roderick Murchison "reminded his geological auditors that, in considering the composition of the chief, or eastern ridge of Australia, and its direction from north to south, he had foretold (as well as Colonel Helmersen, of the Russian Imperial Mines) that gold would be found in it; and he stated that, in the last year, one gentleman resident in Sydney, who had read what he had written and spoken on this point, had sent him specimens of gold ore found in the Blue Mountains; while, from another source, he had learnt that the parallel north and south ridge in the Adelaide region, which had yielded so much copper, had also given undoubted signs of gold ore. The operation of English laws, by which noble metals lapse to the crown, had induced Sir Roderick Murchison to represent to Her Majesty's Secretary of State that no colonists would bestir themselves in gold-mining, if some clear declaration on the subject were not made; but, as no measures on this head seemed to be in contemplation, he inferred that the government may be of opinion, that the discovery of any notable quantity of gold might derange the stability and regular industry of a great colony, which eventually must depend upon its agricultural products." That was the language used by Sir Roderick Murchi son in September, 1849; and in September, 1851, we are all startled by the fact which brings emphatic confirmation of his prophecy.

But it is not only about the Blue Mountains, and in other districts, where the gold is now sought, that the geologic conditions under which gold may be sought reasonably are fulfilled. Take, for example, the Ural Mountains. In very ancient times the Scythian natives supplied gold from thence; and gold was supplied also by European tribes in Germany and elsewhere. Most of those sources were worked out, or forgotten. Russia for centuries possessed the Ural, and forgot its gold. Many of us were boys when that was rediscovered. The mountains had been worked for their iron and copper by German miners, who accidentally hit upon a vein of gold. The solid vein was worked near Ekatrinburg—a process expensive and, comparatively, unproductive, as we shall presently explain. Then gold being discovered accidentally in the superficial drift, the more profitable work commenced. It is only within the last very few years that Russia has discovered gold in another portion of her soil, among the spurs of the Altai Mountains, between the Jena and the Lenisei, and along the shores of Lake Baikal. This district has been enormously productive, and, for about four years before the discovery of gold in California, had been adding largely to the gross amount of that metal annually supplied for the uses of society. The extent of this new district now worked is equal to the whole area of France; but all the gold-bearing land in Russia is not yet by any means discovered. The whole area of country in Russia which fulfills the conditions of a gold-bearing district is immense. Eastward of the Ural Chain it includes a large part of Siberia; and also in Russian America there is nearly equal reason for believing that hereafter gold will be discovered.

Before we quit Asia, we may observe, that the Chinese produce gold out of their soil; and although many of the mountain ranges in that country tend from east to west, yet the conditions of the surface, and the meridional directions of the mountains too, would indicate in China some extensive districts over which gold would probably be found in tolerable abundance. Gold exists also in Lydia and Hindostan.

Now to pass over to America, where, as we have already said, the Russians have a district in which gold may some day be discovered. In

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many districts along the line of the Rocky Mountains, especially in that part of them which is included in the British territory, gold may be looked for. The gold region of California has been recently discovered. Gold in Mexico, where the conditions are again fulfilled, is not a new discovery. Gold in Central America lies neglected, on account of the sad political condition of the little states there. There is gold to be found, perhaps, in the United States, some distance eastward of the Rocky Mountains. Certainly gold districts will be found about the Alleghanies. Gold has been found in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia; it exists also in Canada, and may, probably, be found not very far north, on the British side of the St. Lawrence. In the frozen regions, which shut in those straits and bays of the North Pole, to which early adventurers were sent from England on the search for gold, gold districts most probably exist, although the shining matter was not gold which first excited the cupidity of our forefathers. Passing now to South America, New Granada, Peru, Brazil, La Plata, Chili, even Patagonia, contain districts which say, "Look for gold." There are one or two districts in Africa where gold exists; certainly in more districts than that which is called the Gold Coast, between the Niger and Cape Verd; also between Darfur and Abyssinia; and on the Mozambique Coast, opposite Madagascar. In Australia, the full extent of our gold treasure is not yet discovered. In Europe, out of Russia, Hungary supplies yearly one or two hundred thousand pounds worth; there is gold in Transylvania and Bohemia; the Rhine washes gold down into its sands from the crystalline rocks of the high Alps. The Danube, Rhone, and Tagus, yield gold also in small quantities. There are neglected mines of gold in Spain.

To come nearer home. In the mining fields of Leadhills, in Scotland, gold was washed for busily in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is found also in Glen Turret, in Perthshire, and at Cumberhead, in Lanarkshire. Attempts have been made to turn to account the gold existing in North Wales and Cornwall. About sixty years ago, gold was found accidentally in the bed of streams which run from a mountain on the confines of Wicklow and Wexford, by name, Croghan Kinshela. A good deal of gold was collected by the people, who, having the first pick, had soon earned about ten thousand pounds among them by their findings. Government then established works, and having realized in two years three thousand six hundred and seventy-five pounds by the sale of gold, which it cost them more than that amount to get, they let the matter drop, judiciously.

Let nobody be dazzled, however, by this enumeration of gold districts, which is not by any means complete. It is quite true that there is no metal diffused so widely over the world's surface as gold is, with a single exception, that of iron. But with regard to gold, there is this important fact to be taken into account, that it is not often to be obtained from veins, but is found sprinkled—in many cases sprinkled very sparingly; it is found mixed with quartz and broken rock, or sand and alluvial deposit, often in quantities extremely small, so that the time lost in its separation—even though it be the time of slaves—is of more value than the gold; and so the gold does not repay the labor of extraction. It is only where a gold district does not fall below a certain limit in its richness, that it yields a profit to the laborer. Pure gold in lumps, or grains, or flakes, is to be found only at the surface. Where, as is here and there the case, a vein of it is found deep in connection with the quartz, it is combined with other minerals, from which it can be separated only by an expensive process; so that a gold vein, when found, generally yields less profit than a field. As for gold-hunting in general, the history of every gold district unites to prove that the trade is bad. It is a lottery in which, to be sure, there are some prizes, but there is quite the usual preponderance of blanks.

The villages of gold-seekers about Accra and elsewhere, on the Gold Coast, are the villages of negroes more squalid and wretched than free negroes usually are. The wretchedness of gold-hunters in the rich field of California is by this time a hackneyed theme. Take, now, the picture of a tolerably prosperous gold-seeker in Brazil. He goes into the river with a leathern jacket on, having a leathern bag fastened before him. In his hand he carries a round bowl, of fig-tree wood, about four or five feet in circumference, and one foot deep. He goes into the river at a part where it is not rapid, where it makes a bend, and where it has deep holes. Be pleased to remember that, and do not yet lose sight of what was before said about the heaviness of quartz. The gold-seeker, then, standing in the water, scrapes away with his feet the large stones and the upper layers of sand, and fishes up a bowlful of the older gravel. This he shakes and washes, and removes the upper layer; the gold being the heaviest thing in the bowl, sinks; and when he has got rid of all the other matter, which is after a quarter of an hour's work, or more, he puts into his pouch the residual treasure, which is worth twopence farthing, on an average, He may earn in this way about sevenpence an hour—not bad wages, but, taken in connection with the nature of the work, they do not look exceedingly attractive. Here is a safe income, at any rate—no lottery. A lump of gold, combined with quartz, like that which has been dragged from California by its lucky finder—a lump worth more than three thousand pounds—is not a prize attainable in river washing. That lump, its owner says, he got out of a vein, which vein he comes to Europe to seek aid in working. Veins of quartz containing gold, when they occur, directly they cease to be superficial, cease generally to be very profitable to their owners. But of that we shall have to say more presently.

By this time we have had occasion to observe more than once that gold and quartz are very friendly neighbors. Now, we will make use of the fact which we have been saving up so long,

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that when granite decomposes, quartz, the heaviest material is least easily carried away, and when carried away is first to be deposited by currents. Gold also, is very heavy; in its lightest compound, it is twelve times heavier than water, and pure gold is nineteen times heavier; gold, therefore, when stirred out of its place by water, will soon settle to the bottom. Very often gold will not be moved at all, nor even quartz; so gold and quartz remain, while substances which formerly existed in their neighborhood are washed away. Or when the whole is swept away together, after the gold has begun sinking, quartz will soon be sinking too; and so, even in shingle or alluvial deposits, gold and quartz are apt to occur as exceedingly close neighbors to each other.

How the gold forms in those old rocks, we have no right to say. Be it remembered, that in newer formations it occurs, although more sparingly. How the gold forms, we do not know. In fact, we have no right to say of gold that it is formed at all. In the present state of chemistry, gold is considered as an element, a simple substance, of which other things are formed, not being itself compounded out of others. In the present state of our knowledge, therefore—and the metals *may* really be elements—we have nothing to trouble ourselves about. Gold being one of the elements (there are somewhere about forty in all) of which the earth is built, of course existed from the beginning, and will be found in the oldest rocks. It exists, like other elements, in combination. It is combined with iron, antimony, manganese, copper, arsenic, and other things. But it is one great peculiarity of gold that it is not easily oxydized or rusted; rust being caused in metals by the action of oxygen contained in our air. When, therefore, gold, in a compound state, comes to be superficial, the air acting on the mass will generally oxydize the other metals, and so act upon them, more especially where water helps, that in the lapse of time this superficial gold will have been purified in the laboratory of nature, and may be finally picked up in the pure, or nearly pure, state; or else it may be washed, equally pure, from the superficial earth, as is now done in the majority of gold districts. But deep below the surface, in quartz veins contained within the bowels of a mountain—though, to be sure, it is not often found in such positions—gold exists generally in a condition far from pure; the chemistry of the artisan must do what the chemistry of nature had effected in the other case; and this involves rather an expensive process.

Surface gold is found, comparatively pure, in lumps of very various sizes, or in rounded grains, or in small scales. In this state it is found in the Ural district, contained in a mass of coarse gravel, like that found in the neighborhood of London; elsewhere, it is contained in a rough shingle, with much quartz; and elsewhere, in a more mud-like alluvial deposit. The water that has washed it out of its first bed has not been always a mere mountain torrent, or a river, or a succession of rains. Gold shingle and sand have been accumulated in many districts, by the same causes which produced our local drifts, in which the bones of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and other extinct quadrupeds occur.

The nearly pure gold thus deposited in very superficial layers, may be readily distinguished from all other things that have external resemblance to it. Gold in this state has always, more or less, its well-known color, and the little action of the air upon it causes its particles to glitter, though they be distributed only in minute scales through a bed of sand. But there are other things that glitter Scales of mica, to the eye only, very much resemble gold. But gold is extremely heavy; twelve or nineteen times heavier than that same bulk of water; mica is very light: sand itself being but three times heavier than water. Let, therefore, sand, with glittering scales in it, be shaken with water, and let us watch the order of the settling. If the scales be gold they will sink first, and quickly, to the bottom; if they be mica, they will take their time, and be among the last to sink. It is this property of gold—its weight—which enables us to obtain it by the process called gold-washing. Earth containing gold, being agitated in water, the gold falls to the bottom. Turbid water containing gold, being poured over a skin, the gold falls and becomes entangled in the hairs; or such water being poured over a board with transverse grooves, the gold is caught in the depressions. This is the reason why the Brazilian searcher looks for a depression in the bottom of the river, and this is also the origin of those peculiar rich bits occasionally found in the alluvium of a large gold-field. Where there has been a hollow, as the water passed it, gold continually was arrested there, forming those valuable deposits which the Brazilians call Caldeiraos. Sometimes, where the waters have been arrested in the hollow of a mountain, they have, in the same way, dropped an excessive store of gold. This quality of weight, therefore, is of prime importance in the history of gold; it determined the character of its deposits in the first instance; it enables us now to extract it easily from its surrounding matter, and enables us to detect it in a piece of rock, where it may not be distinctly visible. There are two substances which look exceedingly like gold;—copper and iron pyrites, substances familiar to most of us. We need never be puzzled to distinguish them. Gold is a soft metal, softer than iron, copper, and silver, although harder than tin or lead. It will scratch tin or lead; but it will be scratched with the other metals. That is to say, you can scratch gold with a common knife. Now, iron pyrites is harder than steel, and therefore a knife will fail to scratch it. Gold and iron pyrites, therefore, need never be mistaken for each other by any man who has a piece of steel about him. Copper pyrites can be scratched with steel. But then there is another very familiar property of gold, by which, in this case, it can be distinguished. Gold is very malleable; beat on it with a stone, and it will flatten, but not break; and when it breaks, it shows that it is torn asunder, by the thready, fibrous nature of

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its fracture. Beat with a stone on copper pyrites, and it immediately begins to crumble. No acid, by itself, can affect gold; but a mixture of one part nitric, and four parts muriatic acid, is called Aqua Regia, because in this mixture gold does dissolve. A common test for gold, in commerce, is to put nitric acid over it, which has no action if the gold be true. There is, also, a hard smooth stone, called Lydian stone, or flinty jasper, by the mineralogists, and *touchstone* by the jewelers, on which gold makes a certain mark; and the character of the streak made on such a stone will indicate pretty well the purity or value of the gold that makes it.

We have said that when the gold occurs in a deep-seated vein, combined with other minerals, its extraction becomes no longer a simple process. Let us now point out generally what the nature of this process is, and then we shall conclude our brief discussion; for what else we might say, either lies beyond our present purpose, or has been made, by the talking and writing of the last two years, sufficiently familiar to all listeners or readers. Mr. Gardner, superintendent of the Royal Botanic Garden of Ceylon, thus describes the process of extracting gold out of the mine of Morro Velho. This mine, when St. Hilaire visited it, was considered as exhausted; it is now one of the richest in Brazil. Thus Mr. Gardner writes of it:

"The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and it is afterward broken, by female slaves, into small pieces; after which it is conveyed to the stamping-machine, to be reduced to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverized matter to what is called the Strakes—a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided into a number of very shallow compartments, of fourteen inches in width, the length being about twenty-six feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about three feet long, and sixteen inches wide, which have the hair on. The particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper, or head skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand which is washed from the head skins is collected together, and amalgamated with quicksilver, in barrels; while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing-house, and concentrated over strakes of similar construction to those of the stamping-mill, till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head-skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put, together with the quicksilver, are turned by water; and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the sand by washing. It is then pressed on chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation."

Let us explain those latter processes in more detail. If you dip a gold ring or a sovereign into quicksilver, it will be silvered by it, and the silvering will not come off. This union of theirs is called an amalgam. On a ring or sovereign it is mere silvering; but when the gold is in a state of powder, and the amalgamation takes place on a complete scale, it forms a white, doughy mass, in which there is included much loose quicksilver. This doughy mass is presently washed clear of all impurities, and is then squeezed in skins or cloths, through the pores of which loose quicksilver is forced, and saved for future operations. The rest of the quicksilver is burnt out. Under a moderately strong heat, quicksilver evaporates, or—to speak more scientifically—sublimes; and gold does not. The amalgam, therefore, being subjected to heat, the quicksilver escapes by sublimation, leaving the gold pure. The quicksilver escapes by sublimation; but its owner does not wish it quite to escape out of his premises, because it is an expensive article. Chambers are therefore made over the ovens, in which the mercury may once again condense, and whence it may be collected again afterward. But, with all precaution, a considerable waste always takes place. Other processes are also in use for the separation of gold from its various alloys. We have described that which is of most universal application. Let us not omit noting the significance of the fact, that a quicksilver mine exists in California.

EYES MADE TO ORDER.

CONTRADICTORY opinions prevail as to the limits that should be assigned to the privilege of calling Art to the aid of Nature. To some persons a wig is the type of a false and hollow age; an emblem of deceit; a device of ingenious vanity, covering the wearer with gross and unpardonable deceit. In like manner, a crusade has been waged against the skill of the dentist—against certain artificial "extents in aid" of symmetry effected by the milliner.

The other side argues, in favor of the wig, that, in the social intercourse of men, it is a laudable object for any individual to propose to himself, by making an agreeable appearance, to please, rather than repel his associates. On the simple ground that he would rather please than offend, an individual, not having the proper complement of hair and countenance, places a cunningly-fashioned wig upon his head, artificial teeth in his mouth, and an artificial nose upon his face. A certain money-lender, it is urged, acknowledged the elevating power of beauty when he drew a vail before the portrait of his favorite picture, that he might not see the semblance of a noble countenance, while he extorted his crushing interest from desperate customers. It is late in the age, say the pro-wig party, to be called upon to urge the refining power that dwells in the beautiful; and, on the other hand, the depression and the coarseness which often attend the constant contemplation of things unsightly The consciousness of giving unpleasant sense

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tions to spectators, haunts all people who are visibly disfigured. The bald man of five-and-twenty is an unpleasant object; because premature baldness is unnatural and ugly. Argue the question according to the strictest rules of formal logic, and you will arrive at nothing more than that the thing is undoubtedly unpleasant to behold, and that therefore some reason exists that should urge men to remove it, or hide it. Undoubtedly, a wig is a counterfeit of natural hair; but is it not a counterfeit worn in deference to the sense of the world, and with the view of presenting an agreeable, instead of a disagreeable object? Certainly. A pinch of philosophy is therefore sprinkled about a wig, and the wearer is not necessarily a coxcomb. As regards artificial teeth, stronger pleas—even than those which support wigs—may be entered. Digestion demands that food should be masticated. Shall, then, a toothless person be forced to live upon spoon-meat, because artificial ivories are denounced as sinful? These questions are fast coming to issue, for Science has so far come to the aid of human nature, that according to an enthusiastic professor, it will be difficult, in the course of another century, to tell how or where any man or woman is deficient. A millennium for Deformity is, it seems, not far distant. M. Boissonneau of Paris, constructs eyes with such extraordinary precision, that the artificial eye, we are told, is not distinguishable from the natural eye. The report of his pretensions will, it is to be feared, spread consternation among those who hold in abhorrence, and consider artificial teeth incompatible with Christianity; yet the fact must be honestly declared, that it is no longer safe for poets to write sonnets about the eyes of their mistresses, since those eyes may be M. Boissonneau's.

The old, rude, artificial eyes are simply oval shells, all made from one pattern, and differing only in size and in color. No pretension to artistic or scientific skill has been claimed by the artificial-eye manufacturer—he has made a certain number of deep blues, light blues, hazels, and others, according to the state of the eye-market. These rude shells were constructed mainly with the view of giving the wearer an almond-shaped eye, and with little regard to its matching the eye in sound and active service. Artificial eyes were not made to order: but the patient was left to pick out the eye he would prefer to wear, as he would pick out a glove. The manufacture was kept a profound mystery, and few medical men had access to its secrets. The manufacturers sold eyes by the gross, to retail-dealers, at a low price; and these supplied patients. Under this system, artificial eyes were only applicable in the very rare cases of atrophy of the globe; and the effect produced was even more repulsive than that of the diseased eye. The disease was hidden by an unnatural and repulsive expression, which it is difficult to describe. While one eye was gazing intently in your face, the other was fixed in another direction—immovable, the more hideous because at first you mistook it for a natural eye. A smile may overspread the face, animate the lip, and lighten up the natural eye; but there was the glass eye—fixed, lustreless, and dead. It had other disadvantages: it interfered with the lachrymal functions, and sometimes caused a tear to drop in the happiest moments.

The new artificial eye is nothing more than a plastic skullcap, set accurately upon the bulb of the diseased eye, so that it moves with the bulb as freely as the sound eye. The lids play freely over it; the lachrymal functions continue their healthy action; and the bulb is effectually protected from currents of cold air and particles of dust. But these effects can be gained only by modeling each artificial eye upon the particular bulb it is destined to cover; thus removing the manufacture of artificial eyes from the hands of clumsy mechanics, to the superintendence of the scientific artist. Every individual case, according to the condition of the bulb, requires an artificial eye of a different model from all previously made. In no two cases are the bulbs found in precisely the same condition; and, therefore, only the scientific workman, proceeding on well-grounded principles, can pretend to practice ocular prothesis with success. The newly-invented shell is of metallic enamel, which may be fitted like an outer cuticle to the bulb—the cornea of which is destroyed—and restores to the patient his natural appearance. The invention, however, will, we fear, increase our skepticism. We shall begin to look in people's eyes, as we have been accustomed to examine a luxuriant head of hair, when it suddenly shoots upon a surface hitherto remarkable only for a very straggling crop. Yet, it would be well to abate the spirit of sarcasm with which wigs and artificial teeth have been treated. Undoubtedly, it is more pleasant to owe one's hair to nature than to Truefit; to be indebted to natural causes for pearly teeth; and to have sparkling eyes with light in them. Every man and woman would rather have an aquiline nose than the most playful pug; no one would exchange eyes agreeing to turn in one direction, for the pertest squint; or legs observing something approaching to a straight line, for undecided legs, with contradictory bends. Hence dumb-bells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic exercises, the consumption of sugar steeped in Eau-de-Cologne (a French recipe for imparting brightness to the eyes), ingenious padding, kalydors, odontos, Columbian balms, bandolines, and a thousand other ingenious devices. Devices with an object, surely—that object, the production of a pleasing *personnel*. It is a wise policy to remove from sight the calamities which horrify or sadden; and, as far as possible, to cultivate all that pleases from its beauty or its grace. Therefore, let us shake our friend with the cork-leg by the hand, and, acknowledging that the imitation is worn in deference to our senses, receive it as a veritable flesh-and-blood limb; let us accept the wig of our unfortunate young companion, as the hair which he has lost; let us shut our eyes to the gold work that fastens the brill-

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tantly white teeth of a young lady, whose natural dentition has been replaced; and, above all, let us never show, by sign or word, that the appearance of our friend (who has suffered tortures, and lost the sight of one eye) is changed after the treatment invented by M. Boissonneau.

THE EXPECTANT.—A TALE OF LIFE.

WHEN a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on a gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity; and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less; for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little leisure to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a needy, hard-working lad, whose poverty and time-worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things, coupled with the nervous and irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off on the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus what we wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shopkeepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when we had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a hunch of bread and cheese from home, to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and 'bother,' as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Midvale Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion, had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labor of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage: but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce. Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved; and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance. Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts; the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk, have as eager partisans among the knucklers at *taw* as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all, Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. "I shall be a gentleman," said he; "if I don't have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it's a bore to be ordered off where you don't want to go—I shall have an official situation under government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and enjoy myself." Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of the London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a

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hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven years I served and wrought in acquiring the art and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old school-fellow, Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped every thing from General ——, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their influence to bear upon any suitable berth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S—— House, in case T——, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command; and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes, at least, he felt sure, before polling-day. I could not help thinking as he rattled away, that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait, and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of fiddle-faddle and small talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honor of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an official appointment. I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed; the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S—— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they sometimes are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labors, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a suddenly-conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily: his mother's tenants at Midvale clamored for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears; repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived, and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith: he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness characteristic of his boyhood, continued his friendship and his confidences. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of £200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life—the settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate—upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son—passed, at her death, into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was their endeavor to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but for six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a douceur of £300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged I can not tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his £300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and

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began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character: he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn off, and it was plain that he was painfully economizing the remnant of his funds.

About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight of him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive "b'bang," to recognize under the gold-banded hat and red-collared coat of that peripatetic official the gentlemanly figure and features of my old schoolfellow Griffith Maclean!

"What! Griff!" I exclaimed: "is it possible?—can this be you?"

"Well," said he, "I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T—— and I should not have got this had I not well worried him. He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long: there are good berths enough in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as any thing better offers. But, by George! there is not much time allowed for talking: I must be off—farewell!"

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs; that people did nothing upon earth but write letters; that he was jaded to death by lugging them about; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused as a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in "merry Islington;" and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of which was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in any thing, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbors had done the same. The paper testified only as to character; and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful, he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. "Of course," said he, "that is my object; it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force.

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper I saw him indued with the long coat, oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian file for night-duty to his beat in the H—— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I can not say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated trangression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighborhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few week under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector, and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge one morning waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of the slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large-printed lie, when my eye fell full upon the bearer of the board, whose haggard but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as our eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

"And what," said I, not daring to be silent, "do they pay you for this?"

"Six shillings a week," said Griff, "and that's better than nothing."

"Six shillings and your board of course?"

"Yes, this board" (tapping the placarded timber); "and a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is."

"And do you stand here all day?"

"No, not when it rains: the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch my legs a bit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better."

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified; that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am

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happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he could imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battle-field, determined to defend his colors with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang a huge wooden extinguisher over his shoulders labeled with colored stripes—it would never have done: it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however. On the first establishment of the street-orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again. If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original status, or even something beyond. . . . . I hear a gentle knock, a modest, low-toned single dab, at the street-door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door, as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. "Squilsh!" they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's face, when "dab" again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street-door. The spirit of patience is outside; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. "Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if you are engaged, sir; he aint in no hurry." "Show him in;" and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street-orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth. We part at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desiderated appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griff in his glazed hat, and short blouse, and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C—— street, city, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation, that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake—with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and an air proclaiming to the world that though *in* the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not *of* it, and vindicating the workmanship of nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily for him, he thinks that fortune has done her worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low. May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realization!

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF BALLOONING.

IT would appear that, in almost every age, from time immemorial, there has been a strong feeling in certain ambitious mortals to ascend among the clouds. They have felt with Hecate—

> "Oh what a dainty pleasure 'tis
> To sail in the air!"

So many, besides those who have actually indulged in it, have felt desirous of tasting the "dainty pleasure" of a perilous flight, that we are compelled to believe that the attraction is not only much greater than the inducement held out would leave one to expect, but that it is far more extensive than generally supposed. Eccentric ambition, daring, vanity, and the love of excitement and novelty, have been quite as strong impulses as the love of science, and of making new discoveries in man's mastery over physical nature. Nevertheless, the latter feeling has, no doubt, been the main-stay, if not the forerunner and father of these attempts, and has held it in public respect, notwithstanding the many follies that have been committed.

To master the physical elements, has always been the great aim of man. He commenced with earth, his own natural, obvious, and immediate element, and he has succeeded to a prodigious extent, being able to do (so far as he knows) almost whatever he wills with the surface; and, though reminded every now and then by some terrible disaster that he is getting "out of bounds" has effected great conquests amidst the dark depths beneath the surface. Water and fire came next in requisition; and by the process of ages, man may fairly congratulate himself on the extraordinary extent, both in kind and degree, to which he has subjected them to his designs—designs which have become complicated and stupendous in the means by which they are carried out, and having commensurate results both of abstract knowledge and practical utility. But the element of air has hitherto been too subtle for all his projects, and defied his attempts at conquest. That element which permeates all earthly bodies, and without breathing which the animal machine can not continue its vital functions—into that grand natural reservoir of breath, there is every physical indication that it is not intended man should ascend as its lord. Traveling and voyaging man

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must be content with earth and ocean;—the sublime highways of air, are, to all appearance, denied to his wanderings.

Wild and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and, also, that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have aunched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the Icarus of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his "History of Britain;" the flying man being a monk of Malmsbury, "in his youth." He lived to be impudent and jocose on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742 the Marquis de Bacqueville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own house on the *Quai des Theatins* to the garden of the *Tuileries*. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the River Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive; and the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution.

That flying, however, could be effected by the assistance of some more elaborate sort of machinery, or with the aid of chemistry, was believed at an early period. Friar Bacon suggested it; so did Bishop Wilkins, and the Marquis of Worcester; it was likewise projected by Fleyder, by the Jesuit Lana, and many other speculative men of ability. So far, however, as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas; and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rosier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine, and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer in the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France, and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently. Pilâtre de Rosier, admiring the success of the balloon afterward made by Professor Charles, and others, (*viz.*, a balloon filled with hydrogen gas), conceived the idea of uniting the two systems, and accordingly ascended with a large balloon of that kind, having a small fire-balloon beneath it—the upper one to sustain the greater portion of the weight, the lower one to enable him to alter his specific gravity as occasion might require, and thus to avoid the usual expenditure of gas and ballast Right in theory—but he had forgotten one thing. Ascending too high, confident in his theory, the upper balloon became distended too much, and poured down a stream of hydrogen gas, in self-relief, which reached the little furnace of the fire-balloon, and the whole machine became presently one mass of flame. It was consumed in the air, as it descended, and with it of course, the unfortunate Pilâtre de Rosier. The untimely fate of the Marquis d'Arlandes, his companion in the first ascent ever made in a balloon, was hastened by one of those circumstances which display the curious anomalies in human nature;—he was broken for cowardice in the execution of his military duties, and is supposed to have committed suicide.

If we consider the shape, structure, appurtenances, and capabilities of a ship of early ages, and one of the present time, we must be struck with admiration at the great improvement that has been made, and the advantages that have been obtained; but balloons are very nearly what they were from the first, and are as much at the mercy of the wind for the direction they will take. Neither is there at present any certain prospect of an alteration in this condition. Their so-called "voyage" is little more than "drifting," and can be no more, except by certain manœuvres which obtain precarious exceptions, such as rising to take the chance of different currents, or lowering a long and weighty rope upon the earth (an ingenious invention of Mr. Green's, called the "guide rope"), to be trailed along the ground. If, however, man is ever to be a flying animal, and to travel in the air whither he listeth, it must be by other means than wings, balloons, paddle-machines, and aerial ships—several of which are

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now building in America, in Paris, and in London. We do not doubt the mechanical genius of inventors—but the motive power. We will offer a few remarks on these projects before we conclude.

But let us, at all events, ascend into the sky! Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," as Mr. Green would say—let us for once have a flight in the air.

The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air, which takes away your breath for a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned. So true is this, that on one occasion, when Mr. Green wished to rise a little above a dense crowd, in order to get out of the extreme heat and pressure that surrounded his balloon, those who held the ropes, misunderstanding his direction, let go entirely, and the balloon instantly rose, while the aeronaut remained calmly seated, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, after the exertions he had undergone in preparing for the flight, and totally unconscious of what had happened. He declares that he only became aware of the circumstance, when, on reaching a considerable elevation (a few seconds are often quite enough for that), he heard the shouts of the multitude becoming fainter and fainter, which caused him to start up, and look over the edge of the car.

A similar unconsciousness of the time of their departure from earth has often happened to "passengers." A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not *go up* at all; but at about five minutes past six on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, *went down!*' What follows is excellent. "I can not have been deceived," says he; "I speak from the evidence of my senses, founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves—down they all went about thirty feet!—then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while, in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion; till, at length, Mr. Green snapping a little iron, and thus letting loose the rope by which *the earth was suspended to us*—like Atropos, cutting the connection between us with a pair of shears—down it went, with every thing on it; and your poor, paltry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your Great Metropolis, as you insolently call it), having been placed on casters for the occasion—I am satisfied of *that*—was gently rolled away from under us."*

* "Crotchets in the Air, or an Un-scientific Account of a Balloon Trip," by John Poole, Esq. Colburn. 1838.

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude—the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car—all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations—to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong. As all this will differ with different individuals, according to their nervous systems and imaginations, we will leave each person to his own impressions.

So much for what you first feel; and now what is the first thing you do? In this case every body is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously—keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion—and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our traveling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Every thing below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed and simultaneously—so much too-much-at-a-time—that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downward; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position, and ascending retreat from them (though it is *they* that appear to sink and retreat from us.) They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer. "An idea," says Monck Mason, "involuntarily seizes upon the mind, that the earth with all its inhabitants had, by some unaccountable effort of nature, been suddenly precipitated from its hold, and was in the act of slipping away from beneath the aeronaut's feet into the murky recesses of some unfathomable abyss below. Every thing, in fact, but himself, seems to have been suddenly endowed with motion." Away goes the earth, with all its objects—sinking lower and lower, and every thing becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size But, besides the retreat toward minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens—men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two, one inch—and now a speck; the Great Western is a narrow strip of parchment, and upon it you see a number of little trunks "running away with each other," while the Great Metropolis itself is a board set out with toys; its public edifices turned into "baby-houses, and pepper-casters, and extinguishers, and chess-men.

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with here and there a dish-cover—things which are called domes, and spires, and steeples!" As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct—and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up all the space beneath. Lovely colors outspread themselves, ever-varying in tone, and in their forms or outlines—now sweeping in broad lines—now rolling and heaving in huge, richly, yet softly-tinted billows—while sometimes, through a great opening, rift, or break, you see a level expanse of gray or blue fields at an indefinite depth below. And all this time there is a noiseless cataract of snowy cloud-rocks falling around you—falling swiftly on all sides of the car, in great fleecy masses—in small snow-white and glistening fragments—and immense compound masses—all white, and soft, and swiftly rushing past you, giddily, and incessantly down, down, and all with the silence of a dream—strange, lustrous, majestic, incomprehensible.

Aeronauts, of late years, have become, in many instances, respectable and business-like, and not given to extravagant fictions about their voyages, which now, more generally, take the form of a not very lively log. But it used to be very different when the art was in its infancy, some thirty or forty years ago, and young balloonists indulged in romantic fancies. We do not believe that there was a direct intention to tell falsehoods, but that they often deceived themselves very amusingly. Thus, it has been asserted, that when you attained a great elevation, the air became so rarefied that you could not breathe, and that small objects, being thrown out of the balloon, could not fall, and stuck against the side of the car. Also, that wild birds, being taken up and suddenly let loose, could not fly properly, but returned immediately to the car for an explanation. One aeronaut declared that his head became so contracted by his great elevation, that his hat tumbled over his eyes, and persisted in resting on the bridge of his nose. This assertion was indignantly rebutted by another aeronaut of the same period, who declared that, on the contrary, the head expanded in proportion to the elevation; in proof of which he stated, that on his last ascent he went so high that his hat burst. Another of these romantic personages described a wonderful feat of skill and daring which he had performed up in the air. At an elevation of two miles, his balloon burst several degrees above "the equator" (meaning, above the middle region of the balloon), whereupon he crept up the lines that attached the car, until he reached the netting that inclosed the balloon; and up this netting he clambered, until he reached the aperture, into which he thrust—not his head—but his pocket handkerchief! Mr. Monck Mason, to whose "Aeronautica" we are indebted for the anecdote, gives eight different reasons to show the impossibility of any such feat having ever been performed in the air. One of these is highly graphic. The "performer" would change the line of gravitation by such an attempt: he would never be able to mount the sides, and would only be like the squirrel in its revolving cage. He would, however, pull the netting round—the spot where he clung to, ever remaining the lowest—until having reversed the machine, the balloon would probably make its *escape*, in an elongated shape, through the large interstices of that portion of the net-work which is just above the car, when the balloon is in its proper position! But the richest of all these romances is the following brief statement:—A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years (who had "probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine") was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth!

These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny-piece would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downward as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being "called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose; neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin. We see that it is impossible to climb up the netting of the balloon over-head, and so do not think of attempting it; neither do we find all the lines in our face getting filled up, and the loveliness of our "blushing morning" taking the place of a marked maturity. These fancies are not less ingenious and comical than that of the sailor who hit upon the means of using a balloon to make a rapid voyage to any part of the earth. "The earth spins round," said he, "at a great rate, don't it? Well, I'd go up two or three miles high in my balloon, and then 'lay to,' and when any place on the globe I wished to touch at, passed underneath me, down I'd drop upon it."

But we are still floating high in air. How do we feel all this time? "Calm, sir—calm and resigned." Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen (and you will more especially feel this under the careful conduct of the veteran Green), a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations—to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect—a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick!—or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be

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forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. But you have got a warm outer coat, and traveling boots, and other valuable things, and you have not left behind you the pigeon-pie, the ham, cold beef, bottled ale and brandy.

Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be; and, probably, much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

We are now nearly three miles high. Nothing is to be seen but pale air above—around—on all sides, with floating clouds beneath. How should you like to descend in a parachute?—to be dangled by a long line from the bottom of the car, and suddenly to be "let go," and to dip at once clean down through those gray-blue and softly rose-tinted clouds, skimming so gently beneath us? Not at all: oh, by no manner of means—thank you! Ah, you are thinking of the fate of poor Cocking, the enthusiast in parachutes, concerning whom, and his fatal "improvement," the public is satisfied that it knows every thing, from the one final fact—that he was killed. But there is something more than that in it, as we fancy.

Two words against parachutes. In the first place, there is no use to which, at present, they can be applied; and, in the second, they are so unsafe as to be likely, in all cases, to cost a life for each descent. In the concise words of Mr. Green, we should say—"the best parachute is a balloon; the others are bad things to have to deal with."

Mr. Cocking, as we have said, was an enthusiast in parachutes. He felt sure he had discovered a new, and the true, principle. All parachutes, before his day, had been constructed to descend in a concave form, like that of an open umbrella; the consequence of which was, that the parachute descended with a violent swinging from side to side, which sometimes threw the man in the basket in almost a horizontal position. Mr. Cocking conceived that the converse form; viz., an inverted cone (of large dimensions), would remedy this evil; and becoming convinced, we suppose, by some private experiments with models, he agreed to descend on a certain day. The time was barely adequate to his construction of the parachute, and did not admit of such actual experiments with a sheep, or pig, or other animal, as prudence would naturally have suggested. Besides the want of time, however, Cocking equally wanted prudence; he felt sure of his new principle; this new form of parachute was the hobby of his life, and up he went on the appointed day (for what aeronaut shall dare to "disappoint the Public?")—dangling by a rope, fifty feet long, from the bottom of the car of Mr. Green's great Nassau Balloon.

The large upper rim of the parachute, in imitation, we suppose, of the hollow bones of a bird, was made of hollow tin—a most inapplicable and brittle material; and besides this, it had two fractures. But Mr. Cocking was not to be deterred; convinced of the truth of his discovery, up he would go. Mr. Green was not equally at ease, and positively refused to touch the latch of the "liberating iron," which was to detach the parachute from the balloon. Mr. Cocking arranged to do this himself, for which means he procured a piece of new cord of upward of fifty feet in length, which was fastened to the latch above in the car, and led down to his hand in the basket of the parachute. Up they went to a great height, and disappeared among the clouds.

Mr. Green had taken up one friend with him in the car; and, knowing well what would happen the instant so great a weight as the parachute and man were detached, he had provided a small balloon inside the car, filled with atmospheric air, with two mouth-pieces. They were now upward of a mile high.

"How do you feel, Mr. Cocking?" called out Green. "Never better, or more delighted in my life," answered Cocking. Though hanging at fifty feet distance, in the utter silence of that region, every accent was easily heard. "But, perhaps you will alter your mind?" suggested Green. "By no means," cried Cocking; "but how high are we?"—"Upward of a mile."—"I must go higher, Mr. Green—I must be taken up two miles before I liberate the parachute." Now, Mr. Green, having some regard for himself and his friend, as well as for poor Cocking, was determined not to do any such thing. After some further colloquy, therefore, during which Mr. Green threw out a little more ballast, and gained a little more elevation, he finally announced that he could go no higher, as he now needed all the ballast he had for their own safety in the balloon. "Very well," said Cocking, "if you really will not take me any higher, I shall say good-by."

At this juncture Green called out, "Now, Mr. Cocking, if your mind at all misgives you about your parachute, I have provided a tackle up here, which I can lower down to you, and then wind you up into the car by my little grapnel-iron windlass, and nobody need be the wiser."—"Certainly not," cried Cocking; "thank you all the same. I shall now make ready to pull the latch-cord." Finding he was determined, Green and his friend both crouched down in the car, and took hold of the mouth-pieces of their little air-balloon. "All ready?" called out Cocking. "All ready!" answered the veteran aeronaut above. "Good-night, Mr. Green!"—"Good-night, Mr. Cocking!"—"A pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Green—good-night!"

There was a perfect silence—a few seconds of intense suspense—and then the aeronauts in the car felt a jerk upon the latch. It had not been forcible enough to open the liberating iron Cocking had failed to detach the parachute Another pause of horrid silence ensued.

Then came a strong jerk upon the latch, and in an instant, the great balloon shot upward with a side-long swirl, like a wounded serpent. The

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saw their flag clinging flat down against the flag-staff, while a torrent of gas rushed down upon them through the aperture in the balloon above their heads, and continued to pour down into the car for a length of time that would have suffocated them but for the judgmatic provision of the little balloon of atmospheric air, to the mouth-pieces of which their own mouths were fixed, as they crouched down at the bottom of the car. Of Mr. Cocking's fate, or the result of his experiment, they had not the remotest knowledge. They only knew the parachute was gone!

The termination of Mr. Cocking's experiment is well known. For a few seconds he descended quickly, but steadily, and without swinging—as he had designed, and insisted would be the result—when, suddenly, those who were watching with glasses below, saw the parachute lean on one side—then give a lurch to the other—then the large upper circle collapsed (the disastrous hollow tin-tubing having evidently broken up), and the machine entered the upper part of a cloud: in a few more seconds it was seen to emerge from the lower part of the cloud—the whole thing turned over—and then, like a closed-up broken umbrella, it shot straight down to the earth. The unfortunate, and, as most people regard him, the foolish enthusiast, was found still in the basket in which he reached the earth. He was quite insensible, but uttered a moan; and in ten minutes he was dead.

Half a word in favor of parachutes. True, they are of no use "at present;" but who knows of what use such things may one day be? As to Mr. Cocking's invention, the disaster seems to be attributable to errors of detail, rather than of principle. Mr. Green is of opinion, from an examination of the *broken* latch-cord, combined with other circumstances, which would require diagrams to describe satisfactorily, that after Mr. Cocking had failed to liberate himself the first time, he twisted the cord round his hand to give a good jerk, forgetting that in doing so, he united himself to the balloon above, as it would be impossible to disengage his hand in time. By this means he was violently jerked into his parachute, which broke the latch-cord; but the tin tube was not able to bear such a shock, and this caused so serious a fracture, in addition to its previous unsound condition, that it soon afterward collapsed. This leads one to conjecture that had the outer rim been made of strong wicker-work, or whalebone, so as to be somewhat pliable, and that Mr. Green had liberated the parachute, instead of Mr. Cocking, it would have descended to the earth with perfect safety—skimming the air, instead of the violent oscillations of the old form of this machine. We conclude, however, with Mr. Green's laconic—that the safest parachute is a balloon.

But here we are—still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. This is a work requiring great skill and care to effect safely, so as to alight on a suitable piece of ground, and without any detriment to the voyagers, the balloon, gardens, crops, &c.

The valve-line is pulled!—out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon—you see the flag fly upward—down through the clouds you sink faster and faster—lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below—there's the Old Earth again!—the dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops house-tops—out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower—another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian aeronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon, when it touches the earth; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers' laborers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank—it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three little girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge—grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled. and held fast till the aerial Monster, with many a gigantic heave and pant, surrenders at discretion, and begins to resign its inflated robust proportions. It subsides in irregular waves—sinks, puffs, flattens—dies to a mere shriveled skin; and being folded up, like Peter Schlemil's shadow, is put into a bag, and stowed away at the bottom of the little car it so recently overshadowed with its buoyant enormity.

We are glad it is all over; delighted, and edified as we have been, we are very glad to take our supper at the solid, firmly-fixed oak table of a country inn, with a brick wall and a barn-door for our only prospect, as the evening closes in. Of etherial currents, and the scenery of infinite space, we have had enough for the present.

Touching the accidents which occur to balloons, we feel persuaded that in the great majority of cases they are caused by inexperience, ignorance, rashness, folly, or—more commonly than all—the necessities attending a "show." Once "announced" for a certain day, or *night* (an abominable practice, which ought to be prevented)—and, whatever the state of the wind and weather, and whatever science and the good sense of an experienced aeronaut may know and suggest of imprudence—up the poor man must

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go, simply because the public have paid their money to see him do it. He must go, or he will be ruined.

But nothing can more strikingly display the comparative safety which is attained by great knowledge, foresight, and care, than the fact of the veteran, Charles Green, being now in the four hundred and eighty-ninth year of his balloonical age; having made that number of ascents, and taken up one thousand four hundred and thirteen persons, with no fatal accident to himself, or to them, and seldom with any damage to his balloons.

Nevertheless, from causes over which he had no control, our veteran has had two or three "close shaves." On one occasion he was blown out to sea with the Great Nassau balloon. Observing some vessels, from which he knew he should obtain assistance, he commenced a rapid descent in the direction of the Nore. The valve was opened, and the car first struck the water some two miles north of Sheerness. But the wind was blowing fresh, and, by reason of the buoyancy of the balloon, added to the enormous surface it presented to the wind, they were drawn through the water at a speed which set defiance to all the vessels and boats that were now out on the chase. It should be mentioned, that the speed was so vehement, and the car so un-boat-like, that the aeronants (Mr. Green and Mr. Rush, of Elsenham Hall, Essex) were dragged through, that is *under*, every wave they encountered, and had a good prospect of being drowned upon the surface. Seeing that the balloon could not be overtaken, Mr. Green managed to let go his large grapnel-iron, which shortly afterward took effect at the bottom, where, by a fortunate circumstance (for them) there was a sunken wreck, in which the iron took hold. The progress of the balloon being thus arrested, a boat soon came up, and relieved the aeronants; but no boat could venture to approach the monster balloon, which still continued to struggle, and toss, and bound from side to side. It would have capsized any boat that came near it, in an instant. It was impossible to do any thing with it till Mr. Green obtained assistance from a revenue cutter, from which he solicited the services of an armed boat, and the crew fired muskets with ball-cartridge into the rolling Monster, until she gradually sank down flat upon the waves, but not until she had been riddled with sixty-two bullet holes.

So much for perils by sea; but the greatest of all the veteran's dangers was caused by a diabolical trick, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. It was as follows:

In the year 1832, on ascending from Cheltenham, one of those malicious wretches who may be regarded as half fool and half devil, contrived partially to sever the ropes of the car, in such a manner as not to be perceived before the balloon had quitted the ground; when receiving, for the first time, the whole weight of the contents, they suddenly gave way. Every thing fell out of the car, the aeronauts just having time to secure a painful and precarious attachment to the hoop. Lightened of its load, the balloon, with frightful velocity, immediately commenced its upward course, and ere Mr. Green could obtain possession of the valve-string, which the first violence of the accident had placed beyond his reach, attained an altitude of upward of ten thousand feet. Their situation was terrific. Clinging to the hoop with desperate retention, not daring to trust any portion of their weight upon the margin of the car, that still remained suspended by a single cord beneath their feet, lest that also might give way, and they should be deprived of their only remaining counterpoise, all they could do was to resign themselves to chance, and endeavor to retain their hold until the exhaustion of the gas should have determined the career of the balloon. To complete the horrors of their situation, the net-work, drawn awry by the awkward and unequal disposition of the weight, began to break about the upper part of the machine—mesh after mesh giving way, with a succession of reports like those of a pistol; while, through the opening thus created, the balloon began rapidly to ooze out, and swelling as it escaped beyond the fissure, presented the singular appearance of a huge hour-glass floating in the upper regions of the sky After having continued for a considerable length of time in this condition, every moment expecting to be precipitated to the earth by the final detachment of the balloon, at length they began slowly to descend. When they had arrived within about a hundred feet from the ground, the event they had anticipated at length occurred; the balloon, rushing through the opening in the net-work with a tremendous explosion, suddenly made its escape, and they fell to the earth in a state of insensibility, from which with great difficulty, they were eventually recovered.

Apart from the question of dangers, which science, as we have seen, can reduce to a minimum—and apart also from the question of practical utility, of which we do not see much at present, yet of which we know not what may be derived in future—what are the probabilities of improvement in the art of ballooning, aerostation, or the means of traveling through the air in a given direction?

The conditions seem to be these. In order to fly in the air, and steer in a given direction during a given period, it is requisite to take up a buoyancy and a power which shall be greater (and continuously so during the voyage) than needful to sustain its own mechanical weight, together with that of the aeronauts and their various appurtenances; and as much also in excess of these requisitions as shall overcome the adverse action of the wind upon the resisting surface presented by the machine. At present no such power is known which can be used in combination with a balloon, or other gas machine. If we could condense electricity, then the thing might be done; other subtle powers may also be discovered with the progress of science, but we must wait for them before we can fairly make definite voyages in the air, and reduce human flying to a practical utility, or a safe and rational pleasure.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BOOK VIII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

THE ABUSE OF INTELLECT.

THERE is at present so vehement a flourish of trumpets, and so prodigious a roll of the drum, whenever we are called upon to throw up our hats, and cry "Huzza" to the "March of Enlightenment," that, out of that very spirit of contradiction natural to all rational animals, one is tempted to stop one's ears, and say, "Gently, gently; LIGHT is noiseless; how comes 'Enlightenment' to make such a clatter? Meanwhile, if it be not impertinent, pray, where is enlightenment marching to?" Ask that question of any six of the loudest bawlers in the procession, and I'll wager ten-pence to California that you get six very unsatisfactory answers. One respectable gentleman, who, to our great astonishment, insists upon calling himself a "slave," but has a remarkably free way of expressing his opinions, will reply—"Enlightenment is marching toward the nine points of the Charter." Another, with his hair *à la jeune France*, who has taken a fancy to his friend's wife, and is rather embarrassed with his own, asserts that Enlightenment is proceeding toward the Rights of Women, the reign of Social Love, and the annihilation of Tyrannical Prejudice. A third, who has the air of a man well to do in the middle class, more modest in his hopes, because he neither wishes to have his head broken by his errand-boy, nor his wife carried off to an Agapemoné by his apprentice, does not take Enlightenment a step further than a siege on Debrett, and a cannonade on the Budget. Illiberal man! the march that he swells will soon trample *him* under foot. No one fares so ill in a crowd as the man who is wedged in the middle. A fourth, looking wild and dreamy, as if he had come out of the cave of Trophonius, and who is a mesmeriser and a mystic, thinks Enlightenment is in full career toward the good old days of alchemists and necromancers. A fifth, whom one might take for a Quaker, asserts that the march of Enlightenment is a crusade for universal philanthropy, vegetable diet, and the perpetuation of peace, by means of speeches, which certainly do produce a very contrary effect from the Philippics of Demosthenes! The sixth—(good fellow, without a rag on his back)—does not care a straw where the march goes. He can't be worse off than he is; and it is quite immaterial to him whether he goes to the dogstar above, or the bottomless pit below. I say nothing, however, against the march, while we take it all together. Whatever happens, one is in good company; and though I am somewhat indolent by nature, and would rather stay at home with Locke and Burke (dull dogs though they were), than have my thoughts set off helter-skelter with those cursed trumpets and drums, blown and dub-a-dubbed by fellows that I vow to Heaven I would not trust with a five-pound note—still, if I must march, I must; and so deuce take the hindmost. But when it comes to individual marchers upon their own account—privateers and condottieri of Enlightenment—who have filled their pockets with lucifer-matches, and have a sublime contempt for their neighbors' barns and hay-ricks, I don't see why I should throw myself into the seventh heaven of admiration and ecstasy.

If those who are eternally rhapsodizing on the celestial blessings that are to follow Enlightenment, Universal Knowledge, and so forth, would just take their eyes out of their pockets, and look about them, I would respectfully inquire if they have never met any very knowing and enlightened gentleman, whose acquaintance is by no means desirable. If not, they are monstrous lucky. Every man must judge by his own experience; and the worst rogues I have ever encountered were amazingly well-informed, clever fellows! From dunderheads and dunces we can protect ourselves; but from your sharp-witted gentleman, all enlightenment and no prejudice, we have but to cry, "Heaven defend us!" It is true, that the rogue (let him be ever so enlightened) usually comes to no good himself (though not before he has done harm enough to his neighbors). But that only shows that the world wants something else in those it rewards, besides intelligence *per se* and in the abstract; and is much too old a world to allow any Jack Horner to pick out its plums for his own personal gratification. Hence a man of very moderate intelligence, who believes in God, suffers his heart to beat with human sympathies, and keeps his eyes off your strong-box, will perhaps gain a vast deal more power than knowledge ever gives to a rogue.

Wherefore, though I anticipate an outcry against me on the part of the blockheads, who, strange to say, are the most credulous idolators of enlightenment, and, if knowledge were power, would rot on a dunghill; yet, nevertheless, I think all really enlightened men will agree with me, that when one falls in with detached sharpshooters from the general march of enlightenment, it is no reason that we should make ourselves a target, because enlightenment has furnished them with a gun. It has, doubtless, been already remarked by the judicious reader, that of the numerous characters introduced into this work, the larger portion belong to that species which we call the INTELLECTUAL—that through them are analyzed and developed human intellect, in various forms and directions. So that this History, rightly considered, is a kind of humble, familiar Epic, or, if you prefer it, a long Serio-Comedy, upon the varieties of English Life in this our century, set in movement by the intelligences most prevalent. And where more ordinary and less refined types of the species round and complete the survey of our passing generation, they will often suggest, by contrast, the deficiencies which mere intellectual culture leaves in the human being. Certainly I have no spite against intellect and enlightenment. Heaven

* Continued from the November Number.

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forbid I should be such a Goth. I am only the advocate for common sense and fair play. I don't think an able man necessarily an angel; but I think if his heart match his head, and both proceed in the Great March under a divine Oriflamme, he goes as near to the angel as humanity will permit: if not, if he has but a penn'orth of heart to a pound of brains, I say, "*Bon jour, mon ange?* I see not the starry upward wings, but the groveling cloven-hoof." I'd rather be offuscated by the Squire of Hazeldean, than enlightened by Randal Leslie. Every man to his taste. But intellect itself (not in the philosophical, but the ordinary sense of the term) is rarely, if ever, one completed harmonious agency; it is not one faculty, but a compound of many, some of which are often at war with each other, and mar the concord of the whole. Few of us but have some predominant faculty, in itself a strength; but which (usurping unseasonably dominion over the rest), shares the lot of all tyranny, however brilliant, and leaves the empire weak against disaffection within, and invasion from without. Hence intellect may be perverted in a man of evil disposition, and sometimes merely wasted in a man of excellent impulses, for want of the necessary discipline, or of a strong ruling motive. I doubt if there be one person in the world, who has obtained a high reputation for talent, who has not met somebody much cleverer than himself, which said somebody has never obtained any reputation at all! Men like Audley Egerton are constantly seen in the great positions of life; while men like Harley L'Estrange, who could have beaten them hollow in any thing equally striven for by both, float away down the stream, and, unless some sudden stimulant arouse the dreamy energies, vanish out of sight into silent graves. If Hamlet and Polonius were living now, Polonius would have a much better chance of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, though Hamlet would unquestionably be a much more intellectual character. What would become of Hamlet? Heaven knows! Dr. Arnold said, from his experience of a school, that the difference between one man and another was not mere ability—it was energy. There is a great deal of truth in that saying.

Submitting these hints to the judgment and penetration of the sagacious, I enter on the fresh division of this work, and see already Randal Leslie gnawing his lip on the back ground. The German poet observes, that the Cow of Isis is to some the divine symbol of knowledge, to others but the milch cow, only regarded for the pounds of butter she will yield. O, tendency of our age, to look on Isis as the milch cow! O, prostitution of the grandest desires to the basest uses! Gaze on the goddess, Randal Leslie, and get ready thy churn and thy scales. Let us see what the butter will fetch in the market.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW reign has commenced. There has been a general election; the unpopularity of the Administration has been apparent at the hustings. Audley Egerton, hitherto returned by vast majorities, has barely escaped defeat—thanks to a majority of five. The expenses of his election are said to have been prodigious. "But who can stand against such wealth as Egerton's—no doubt, backed, too, by the Treasury purse?" said the defeated candidate. It is toward the close of October; London is already full; Parliament will meet in less than a fortnight.

In one of the principal apartments of that hotel in which foreigners may discover what is meant by English comfort, and the price which foreigners must pay for it, there sat two persons, side by side, engaged in close conversation. The one was a female, in whose pale, clear complexion and raven hair—in whose eyes, vivid with a power of expression rarely bestowed on the beauties of the north, we recognize Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra. Undeniably handsome as was the Italian lady, her companion, though a man, and far advanced into middle age, was yet more remarkable for personal advantages. There was a strong family likeness between the two; but there was also a striking contrast in air, manner, and all that stamps on the physiognomy the idiosyncrasies of character. There was something of gravity, of earnestness and passion, in Beatrice's countenance when carefully examined; her smile at times might be false, but it was rarely ironical, never cynical. Her gestures, though graceful, were unrestrained and frequent. You could see she was a daughter of the south. Her companion, on the contrary, preserved on the fair smooth face, to which years had given scarcely a line or wrinkle, something that might have passed, at first glance, for the levity and thoughtlessness of a gay and youthful nature; but the smile, though exquisitely polished, took at times the derision of a sneer. In his manners he was as composed and as free from gesture as an Englishman. His hair was of that red brown with which the Italian painters produce such marvelous effects of color; and, if here and there a silver thread gleamed through the locks, it was lost at once amid their luxuriance. His eyes were light, and his complexion, though without much color, was singularly transparent His beauty, indeed, would have been rather womanly than masculine, but for the height and sinewy spareness of a frame in which muscular strength was rather adorned than concealed by an admirable elegance of proportion. You would never have guessed this man to be an Italian; more likely you would have supposed him a Parisian. He conversed in French, his dress was of French fashion, his mode of thought seemed French. Not that he was like the Frenchman of the present day—an animal, either rude or reserved; but your ideal of the *Marquis* of the old *régime*—the *roué* of the Regency.

Italian, however, he was, and of a race renowned in Italian history. But, as if ashamed of his country and his birth, he affected to be a

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citizen of the world. Heaven help the world if it hold only such citizens!

"But, Giulio," said Beatrice di Negra, speaking in Italian, "even granting that you discover this girl, can you suppose that her father will ever consent to your alliance? Surely you know too well the nature of your kinsman?"

"*Tu te trompes, ma sœur*," replied Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, in French as usual —"*tu te trompes;* I knew it before he had gone through exile and penury. How can I know it now? But comfort yourself, my too anxious Beatrice; I shall not care for his consent till I have made sure of his daughter's."

"But how win that in despite of the father?"

"*Eh, mordieu!*" interrupted the Count, with true French gayety; "what would become of all the comedies ever written, if marriages were not made in despite of the father? Look you," he resumed, with a very slight compression of his lip, and a still slighter movement in his chair—"look you, this is no question of ifs and buts; it is a question of must and shall—a question of existence to you and to me. When Danton was condemned to the guillotine, he said, flinging a pellet of bread at the nose of his respectable judge—'*Mon individu sera bientôt dans le néant*' —*My* patrimony is there already! I am loaded with debts. I see before me, on the one side, ruin or suicide; on the other side, wedlock and wealth."

"But from those vast possessions which you have been permitted to enjoy so long, have you really saved nothing against the time when they might be reclaimed at your hands?"

"My sister," replied the Count, "do I look like a man who saved? Besides, when the Austrian Emperor, unwilling to raze from his Lombard domains a name and a house so illustrious as our kinsman's, and desirous, while punishing that kinsman's rebellion, to reward my adherence, forbore the peremptory confiscation of those vast possessions, at which my mouth waters while we speak, but, annexing them to the Crown during pleasure, allowed me, as the next of male kin, to retain the revenues of one half for the same very indefinite period—had I not every reason to suppose, that, before long, I could so influence his majesty or his minister, as to obtain a decree that might transfer the whole, unconditionally and absolutely, to myself? And, methinks, I should have done so, but for this accursed, intermeddling English milord, who has never ceased to besiege the court or the minister with alleged extenuations of our cousin's rebellion, and proofless assertions that I shared it in order to entangle my kinsman, and betrayed it in order to profit by his spoils. So that, at last, in return for all my services, and in answer to all my claims, I received from the minister himself this cold reply—'Count of Peschiera, your aid was important, and your reward has been large. That reward, it would not be for your honor to extend, and justify the ill-opinion of your Italian countrymen, by formally appropriating to yourself all that was forfeited by the treason you denounced. A name so noble as yours should be dearer to you than fortune itself.'"

"Ah, Giulio!" cried Beatrice, her face lighting up, changed in its whole character—"those were words that might make the demon that tempts to avarice, fly from your breast in shame."

The Count opened his eyes in great amaze; then he glanced round the room, and said, quietly:

"Nobody else hears you, my dear Beatrice; talk common sense. Heroics sound well in mixed society; but there is nothing less suited to the tone of a family conversation."

Madame di Negra bent down her head abashed, and that sudden change in the expression of her countenance, which had seemed to betray susceptibility to generous emotion, faded as suddenly away.

"But still," she said, coldly, "you enjoy one half of those ample revenues—why talk, then, of suicide and ruin?"

"I enjoy them at the pleasure of the crown; and what if it be the pleasure of the crown to recall our cousin, and reinstate him in his possessions?"

"There is a *probability*, then, of that pardon? When you first employed me in your researches, you only thought there was a *possibility*."

"There is a great probability of it, and therefore I am here. I learned some little time since that the question of such recall had been suggested by the Emperor, and discussed in Council. The danger to the State, which might arise from our cousin's wealth, his alleged abilities—(abilities! bah!)—and his popular name, deferred any decision on the point; and, indeed, the difficulty of dealing with myself must have embarrassed the ministry. But it is a mere question of time. He can not long remain excluded from the general amnesty, already extended to the other refugees. The person who gave me this information is high in power, and friendly to myself; and he added a piece of advice, on which I acted. 'It was intimated,' said he, 'by one of the partisans of your kinsman, that the exile could give a hostage for his loyalty in the person of his daughter and heiress: that she had arrived at marriageable age; that if she were to wed, with the Emperor's consent, some one whose attachment to the Austrian crown was unquestionable, there would be a guarantee both for the faith of the father, and for the transmission of so important a heritage to safe and loyal hands. Why not' (continued my friend) 'apply to the Emperor for his consent to that alliance for yourself? you, on whom he can depend; you who, if the daughter should die, would be the legal heir to those lands?' On that hint I spoke."

"You saw the Emperor?"

"And after combating the unjust prepossessions against me, I stated, that so far from my cousin having any fair cause of resentment against me, when all was duly explained to him, I did not doubt that he would willingly give me the hand of his child"

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"You did!" cried the Marchesa, amazed.

"And," continued the Count, imperturbably, as he smoothed, with careless hand, the snowy plaits of his shirt front—"and that I should thus have the happiness of becoming myself the guarantee of my kinsman's loyalty—the agent for the restoration of his honors, while, in the eyes of the envious and malignant, I should clear up my own name from all suspicion that I had wronged him."

"And the Emperor consented?"

"*Pardieu*, my dear sister. What else could his majesty do? My proposition smoothed every obstacle, and reconciled policy with mercy. It remains, therefore, only to find out, what has hitherto baffled all our researches, the retreat of our dear kinsfolk, and to make myself a welcome lover to the demoiselle. There is some disparity of years, I own; but—unless your sex and my glass flatter me overmuch—I am still a match for many a gallant of five-and-twenty."

The Count said this with so charming a smile, and looked so pre-eminently handsome, that he carried off the coxcombry of the words as gracefully as if they had been spoken by some dazzling hero of the grand old comedy of Parisian life.

Then interlacing his fingers, and lightly leaning his hands, thus clasped, upon his sister's shoulder, he looked into her face, and said slowly —"And now, my sister, for some gentle but deserved reproach. Have you not sadly failed me in the task I imposed on your regard for my interests? Is it not some years since you first came to England on the mission of discovering these worthy relatives of ours? Did I not entreat you to seduce into your toils the man whom I knew to be my enemy, and who was indubitably acquainted with our cousin's retreat—a secret he has hitherto locked within his bosom? Did you not tell me, that though he was then in England, you could find no occasion even to meet him, but that you had obtained the friendship of the statesman to whom I directed your attention as his most intimate associate? And yet you, whose charms are usually so irresistible, learn nothing from the statesman, as you see nothing of *milord*. Nay, baffled and misled, you actually supposed that the quarry has taken refuge in France. You go thither—you pretend to search the capital—the provinces, Switzerland, *que sais-je?* all in vain —though—*foi de gentilhomme*—your police cost me dearly—you return to England—the same chase and the same result. *Palsambleu, ma sœur*, I do too much credit to your talents not to question your zeal. In a word have you been in earnest—or have you not had some womanly pleasure in amusing yourself and abusing my trust?"

"Giulio," answered Beatrice, sadly, "you know the influence you have exercised over my character and my fate. Your reproaches are not just. I made such inquiries as were in my power, and I have now cause to believe that I know one who is possessed of this secret, and can guide us to it."

"Ah, you do!" exclaimed the Count. Beatrice did not heed the exclamation, but hurried on.

"But grant that my heart shrunk from the task you imposed on me, would it not have been natural? When I first came to England, you informed me that your object in discovering the exiles was one which I could honestly aid. You naturally desired first to know if the daughter lived; if not, you were the heir. If she did, you assured me you desired to effect, through my mediation, some liberal compromise with Alphonso, by which you would have sought to obtain his restoration, provided he would leave you for life in possession of the grant you hold from the crown. While these were your objects, I did my best, ineffectual as it was, to obtain the information required."

"And what made me lose so important though so ineffectual an ally?" asked the Count, still smiling; but a gleam that belied the smile shot from his eye.

"What! when you bade me receive and cooperate with the miserable spies—the false Italians—whom you sent over, and seek to entangle this poor exile, when found, in some rash correspondence, to be revealed to the court; when you sought to seduce the daughter of the Counts of Peschiera, the descendant of those who had ruled in Italy, into the informer, the corrupter, and the traitress! No, Giulio—then I recoiled; and then, fearful of your own sway over me, I retreated into France. I have answered you frankly."

The Count removed his hands from the shoulders on which they had reclined so cordially.

"And this," said he, "is your wisdom, and this your gratitude. You, whose fortunes are bound up in mine—you, who subsist on my bounty —you, who—"

"Hold," cried the Marchesa, rising, and with a burst of emotion, as if stung to the utmost, and breaking into revolt from the tyranny of years— "Hold—gratitude! bounty! Brother, brother —what, indeed, do I owe to you? The shame and the misery of a life. While yet a child, you condemned me to marry against my will—against my heart—against my prayers—and laughed at my tears when I knelt to you for mercy. I was pure then, Giulio—pure and innocent as the flowers in my virgin crown. And now—now—"

Beatrice stopped abruptly, and clasped her hands before her face.

"Now you upbraid me," said the Count, unruffled by her sudden passion, "because I gave you in marriage to a man young and noble?"

"Old in vices and mean of soul! The marriage I forgave you. You had the right, according to the customs of our country, to dispose of my hand. But I forgave you not the consolations that you whispered in the ear of a wretched and insulted wife."

"Pardon me the remark," replied the Count, with a courtly bend of his head, "but those consolations were also conformable to the customs

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of our country, and I was not aware till now that you had wholly disdained them. And," continued the Count, "you were not so long a wife that the gall of the chain should smart still. You were soon left a widow—free, childless, young, beautiful."

"And penniless."

"True, Di Negra was a gambler, and very unlucky; no fault of mine. I could neither keep the cards from his hands, nor advise him how to play them."

"And my own portion? Oh, Giulio, I knew but at his death why you had condemned me to that renegade Genoese. He owed you money, and, against honor, and, I believe, against law, you had accepted my fortune in discharge of the debt."

"He had no other way to discharge it—a debt of honor must be paid—old stories these. What matters? Since then my purse has been open to you?"

"Yes, not as your sister, but your instrument—your spy! Yes, your purse has been open—with a niggard hand."

"*Un peu de conscience, ma chère*, you are so extravagant. But come, be plain. What would you?"

"I would be free from you."

"That is, you would form some second marriage with one of these rich island lords. *Ma foi*, I respect your ambition."

"It is not so high. I aim but to escape from slavery—to be placed beyond dishonorable temptation. I desire," cried Beatrice with increased emotion, "I desire to re-enter the life of woman."

"Eno'!" said the Count with a visible impatience, "is there any thing in the attainment of your object that should render you indifferent to mine? You desire to marry, if I comprehend you right. And to marry, as becomes you, you should bring to your husband not debts, but a dowry. Be it so. I will restore the portion that I saved from the spendthrift clutch of the Genoese—the moment that it is mine to bestow—the moment that I am husband to my kinsman's heiress. And now, Beatrice, you imply that my former notions revolted your conscience; my present plan should content it; for by this marriage shall our kinsman regain his country, and repossess, at least, half his lands. And if I am not an excellent husband to the demoiselle, it will be her own fault. I have sown my wild oats. *Je suis bon prince*, when I have things a little my own way. It is my hope and my intention, and certainly it will be my interest, to become *digne époux et irréproachable père de famille*. I speak lightly—'tis my way. I mean seriously. The little girl will be very happy with me, and I shall succeed in soothing all resentment her father may retain. Will you aid me then—yes or no? Aid me, and you shall indeed be free. The magician will release the fair spirit he has bound to his will. Aid me not, *ma chère*, and mark, I do not threaten—I do but warn—aid me not; grant that I become a beggar, and ask yourself what is to become of you—still young, still beautiful, and still penniless? Nay, worse than penniless; you have done me the honor" (and here the Count, looking on the table, drew a letter from a portfolio, emblazoned with his arms and coronet), "you have done me the honor to consult me as to your debts."

"You will restore my fortune?" said the Marchesa, irresolutely—and averting her head from an odious schedule of figures.

"When my own, with your aid, is secured."

"But do you not overate the value of my aid?"

"Possibly," said the Count, with a caressing suavity—and he kissed his sister's forehead. "Possibly; but by my honor, I wish to repair to you any wrong, real or supposed, I may have done you in past times. I wish to find again my own dear sister. I may overvalue your aid, but not the affection from which it comes. Let us be friends, *cara Beatrice mia*," added the Count, for the first time employing Italian words.

The Marchesa laid her head on his shoulder, and her tears flowed softly. Evidently this man had great influence over her—and evidently, whatever her cause for complaint, her affection for him was still sisterly and strong. A nature with fine flashes of generosity, spirit, honor, and passion, was hers—but uncultured, unguided—spoilt by the worst social examples—easily led into wrong—not always aware where the wrong was—letting affections good or bad whisper away her conscience, or blind her reason. Such women are often far more dangerous when induced to wrong, than those who are thoroughly abandoned—such women are the accomplices men like the Count of Peschiera most desire to obtain.

"Ah, Giulio," said Beatrice, after a pause, and looking up at him through her tears, "when you speak to me thus, you know you can do with me what you will. Fatherless and motherless, whom had my childhood to love and obey but you?"

"Dear Beatrice," murmured the Count tenderly—and he again kissed her forehead. "So," he continued more carelessly—"so the reconciliation is effected, and our interests and our hearts re-allied. Now, alas, to descend to business. You say that you know some one whom you believe to be acquainted with the lurking-place of my father-in-law—that is to be!"

"I think so. You remind me that I have an appointment with him this day; it is near the hour—I must leave you."

"To learn the secret?—Quick—quick. I have no fear of your success, if it is by his heart that you lead him?"

"You mistake; on his heart I have no hold. But he has a friend who loves me, and honorably, and whose cause he pleads. I think here that I have some means to control or persuade him. If not—ah, he is of a character that perplexes me in all but his worldly ambition; and how can we foreigners influence him through *that*?"

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"Is he poor, or is he extravagant?"

"Not extravagant, and not positively poor, but dependent."

"Then we have him," said the Count composedly. "If his assistance be worth buying, we can bid high for it. *Sur mon âme*, I never yet knew money fail with any man who was both worldly and dependent. I put him and myself in your hands."

Thus saying, the Count opened the door, and conducted his sister with formal politeness to her carriage. He then returned, reseated himself, and mused in silence. As he did so, the muscles of his countenance relaxed. The levity of the Frenchman fled from his visage, and in his eye, as it gazed abstractedly into space, there was that steady depth so remarkable in the old portraits of Florentine diplomatist, or Venetian oligarch. Thus seen, there was in that face, despite all its beauty, something that would have awed back even the fond gaze of love; something hard, collected, inscrutable, remorseless, but this change of countenance did not last long. Evidently, thought, though intense for the moment, was not habitual to the man. Evidently, he had lived the life which takes all things lightly—so he rose with a look of fatigue, shook and stretched himself, as if to cast off, or grow out of an unwelcome and irksome mood. An hour afterward, the Count of Peschiera was charming all eyes, and pleasing all ears, in the saloon of a high-born beauty, whose acquaintance he had made at Vienna, and whose charms, according to that old and never truth-speaking oracle, Polite Scandal, were now said to have attracted to London the brilliant foreigner.

CHAPTER III.

The Marchesa regained her house, which was in Curzon-street, and withdrew to her own room, to re-adjust her dress, and remove from her countenance all trace of the tears she had shed.

Half-an-hour afterward she was seated in her drawing-room, composed and calm; nor, seeing her then, could you have guessed that she was capable of so much emotion and so much weakness. In that stately exterior, in that quiet attitude, in that elaborate and finished elegance which comes alike from the arts of the toilet and the conventional repose of rank, you could see but the woman of the world and the great lady.

A knock at the door was heard, and in a few moments there entered a visitor, with the easy familiarity of intimate acquaintance—a young man, but with none of the bloom of youth. His hair, fine as a woman's, was thin and scanty, but it fell low over the forehead, and concealed that noblest of our human features. "A gentleman," says Apuleius, "ought, if he can, to wear his whole mind on his forehead."* The young visitor would never have committed so frank an imprudence. His cheek was pale, and in his step and his movements there was a languor that spoke of fatigued nerves or delicate health. But the light of the eye and the tone of the voice were those of a mental temperament controlling the bodily—vigorous and energetic. For the rest his general appearance was distinguished by a refinement alike intellectual and social. Once seen, you would not easily forget him. And the reader no doubt already recognizes Randal Leslie. His salutation, as I before said, was that of intimate familiarity; yet it was given and replied to with that unreserved openness which denotes the absence of a more tender sentiment.

Seating himself by the Marchesa's side, Randal began first to converse on the fashionable topics and gossip of the day; but it was observable, that, while he extracted from her the current anecdote and scandal of the great world, neither anecdote nor scandal did he communicate in return. Randal Leslie had already learned the art not to commit himself, not to have quoted against him one ill-natured remark upon the eminent. Nothing more injures the man who would rise beyond the fame of the *salons*, than to be considered a backbiter and gossip; "yet it is always useful," thought Randal Leslie, "to know the foibles—the small social and private springs by which the great are moved. Critical occasions may arise in which such knowledge may be power." And hence, perhaps (besides a more private motive, soon to be perceived), Randal did not consider his time thrown away in cultivating Madame di Negra's friendship. For despite much that was whispered against her, she had succeeded in dispelling the coldness with which she had at first been received in the London circles. Her beauty, her grace, and her high birth, had raised her into fashion, and the homage of men of the first station, while it perhaps injured her reputation as woman, added to her celebrity as fine lady. So much do we cold English, prudes though we be, forgive to the foreigner what we avenge on the native.

Sliding at last from these general topics into very well-bred and elegant personal compliment, and reciting various eulogies, which Lord this the Duke of that had passed on the Marchesa's charms, Randal laid his hand on hers, with the license of admitted friendship, and said—

"But since you have deigned to confide in me, since when (happily for me, and with a generosity of which no coquette could have been capable) you, in good time, repressed into friendship feelings that might else have ripened into those you are formed to inspire and disdain to return, you told me with your charming smile, 'Let no one speak to me of love who does not offer me his hand, and with it the means to supply tastes that I fear are terribly extravagant;' since thus you allowed me to divine your natural objects, and upon that understanding our intimacy has been founded, you will pardon me for saying

* I must be pardoned for annexing the original, since it loses much by translation:—"Hominem liberum et magnificum debere, si quæat, in primori fronte, animum gestare."

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that the admiration you excite among the *grands seigneurs* I have named, only serves to defeat your own purpose, and scare away admirers less brilliant, but more in earnest. Most of these gentlemen are unfortunately married; and they who are not belong to those members of our aristocracy who, in marriage, seek more than beauty and wit—namely, connections to strengthen their political station, or wealth to redeem a mortgage and sustain a title."

"My dear Mr. Leslie," replied the Marchesa—and a certain sadness might be detected in the tone of the voice and the droop of the eye—"I have lived long enough in the real world to appreciate the baseness and the falsehood of most of those sentiments which take the noblest names. I see through the hearts of the admirers you parade before me, and know that not one of them would shelter with his ermine the woman to whom he talks of his heart. Ah," continued Beatrice, with a softness of which she was unconscious, but which might have been extremely dangerous to youth less steeled and self-guarded than was Randal Leslie's—"ah, I am less ambitious than you suppose. I have dreamed of a friend, a companion, a protector, with feelings still fresh, undebased by the low round of vulgar dissipation and mean pleasures—of a heart so new, that it might restore my own to what it was in its happy spring. I have seen in your country some marriages, the mere contemplation of which has filled my eyes with delicious tears. I have learned in England to know the value of home. And with such a heart as I describe, and such a home, I could forget that I ever knew a less pure ambition."

"This language does not surprise me," said Randal; "yet it does not harmonize with your former answer to me."

"To you," repeated Beatrice, smiling, and regaining her lighter manner; "to you—true. But I never had the vanity to think that your affection for me could bear the sacrifices it would cost you in marriage; that you, with your ambition, could bound your dreams of happiness to home. And then, too," said she, raising her head, and with a certain grave pride in her air—"and *then*, I could not have consented to share my fate with one whom my poverty would cripple. I could not listen to my heart, if it had beat for a lover without fortune, for to him I could then have brought but a burden, and betrayed him into a union with poverty and debt. *Now*, it may be different. Now I may have the dowry that befits my birth. And now I may be free to choose according to my heart as woman, not according to my necessities, as one poor, harassed, and despairing."

"Ah," said Randal, interested, and drawing still closer toward his fair companion—"ah, I congratulate you sincerely; you have cause, then, to think that you shall be—rich?"

The Marchesa paused before she answered, and during that pause Randal relaxed the web of the scheme which he had been secretly weaving, and rapidly considered whether, if Beatrice di Negra would indeed be rich, she might answer to himself as a wife; and in what way, if so, he had best change his tone from that of friendship into that of love. While thus reflecting, Beatrice answered:

"Not rich for an Englishwoman; for an Italian, yes. My fortune should be half a million—"

"Half a million!" cried Randal, and with difficulty he restrained himself from falling at her feet in adoration.

"Of francs!" continued the Marchesa.

"Francs! Ah," said Randal, with a long-drawn breath, and recovering from his sudden enthusiasm, "about twenty thousand pounds! —eight hundred a year at four per cent. A very handsome portion, certainly—(Genteel poverty! he murmured to himself. What an escape I have had! but I see—I see. This will smooth all difficulties in the way of my better and earlier project. I see)—a very handsome portion," he repeated aloud—"not for a *grand seigneur*, indeed, but still for a gentleman of birth and expectations worthy of your choice, if ambition be not your first object. Ah, while you spoke with such endearing eloquence of feelings that were fresh, of a heart that was new, of the happy English home, you might guess that my thoughts ran to my friend who loves you so devotedly, and who so realizes your ideal. Providentially, with us, happy marriages and happy homes are found not in the gay circles of London fashion, but at the hearths of our rural nobility—our untitled country gentlemen. And who, among all your adorers, can offer you a lot so really enviable as the one whom, I see by your blush, you already guess that I refer to?"

"Did I blush?" said the Marchesa, with a silvery laugh. "Nay, I think that your zeal for your friend misled you. But I will own frankly, I have been touched by his honest, ingenuous love—so evident, yet rather looked than spoken. I have contrasted the love that honors me, with the suitors that seek to degrade; more I can not say. For though I grant that your friend is handsome, high-spirited, and generous, still he is not what—"

"You mistake, believe me," interrupted Randal. "You shall not finish your sentence. He *is* all that you do not yet suppose him; for his shyness, and his very love, his very respect for your superiority, do not allow his mind and his nature to appear to advantage. You, it is true, have a taste for letters and poetry rare among your countrywomen. He has not at present—few men have. But what Cimon would not be refined by so fair an Iphigenia? Such frivolities as he now shows belong but to youth and inexperience of life. Happy the brother who could see his sister the wife of Frank Hazeldean."

The Marchesa bent her cheek on her hand in silence. To her, marriage was more than it usually seems to dreaming maiden or to disconsolate widow. So had the strong desire to escape from the control of her unprincipled and

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remorseless brother grown a part of her very soul—so had whatever was best and highest in her very mixed and complex character been galled and outraged by her friendless and exposed position, the equivocal worship rendered to her beauty, the various debasements to which pecuniary embarrassments had subjected her—not without design on the part of the Count, who though grasping, was not miserly, and who by precarious and seemingly capricious gifts at one time, and refusals of all aid at another, had involved her in debt in order to retain his hold on her—so utterly painful and humiliating to a woman of her pride and her birth was the station that she held in the world—that in marriage she saw liberty, life, honor, self-redemption; and these thoughts while they compelled her to cooperate with the schemes by which the Count, on securing to himself a bride, was to bestow on herself a dower, also disposed her now to receive with favor Randal Leslie's pleadings on behalf of his friend.

The advocate saw that he had made an impression, and with the marvelous skill which his knowledge of those natures that engaged his study bestowed on his intelligence, he continued to improve his cause by such representations as were likely to be most effective. With what admirable tact he avoided panegyric of Frank as the mere individual, and drew him rather as the type, the ideal of what a woman in Beatrice's position might desire in the safety, peace, and honor of a home, in the trust and constancy, and honest confiding love of its partner! He did not paint an elysium; he described a haven; he did not glowingly delineate a hero of romance—he soberly portrayed that representative of the Respectable and the Real which a woman turns to when romance begins to seem to her but delusion. Verily, if you could have looked into the heart of the person he addressed, and heard him speak, you would have cried admiringly, "Knowledge *is* power; and this man, if as able on a larger field of action, should play no mean part in the history of his time."

Slowly Beatrice roused herself from the reveries which crept over her as he spoke—slowly, and with a deep sigh, and said,

"Well, well, grant all you say; at least before I can listen to so honorable a love, I must be relieved from the base and sordid pressure that weighs on me. I can not say to the man who wooes me, 'Will you pay the debts of the daughter of Franzini, and the widow of di Negra?'"

"Nay, your debts, surely, make so slight a portion of your dowry."

"But the dowry has to be secured;" and here, turning the tables upon her companion, as the apt proverb expresses it, Madame di Negra extended her hand to Randal, and said in her most winning accents, "You are, then, truly and sincerely my friend?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I prove that I do not, for I ask your assistance."

"Mine? How?"

"Listen; my brother has arrived in London—"

"I see that arrival announced in the papers."

"And he comes, empowered by the consent of the Emperor, to ask the hand of a relation and countrywoman of his; an alliance that will heal long family dissensions, and add to his own fortunes those of an heiress. My brother, like myself, has been extravagant. The dowry which by law he still owes me it would distress him to pay till this marriage be assured."

"I understand," said Randal. "But how can I aid this marriage?"

"By assisting us to discover the bride. She, with her father, sought refuge and concealment in England."

"The father had, then, taken part in some political disaffections, and was proscribed?"

"Exactly so; and so well has he concealed himself that he has baffled all our efforts to discover his retreat. My brother can obtain him his pardon in cementing this alliance—"

"Proceed."

"Ah, Randal, Randal, is this the frankness of friendship? You know that I have before sought to obtain the secret of our relation's retreat—sought in vain to obtain it from Mr. Egerton who assuredly knows it—"

"But who communicates no secrets to living man," said Randal, almost bitterly; "who, close and compact as iron, is as little malleable to me as to you."

"Pardon me. I know you so well that I believe you could attain to any secret you sought earnestly to acquire. Nay, more, I believe that you know already that secret which I ask you to share with me."

"What on earth makes you think so?"

"When, some weeks ago, you asked me to describe the personal appearance and manners of the exile, which I did partly from the recollections of my childhood, partly from the description given to me by others, I could not but notice your countenance, and remark its change; in spite," said the Marchesa, smiling and watching Randal while she spoke—"in spite of your habitual self-command. And when I pressed you to own that you had actually seen some one who tallied with that description, your denial did not deceive me. Still more, when returning recently, of your own accord, to the subject, you questioned me so shrewdly as to my motives in seeking the clew to our refugees, and I did not then answer you satisfactorily, I could detect—"

"Ha, ha," interrupted Randal, with the low soft laugh by which occasionally he infringed upon Lord Chesterfield's recommendation to shun a merriment so natural as to be ill-bred—"ha, ha, you have the fault of all observers too minute and refined. But even granting that I may have seen some Italian exiles (which is likely enough), what could be more simple than my seeking to compare your description with their appearance; and granting that I might suspect some one among them to be the man you search for, what

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more simple, also, than that I should desire to know if you meant him harm or good in discovering his 'whereabout?' For ill," added Randal, with an air of prudery, "ill would it become me to betray, even to friendship, the retreat of one who would hide from persecution; and even if I did so—for honor itself is a weak safeguard against your fascinations—such indiscretion might be fatal to my future career."

"How?"

"Do you not say that Egerton knows the secret, yet will not communicate?—and is he a man who would ever forgive in me an imprudence that committed himself? My dear friend, I will tell you more. When Audley Egerton first noticed my growing intimacy with you, he said, with his usual dryness of counsel, 'Randal, I do not ask you to discontinue acquaintance with Madame di Negra—for an acquaintance with women like her, forms the manners and refines the intellect; but charming women are dangerous, and Madame di Negra is—a charming woman."

The Marchesa's face flushed. Randal resumed: "'Your fair acquaintance' (I am still quoting Egerton) 'seeks to discover the home of a countryman of hers. She suspects that I know it. She may try to learn it through you. Accident may possibly give you the information she requires. Beware how you betray it. By one such weakness I should judge of your general character. He from whom a woman can extract a secret will never be fit for public life.' Therefore, my dear Marchesa, even supposing I possess this secret, you would be no true friend of mine to ask me to reveal what would emperil all my prospects. For as yet," added Randal, with a gloomy shade on his brow—"as yet I do not stand alone and erect—I *lean;* I am dependent."

"There may be a way," replied Madame di Negra, persisting, "to communicate this intelligence, without the possibility of Mr. Egerton's tracing our discovery to yourself; and, though I will not press you further, I add this—You urge me to accept your friend's hand; you seem interested in the success of his suit, and you plead it with a warmth that shows how much you regard what you suppose is his happiness; I will never accept his hand till I can do so without blush for my penury—till my dowry is secured, and that can only be by my brother's union with the exile's daughter. For your friend's sake, therefore, think well how you can aid me in the first step to that alliance. The young lady once discovered, and my brother has no fear for the success of his suit."

"And you would marry Frank, if the dower was secured?"

"Your arguments in his favor seem irresistible," replied Beatrice, looking down.

A flash went from Randal's eyes, and he mused a few moments.

Then slowly rising, and drawing on his gloves, he said,

"Well, at least you so far reconcile my honor toward aiding your research, that you now inform me you mean no ill to the exile."

"Ill!—the restoration to fortune, honors, his native land."

"And you so far enlist my heart on your side, that you inspire me with the hope to contribute to the happiness of two friends whom I dearly love. I will, therefore, diligently seek to ascertain if, among the refugees I have met with, lurk those whom you seek; and if so, I will thoughtfully consider how to give you the clew. Meanwhile, not one incautious word to Egerton."

"Trust me—I am a woman of the world."

Randal now had gained the door. He paused, and renewed carelessly,

"This young lady must be heiress to great wealth, to induce a man of your brother's rank to take so much pains to discover her."

"Her wealth *will* be vast," replied the Marchesa; "and if any thing from wealth or influence in a foreign state could be permitted to prove my brother's gratitude—"

"Ah, fie," interrupted Randal, and approaching Madame di Negra, he lifted her hand to his lips, and said gallantly,

"This is reward enough to your *preux chevalier.*"

With those words he took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

With his hands behind him, and his head drooping on his breast—slow, stealthy, noiseless, Randal Leslie glided along the streets on leaving the Italian's house. Across the scheme he had before revolved, there glanced another yet more glittering, for its gain might be more sure and immediate. If the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, might he himself hope—. He stopped short even in his own soliloquy, and his breath came quick. Now, in his last visit to Hazeldean, he had come in contact with Riccabocca, and been struck by the beauty of Violante. A vague suspicion had crossed him that these might be the persons of whom the Marchesa was in search, and the suspicion had been confirmed by Beatrice's description of the refugee she desired to discover. But as he had not then learned the reason for her inquiries, nor conceived the possibility that he could have any personal interest in ascertaining the truth, he had only classed the secret in question among those the further research into which might be left to time and occasion. Certainly the reader will not do the unscrupulous intellect of Randal Leslie the injustice to suppose that he was deterred from confiding to his fair friend all that he knew of Riccabocca, by the refinement of honor to which he had so chivalrously alluded. He had correctly stated Audley Egerton's warning against an indiscreet confidence, though he had forborne to mention a more recent and direct renewal of the same caution. His first visit to Hazeldean had been paid without consulting Egerton. He had been passing some days at his father's house

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and had gone over thence to the Squire's. On his return to London, he had, however, mentioned this visit to Audley, who had seemed annoyed and even displeased at it, though Randal well knew sufficient of Egerton's character to know that such feeling could scarce be occasioned merely by his estrangement from his half brother. This dissatisfaction had, therefore, puzzled the young man. But as it was necessary to his views to establish intimacy with the Squire, he did not yield the point with his customary deference to his patron's whims. He, therefore, observed that he should be very sorry to do any thing displeasing to his benefactor, but that his father had been naturally anxious that he should not appear positively to slight the friendly overtures of Mr. Hazeldean.

"Why naturally?" asked Egerton.

"Because you know that Mr. Hazeldean is a relation of mine—that my grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton, who, as it has been before said, knew little, and cared less, about the Hazeldean pedigree, "I was either not aware of that circumstance, or had forgotten it. And your father thinks that the Squire may leave you a legacy?"

"Oh, sir, my father is not so mercenary—such an idea never entered his head. But the Squire himself has indeed said, 'Why, if any thing happened to Frank, you would be next heir to my lands, and therefore we ought to know each other.' But—"

"Enough," interrupted Egerton, "I am the last man to pretend to the right of standing between you and a single chance of fortune, or of aid to it. And whom did you meet at Hazeldean?"

"There was no one there, sir; not even Frank."

"Hum. Is the Squire not on good terms with his parson? Any quarrel about tithes?"

"Oh, no quarrel. I forgot Mr. Dale; I saw him pretty often. He admires and praises you very much, sir."

"Me—and why? What did he say of me?"

"That your heart was as sound as your head; that he had once seen you about some old parishioners of his; and that he had been much impressed with a depth of feeling he could not have anticipated in a man of the world, and a statesman."

"Oh, that was all; some affair when I was member for Lansmere?"

"I suppose so."

Here the conversation was broken off; but the next time Randal was led to visit the Squire he had formally asked Egerton's consent, who, after a moment's hesitation, had as formally replied, "I have no objection."

On returning from this visit, Randal mentioned that he had seen Riccabocca; and Egerton, a little startled at first, said composedly, "Doubtless one of the political refugees; take care not to set Madame di Negra on his track. Remember, she is suspected of being a spy of the Austrian government."

"Rely on me, sir," said Randal; "but I should think this poor Doctor can scarcely be the person she seeks to discover?"

"That is no affair of ours," answered Egerton; "we are English gentlemen, and make not a step toward the secrets of another."

Now, when Randal revolved this rather ambiguous answer, and recalled the uneasiness with which Egerton had first heard of his visit to Hazeldean, he thought that he was indeed near the secret which Egerton desired to conceal from him and from all—viz., the incognito of the Italian whom Lord l'Estrange had taken under his protection.

"My cards," said Randal to himself, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, he resumed his soliloquy, "are become difficult to play. On the one hand, to entangle Frank into marriage with this foreigner, the Squire would never forgive him. On the other hand, if she will not marry him without the dowry—and that depends on her brother's wedding this countrywoman—and that countrywoman be, as I surmise, Violante—and Violante be this heiress, and to be won by me! Tush, tush. Such delicate scruples in a woman so placed and so constituted as Beatrice di Negra, must be easily talked away. Nay, the loss itself of this alliance to her brother, the loss of her own dowry—the very pressure of poverty and debt—would compel her into the sole escape left to her option. I will then follow up the old plan; I will go down to Hazeldean, and see if there be any substance in the new one; and then to reconcile both—aha—the House of Leslie shall rise yet from its ruin—and—"

Here he was startled from his reverie by a friendly slap on the shoulder, and an exclamation—"Why, Randal, you are more absent than when you used to steal away from the cricket-ground, muttering Greek verses at Eton."

"My dear Frank," said Randal, "you—you are so *brusque*, and I was just thinking of you."

"Were you? And kindly, then, I am sure," said Frank Hazeldean, his honest, handsome face lighted up with the unsuspecting genial trust of friendship; "and heaven knows," he added, with a sadder voice, and a graver expression on his eye and lip—"Heaven knows I want all the kindness you can give me!"

"I thought," said Randal, "that your father's last supply, of which I was fortunate enough to be the bearer, would clear off your more pressing debts. I don't pretend to preach, but really I must say once more, you should not be so extravagant."

FRANK (seriously).—"I have done my best to reform. I have sold off my horses, and I have not touched dice nor card these six months; I would not even put into the raffle for the last Derby." This last was said with the air of a man who doubted the possibility of obtaining belief to some assertion of preternatural abstinence and virtue.

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RANDAL.—"Is it possible? But, with such self-conquest, how is it that you can not contrive to live within the bounds of a very liberal allowance?"

FRANK (despondingly).—"Why, when a man once gets his head under water, it is so hard to float back again on the surface. You see, I attribute all my embarrassments to that first concealment of my debts from my father, when they could have been so easily met, and when he came up to town so kindly."

"I am sorry, then, that I gave you that advice."

"Oh, you meant it so kindly, I don't reproach you; it was all my own fault."

"Why, indeed, I did urge you to pay off that moiety of your debts left unpaid, with your allowance. Had you done so, all had been well."

"Yes, but poor Borrowwell got into such a scrape at Goodwood; I could not resist him—a debt of honor, *that* must be paid; so when I signed another bill for him, he could not pay it, poor fellow: really he would have shot himself, if I had not renewed it; and now it is swelled to such an amount with that cursed interest, that *he* never can pay it; and one bill, of course, begets another, and to be renewed every three months; 'tis the devil and all! So little as I ever got for all I have borrowed," added Frank with a kind of rueful amaze. "Not £1500 ready money; and it would cost me almost as much yearly—if I had it."

"Only £1500."

"Well, besides seven large chests of the worst cigars you ever smoked; three pipes of wine that no one would drink, and a great bear, that had been imported from Greenland for the sake of its grease."

"That should at least have saved you a bill with your hairdresser."

"I paid his bill with it," said Frank, "and very good-natured he was to take the monster off my hands; it had already hugged two soldiers and one groom into the shape of a flounder. I tell you what," resumed Frank, after a short pause, "I have a great mind even now to tell my father honestly all my embarrassments."

RANDAL (solemnly).—"Hum!"

FRANK.—"What? don't you think it would be the best way? I never can save enough—never can pay off what I owe; and it rolls like a snowball."

RANDAL.—"Judging by the Squire's talk, I think that with the first sight of your affairs you would forfeit his favor forever; and your mother would be so shocked, especially after supposing that the sum I brought you so lately sufficed to pay off every claim on you. If you had not assured her of that, it might be different; but she who so hates an untruth, and who said to the Squire, 'Frank says this will clear him; and with all his faults, Frank never yet told a lie.'"

"Oh my dear mother!—I fancy I hear her!" cried Frank with deep emotion. "But I did not tell a lie, Randal; I did not say that that sum would clear me."

"You empowered and begged me to say so," replied Randal, with grave coldness; "and don't blame me if I believed you."

"No, no! I only said it would clear me for the moment."

"I misunderstood you, then, sadly; and such mistakes involve my own honor. Pardon me, Frank; don't ask my aid in future. You see, with the best intentions I only compromise myself."

"If you forsake me, I may as well go and throw myself into the river," said Frank in a tone of despair; "and sooner or later my father must know my necessities. The Jews threaten to go to him already; and the longer the delay, the more terrible the explanation."

"I don't see why your father should ever learn the state of your affairs; and it seems to me that you could pay off these usurers, and get rid of these bills, by raising money on comparatively easy terms—"

"How?" cried Frank eagerly.

"Why, the Casino property is entailed on you, and you might obtain a sum upon that, not to be paid till the property becomes yours."

"At my poor father's death? Oh, no—no! I can not bear the idea of this cold-blooded calculation on a father's death. I know it is not uncommon; I know other fellows who have done it, but they never had parents so kind as mine; and even in them it shocked and revolted me. The contemplating a father's death and profiting by the contemplation—it seems a kind of parricide—it is not natural, Randal. Besides, don't you remember what the governor said—he actually wept while he said it, 'Never calculate on my death; I could not bear that.' Oh, Randal, don't speak of it!"

"I respect your sentiments; but still all the post-obits you could raise could not shorten Mr. Hazeldean's life by a day. However, dismiss that idea; we must think of some other device. Ha, Frank! you are a handsome fellow, and your expectations are great—why don't you marry some woman with money?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Frank, coloring. "You know, Randal, that there is but one woman in the world I can ever think of, and I love her so devotedly, that, though I was as gay as most men before, I really feel as if the rest of her sex had lost every charm. I was passing through the street now—merely to look up at her windows—"

"You speak of Madame di Negra? I have just left her. Certainly she is two or three years older than you; but if you can get over that misfortune, why not marry her?"

"Marry her!" cried Frank in amaze, and all his color fled from his cheeks. "Marry her!—are you serious?"

"Why not?"

"But even if she, who is so accomplished, so admired—even if she would accept me, she is, you know, poorer than myself. She has told me so frankly. That woman has such a noble heart!

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and—and—my father would never consent, nor my mother either. I know they would not."

"Because she is a foreigner?"

'Yes—partly."

"Yet the Squire suffered his cousin to marry a foreigner."

"That was different. He had no control over Jemima; and a daughter-in-law is so different; and my father is so English in his notions; and Madame di Negra, you see, is altogether so foreign. Her very graces would be against her in his eyes."

"I think you do both your parents injustice. A foreigner of low birth—an actress or singer, for instance—of course would be highly objectionable; but a woman, like Madame di Negra, of such high birth and connections—"

Frank shook his head. "I don't think the governor would care a straw about her connections, if she were a king's daughter. He considers all foreigners pretty much alike. And then, you know"—Frank's voice sank into a whisper—"you know that one of the very reasons why she is so dear to me would be an insuperable objection to the old-fashioned folks at home."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"I love her the more," said young Hazeldean, raising his front with a noble pride, that seemed to speak of his descent from a race of cavaliers and gentlemen—"I love her the more because the world has slandered her name—because I believe her to be pure and wronged. But would they at the Hall—they who do not see with a lover's eyes—they who have all the stubborn English notions about the indecorum and license of Continental manners, and will so readily credit the worst? O, no—I love—I can not help it—but I have no hope."

"It is very possible that you may be right," exclaimed Randal, as if struck and half-convinced by his companion's argument—"very possible; and certainly I think that the homely folks at the Hall would fret and fume at first, if they heard you were married to Madame di Negra. Yet still, when your father learned that you had done so, not from passion alone, but to save him from all pecuniary sacrifice—to clear yourself of debt—to—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Frank impatiently.

"I have reason to know that Madame di Negra will have as large a portion as your father could reasonably expect you to receive with any English wife. And when this is properly stated to the Squire, and the high position and rank of your wife fully established and brought home to him—for I must think that these would tell, despite your exaggerated notions of his prejudices—and then, when he really sees Madame di Negra, and can judge of her beauty and rare gifts, upon my word, I think, Frank, that there would be no cause for fear. After all, too, you are his only son. He will have no option but to forgive you; and I know how anxiously both your parents wish to see you settled in life."

Frank's whole countenance became illuminated. "There is no one who understands the Squire like you, certainly," said he, with lively joy. "He has the highest opinion of your judgment. And you really believe you could smooth matters?"

"I believe so, but I should be sorry to induce you to run any risk; and if, on cool consideration, you think that risk is incurred, I strongly advise you to avoid all occasion of seeing the poor Marchesa. Ah, you wince; but I say it for her sake as well as your own. First, you must be aware, that, unless you have serious thoughts of marriage, your attentions can but add to the very rumors that, equally groundless, you so feelingly resent; and, secondly, because I don't think any man has a right to win the affections of a woman—especially a woman who seems likely to love with her whole heart and soul—merely to gratify his own vanity."

"Vanity! Good heavens, can you think so poorly of me? But as to the Marchesa's affections," continued Frank, with a faltering voice, "do you really and honestly believe that they are to be won by me?"

"I fear lest they may be half won already," said Randal, with a smile and a shake of the head; "but she is too proud to let you see any effect you may produce on her, especially when, as I take it for granted, you have never hinted at the hope of obtaining her hand."

"I never till now conceived such a hope. My dear Randal, all my cares have vanished—I tread upon air—I have a great mind to call on her at once."

"Stay, stay," said Randal. "Let me give you a caution. I have just informed you that Madame di Negra will have, what you suspected not before, a fortune suitable to her birth; any abrupt change in your manner at present might induce her to believe that you were influenced by that intelligence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank, stopping short, as if wounded to the quick. "And I feel guilty—feel as if I *was* influenced by that intelligence. So I am, too, when I reflect," he continued, with a *naïveté* that was half pathetic; "but I hope she will not be so *very* rich—if so, I'll not call."

"Make your mind easy, it is but a portion of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that would just suffice to discharge all your debts, clear away all obstacles to your union, and in return for which you could secure a more than adequate jointure and settlement on the Casino property. Now I am on that head, I will be yet more communicative. Madame di Negra has a noble heart, as you say, and told me herself, that, until her brother on his arrival had assured her of this dowry, she would never have consented to marry you—never cripple with her own embarrassments the man she loves. Ah! with what delight she will hail the thought of assisting you to win back your father's heart! But

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be guarded, meanwhile. And now, Frank, what say you—would it not be well if I run down to Hazeldean to sound your parents? It is rather inconvenient to me, to be sure, to leave town just at present; but I would do more than that to render you a smaller service. Yes, I'll go to Rood Hall to-morrow, and thence to Hazeldean. I am sure your father will press me to stay, and I shall have ample opportunities to judge of the manner in which he would be likely to regard your marriage with Madame di Negra—supposing always it were properly put to him. We can then act accordingly."

"My dear, dear Randal. How can I thank you? If ever a poor fellow like me can serve you in return—but that's impossible."

"Why, certainly, I will never ask you to be security to a bill of mine," said Randal, laughing. "I practice the economy I preach."

"Ah!" said Frank with a groan, "that is because your mind is cultivated—you have so many resources; and all my faults have come from idleness. If I had any thing to do on a rainy day, I should never have got into these scrapes."

"Oh! you will have enough to do some day managing your property. We who have no property must find one in knowledge. Adieu, my dear Frank; I must go home now. By the way, you have never, by chance, spoken of the Riccaboccas to Madame di Negra?"

"The Riccaboccas? No. That's well thought of. It may interest her to know that a relation of mine has married her countryman. Very odd that I never did mention it; but, to say truth, I really do talk so little to her; she is so superior, and I feel positively shy with her."

"Do me the favor, Frank," said Randal, waiting patiently till this reply ended—for he was devising all the time what reason to give for his request—"never to allude to the Riccaboccas either to her or to her brother, to whom you are sure to be presented."

"Why not allude to them?"

Randal hesitated a moment. His invention was still at fault, and, for a wonder, he thought it the best policy to go pretty near the truth.

"Why, I will tell you. The Marchesa conceals nothing from her brother, and he is one of the few Italians who are in high favor with the Austrian court."

"Well!"

"And I suspect that poor Dr. Riccabocca fled his country from some mad experiment at revolution, and is still hiding from the Austrian police."

"But they can't hurt him here," said Frank, with an Englishman's dogged inborn conviction of the sanctity of his native island. "I should like to see an Austrian pretend to dictate to us whom to receive and whom to reject."

"Hum—that's true and constitutional, no doubt; but Riccabocca may have excellent reasons—and, to speak plainly, I know he has, (perhaps as affecting the safety of friends in Italy)—for preserving his incognito, and we are bound to respect those reasons without inquiring further."

"Still, I can not think so meanly of Madame di Negra," persisted Frank (shrewd here, though credulous elsewhere, and both from his sense of honor), "as to suppose that she would descend to be a spy, and injure a poor countryman of her own, who trusts to the same hospitality she receives herself at our English hands. Oh, if I thought that, I could not love her!" added Frank, with energy.

"Certainly you are right. But see in what a false position you would place both her brother and herself. If they knew Riccabocca's secret, and proclaimed it to the Austrian government, as you say, it would be cruel and mean; but if they knew it and concealed it, it might involve them both in the most serious consequences. You know the Austrian policy is proverbially so jealous and tyrannical?"

"Well, the newspapers say so, certainly."

"And, in short, your discretion can do no harm, and your indiscretion may. Therefore, give me your word, Frank. I can't stay to argue now."

"I'll not allude to the Riccaboccas, upon my honor," answered Frank; "still I am sure they would be as safe with the Marchesa as with—"

"I rely on your honor," interrupted Randal, hastily, and hurried off.

CHAPTER V.

Toward the evening of the following day, Randal Leslie walked slowly from a village on the main road (about two miles from Rood Hall), at which he had got out of the coach. He passed through meads and corn-fields, and by the skirts of woods which had formerly belonged to his ancestors, but had long since been alienated. He was alone amidst the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes in which he had first invoked the grand Spirit of Knowledge, to bid the Celestial Still One minister to the commands of an earthly and turbulent ambition. He paused often in his path, especially when the undulations of the ground gave a glimpse of the gray church tower, or the gloomy firs that rose above the desolate wastes of Rood.

"Here," thought Randal, with a softening eye—"here, how often, comparing the fertility of the lands passed away from the inheritance of my fathers, with the forlorn wilds that are left to their mouldering hall—here, how often have I said to myself—'I will rebuild the fortunes of my house.' And straightway Toil lost its aspect of drudge, and grew kingly, and books became as living armies to serve my thought. Again—again—O thou haughty Past, brace and strengthen me in the battle with the Future." His pale lips writhed as he soliloquized, for his conscience spoke to him while he thus addressed his will, and its voice was heard more audibly in the quiet of the rural landscape, than amid the turmoil and din of that armed and sleepless camp which we call a city.

Doubtless, though Ambition have objects more

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vast and beneficent than the restoration of a name —*that* in itself is high and chivalrous, and appeals to a strong interest in the human heart. But all emotions, and all ends, of a nobler character, had seemed to filter themselves free from every golden grain in passing through the mechanism of Randal's intellect, and came forth at last into egotism clear and unalloyed. Nevertheless, it is a strange truth that, to a man of cultivated mind, however perverted and vicious, there are vouchsafed gleams of brighter sentiments, irregular perceptions of moral beauty, denied to the brutal unreasoning wickedness of uneducated villainy—which perhaps ultimately serve as his punishment —according to the old thought of the satirist, that there is no greater curse than to perceive virtue, yet adopt vice. And as the solitary schemer walked slowly on, and his childhood—innocent at least of deed—came distinct before him through the halo of bygone dreams—dreams far purer than those from which he now rose each morning to the active world of Man—a profound melancholy crept over him, and suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "*Then* I aspired to be renowned and great—*now*, how is it that, so advanced in my career, all that seemed lofty in the means has vanished from me, and the only means that I contemplate are those which my childhood would have called poor and vile? Ah! is it that I then read but books, and now my knowledge has passed onward, and men contaminate more than books? But," he continued in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself, "if power is only so to be won—and of what use is knowledge if it be not power—does not success in life justify all things? And who prizes the wise man if he fails?" He continued his way, but still the soft tranquillity around rebuked him, and still his reason was dissatisfied, as well as his conscience. There are times when Nature, like a bath of youth, seems to restore to the jaded soul its freshness—times from which some men have emerged, as if reborn. The crises of life are very silent. Suddenly the scene opened on Randal Leslie's eyes. The bare desert common—the dilapidated church—the old house, partially seen in the dank dreary hollow, into which it seemed to Randal to have sunken deeper and lowlier than when he saw it last. And on the common were some young men playing at hockey. That old-fashioned game, now very uncommon in England, except at schools, was still preserved in the primitive simplicity of Rood by the young yeomen and farmers. Randal stood by the stile and looked on, for among the players he recognized his brother Oliver. Presently the ball was struck toward Oliver, and the group instantly gathered round that young gentleman, and snatched him from Randal's eye; but the elder brother heard a displeasing din, a derisive laughter. Oliver had shrunk from the danger of the thick clubbed sticks that plied around him, and received some strokes across the legs, for his voice rose whining, and was drowned by shouts of, "Go to your mammy. That's Noll Leslie—all over. Butter shins."

Randal's sallow face became scarlet. "The jest of boors—a Leslie!" he muttered, and ground his teeth. He sprang over the stile, and walked erect and haughtily across the ground. The players cried out indignantly. Randal raised his hat, and they recognized him, and stopped the game. For him at least a certain respect was felt. Oliver turned round quickly, and ran up to him. Randal caught his arm firmly, and, without saying a word to the rest, drew him away toward the house. Oliver cast a regretful, lingering look behind him, rubbed his shins, and then stole a timid glance toward Randal's severe and moody countenance.

"You are not angry that I was playing at hockey with our neighbors," said he deprecatingly, observing that Randal would not break the silence.

"No," replied the elder brother; "but, in associating with his inferiors, a gentleman still knows how to maintain his dignity. There is no harm in playing with inferiors, but it is necessary to a gentleman to play so that he is not the laughing-stock of clowns."

Oliver hung his head, and made no answer. They came into the slovenly precincts of the court, and the pigs stared at them from the palings as they had stared years before, at Frank Hazeldean.

Mr. Leslie senior, in a shabby straw hat, was engaged in feeding the chickens before the threshold, and he performed even that occupation with a maundering lackadaisical slothfulness, dropping down the grains almost one by one from his inert dreamy fingers.

Randal's sister, her hair still and forever hanging about her ears, was seated on a rush-bottom chair, reading a tattered novel; and from the parlor window was heard the querulous voice of Mrs. Leslie, in high fidget and complaint.

Somehow or other, as the young heir to all this helpless poverty stood in the court-yard, with his sharp, refined, intelligent features, and his strange elegance of dress and aspect, one better comprehended how, left solely to the egotism of his knowledge and his ambition, in such a family, and without any of the sweet nameless lessons of Home, he had grown up into such close and secret solitude of soul—how the mind had taken so little nutriment from the heart, and how that affection and respect which the warm circle of the hearth usually calls forth had passed with him to the graves of dead fathers, growing, as it were, bloodless and ghoul-like amid the charnels on which they fed.

"Ha, Randal, boy," said Mr. Leslie, looking up lazily, "how d'ye do? Who could have expected you? My dear—my dear," he cried, in a broken voice, and as if in helpless dismay, "here's Randal, and he'll be wanting dinner, or supper, or something." But in the mean while, Randal's sister Juliet had sprung up and thrown her arms round her brother's neck, and he had drawn her aside caressingly, for Randal's strongest human affection was for this sister.

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"You are growing very pretty, Juliet," said he, smoothing back her hair; "why do yourself such injustice—why not pay more attention to your appearance, as I have so often begged you to do?"

"I did not expect you, dear Randal; you always come so suddenly, and catch us *en dish-a-bill*."

"Dish-a-bill!" echoed Randal, with a groan. —"*Dishabille!*—you ought never to be so caught!"

"No one else does so catch us—nobody else ever comes! Heigho," and the young lady sighed very heartily.

"Patience, patience; my day is coming, and then yours, my sister," replied Randal with genuine pity, as he gazed upon what a little care could have trained into so fair a flower, and what now looked so like a weed.

Here Mrs. Leslie, in a state of intense excitement—having rushed through the parlor—leaving a fragment of her gown between the yawning brass of the never-mended Brummagem work-table—tore across the hall—whirled out of the door, scattering the chickens to the right and left, and clutched hold of Randal in her motherly embrace. "La, how you do shake my nerves," she cried, after giving him a most hearty and uncomfortable kiss. "And you are hungry, too, and nothing in the house but cold mutton! Jenny, Jenny, I say Jenny! Juliet, have you seen Jenny? Where's Jenny? Out with the old man, I'll be bound."

"I am not hungry, mother," said Randal; "I wish for nothing but tea." Juliet, scrambling up her hair, darted into the house to prepare the tea, and also to "tidy herself." She dearly loved her fine brother, but she was greatly in awe of him.

Randal seated himself on the broken pales. "Take care they don't come down," said Mr. Leslie, with some anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I am very light; nothing comes down with me."

The pigs stared up, and grunted in amaze at the stranger.

"Mother," said the young man, detaining Mrs. Leslie, who wanted to set off in chase of Jenny —"mother, you should not let Oliver associate with those village boors. It is time to think of a profession for him."

"Oh, he eats us out of house and home—such an appetite! But as to a profession—what is he fit for! He will never be a scholar."

Randal nodded a moody assent; for, indeed, Oliver had been sent to Cambridge, and supported there out of Randal's income from his official pay;—and Oliver had been plucked for his Little Go.

"There is the army," said the elder brother —"a gentleman's calling. How handsome Juliet ought to be—but—I left money for masters—and she pronounces French like a chambermaid."

"Yet she is fond of her book too. She's always reading, and good for nothing else."

"Reading!—those trashy novels!"

"So like you—you always come to scold, and make things unpleasant," said Mrs. Leslie, peevishly. "You are grown too fine for us, and I am sure we suffer affronts enough from others, not to want a little respect from our own children."

"I did not mean to affront you," said Randal. sadly. "Pardon me. But who else has done so?"

Then Mrs. Leslie went into a minute and most irritating catalogue of all the mortifications and insults she had received; the grievances of a petty provincial family, with much pretension and small power; of all people, indeed, without the disposition to please—without the ability to serve—who exaggerate every offense, and are thankful for no kindness. Farmer Jones had insolently refused to send his wagon twenty miles for coals. Mr. Giles, the butcher, requesting the payment of his bill, had stated that the custom at Rood was too small for him to allow credit. Squire Thornhill, who was the present owner of the fairest slice of the old Leslie domains, had taken the liberty to ask permission to shoot over Mr. Leslie's land, since Mr. Leslie did not preserve. Lady Spratt (new people from the city, who hired a neighboring country seat) had taken a discharged servant of Mrs. Leslie's without applying for the character. The Lord Lieutenant had given a ball, and had not invited the Leslies. Mr. Leslie's tenants had voted against their landlord's wish at the recent election. More than all, Squire Hazeldean and his Harry had called at Rood, and though Mrs. Leslie had screamed out to Jenny, "Not at home," she had been seen at the window, and the Squire had actually forced his way in, and caught the whole family "in a state not fit to be seen." That was a trifle, but the Squire had presumed to instruct Mr. Leslie how to manage his property, and Mrs. Hazeldean had actually told Juliet to hold up her head and tie up her hair, "as if we were her cottagers!" said Mrs. Leslie, with the pride of a Montfydget.

All these and various other annoyances, though Randal was too sensible not to perceive their insignificance, still galled and mortified the listening heir of Rood. They showed, at least, even to the well-meant officiousness of the Hazeldeans, the small account in which the fallen family was held. As he sat still on the moss-grown pale, gloomy and taciturn, his mother standing beside him, with her cap awry, Mr. Leslie shamblingly sauntered up and said, in a pensive, dolorous whine—

"I wish we had a good sum of money, Randal, boy!"

To do Mr. Leslie justice, he seldom gave vent to any wish that savored of avarice. His mind must be singularly aroused, to wander out of its normal limits of sluggish, dull content.

So Randal looked at him in surprise, and said, "Do you, sir?—why?"

"The manors of Rood and Dulmansberry, and

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all the lands therein, which my great-grandfather sold away, are to be sold again when Squire Thornhill's eldest son comes of age, to cut off the entail. Sir John Spratt talks of buying them. I should like to have them back again! 'Tis a shame to see the Leslie estates hawked about, and bought by Spratts and people. I wish I had a great—great sum of ready money."

The poor gentleman extended his helpless fingers as he spoke, and fell into a dejected reverie.

Randal sprang from the paling, a movement which frightened the contemplative pigs, and set them off squalling and scampering. "When does young Thornhill come of age?"

"He was nineteen last August. I know it, because the day he was born I picked up my fossil of the sea-horse, just by Dulmansberry church, when the joy-bells were ringing. My fossil sea-horse? It will be an heirloom, Randal—"

"Two years—nearly two years—yet—ah, ah!" said Randal; and his sister now appearing to announce that tea was ready, he threw his arm round her neck and kissed her. Juliet had arranged her hair and trimmed up her dress. She looked very pretty, and she had now the air of a gentlewoman—something of Randal's own refinement in her slender proportions and well-shaped head.

"Be patient, patient still, my dear sister," whispered Randal, "and keep your heart whole for two years longer."

The young man was gay and good-humored over his simple meal, while his family grouped round him. When it was over, Mr. Leslie lighted his pipe, and called for his brandy-and-water. Mrs. Leslie began to question about London and Court, and the new King and the new Queen, and Mr. Audley Egerton, and hoped Mr. Egerton would leave Randal all his money, and that Randal would marry a rich woman, and that the King would make him a prime-minister one of these days; and then she would like to see if Farmer Jones would refuse to send his wagon for coals! And every now and then, as the word "riches" or "money" caught Mr. Leslie's ear, he shook his head, drew his pipe from his mouth, and muttered, "A Spratt should not have what belonged to my great-great-grandfather, if I had a good sum of ready money!—the old family estates!" Oliver and Juliet sate silent, and on their good-behavior; and Randal, indulging his own reveries, dreamily heard the words "money," "Spratt," "great-great-grandfather," "rich wife," "family estates;" and they sounded to him vague and afar off, like whispers from the world of romance and legend—weird prophecies of things to be.

Such was the hearth which warmed the viper that nestled and gnawed at the heart of Randal, poisoned all the aspirations that youth should have rendered pure, ambition lofty, and knowledge beneficent and divine.

CHAPTER VI.

When the rest of the household were in deep sleep, Randal stood long at his open window, looking over the dreary, comfortless scene—the moon gleaming from skies half-autumnal, half-wintry, upon squalid decay, through the ragged fissures of the firs; and when he lay down to rest, his sleep was feverish, and troubled by turbulent dreams.

However, he was up early, and with an unwonted color in his cheeks, which his sister ascribed to the country air. After breakfast, he took his way toward Hazeldean, mounted upon a tolerable horse, which he hired of a neighboring farmer who occasionally hunted. Before noon, the garden and terrace of the Casino came in sight. He reined in his horse, and by the little fountain at which Leonard had been wont to eat his radishes and con his book, he saw Riccabocca seated under the shade of the red umbrella. And by the Italian's side stood a form that a Greek of old might have deemed the Naiad of the Fount; for in its youthful beauty there was something so full of poetry—something at once so sweet and so stately—that it spoke to the imagination while it charmed the sense.

Randal dismounted, tied his horse to the gate, and, walking down a trellised alley, came suddenly to the spot. His dark shadow fell over the clear mirror of the fountain just as Riccabocca had said, "All here is so secure from evil!—the waves of the fountain are never troubled like those of the river!" and Violante had answered in her soft native tongue, and lifting her dark, spiritual eyes—"But the fountain would be but a lifeless pool, oh, my father, if the spray did not mount toward the skies!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

"YOU'RE another!" It's a vulgar retort, but a common one—though not much in use among well-bred people. But there are many ways of saying it—various modes of conveying the same meaning. "*Et tu Brute*," observed some one, on reading a debate in the House of Commons; "I often see these words quoted; what can they mean!" "I should say," was the answer, "they mean, 'Oh, you brute!'" "Well, I rather think they mean '*You're another!*'" Let the classicist determine which interpretation is the right one.

"You're another!" may be conveyed in a mild tone and manner. For instance:—"The right honorable gentleman seems not to apprehend the points of the argument: he says he does not understand how so and so is so and so. We can only supply him with arguments level to the meanest capacity, not with brains. Nature having been sparing in her endowments to the honorable gentleman, must be matter of deep regret to those who are under the painful necessity of listening to the oft-times-refuted assertions and so-called arguments which he has advanced upon this very question."

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The honorable gentleman, thus delicately alluded to, replies, "My honorable and learned friend (if he will permit me to call him so) complains that his arguments are not understood; the simple reason being that they are unintelligible. He calls them arguments level to the meanest capacity, and let me assure him they are level to the meanest capacity only, for they are his own. Let me hasten to relieve his anxiety as to the remarks which I have felt it my duty to make upon the question under discussion, by assuring him that they have been understood by those who have intelligence to appreciate them, though I am not prepared to vouch as much for my honorable and learned friend on the other side of the House." Thus,

> Each lolls the tongue out at the other,
> And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

One honorable member accuses another of stating that which is the "reverse of true"—the other responds by a charge of "gross misrepresentation of the facts of the case." Coalheavers would use a shorter and more emphatic word to express the same thing, though it would neither be classical nor conformable to the rules of the House. The Frenchman delicately defined a white lie to be "valking round about de trooth." We know what honorable members mean when they talk in the above guise. It is, "You're another!"

Dr. Whiston accuses the Chapter of Rochester with applying for their own purposes the funds bequeathed by pious men of former times for the education of the poor. The reply of the Chapter is—"You Atheist!" and they deprive the doctor of his living. Sir Samuel Romilly once proposed to alter the law of bankruptcy, and to make freehold estates assets appropriable for debts, like personal property. The existing law he held to be pregnant with dishonesty and fraud against creditors. Mr. Canning immediately was down upon him with the "You're another" argument. "Dishonesty!" he said, "why, this proposal is neither more nor less than a dangerous and most dishonest attack upon the aristocracy, and the beginning of something which may end, if carried, like the French Revolution."

Worthy men are often found differing about some speculative point, respecting which neither can have any more certain knowledge than the other, and they wax fierce and bitter, each devoting the other to a fate which we dare not venture to describe. One calls the other "bigot," who retorts by calling out "idolater," or perhaps "fanatic;" and the phrases are bandied about with the gusto and fervor of Billingsgate—the meaning of the whole is, "You're another!"

Literary men have frequently ventured into this bandying about of strange talk. Rival country editors have sometimes been great adepts in it; though the fashion is gradually going out of date. There is nothing like the bitterness of criticism now, which used to prevail some fifty years ago. Godwin mildly assailed Southey as a renegade, in return for which Southey abused Godwin's abominably ugly nose. Moore spoke slightingly of Leigh Hunt's Cockney poetry, and Leigh Hunt in reply ridiculed Moore's diminutive figure. Southey cut up Byron in the Reviews, and Byron cut up Southey in the Vision of Judgment. Scott did not appreciate Coleridge, and Coleridge spoke of Ivanhoe and The Bride of Lammermoor as "those wretched abortions."

You often hear of talkers who are "good at a retort." It means they can say "You're another!" in a biting, clever way. The wit of many men is of this kind—cutting and sarcastic. Nicknames grow out of it—the Christian calls the Turk an Infidel—as the Turk calls the Christian a Dog of an Unbeliever. Whig and Tory retort on each other the charge of oppressor. "The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, the lawyer beknaves the divine." It all means "You're another!" Phrenologists say the propensity arises in the organ of combativeness. However that may be, there is need of an abatement. Retort, even the most delicately put, is indignation, and indignation is the handsome brother of hatred. It breeds bitterness between man and man, and produces nothing but evil. The practice is only a modification of Billingsgate, cover it with what elegant device we may. In any guise the "You're another" style of speech ought to be deprecated and discountenanced.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

SEARCHER of Hearts!—from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

II.

Hearer of Prayer!—oh guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

III.

Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came:—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

IV.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE political events of the month just closed have been of considerable interest. November is the month for elections in several of the most important States: the interest which usually belongs to these events is enhanced in this instance by the fact that they precede a Presidential contest, which occurs next year, and they are scanned, therefore, with the more care as indicative of its results. In several of the States, however, the elections of this year do not afford any substantial ground for predicting their votes in the Presidential election, as questions were at issue now which may not greatly influence them then. In GEORGIA, for example the old political parties were wholly broken up, and the divisions which they occasion did not prevail. Both the candidates for Governor were prominent members of the Democratic party; but Hon. HOWELL COBB, Speaker of the last House of Representatives in Congress, was put forward as the Union candidate, while Mr. MCDONALD, his opponent, was the candidate of those who were in favor of seceding from the Union, on account of the Compromise measures of 1850. The same division prevailed in the Congressional contest, the nominees being Unionists and Secessionists, without regard to other distinctions. The general result was announced in our November Record. The Union party elected *six* out of the *eight* members of Congress, and Mr. COBB was elected Governor by a very large majority. The following is a statement of the vote in each of the Congressional districts, upon both tickets; and gives an accurate view of the sentiments of the people of the State upon that subject:

	GOVERNOR.		CONGRESS.	
Cong. Districts.	*Cobb.*	*McDonald.*	*Union.*	*Secession.*
First district ..	4,268	3,986	4,011	4,297
Second ditto...	8,213	7,050	8,107	6,985
Third ditto	6,114	6,123	5,853	6,011
Fourth ditto...	7,568	5,391	7,750	5,601
Fifth ditto.....	13,676	7,062	13,882	7,481
Sixth ditto	6,952	3,037	6,937	2,819
Seventh ditto..	4,726	2,134	4,744	1,955
Eighth ditto...	4,744	2,669	4,704	2,538
Total	56,261	37,472	55,988	37,699
Cobb's majority..	18,789		Union Cong. ditto ..	18,319

This shows a popular majority of over eighteen thousand in favor of the Union. The election of Members of the Legislature took place at the same time, and resulted in the choice to the Senate of *thirty-nine* Union and *eight* Secession Senators, and to the House of *one hundred and one* Union, and *twenty-six* Southern-rights men. Upon the Legislature thus chosen will devolve the duty of electing a Senator in the Congress of the United States, in place of Mr. BERRIEN, whose term expires next spring.

In SOUTH CAROLINA an election has taken place for members of Congress and delegates to a State Convention, in which the same issue superseded all others. One party avowed itself in favor of the immediate and separate secession of the State from the Union, while the other was in favor of awaiting the co-operation of other Southern States. Both held that the action of the Federal Government had been hostile to Southern interests and rights, and both professed to be in favor of taking measures of redress. They differed, however, as to the means and time of action, and the following table shows the relative strength of each party in the State—those in favor of the Union as it is, of course, voting with the Co-operationists:

Cong. Districts.	*Secession.*	*Co-operation.*
First district	3,392	4,085
Second ditto.....	1,816	5,010
Third ditto	2,523	3,467
Fourth ditto	2,698	4,377
Fifth ditto	2,475	3,369
Sixth ditto.....	1,454	2,927
Seventh ditto.....	3,352	1,910
Total	17,710	25,045
Co-operation majority.....		7,335

Elections in MISSISSIPPI and in ALABAMA, involving the same issue, have been already noticed. The results of the canvass in these four Southern States are of interest as showing the relative strength of the two parties in that section of the Union. The following table shows the vote upon each side, in each State, in round numbers:

	Total vote.	*Union.*	*Secession.*	*Maj.*
Mississippi.	50,100	28,700	21,400	7,300
Alabama...	74,800	40,500	34,300	6,200
Georgia....	93,733	56,261	37,472	18,789
S. Carolina.	42,755	25,045	17,710	7,335
Total	261,388	150,506	110,882	39,524

In VIRGINIA the election was for members of Congress, and upon the adoption of the new Constitution. The result has been that the Congressional delegation stands as before, and the new Constitution was adopted by a very large majority. Among the Whig members defeated was Hon. John Minor Botts, who has since written a letter attributing his defeat to the stand which he took in Convention in favor of a mixed basis of representation. The new Constitution adopts the principle of universal suffrage in all elections, limited, however, to white male citizens who are twenty-one years of age, and who have resided two years in the State and one year in the county in which they vote. Persons in the naval or military service of the United States are not to be deemed residents in the State by reason of being stationed therein. No person will have the right to vote who is of unsound mind, or a pauper, or a non-commissioned officer, soldier, seaman, or marine in the service of the United States, or who has been convicted of bribery in an election, or of any infamous offense. In all elections votes are required to be given openly *viva voce*, and not by ballot, except that dumb persons entitled to suffrage may vote by ballot. Under the new Constitution, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Attorney General are to be elected by the people. These officers for the ensuing term, as well as members of the Senate and House of Representatives, are to be chosen on the 9th day of December next. The seats of all members of the General Assembly already elected will be from that date vacated by the effect of the new Constitution.

In PENNSYLVANIA the election for Governor, Canal Commissioner, and five Judges of the Supreme Court, occurred on the last Monday in October, and resulted as follows:

Governor.	BIGLER (Dem.)	186,499	8,465 *Maj.*
	JOHNSTON (Whig)	178,034	
Canal Com.	CLOVER (Dem.)	184,014	8,660 *Maj.*
	STROHM (Whig)	175,354	
Judges.	CAMPBELL (Dem.)	175,975	
	LOWRIE "	185,353	Elected.
	LEWIS "	183,975	"
	BLACK "	185,868	"
	GIBSON "	184,371	"
	COULTER (Whig)	179,999	"
	COMLEY "	174,336	
	CHAMBERS "	174,350	
	MEREDITH "	173,491	
	JESSUP "	172,273	

In the Legislature there are, Senators 16 Democrats

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16 Whigs, and one Native American; in the House of Representatives, 54 Democrats and 46 Whigs.

Elections have also been held in Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Maryland, and Massachusetts; but up to the time of closing this record, official returns have not been received.

We have already mentioned the return of the expedition sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell in search of the great English navigator, Sir John Franklin, and the general result of their Arctic explorations. Surgeon E. K. KANE, who accompanied the expedition, has since published a letter, in which he expresses the opinion that Sir John, while wintering in the cove near Beechy's Island, where unmistakable signs of his presence were discovered, found a pathway made by the opening of the ice, toward the north, and that he passed northward by Wellington Channel and did not return. The American expedition was caught in an ice drift nearly opposite the spot of Franklin's first sojourn, and borne northward in the ice for fifteen days. Into the region north and west of Cornwallis Island, which is open sometimes and may be always, a continuance of the drift a few days longer would have borne the American Squadron: and in that region Mr. Kane thinks Sir John Franklin must now be sought. The chances of his destruction by ice, or by want of food, he thinks, are not great. The British residents of New York gave Mr. Grinnell a public dinner on the 4th of November at the Astor House, at which a large company sat down, Mr. Anthony Barclay presiding. Great interest continues to be felt in the search for Sir John Franklin, and it is probable that it will be renewed in the early spring. In the preceding pages of this Number will be found an exceedingly interesting history of the Expedition, from the journal of one of its members—accompanied by numerous illustrations of the scenes and incidents encountered during the voyage.

The case of Mr. John S. Thrasher, an American gentleman resident at Havana, has excited a good deal of public interest. Mr. T. has resided there for a number of years. He was the editor and proprietor of the *Faro Industrial*, a paper devoted entirely to commercial matters, and which he had conducted with energy, ability, and success. While the American prisoners were in Havana, Mr. Thrasher took a marked interest in them, and did all in his power to alleviate the discomforts of their position. For some reason, which has never yet been assigned, he incurred the distrust of the authorities, and on the 1st of September he was prohibited from issuing his paper which was seized. Feeling confident that his property would soon be restored, he devoted himself to procure comforts for his countrymen who had been condemned to transportation. The police, however, were ordered strictly to watch his movements. His letters were stopped, seized, and examined; but they contained nothing to warrant proceedings against him. On the arrival of the steamer *Georgia* from the United States, two policemen followed him and saw him receive letters from the clerk. They arrested him on landing and searched his papers, but found nothing but a business letter. For two or three days he continued under arrest, when a letter was brought to him sealed, directed to him, and said to have been found upon his desk. It proved to be written in cipher, but Mr. Thrasher declared himself ignorant alike of its contents and its author. This, however, was of no avail. He was immediately committed to prison, and on the 25th of September was thrust into a damp, dark dungeon, cut from the rock and level with the sea, with a bare board for furniture, and where death will be the inevitable consequence of a few weeks' confinement. At the latest dates no charges had been publicly made against him, his trial had not taken place, and no one was admitted to see him. The result of the affair is looked for with great anxiety.

The late President TYLER has written a letter to the Spanish Minister in the United States, appealing for the pardon and release of the Americans taken prisoners in Cuba. He ventures to make the application in view of the friendly relations which existed between him and M. Calderon de la Barca during his administration, and ventures to hope that his request will be laid before the Queen of Spain. He concedes the flagrancy of their offense, but urges that sufficient punishment has already been inflicted, and that their pardon will do much toward softening the feelings of the people of this country toward the Spanish government, and preventing future attempts upon the peace of its colonies.

Gen. WM. B. CAMPBELL was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee on the 16th of October. His inaugural address referred briefly to national affairs. He spoke in the highest terms of commendation of those who secured the passage of the Compromise bills, in the Congress of 1850, and of the firm manner in which they have been maintained by the President. The disastrous results of secession were strongly depicted. He urged that it must inevitably lead to bloody civil wars, alike melancholy and deplorable for the victors and the vanquished. He pledged himself to maintain the Compromise measures, because he believed their continuance on the statute book will promote prosperity and happiness, while an interference with them will inevitably produce agitation, mischief, and misery.

A Convention of cotton planters was held at Macon, Georgia, on the 28th of October. About three hundred delegates were in attendance, of whom two hundred came from half the counties in Georgia, sixty-eight from one quarter of those of Alabama, nineteen from five counties of Florida, and one or two from each of several other Southern states. Ex-Governor MOSELEY, of Florida, was chosen President. The object of the Convention was to render the planters of cotton more independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of trade, and to enable them to obtain more uniformly high prices for their great staple. A great variety of opinions prevailed upon the subject. Various modes were suggested, but as none seemed acceptable, the whole subject was referred to a Committee of twenty-one, but even this Committee could not agree. A proposition was then *rejected*, by a vote of 48 to 43, which provided that planters should make returns to a Central Committee to be established of the cotton housed by the middle of January; and further, that not more than two-thirds of the crop should be sold before the 1st of May, and for not less than eight cents a pound; and that the remaining third should be sold at a time to be recommended by the Central Committee. A minority report was presented in favor of the Florida scheme for a Cotton Planters' Association, with a capital of twenty millions of dollars, and a warehouse for the storage of cotton, whereby prices might be contracted. This met the violent opposition of the Convention. Resolutions were finally adopted recommending Central, State, and County Associations to collect statistical and general information respecting the production and consumption of cotton. A committee was also appointed to procure such legislative acts as may be for the interest of planters. Resolutions were also passed to encourage Southern manufacturers to employ slave labor in their factories. Having urged

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another Cotton Planters' Convention, and exhorted delegates to arouse the public on the subject, by lectures and otherwise, the assembly adjourned *sine die*, after a session of several days, in which it will be observed that very little business was transacted.

The magnetic telegraph has become so common an agent of transmitting intelligence in this country, as to render all news of its progress interesting and important. Prof. MORSE has been for some time prosecuting other persons for infringing his patent. A rival line, using the machinery of Mr. BAIN, has been for some years in operation between New York and Philadelphia. A suit was commenced against the Company and has been for some years pending in the United States Circuit Court. It has just been decided by Judge KANE, in favor of the claimants under Prof. Morse's patents. The several points ruled by the Court in this case, are: 1. That an *art* is the subject of a patent, as well as an implement or a machine. 2. That an inventor may surrender and obtain a re-issue of his patent more than once if necessary. 3. That Prof. Morse was the first inventor of the art of recording signs at a distance by means of electro-magnetism, or the magnetic telegraph. 4. That the several parts or elements of the Morse Telegraph are covered and protected by his patent, as new inventions, and are really new, either as single, independent inventions, or as parts of a new combination for the purpose specified. 5. That the patent granted to Prof. Morse for his "Local Circuit" is valid, and that the "Branch Circuit" of the Bain line is an infringement of it. 6. That the subject and principles of the chemical telegraph are clearly embraced in Morse's patents. These are the chief questions in dispute. The counsel for the complainants were directed to draw up a decree to be made by the Court, in accordance with the prayer of the bill and the decision just given. The case will of course now be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the New Monthly Magazine for July last (No. 14, Vol. III. p. 274) we gave a detailed statement of the legal controversy between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Methodist Episcopal Church, brought by the former to recover a portion of the "Book Fund." The suit came on May 19, in the United States Circuit Court, and was elaborately argued by distinguished counsel. The decision, which was then deferred, was given by Judge NELSON on the 10th of November. It was long and elaborate, going over the whole ground involved, sketching the history of the case, and stating the legal principles applicable to it. He decided that the separation was legal, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church South is entitled to a portion of the Fund. This must end the controversy unless an appeal should be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

A large number of the citizens of New York recently addressed a letter to Hon. HENRY CLAY, requesting him to address a meeting in that city in favor of the Compromise measures of 1850, expressing a belief that additional exertions were needed to prevent propositions for the repeal or modification of some of the laws. Mr. Clay's reply, dated Oct. 3, is long and elaborate. Declining the invitation, he expresses great interest in the subject, and says he believes that the great majority of the people in every section of the Union, are satisfied with, or acquiesce in, the compromise. The only law which encounters any hostility, is that relating to the surrender of fugitive slaves; and this is now almost universally obeyed. Mr. Clay proceeds to urge the necessity of such a law and its rigid execution; and he then examines the principle of secession from the Union, as it is presented and advocated in some of the Southern States.

Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., distinguished as one of the oldest and ablest theologians in the country, died at Princeton, N. J. on the 22d of October, aged 81. He was a native of Virginia, and became a minister in the Presbyterian Church at the age of 21. He was early appointed President of Hampton Sidney College. He afterward was called to the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and was stationed, there, when in 1812, the Theological Seminary was established at Princeton. He was appointed the first Professor in that Seminary.

Dr. J. KEARNEY RODGERS, distinguished in New York as a surgeon, and of eminently useful and estimable character, died on the 9th of November. Dr. GRANVILLE SHARP PATTISON, also celebrated in this country as well as in England for medical science and practical skill, died on the 13th. He was distinguished as an anatomist, and was the author of several works upon medical subjects which enjoyed a wide celebrity and are still used as standard treatises.—GARDNER G. HOWLAND, well-known as one of the oldest, most enterprising, and wealthiest merchants of New York, and one of the most beneficent and public spirited inhabitants of that city, died suddenly on the 13th.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 1st of October. The State election had resulted in a Democratic victory. Mr. BIGLER, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor by about 1500 majority; Messrs. MARSHALL and MCCORKLE, Democrats, are elected to Congress; and the Legislature, upon which will devolve the duty of electing a U. S. Senator, is strongly Democratic also.——The Capital of the State has been removed back from Vallejo to San José.——The intelligence from the mines is highly encouraging; new veins of gold are constantly discovered, and the old placers have never been known to yield more plentifully.——The Indians in all the northern sections of the country are represented as being highly troublesome, and traveling there has become dangerous.——A large party of Mormons have purchased the rancho of San Bernardino, near Los Angelos; they gave $60,000 for it, and are to take possession of it very soon.——A railroad from San Francisco to San José, the first in California, has been commenced.——The Vigilance Committee at San Francisco, has come to an end. Order and quiet are completely restored, and a feeling of security is rapidly gaining ground. The city is increasing very fast both in population and in extent.——Disastrous news has been received from the American whaling fleet in the North Pacific. Ten or twelve of the ships have been lost: the season has been very unprofitable for all.

From OREGON, we learn that emigrants were coming in rapidly, though a late heavy snow-storm had seriously retarded the progress of emigrants through the mountains. The suffering from cold, and in some instances from lack of provisions, has been very severe.——The Snake Indians are becoming hostile and troublesome. Mr. Hudson Clark, from Illinois, with his family, having got ahead of the train with which he was traveling, was attacked by about thirty Indians, near Raft River, and his mother and brother were killed. Others had been killed a few days previously. Outrages in different sections led to the belief that the Indians were about to assume their former attitude of hostility toward the inhabitants. ——Steps have been taken by a Convention of Del

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egates from the country north of the Columbia River, to form a new territorial government, or failing in that, to organize a new State, and ask admission into the Union. The reasons for this step are the great extent of country, its distance from the Capital, and the total absence of all municipal law and civil officers.

In the SANDWICH ISLANDS, the volcanic Mountain Maunaloa, had given tokens of an eruption early in August. A letter in the *Polynesian* of the 12th says: "The great crater of Maunaloa, that was generally thought to be quite extinct, is now in action. For a few days a heavy cloud, having the appearance of smoke, has been observed to hover over the summit of the mountain. Last night the mountain stood out in bold relief, unobstructed by clouds or mist, and presented a sublime and awfully grand appearance, belching forth flames and cinders that again fell in showers at a distance. The heavy bank of smoke that lowered over its top, presented the appearance of the mountain itself poised upon its apex. It is possible that another eruption may take place like that of 1843, and liquid lava be seen flowing down its sides."

From NEW MEXICO we have intelligence to the last of October. Serious difficulties had occurred, which excited deep hostility between the American and Mexican portions of the population, and threatened to inflict lasting injury upon the country. The election for a Delegate to Congress, was held on the 1st of September. A number of Americans went to the polls at Los Ranchos, for the purpose of voting, but were refused by the Mexican authorities. Insisting upon their right a general quarrel ensued. The county judge, a Mexican named Ambrosio Armijo, ordered out a number of armed men, who killed an American named Edward Burtnett, stripping and mangling his body. An investigation was held, but without any important result. On the 23d, Mr. W. C. Skinner, who had taken an active part in the effort to bring the authors of this outrage to punishment, was at Los Ranchos, and became involved in a dispute with a Mexican, named Juan C. Armijo. As he left him a number of Armijo's peons fell upon him with clubs, and killed him on the spot. Mr. Skinner was from Connecticut, and an active opponent of the Governor in the Legislature of which he was a member. Meetings of the Americans were held, at which the conduct of the Mexicans was denounced, and the attention of the General Government at Washington, called to the condition of the territory.——Major Weightman has been elected Delegate to Congress: loud complaints are made of frauds at the election. ——The new military post in the Navajo country, is at Cañon Bonito: Col. Summer and his command were in pursuit of the Indians. Two soldiers who had left Santa Fé with the mail, for the Navajo country, had not been heard from, and were supposed to have been killed.——Business was dull, and the season very wet.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From CHILI, we have news of another insurrecon. The term of office of the late President, Gen. JULNES, expired on the 16th of September. In August the new election had taken place, and resulted n the choice of Don MANUEL MONTT over his opponent, Gen. CRUZ. Montt was a successful lawyer of Santiago, and had held a post in the cabinet of the ormer administration. He was brought forward as ne candidate of the government, which rendered him xceedingly obnoxious to the people. His opponent, Gen. Cruz, had been one of the heroes of the revolution and enjoyed great popularity with the army and a large portion of the people, especially of the province of Conception, of which he was the chief officer. Fearing his influence then upon the election, the government removed him, and this created great disaffection among the people. Loud threats were heard, that Montt, who had received a very large majority, should not be inaugurated: the government, nevertheless, steadily went on with their preparations for that event. The revolt first broke out at Coquimbo, on the 8th of September, where the disaffected party deposed and banished the government officers, seized the custom-house with about $70,000, and levied forced loans from many of the wealthy inhabitants. They then siezed the steamer "Fire-fly," belonging to an English gentleman, and sent her to Conception, the stronghold of Gen. Cruz, to arouse his friends to a similar movement there. An outbreak had already taken place in that department; the insurgents had been very successful—banished all the old officers, and appointed new ones, and seized the Chilian mail steamer, with $30,000 belonging to the government. Up to this time, Gen. Cruz had kept himself aloof from the movement, and had counseled his friends against it. Feeling satisfied with their success, they determined to await the action of the other provinces. Meanwhile, the government having heard of the revolt, and seeing that it was confined to these two departments, took active measures for its suppression. A detachment of infantry, consisting of 300 or 400 men, was sent to Valparaiso, but was induced to march to join the insurgents in Coquimbo. Intelligence of this defection created the most intense excitement at the Capital, and the city was at once put under martial-law, and a company of artillery was sent aganinst the deserters, who were all brought back without bloodshed, within forty-eight hours. Their leaders were thrown into prison, and would probably be shot. Other troops were sent to the disaffected region, and the few ships belonging to the Chilian navy were sent to blockade the ports of Coquimbo and Talcahuano. Meantime, the inauguration of President Montt took place on the 18th of September, the anniversary of Chilian independence, and that day as well as the 17th, and 19th, were devoted to magnificent festivities at Santiago. Gen. Bulnes had left for Conception, to raise troops for the government on the road, and put himself at their head. There were rumors that he had been compelled to fall back, and that Gen. Cruz had put himself at the head of the movement in Conception. He had issued a proclamation to the army, and authorized a steamer to cruise in his service. At Coquimbo, Gen. Correa was in command of the insurgent forces, and it was reported that he had forced the government troops under Gen. Guzman, to fall back. The British admiral, on hearing of the seizure of the "Fire-fly" steamer, had sent two steam-frigates to recover her and demand indemnity. One of them, the *Gorgon*, captured her at Coquimbo, and the commander had entered into a convention with the party in power there, agreeing to raise the blockade of that port, on their agreeing to pay $30,000 indemnity to Mr. Lambert, and $10,000 as ransom for the steamer, which he had seized as a pirate, "provided the British admiral should decide that he had a right to seize her." Great dissatisfaction has been felt among the foreign residents at the terms of this convention. Both the British and American squadrons were watchfully protecting the commerce of their respective countries. The issue of the contest between the government and the insurgents has not yet reached us, but the latest advices state that the government felt confident in its ability to repress the insurrection; its

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strength and resources are shown by the fact that it had remitted $80,000 to England, to meet dividends and canal bonds.

We have further news of interest from Buenos Ayres. Our intelligence of last month left Oribe, with a large force, on the 30th of July, in daily expectation of having a battle with the Brazilian troops under Urquiza and Garzon—each contending for dominion over Uruguay. The contest seems to have been ended without a fight. As Oribe advanced against the allied troops, he lost his men by desertion in great numbers, and by the end of August six thousand of his cavalry had joined the standard of Urquiza, whose strength was rapidly increased. Finding the force against him to be such as to forbid all hope of a successful battle, Oribe seems to have abandoned all hope. He had made up his mind to evacuate the Oriental territory, and for that purpose had equested the French admiral to convey him, with the Argentine troops, to Buenos Ayres. This request had been refused: and this refusal led to new desertions from Oribe's force. Rosas was still in the field, but would be compelled to surrender.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 15th of October. The political condition of the country was one of great embarrassment and peril. Dangers seem to threaten the country from every quarter. On the southern border is the danger growing out of the grant to the United States of right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. If the railroad is built there, it is feared that the energy and business enterprise which the Americans will infuse into that section of the country, will gradually Americanize it, and thus lead inevitably to its separation from Mexico. On the other hand, if the grant is revoked, there is great danger of war with the United States, which could end only in renewed loss of territory. Upon the northwest again, there is a prospect of invasion from California. Thousands of the adventurous inhabitants of that State are settling in the western section of Mexico and preparing the way for its separation from the central government.

A still more serious danger menaces them from the Northern departments, in which, as was mentioned in our last Number, a revolution has broken out which promises to be entirely successful. Later advices confirm this prospect. After taking Reynosa, Gen. Caravajal, the leader of the revolution, marched to Matamoras, which he reached on the 20th of October, and forthwith attacked the place, which had been prepared for an obstinate defense, under Gen. Avalos. Several engagements between the opposing forces had taken place, and the besieged army is said to have lost two hundred men. The inhabitants of Matamoras had been forced to leave, part of the town had been twice on fire, and a great amount of property was destroyed. But the city still held out.

The general government had addressed a note, through the Minister of War, under date of September 25, to the Governors of the Northern States, expressing confidence in their fidelity and urging them to spare no effort to crush the revolt. The Governors had replied to the requisitions upon them for troops, that their departments were not injured by the revolution and that they would not aid its suppression. This fact shows that the movement has decided strength among the Mexicans themselves.

The Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz has passed a resolution requesting Congress to charter a railroad, from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, by way of Mexico A good deal of hostility is evinced to a reported design of the Pope to send a nuncio to the capital.—The British Minister has demanded from Mexico a judicial decree in favor of British creditors, and has menaced the government with a blockade of their ports as the alternative.—There had been a military revolt of part of the troops in Yucatan, which had been suppressed, and six of the soldiers shot

GREAT BRITAIN.

The arrival of KOSSUTH and the closing of the Great Exhibition, are the two events by which the month in England has been distinguished. The great Hungarian received a very cordia welcome He came to Gibraltar from Constantinople by the United States steam frigate Mississippi, which had been sent out by the American government to convey him to the United States. On reaching Marseilles he proposed to go through France to England, for the purpose of leaving his children there; and then to meet the Mississippi again at Gibraltar. The French government refused him permission to pass through France. The receipt of this refusal excited a good deal of feeling among the people of Marseilles, who gathered in immense numbers to testify their regard for the illustrious exile, and their regret at the action of their government. In reply to their manifestations, Kossuth addressed them a letter of thanks, which was published in *Le Peuple* at Marseilles. In this he merely alluded to the action of the government and assured them that he did not hold the French people responsible for it. He then proceeded in the frigate to Gibraltar, where, after staying two or three days, and receiving the utmost civilities of the British officers there, he embarked on board the British steamer Madrid, in which he reached Southampton on the 23d of October. A large concourse of people met him on the wharf and escorted him, with great enthusiasm and hearty cheering, to the residence of the mayor. In answer to the loud cheers with which he was greeted, he came out upon the balcony and briefly addressed the crowd, warmly thanking them for their welcome and expressing the profoundest gratitude to England for the aid she had given to his deliverance from prison. —The same day an address from the people of Southampton was presented to him in the Town Hall, to which he replied at some length. He spoke of the feeling with which he had always studied the character and institutions of England, and said that it was her municipal institutions which had preserved to Hungary some spirit of public life and constitutional liberty, against the hostile acts of Austria. The doctrine of centralization had been fatal to France and other European nations. It was the foe of liberty—the sure agent of absolute power. He attributed much of England's freedom to her municipal institutions. For himself, he regarded these demonstrations of respect as paid to the political principles he represented, rather than his person. He believed that England would not allow Russia to control the destinies of Europe—that her people would not assist the ambition of a few families, but the moral welfare and dignity of humanity. He hoped to see some of those powerful associations of English people, by which so much is done for political rights, directing their attention, and extending their powerful aid to Hungary. For himself life was of no value, except as he could make use of it for the liberty of his own country and the benefit of humanity. He took the expression of respect by which he had been met, as an encouragement to go on in that way which he had taken for the aim of his life, and which he hoped the blessings of the Almighty, and the sympathy of the people of England and of

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generous hearts all over the world, might help to carry to a happy issue. It was a much greater merit to acknowledge a principle in adversity than to pay a tribute to its success. He thanked them for their sympathy and assured them of the profound admiration he had always entertained for the free institutions of England.

On the 24th, KOSSUTH went to the country house of the mayor, and on the 25th attended a *déjeûner* at Winchester, where he made a long speech, being mainly an historical outline of the Hungarian revolution. He explained the original character of Hungary, as a constitutional monarchy, and its position between Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Its constitution was aristocratic, but its aristocracy was not rich, nor was it opposed to the constitutional rights of the people. Hungary had a parliament and county municipal institutions, and to the latter he attributed the preservation of the people's rights. All the orders of the government to any municipal magistrate, must be forwarded through county meetings, where they were discussed, and sometimes withheld. They thus formed a strong barrier against the encroachments of the government; and no county needed such a barrier more, for during more than three centuries, the House of Hapsburg had not at its head a man who was a friend to political freedom. The House of Hapsburg ruled Hungary, but only according to treaties—one of the conditions of which was, that they were to rule the people of Hungary only through Hungarian institutions, and according to its own laws. Austria had succeeded in absorbing all the other provinces connected with her—but her attempts upon Hungary had proved unsuccessful. Her constant efforts to subdue Hungary had convinced her rulers that to the nobles alone her defense ought not to be intrusted, but that all the people should have an equal interest in their constitutional rights. This was the direction of public opinion in Hungary in 1825. The first effort of the patriotic party, therefore, was to emancipate the people—to relieve the peasantry from their obligation to give 104 days out of every year to their landlords, one-ninth of their produce to their seigneur, and one-tenth to the bishop. This was only effected by slow degrees. In the long parliament, from 1832 to 1836, a measure was carried giving the peasant the right to purchase exemption from the duties with the consent of his landlord. This, however, was vetoed by the Regent. The government then set itself to work to corrupt the county constituencies, by which members of the Commons were chosen. They appointed officers to be present at every meeting, and to control every act. This system the liberal party resisted, because they wished the county meetings to be free. And this struggle went on until 1847, just before the breaking out of the French Revolution. The revolution in Vienna followed that event, and this threw all power into the hands of Kossuth and his party. He at once proposed to emancipate the peasantry, and to indemnify the landlords from the land. The measure was carried at once, through both Houses; and Kossuth and his friends then went on, to give to every inhabitant a right to vote, and to establish representative institutions, including a responsible ministry. The Emperor gave his sanction to all these laws. Yet very soon after a rebellion was incited by Austria among the Serbs, who resisted the new Hungarian government, and declared their independence. The Palatine, representing the King, called for an army to put down the rebellion, and Jellachich, who was its leader, was proclaimed a traitor. But soon successes in Italy enabled the Emperor to act more openly, and he recognized Jellachich as his friend, and commissioned him to march with an army against Hungary. He did so, but was driven back. The Emperor then appointed him governor; but the Hungarians would not receive him. Then came an open war with Austria, in which the Hungarians were successful. Reliable information was then received that Russia was about to join Austria in the war, and that Hungary had nowhere to look for aid. It was then proposed that, if Hungary was forced to contend against two mighty nations, the reward of success should be its independence. What followed, all know. He declared his belief that, but for the treason of Görgey, the Hungarians could have defeated the united armies of their foes. But the House of Hapsburg, as a dynasty, exists no more. It merely vegetates at the whim of the mighty Czar, to whom it has become the obedient servant. But if England would only say that Russia should not thus set her foot on the neck of Hungary, all might yet be well. Hungary would have knowledge, patriotism, loyalty, and courage enough to dispose of its own domestic matters, as it is the sovereign right of every nation to do. This was the cause for which he asked the generous sympathy of the English people; and he thanked them cordially for the attention they had given to his remarks.

On the same occasion Mr. COBDEN spoke in favor of the intervention of England to prevent Russia from crushing Hungary, and obtaining control of Europe, and Mr. J. R. CROSKEY, the American Consul at Southampton, expressed the opinion that the time would come, if it had not already come, when the United States would be forced into taking more than an interest in European politics.

KOSSUTH again addressed the company, thanking them for the interest taken in the welfare of his unhappy country, and expressing the hope that, supported by this sympathy, the hopes expressed might be realized at no distant day. He spoke also of the different ways in which nations may promote the happiness and welfare of their people. England, he said, wants no change, because she is governed by a constitutional monarchy, under which all classes in the country enjoy the full benefits of free institutions. The consequence is, the people of England are masters of their own fates—defenders of her institutions—obedient to the laws, and vigilant in their behavior—and the country has become, and must forever continue, under such institutions, to be great, glorious, and free. Then the United States is a republic—and though governed in a different way from England, the people of the United States have no motive for desiring a change—they have got liberty, freedom, and every means for the full development of their social condition and position. Under their government, the people of the United States have, in sixty years, arrived at a position of which they may well be proud—and the English people, too, have good reason to be proud of their descendants and the share which she has had in the planting of so great a nation on the other side of the Atlantic. It was most gratifying to see so great and glorious a nation thriving under a Constitution but little more than sixty years old. It is not every republic in which freedom is found to exist, and he said he could cite examples in proof of his assertion—and he deeply lamented that there is among them one great and glorious nation where the people do not yet enjoy that liberty which their noble minds so well fit them for. It is not every monarchy that is good because under it you enjoy full liberty and freedom. Therefore he felt that it is not the living under a govern

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ment called a republic, that will secure the liberties of the people, but that quite as just and honest laws may exist under a monarchy as under a republic. If he wanted an illustration, he need only examine the institutions of England and the United States, to show that under different forms of government equal liberty can and does exist. It was to increase the liberties of the people that they had endeavored to widen the basis on which their Constitution rested, so as to include the whole population, and thus give them an interest in the maintenance of social order.

M. KOSSUTH had visited London privately, mainly to consult a physician concerning his health, which is delicate. He intended to remain in England until the 14th of November, and then sail for New York in one of the American steamers.

The Great Exhibition was closed Oct. 15 with public ceremonies. The building was densely filled with spectators, and there was a general attendance of all who had been officially connected with the Exhibition in any way. Viscount Canning read the report of the Council of the Chairmen of Juries, rehearsing the manner in which they had endeavored to discharge the duties devolved upon them. There had been thirty-four acting juries, composed equally of British subjects and foreigners. The chairmen of these juries were formed into a Council, to determine the conditions upon which prizes should be awarded, and to secure, so far as possible, uniformity in the action of the juries. It was ultimately decided that only two kinds of medals should be awarded, one the *prize* medal, to be conferred wherever a certain standard of excellence in production or workmanship had been attained, and to be awarded by the juries: the other the *council* medal, to be awarded by the council, upon the recommendation of a jury, for some important novelty of invention or application, either in material or processes of manufacture, or originality combined with great beauty of design. The number of prize medals awarded was 2918: of council medals 170. Honorable mention was made of other exhibitors whose works did not entitle them to medals. The whole number of exhibitors was about 17,000. Prince ALBERT responded to this report, on behalf of the Royal Commissioners, thanking the jurors and others for the care and assiduity with which they had performed their duties, and closing with the expression of the hope that the Exhibition might prove to be a happy means of promoting unity among nations, and peace and good will among the various races of mankind. The honor of knighthood has been conferred upon Mr. Paxton, the designer of the building, Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, and Mr. Fox, the contractor. The total number of visits to the Exhibition has been 6,201,856: 166 schools and twenty-three parties of agricultural laborers have visited it. The entire sum received from the Exhibition has been £505,107 5*s.* 7*d.* of which £356,808, 1*s.* was taken at the doors. About £90 of bad silver was taken—nearly all on the half-crown and five shilling days. Of the 170 council medals distributed 76 went to the United Kingdom, 57 to France, 7 to Prussia, 5 to the United States, 4 to Austria, 3 to Bavaria, 2 each to Belgium, Switzerland, and Tuscany, 1 each to Holland, Russia, Rome, Egypt, the East India Company, Spain, Tunis, and Turkey, and one each to Prince Albert, Mr. Paxton, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Cubitt.

The sum of £758,196 from the British revenue for the quarter ending October 11, is available toward the payment of the national debt. The sum of £3,004,048 has been appropriated to that object during the year.

The Queen returned on the 12th of October from a protracted tour in Scotland. She visited Liverpool and Manchester on her return, and in both cities was received with great enthusiasm.

Serious difficulties have arisen in Ireland out of the loans made by government to the various unions for the relief. As the time for repaying these advances comes round, the country is found to be unable to pay the taxes levied for that purpose. These rates run from five to ten shillings in the pound. In some of the unions a disposition to repudiate the debt has been shown—but this has generally proved to be only a desire to postpone it until it can be done without oppressively taxing the property. The question has excited a great deal of feeling, and the difficulty is not yet surmounted.

The public is anxiously awaiting the details of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S promised reform bill. It is of course understood that its leading object will be to extend the elective franchise, and the bare thought of this has stimulated the organs of Toryism to prophetic lamentations over the ruin which so radical a movement will certainly bring upon the British Empire.

English colonial affairs engage a good deal of attention. At the Cape of Good Hope the government is engaged in a war with the native Kaffirs, which does not make satisfactory progress. At the latest accounts, coming down to September 12th, the hostile natives continued to vex the frontiers, and Sir Harry Smith, the military commandant, had found it necessary to lead new forces against them. A severe battle was fought on the 1st of September, and repeated engagements had been had subsequently, in all which great injury had been inflicted upon the English troops. It was supposed that ten thousand men would be required, in addition to the force already there, to restore peace to the disaffected district. The construction of a railway through Egypt, by English capitalists, has met with serious obstacles in the refusal of the Turkish Sultan to allow his subject, the Pacha of Egypt, to treat with foreigners for the purpose of allowing the work to go on. He has, however, given the English to understand, that he is not hostile to the railway, but is only unwilling that it should become a pretext for making the Pacha independent of him. Lord Palmerston acquiesces in the justice of this view; and there will probably be no difficulty in arranging the whole matter.

FRANCE.

Political affairs in France have taken a remarkable turn within the past month. The President persisted in his determination to be a candidate for re-election, and finding that he could not receive the support of the majority as the government was constituted, resolved upon a bold return to universal suffrage. Having been elected to the Presidency by universal suffrage, and finding that the restricted suffrage would ruin him, he determined to repeal the law of May, which disfranchised three millions of voters, and throw himself again upon the whole people of France. He accordingly demanded from his Ministers their consent to the abrogation of that law. They refused, and on the 14th of October all tendered their resignation. They were at once accepted by the President, but the Ministry were to retain their places until a new one could be formed. This proved to be a task of great difficulty. It was officially announced that the President was preparing his Message for the approaching session of the Assembly, and that in this document he would, first, lay down in very distinct terms, the abrogation of

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the law of May 31; secondly, that he will express his irrevocable resolution to maintain the policy of order, of conservation, and authority, and that he would make no concession to anarchical ideas, under whatever flag or name they may shelter themselves.

A new Ministry was definitively formed on the 27th of October, constituted as follows:

Justice	M. CORBIN.
Foreign Affairs	M. TURGOT.
Public Instruction	M. C. GIRAUD.
Interior	M. DE THOROGNY
Agriculture and Commerce	M. DE CASIABIANCA.
Public Works	M. LACROSSE.
War	Gen. LEROY DE ST. ARNAUD.
Marine	M. HIPPOLYTE FOURTOUL.
Finance	M. BLONDEL.
Prefet of Police	M. DE MAUPAS.

In several instances, within a few weeks past, the Republican representatives in the various departments of France, have been subjected to gross insults from the police and other agents of the government. M. Sartin, the representative for Allier, has submitted a statement to the Assembly, saying that while dining with a friend at Montlucon, two brigadiers of gendarmerie entered and told the company that, as the company exceeded fifteen, it was a political meeting within the prohibition of the government. M. Sartin produced his medal of representative of the people, and claimed immunity. He was told that no such immunity existed, except during the session of the Assembly. Quite a scuffle ensued, in which one or two persons were wounded. These proceedings soon collected a crowd, and the people declared that no more arrests should be made. Several squadrons of cavalry soon arrived, and as the result, thirteen persons were sent to prison.—In Saucerre also, the magistrates having arrested three persons, one of whom was the former mayor, the inhabitants rose and attempted a rescue. The military in the neighborhood collected and dispersed the crowd, twenty-six of whom were arrested and committed to prison.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

There is no news of special interest from Southern Europe. We have already noticed the letters of Mr. GLADSTONE to Lord ABERDEEN, exposing the abominations of the Neapolitan government, in its persecution of state prisoners—together with the official reply which the King of Naples has caused to be made to it. Lord Palmerston sent a copy of Mr. Gladstone's letters to the British representatives at each European Court, with instructions to lay them before the Court to which he was accredited. The Neapolitan Minister in London sent to Lord Palmerston a book written in reply to Mr. Gladstone's letters, by an English gentleman named M'Farlane, and requested him to send this also to those British representatives who had been furnished with the other. Lord P. replied to this request in a spirited letter, declaring his object to have been to arouse the public sentiment of Europe against the cruelties and outrageous violations of law and justice of which the government of Naples is constantly guilty, and saying that the King of Naples was very much mistaken, if he believed public opinion could be controlled or changed by such a pitiful diatribe as that of Mr. M'Farlane. The only way of conciliating the sentiment of Europe upon this subject, was by remedying the evils which had excited its indignation. The Courts of Germany, Austria, and Russia, to which Mr. Gladstone's letters were sent, have complained of this act as an unwarrantable interference, on the part of Lord Palmerston, with the internal administration of Naples. In the German Diet, at Frankfort, Count Thun protested against the course pursued by the British Minister, and maintained that to criticise the criminal justice of other countries is a most flagrant breach of the rights of nations. If English statesmen could interfere with the conduct of the King of Naples, for imprisoning men for supporting the Constitution which he had sworn to maintain, they might also interfere with the violations of their oaths, as well as of justice, of which the governments of Austria, Saxony, Baden, and other countries had been guilty; and then, said he, what was to become of kingly freedom and independence? The Diet, on his motion, resolved to express to the British Minister their astonishment at the course the British government had pursued.

In PRUSSIA vigorous preparations are made for anticipated difficulties in France in the spring of 1852, after the Presidential election. The troops of all the German states are to be put on a full war establishment, and to be ready for immediate action early in the spring. The western fortresses have received orders to be in readiness for war.

A general Congress has been held of representatives from the several German states, to make some common arrangement for the management of the electric telegraph. They have agreed that all messages shall be forwarded without interruption, that a common scale of charges shall be adopted, and that the receipts shall go into a common fund, to be distributed among the several states in proportion to the number of miles of telegraphic communication running through them.

The German Diet has resolved that the annexation of the Prussian Polish provinces to the confederation two years ago, was illegal and void. It has also determined to take into consideration the claims of the Ritter party in Hanover, to have the abolition of their nobility privileges revoked. This abolition was effected during the recent revolutions, but it was done in a perfectly legal manner.

The Emperor of Austria, not long since, wrote a letter to Prince Schwartzenberg, stating that the Ministry would henceforth be responsible to him alone, and that he would answer for the government This declaration, that the government was hereafter to be absolute, excited deep feeling throughout the country, and it was supposed that it might lead to a political crisis. On the 11th of October, however, the Ministers took the oath of obedience to the Emperor, under this new definition of their powers and responsibilities. The Emperor recently visited Lombardy, where he had a very cold reception.

In SPAIN changes have been made in the administration of the island of Cuba. A Colonial Council has been created, which is to have charge of all affairs relating to the colonial possessions, except such as are specially directed by other Ministers. The Captain-general of each colony is to conduct its affairs under the direction of the Council. It is said that the Spanish Government intends to relax its customs regulations in favor of England.

From INDIA and the EAST late intelligence has been received. The Indian frontier continued undisturbed: the troops suffered greatly from sickness. There had been an outbreak in Malabar, which caused great loss of life. The rebellion in China still goes on, but details of its progress are lacking.

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Editor's Table.

TIME AND SPACE—what are they? Do they belong to the world without, or to the world within, or to some mysterious and inseparable union of both departments of being? We hope the reader will be under no alarm from such a beginning, or entertain any fear of being treated to a dish of indigestible metaphysics. The terms we have placed at the head of our Editor's Table, as suggestive of appropriate thoughts for the closing month of the year, are, indeed, the deepest in philosophy. In all ages have they been the watchwords of the schools. Aristotle failed in the attempt to measure them. Kant acknowledged his inability to fathom the profundity of their significance. And yet there are none, perhaps, that enter more into the musings of that common philosophy which is for all minds, for all ages, and for all conditions in life. Who has not thought on the enigma of time and space, each baffling every effort the mind may make for its pure and perfect conception without some aid from the notion of its inseparable correlative? Where is the man, or child even, who has not been drawn to some contemplation of that wondrous stream on whose bosom we are sailing, but of which we can conceive neither origin nor outlet; that mysterious river ever sweeping us along as by some irresistible *outward* force, and yet seeming to be so strangely affected by the internal condition of each soul that is voyaging upon its current—at one time the scenery upon its banks gliding by with a placid swiftness that arrests the attention even of the least reflective—at another, the mind recalled from a reverie which has seemingly carried us onward many a league from the last remembered observation of our mental longitude, but only to discover, with surprise, that the objects on either shore have hardly receded a perceptible distance in the perspective of our spiritual panorama. We have passed the equinoctial line, and are under fair sail for the enchanted kingdom of Candaya, when, like Don Quixotte and Sancho on the smooth-flowing Ebro, we start up to find the rocks and trees, and all the familiar features of the same old "real world" yet full in sight, and that we have scarcely drifted a stone's throw from the point of our departure. It is astonishing to what a distance the mental wanderings may extend in the briefest periods. The idea was never better expressed than by a pious old deacon, who used most feelingly to lament this sin of wandering thoughts in the midst of holy services. Between the first and fourth lines of a hymn, he would say, the soul may rove to the very ends of the earth. The fixed outward measure arresting the attention by its marked commencement and its closing cadence, presented the extent of such subjective excursions in their most startling light. Childhood, too, furnishes vivid illustrations of the same psychological phenomena—childhood, that musing introspective period, which, on some accounts, may be regarded as the most metaphysical portion of human life. Who has not some reminiscences of this kind belonging to his boyish existence? How in health the morning has seemed to burst upon him in apparent simultaneousness with the moment when his head first dropped upon the pillow, and he has wondered to think how mysteriously he had leaped the interval which unerring outward indications had compelled him to assign to the measured continuity of his existence! How has he, on the other hand, in sickness, marked the unvaried ticking of the clock through the long dark night, and fancied that the slow-pacing hours would never flee away. His one sense and thought of pain, had arrested the current of his being, and even the outer world seemed to stand still, as though in sympathy with the suspended movement of his own inner life. In experiences such as these, the mind of the child has been brought directly upon the deepest problem in psychology He has been on the shore of the great mystery, and Kant, and Fichte, and Coleridge could go no farther, except, it may be, to show how utterly unfathomable for our present faculties, the mystery is. Philosophy comes back ever to the same unexplained position. She can not conceive of mind as existing out of time and space, and she can not well conceive of time and space as wholly separate from the idea of successive thought, or, in other words, a perceiving and measuring mind.

Such phenomena present themselves in our most ordinary existence. Let a man be in the habit of tracing back his roving thoughts, until he connects them with the last remembered link from which the wandering reverie commenced, and he will be amazed to find how long a time may in a few moments have passed through the mind. The minute hand has barely changed its position, and not only images and thoughts, but hopes, and fears, and moral states have been called out, which, under other circumstances, might have occupied an outward period extending it in almost any assignable ratio. Indeed it is impossible to assign any limit here. As far as our moral life is measured by actual spiritual exercise, a man may sin as much in a minute as, at another time, in a day. He may have had, in the same brief interval, a heaven of love and joy, which, in a different inward condition of the spirit, months and years would hardly have sufficed to realize.

Such cases are familiar to all reflective minds. Even as they take place in ordinary health, they may well produce the conviction, that there are mysteries enough for our study in our most common experience, without resorting to mesmerism or spiritual rappings. It is, however, in sickness, that such phenomena assume their most startling aspect, and furnish subjects of the most serious thought. The apparent decay of the mind in connection with that of the body—the apparent injuries the one sustains from the maladies of the other, have furnished arguments for the infidel, and painful doubts for the unwilling skeptic. But there is another aspect to facts of this kind. They sometimes show themselves in a way which must be more startling to the materialist than to the believer. They furnish evidence that the present body, instead of being essential to the spirit's highest exercises, is only its temporary regulator, intended for a period to *limit* its powers, by keeping them in enchained harmony with that outer world of nature in which the human spirit is to receive its first intellectual and moral training. If it does not originate the *law* of successive thought, it governs and measures its *movement*. Through the dark closet to which it confines the soul, images and ideas are made to pass, one by one, in orderly march; and while the body is in health, and does not sleep, and holds steady intercourse with the world around us, it performs this restraining and regulative office with some good degree of uniformity. Viewed merely in reference to its own inner machinery, the clock may have any kind

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or degree of movement. It may perform the apparent revolutions of days and years, in seconds and fragments of seconds. But attach to it a pendulum of a proper length, and its rates are immediately adjusted to the steady course of external nature. The new regulative power is determined by the mass and gravity of the earth. It is what the diurnal rotation causes it to be. The latter, again, is linked with the annual revolution, and this, again, with some far-off millennial, or millio-millennial, cycle of the sun, and so on, until the little time-piece on our Editor's Table, is in harmony with the *magnus annus*, the great cosmical year, the *one* all-embracing time of the universe. The regulative action of the body upon the soul, although far less uniform, presents a fair analogy. In ordinary health, the measured flow of thought and feeling will bear some relation to the circulation of the blood, the course of respiration, and those general cycles of the body, or human *micro-cosmos*, which have acquired and preserved a steady rate of movement. It is true that there are times, even in health, when the thoughts burst from this regulative control, imparting their own impetus to the nervous fluid, giving a hurried agitation to the quick-panting breath, and sending the blood in maddened velocity through the heart and veins. But it is in sickness that such a breaking away from the ordinary check becomes most striking. The pendulum removed, or the spring broken, how rapidly spin round the whizzing wheels by which objective time is measured. And so of our spiritual state. In that harmony between the inward and the outward, in which health consists, we are insensible to the presence of the regulative power. In the slightest sicknesses we feel the dragging chain, and time moves slow, and sometimes almost stops. It is in this crisis of severe disease that a deeper change takes place. Some link is snapped; and then how inconceivably rapid may be, and sometimes is, the course of thought. Now the long-buried past comes up, and moves before us, not in slow succession, but in that swift array which would seem to place it altogether upon the canvas. At other times, the soul goes out into a self-created future; a dream it may be called, but having, as far as the spirit is concerned, no less of authentic moral and intellectual interest on that account. Suppose even the whole physical world to be all a dream. What then? No article of moral truth would be in the least changed; joy and suffering, right and wrong, would be no less real. Might they not be regarded as even the more tremendously real, from the very fact that they would be, in that case, the only realities in the universe? Nothing here is really gained by any play upon that most indefinable of all terms—reality. If that is *real* which most deeply affects us, and enters most intimately into our conscious being, then in a most *real* sense may it be affirmed, that years sometimes pass in the crisis of a fever, and that a life-time—an intellectual and a moral life-time—may be lived in what, to spectators, may have seemed to have been but a moment of syncope, or of returning sensibility to outward things. Such facts should startle us. They give us a glimpse of those fearful energies which even now the spirit possesses, and which may exhibit themselves with a thousand-fold more power, when all the balance-wheels and regulating pendulums shall have been taken off, and the soul left to develop that higher law of its being which now remains, in a great degree, suspended and inert, like the chemist's latent heat and light.

In illustration of such a view, we might refer to recorded facts having every mark of authenticity. They come to us from all ages. There is the strange story which Plutarch gives us of the trance of Thespesius, and of the immense series of wonders he witnessed during the short period of apparent death. Strikingly similar to this is that remarkable account of Rev. William Tennent which must be familiar to most of our readers. Something analogous is reported of that strange inner life to which we lately called attention in the account of Rachel Baker. To the same effect the story, told by Addison, we think, of the Dervise and his Magic Water, possessed of such wondrous properties, that the moment between the plunging and the withdrawing of the head, became, subjectively, a life-time filled with events of most absorbing interest. But that may be called an Oriental romance. Another instance we would relate from our own personal acquaintance with the one who was himself the subject of a similar supercorporeal and supersensual action of the spirit. He was a man bearing a high reputation for piety and integrity. It was at the close of a day devoted to sacred services of an unusually solemn kind that he related to us what, in the familiar language of certain denominations of Christians, might be called his religious experience. It was, indeed, of no ordinary nature, and there was one part, especially, which made no ordinary impression on our memory. We can only, in the most rapid manner, touch upon the main facts, as they bear upon the thoughts we have been presenting. In the crisis of a violent typhus fever, during a period which could not have occupied, at the utmost, more than half an hour, a subjective life was lived, extending not merely to hours and days, but through long years of varied and most thrilling experience. He had traveled to foreign lands, and encountered every species of adventure. He had amassed wealth and lost it. He had formed new social bonds with their natural accompaniments of joy and grief. He had committed crimes and suffered for them. He had been in exile, cast out, and homeless. He had been in battle and in shipwreck. He had been sick and recovered. And, finally, he had died, and gone to judgment, and received the condemnation of the lost. Ages had passed in outer darkness, during all which the exercises of the soul were as active, and as distinct, and as coherently arranged, as at any period of his existenee. At length a fairly perceptible beam of light, coming seemingly from an immense distance, steals faintly into his prison-house. Nearer, and nearer still, it comes, although years and years are occupied with its slow, yet steady approach. But it does increase. Fuller, and clearer, and higher, grows the light of hope, until all around him, and above him, is filled with the benign glory of its presence. He dares once more look upward, and as he does so, he beholds beaming upon him the countenance of his watching friend, bending over him with the announcement that the crisis is past, and that coolness is once more returning to his burning frame. Only a prolonged dream, it might perhaps be said. But dreams in general run parallel with the movement of outward time, or if they do go beyond it, it is never by any such enormously magnified excess. But besides the apparent length of such a trance, there was also this striking and essential difference. Dreams may be more or less vivid; but all possess this common character, that in the waking state we immediately recognize them as dreams; and this not merely by way of inference from our changed condition, but because, in themselves, they possess that unmistakably subjective, or dream-like aspect, we can never separate from their outward contemplation. They almost immediately put on the dress of dreams. The air of reality, so

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fresh on our first awakening, begins straightway to gather a shade about it. As they grow dimmer and dimmer, the very effort at recalling only drives them farther off, and renders them more indistinct, just as certain optical delusions ever melt away from the gaze that is directed most steadily toward them. Thus the phantoms of our sleep dissolve rapidly "into thin air." As we strive to hold fast their features in the memory, they vanish farther and farther from the view, until we can just discern their pale, ghostly forms receding, in the distance, through the "gate of horn" into the land of irrecoverable oblivion. This characteristic of ordinary dreaming has ever furnished the ground of a favorite comparison both in sacred and classical poetry—"Like a vision of the night"—"As a dream when one awaketh"—"Like a morning dream"—

Tenuesque recessit in auras—
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

But these visions of the trance, are, in this respect, of a different, as well as deeper, nature. The subject of our narrative most solemnly averred that the scenes and feelings of this strange experience were ever after not only real in appearance, but the most vividly real of any part of his remembered existence. They never passed away into the place and form of dreams. He knew they were subjective, but only from outward testimony, and for some time even this was hardly sufficient to prevent the deep impression exhibiting itself in his speech and intercourse with the world to which he had returned. To his deeper consciousness they ever seemed realities, ever to form a part of his most veritable being. Our common dreams are more closely connected with the outer world, and the nearest sphere of sensation. They are generally suggested by obscurely felt bodily impressions. They belong to a state semi-conscious of the presence of things around us. But the others come from a deeper source. They are not

Such stuff as dreams are made of—

But belong to the more interior workings of the spirit, when disease has released it, either wholly or partially, from the restrictive outward influence. Still, whatever may be our theory of explanation, the thought we would set forth remains equally impressive. Such facts as these show the amazing power of the soul in respect to time. They teach us that in respect to our spiritual, as well as our material organization, we are indeed "most fearfully and wonderfully made." They startle us with the supposition that, in another state of existence, time may be mainly, if not wholly what the spiritual action causes it to appear. We have heard of well-attested cases, in which the whole past, even to its most minute events, has flashed before the soul, in the dying moments, or during some brief period of imminent danger arousing the spirit to a preternatural energy. If there be truth in such experiences, then no former exercise or emotion of the soul is ever lost. They belong to us still, just as much as our present thought, or our present sensation, and at some period may start up again to sleep no more, causing us actually to realize that conception of Boethius which now appears only a scholastic subtlety—*a whole life ever in one*, carrying with it a consciousness of its whole abiding presence in every moment of its existence—*tota simul et interminabilis vitæ possessio*. But we may give the thought a more plain and practical turn. Even now, it may be said, what we have lived forms still a part of our being. However it may stand in respect to outward time, *it is never past to us*. We are too much in the habit of regarding ourselves only in reference to what may *seem* our present moral state. We need the corrective power of the idea that we ARE, not simply what we may now *appear* to be, but all we ever have been, and that such we must forever BE, unless in the psychology and theology of a higher dispensation there is some mode of separating us from our former selves. Now the soul is broken and dispersed. Then will it come together, and as in the poetic imagination of the resurrection of the body, bone meets its fellow-bone, and dust hastens to join once more in living organization with its kindred dust, so in the soul's *anastasis* will all the lost and scattered thoughts come home again to their spiritual abode, and from the chaos of the past will stand forth forever one fixed and changeless being, the discordant and deformed result of a false and evil life, or a glorious organization in harmony with all that is fair and good in the universe.

GEOLOGY has created difficulties in the interpretation of certain parts of the Scriptures; but these are more than balanced by a most important aid, which in another respect, it is rendering to the cause of faith. The former are fast giving way before that sound interpretation of the primeval record which was maintained by some of the most learned and pious in the Church, centuries before the new science was ever dreamed of. The latter is gathering strength from every fresh discovery. We refer to the proof geology is furnishing of the late origin of the human race, and of the absolute necessity of ascribing it to a supernatural cause. While there has been an ascending scale of orders, every new order has commenced with the most mature specimens. The subsequent history has been ever one of degeneracy, until a higher power came to the aid of exhausted nature, and made another step of real progress in the supernatural organization of a superior type. The largest fishes, the most powerful reptiles, were first in the periods of their respective families. And thus it went on until the introduction of the human species. An attenuating series of physical and hyper-physical powers forms the only theory which, on the fair Baconian induction, will account for the phenomena presented. There are scientific as well as theological bigots, and both are equally puzzled to explain the facts on either set of principles to the exclusion of the other. It is chiefly, however, in regard to man that the argument acquires its great importance; as bearing directly on that first article, and fundamental support of all faith—the veritable existence of the supernatural. This is not the same with faith in the Scriptures, and yet is most intimately connected with it. With the utter rejection of the latter, must soon go all available belief in a personal deity or a personal future state; and so, on the contrary, whatever in science shuts up the soul to a clear belief in the supernatural, even in its most remote aspect, is so much gained, ultimately, for the cause of the written oracles. And this is just what geology is now doing. She proves, beyond doubt, the late introduction of man upon the earth, and thus compels us to admit the most supernatural of all known events within a period comparatively very near to our own. The fact that, after a very few thousand years, the light of history is quenched in total darkness, presenting no farther trace of man or human things, goes far to prove his prior non-existence. But it might, perhaps, be maintained, that of former generations, only the merest fragments had, from time to time, survived the wreck of physical convulsions, in which all outward memoranda of their older existence had wholly perished. Such memorials, it is true, might have departed from

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the surface, but then geology must have found them. She has dug up abundant remains of types and orders, which, from their position in the strata, she is compelled to assign to a period anterior to that of man. There would have been no lack of zeal on the part of some of her votaries. More than once, on the supposed discovery of some old bone in a wrong place (to which it had been carried by some ordinary disturbance of the deposits), have they rejoiced thereat, "like one who findeth great spoil." But the evidence is now beyond all impeachment. Remains of every other type have been discovered. The relative periods of their different deposits have been ascertained. No stone, we may literally say it, has been left unturned; and yet, not a single joint or splinter of a human bone has been found to reward the search. The argument from this is of immense importance. The essence of all skepticism will be found, on analysis, to consist in a secret distrust of the very existence of any thing supernatural—a latent doubt whether, after all, every thing may not be nature, and nature every thing. *Unnatural* as it may seem, there are those who actually take delight in such a view. It hides from the consciousness a secret, yet real antipathy to the thought of a personal God, and the moral power of such an idea. Whatever disturbs this feeling excites alarm, lest all the foundations of unbelief (if we may use the word of a thing which has no foundations) should be rendered insecure by the bare possibility of such *direct* interference. Hence the moral power of well attested miracles, although it has been denied, even by religious writers, that there is any such moral power. It is the felt presence of a near personal Deity. It is the startling thought of the Great *Life* of the universe coming very nigh to us, and revealing the latent skepticism of men's souls. Although greatly transcending, it is like the effect produced by those operations of nature that startle us by their instantaneous exhibition of resistless power, and which no amount of science can prevent our regarding with reverence, or religious awe. With all our knowledge of physical laws, no man, we venture to say it, is wholly an atheist, or even a consistent naturalist, when the earth is heaving, or the lightning bolts are striking thick and fast around him.

Be it, then, near or remote, one unanswerable evinence of supernatural intervention gives a foundation for all faith. And this geology does. Only a few centuries back, on any chronology—a mere yesterday we may say—she brings us face to face with the most stupendous of personal, miraculous interventions. No mediate stages—no transitional developments have been, or can be discovered—no links of half human, half beastly monsters, such as the old Epicureans loved to imagine, and some modern savans would have been glad to find. Nothing of this kind, but all at once, after ages of fishes, and reptiles, and every kind of lower animation, "a new thing upon the earth"—the wondrous human body united to that surpassingly wondrous entity, the human soul, and both new born, in all their maturity, from a previous state of non-existence. So the rocks tell us; and the rocks, we are assured, on good scientific authority, "can not deceive us" like the "poetical myths of man's unreasoning infancy."

Now what difficulties are there for faith after this? What is there in any of the earlier narrations of the Bible that should stumble us—such as the account of the flood, or the burning of Sodom, or the transactions at Sinai? The supernatural once established, and in such an astounding way as this, what more natural than that the new created race should receive their earliest moral nurture directly from the source of their so recent existence? What more credible than such an early intercourse as the Bible reveals—when God walked with men, and spake to them from his supernatural abode, and angels came and went on messages of reproof or mercy. How *irrational* the skepticism, which, when compelled to admit the one will still stumble at the other, as being in itself, and aside from outward testimony, too marvelous for belief. There are those who are yet disposed to assail with desperation the doctrine of man's late supernatural origin. But the danger from that source is past. Geology and the Scriptures speak the same language here. There is no need of any forced exegesis to bring them into harmony. It is only of yesterday that the Eternal Deity has been upon the earth. His footsteps are more recent than many of those natural changes science has taken such pains to trace. Geology has proved, beyond all doubt, the fact of man's *creation;* what then is there hard for faith in the revealed facts of his *redemption?* Is the supernatural origin of a soul an event more easy to be believed than a series of supernatural interventions for its deliverance from moral evil, and its exaltation to a destiny worthy of its heavenly origin?

Editor's Easy Chair.

NEXT to the winter weather, which is just now beguiling the town ladies to as pretty a show of velvets and of martens, as the importers could desire—talk is centring upon that redoubtable hero, LOUIS KOSSUTH. We are an impulsive people, and take off our hats, one moment, with a hearty good-will and devotion; and thrust them over our ears, the next, with the most dogged contempt; and it would not be strange, therefore, if we sometimes made mistakes in our practice of civilities. We fell, naturally enough, into a momentary counter current—started by anonymous and ill-natured letter writers from the other side of the sea—in regard to KOSSUTH. While he was riding the very topmost wave of popular admiration, a rumor that he had been uncivil and unduly exacting in his intercourse with the officers of the Mississippi frigate, struck his gallant craft and threatened to whelm her under the sea she was so triumphantly riding. The opportune arrival of the Mississippi, and the unanimous testimony of her officers to the respectful and altogether proper demeanor of the Hungarian hero, restored him to favor and even swelled the tide which sweeps him to a higher point of popularity than any other foreigner, LA FAYETTE excepted, nas ever reached in our republican country. How he has earned their respect, a biographical sketch in another part of our Magazine will enable each reader to judge for himself.

Linked to KOSSUTH is the new talk about the new and strange action of that gone-by hero LOUIS NAPOLEON. Curiosity-mongers can not but be gratified at such spectacle of a Republic as France just now presents; where a man is not only afraid to express his opinions, but is afraid to entertain them! It must be a gratifying scene for such old hankerers after the lusts of Despotism, and the energy of Emperors, as METTERNICH, to see the loving fraternity of our sister Republic, called France, running over into such heart-felt action of benevolence and liberality as characterize the diplomacy of FAUCHER!

Stout EMILE DE GIRARDIN, working away at his giant *Presse*, with the same indomitable courage, and the same incongruity of impulse, which belonged to his battle for LOUIS NAPOLEON, now raises the war

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cry of a *Working-man* for President! And his reasoning is worth quoting; for it offers an honest, though sad picture of the heart of political France. "The choice lies," says he, "between LOUIS NAPOLEON and another. LOUIS NAPOLEON has the eclat of his name to work upon the ignorant millions of country voters: unless that *other* shall have similar eclat, there is no hope. No name in France can start a cry, even now, like the name of NAPOLEON. Therefore," says GIRARDIN, "abandon the name of a man, and take the name of a *class*. Choose your workingman, no matter who, and let the rally be—'The Laborer, or the Prince!'"

There is not a little good sense in this, viewed as a matter of political strategy; but as a promise of national weal, it is fearfully vain. Heaven help our good estate of the Union, when we must resort to such chicanery, to guard our seat of honor, and to secure the guaranty of our Freedom!

The cool air—nothing else—has quickened our pen-stroke to a side-dash at political action: we will loiter back now, in our old, gossiping way, to the pleasant current of the dinner chat.

The winter-music has its share of regard; and between Biscaccianti—whose American birth does not seem to lend any patriotic fervor to her triumphs—and the new Opera, conversation is again set off with its rounding Italian expletives, and our ladies—very many of them—show proof of their enthusiasm, by their bouquets, and their *bravos*. It would seem that we are becoming, with all our practical cast, almost as music-loving a people as the finest of foreign *dilettanti*: we defy a stranger to work his way easily and deftly into the habit of our salon talk, without meeting with such surfeit of musical *critique*, as he would hardly find at any *soirée* of the Chausée d'Antin, or of Grosvenor Place. There is bruited just now, with fresh force, the old design of music for the million; and an opera house with five thousand seats, will be—if carried into effect—a wonder to ourselves, and to the world.

As our pen runs just now to music, it may be worth while to sketch—from Parisian chronicle—an interview of the famous composer ROSSINI, with the great musical purveyor of the old world—Mr. LUMLEY.

ROSSINI, it is well known, has lately lived in a quiet and indolent seclusion; and however much he may enjoy his honors, has felt little disposition to renew them. The English Director, anxious to secure some crowning triumph for his winter campaign, and knowing well that a new composition of the great Italian would be a novelty sure of success, determined to try, at the cost of an Italian voyage, a personal interview.

ROSSINI lives at Bologna—a gloomy old town, under the thrall and shadow of the modern Gallic papacy. He inhabits an obscure house, in a dark and narrow street. Mr. Lumley rings his bell, and is informed by the *padrona* that the great master has just finished his siesta, and will perhaps see him. He enters his little parlor unannounced. It is comfortably furnished—as comfort is counted in the flea-swarming houses of Italy; the furniture is rich and old; the piano is covered with dust. The old master of sweet sounds is seated in a high-backed chair, with a gray cat upon his knees, and another cat dextrously poising on his lank shoulder, playing with the tassel of his velvet cap.

He rises to meet the stranger with an air of *ennui*, and a look of annoyance, that seems to say "Please sir, your face is strange, and your business is unknown."

"My name is Lumley," says the imperturbable Director.

"Lumley—Lumley," says the master, "I do not know the name."

It is a hard thing for the most enterprising musical director of Europe to believe that he is utterly unknown to the first composer of Southern Europe.

"You should be an Englishman," continues the host. "Yet the English are good fellows, though something indiscreet. They are capital sailors, for example; and good fishermen. Pray, do you fish, monsieur? If your visit looks that way, you are welcome."

"Precisely," says the smiling Director; "I bring you a new style of bait, which will be, I am sure, quite to your fancy." And with this he unrolls his "fly-book," and lays upon the table bank-bills to the amount of one hundred thousand francs. He knows the master's reputed avarice, and watches his eye gloating on the treasure as he goes on. "I am, may it please you, Director of the Opera at London and at Paris. I wish a new opera three months from now. I offer you these notes as advance premium for its completion. Will you accept the terms, and gratify Europe?"

The old man's eye dwelt on the notes: he ceased fondling the gray cat. "A hundred thousand francs in bank-notes," said he, speaking to himself.

"You prefer gold, perhaps," said the Englishman.

"Not at all."

"You accept, then?"

The old man's brow grew flushed. A thought of indignity crossed his mind. "There is then a dearth of composers, that you come to trouble an old man's peace?"

"Not at all: the world is full of them—gaining honors every season," and the wily Director talked in a phrase to stir the old master's pride; and again the brow grew flushed, as a thought of the electric notes came over him, that had flashed through Europe and the world, and made his name immortal.

The Director waited hopefully.

But the paroxysm of pride went by; "I *can not*:" said the old man, plaintively. "My life is done; my brain is dry!"

And the Director left him, with his tasseled cap lying against the high chair back and the gray cat playing upon his knee.

IN English papers, the ending of the Great Exhibition has not yet ceased to give point to paragraphs. Observers say that the despoiling of the palace of its wonders, reduces sadly the effect of the building; and it is to be feared that the reaction may lead to its entire demolition. Every country represented is finding some ground for self-gratulation in its peculiar awards; and the opinion is universal, that they have been honestly and fairly made. For ourselves, whatever our later boasts may be, it is quite certain that on the score of *taste*, we made a bad show in the palace. It was in bad taste to claim more room than we could fill; it was in bad taste, to decorate our comparatively small show, with insignia and lettering so glaring and pretentious; it was in bad taste, not to wear a little more of that modesty, which conscious strength ought certainly to give.

But, on the other hand, now that the occasion is over, we may congratulate ourselves on having made signal triumphs in just *those Arts which most distinguish civilized man from the savage*; and in having got honor only *in those Arts, which most distinguish*

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a luxurious nation from the hardy energy of practical workers.

It is an odd indication of national characteristic, that a little episode of love rarely finds a narrator in either English or American journalism; whereas, nothing is more common than to find the most habile of French *feuilletonists* turning their pen to a deft exposition of some little garret story of affection; which, if it be only well told, is sure to have the range of all the journals in France.

Our eye just now falls upon something of the sort, with the taking caption of "Love and Devotion;" and in order to give our seventy odd thousand readers an idea of the graceful way in which such French story is told, we shall render the half-story into English:

In 1848, a young girl of high family, who had been reared in luxury, and who had previously lost her mother, found herself in a single day fatherless and penniless. The friends to whom she would have naturally looked for protection and consolation, were either ruined or away. Nothing remained but personal effort to secure a livelihood.

She rented a small garret-room, and sought to secure such comforts as she required by embroidering. But employers were few and suspicious. Want and care wore upon her feeble frame, and she fell sick. With none to watch over or provide for her, she would soon have passed off (as thousands do in that gay world) to a quick and a lonely death.

But there happened to be living in the same pile of building, and upon the same landing, a young Piedmontese street-porter, who had seen often, with admiring eyes, the frail and beautiful figure of his neighbor. He devised a plan for her support, and for proper attendance. He professed to be the agent of some third party of wealth, who furnished the means regularly for whatever she might require. His earnings were small; but by dint of early and hard working, he succeeded in furnishing all that her necessities required.

After some weeks, Mlle. Sophie (such is the name our paragraphist gives the heroine) recovered; and was, of course, anxious to learn from the poor Piedmontese the name of her benefactor. The poor fellow, however, was true to the trust of his own devotion, and told nothing. Times grew better, and Sophie had a hope of interesting the old friends of her family. She had no acquaintance to employ as mediator but the poor Piedmontese. He accepted readily the task, and, armed with her authority, he plead so modestly, and yet so earnestly for the unfortunate girl, that she recovered again her position, and with it no small portion of her lost estate.

Again she endeavored to find the name of her generous benefactor, but no promises could wrest the secret from the faithful Giacomo. At least, thought the grateful Sophie, the messenger of his bounties shall not go unrewarded; and she inclosed a large sum to her neighbor of the garret.

Poor Giacomo was overcome!—the sight of the money, and of the delicate note of thanks, opened his eyes to the wide difference of estate that lay between him and the adored object of his long devotion. To gain her heart was impossible; to live without it, was even more impossible. He determined—in the Paris way—to put an end to his cankerous hope, and to his life—together.

Upon a ledge of the deserted chamber he found a vial of medicine, which his own hard-earned money had purchased, and with this he determined to slip away from the world, and from his grief.

He penned a letter, in his rude way, full of his love, and of his desolation, and having left it where it would reach Sophie, when all should be over, he swallowed the poison. Happily—(French story is always happy in these interventions)—a friend had need of his services shortly after! and hearing sad groans at his door, he burst it open, and finding the dangerous state of the Piedmontese, ran for a physician. Prompt effort brought Giacomo to life again. But his story had been told; and before this, the gay Sophie had grown sad over the history of his griefs.

We should like well to finish up our tale of devotions, with mention of the graceful recognition of the love of the infatuated Piedmontese, by the blooming Mademoiselle Sophie. But, alas! truth—as represented by the ingenious Journalist—forbids such sequel. And we can only write, in view of the vain devotion of the Sardinian lover—*le pauvre Giacomo!*

Yet again, these graceful columns of French newsmakers, lend us an episode—of quite another sort of devotion. The other showed that the persuasion of love is often vain; and this will show, that the persuasion of a wife is—vainer still.

—A grave magistrate of France—no matter who—was voyaging through Belgium with his wife. They had spun out a month of summer with that graceful mingling of idlesse and wonder, that a Frenchwoman can so well graft upon the habit of a husband's travel: they had bidden adieu to Brussels, and to Liege, and were fast nearing the border-town, beyond which lay their own sunny realm of France.

The wife suddenly cuts short her smiles, and whispers her husband—"*Mon cher*, I have been guilty of an imprudence."

"It is not possible."

"*Si:* a great one. I have my satchel full of laces, they are contraband; pray, take them and hide them until the frontier is past."

The husband was thunderstruck: "But, my dear, I—a magistrate, conceal contraband goods?"

"Pray, consider, *mon cher*, they are worth fifteen hundred francs; there is not a moment to lose."

"But, my dear!"

"Quick—in your hat—the whistle is sounding—'

There seemed no alternative, and the poor man bestowed the contraband laces in his *chapeau.*

The officials at the frontier, on recognizing the dignity of the traveler, abstained from any examination of his luggage, and offered him every facility. Thus far his good fortune was unexpected. But some unlucky attendant had communicated to the town authorities the presence of so distinguished a personage. The town authorities were zealous to show respect; and posted at once to the station to make token of their regard. The magistrate was charmed with such attention—so unexpected, and so heartfelt. He could not refrain from the most gracious expression of his *reconnaissance;* he tenders them his thanks in set terms;—he bids them adieu;—and, in final acknowledgment of their kindness—he lifts his hat, with enthusiastic flourish.

—A shower of Mechlin lace covers the poor man, like a bridal vail!

The French Government winks at the vices, and short-comings of representatives and President; but with a humble magistrate, the matter is different The poor man, *bon-grè—mal-grè*, was stopped upon the frontier—was shorn of his bridal covering; and in company with his desponding wife, still (so Guinot says) pays the forfeit of his yielding disposition, in a dusky, and grated chamber of the old border town of ———.

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Editor's Drawer.

WELL, "*Election is over*," for one thing, and we breathe again. The freemen of the "Empire State" have walked up to the polls, the "captain's office" of the boat on which we are all embarked, and "settled" the whole matter. The little slips of paper have done the deed, without revolution and without bloodshed. Some are rejoiced, because they have succeeded; others lament that when they were all ready at any moment to die for their country and a fat office, their offers were not accepted by the sovereigns. Some, with not much character to spare of their own, are grieved to find that "tailing-on" upon individual eminence won't always "do" with the people. And, by-the-by, speaking of "tailing-on," there "hangs a tale," which is worth recording. It may be old, but we heard it for the first time the other evening, and it made us "laugh consumedly." This it is:—At the time of the first election of General WASHINGTON to the Presidency, there was a party in one of the Southern States, called the "*John Jones' Party*." The said Jones, after whom the party took its name, was a man of talent; a plotting, shrewd fellow, with a good deal of a kind of "Yankee cunning;" in short, possessing all the requisites of a successful politician, except personal popularity. To overcome this latter deficiency, of which he was well aware, especially in a contest with a popular candidate for Congress, John Jones early avowed himself as the peculiar and devoted friend of General WASHINGTON, and on this safe ground, as he thought, he endeavored to place his rival in opposition. In order to carry out this object more effectually, he called a meeting of his county, of "All those friendly to the election of General GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

On the day appointed, Mr. John Jones appeared, and was, on the cut-and-dried motion of a friendly adherent, made chairman of the meeting. He opened the proceedings by a high and carefully-studied eulogium upon the life and services of WASHINGTON, but taking care only to speak of himself as his early patron, and most devoted friend. He concluded his remarks by a proposition to form a party, to be called "*The True and Only Sons of the Father of his Country*:" and for that object, he submitted to the meeting a resolution something like the following:

"*Resolved*, That we are the friends of General GEORGE WASHINGTON, and will sustain him in the coming election against all other competitors."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, after reading the resolution, "the Chair is now about to put the question. The chairman hopes that every man will declare his sentiments, either for or against the resolution. All those in favor of the resolution will please to say 'Ay.'"

A thundering "*Ay!*" shook the very walls of the building. The united voices were like the "sound of many waters."

"Now, gentlemen, for the opposition," said John Jones. "All those who are contrary-minded, will please to say '*No!*'"

Not a solitary voice was heard. The dead silence seemed to confuse Mr. Jones very much. After some hesitation and fidgeting, he said:

"Gentlemen, *do vote*. The Chair can not decide a disputed question when nobody votes on the other side. We want a direct vote, so that the country may know who are the real and true friends of General WASHINGTON."

Upon this appeal, one of the audience arose, and said:

"I perceive the unpleasant dilemma in which the Chair is placed; and in order to relieve the presiding officer from his quandary, I now propose to amend the resolution, by adding, after the name of General WASHINGTON—'*and John Jones for Congress.*'"

"The amendment is in order—I accept the amendment," said the chairman, speaking very quickly; "and the Chair will now put the question as amended:

"All those who are in favor of General WASHINGTON for President, and John Jones for Congress, will please to say, 'Ay.'"

"Ay—ay!" said John Jones and his brother, with loud voices, which they had supposed would be drowned in the unanimous thunder of the affirmative vote.

The "Chair" squirmed and hesitated. "Put the contrary!" said a hundred voices, at the same moment:

"All those op—po—po—sed," said the Chair, will please to say, 'No!'"

"No—o—o—o!!" thundered every voice but two in the whole assembly, and these were Jones' and his brother's. Then followed a roar of laughter, as CARLYLE says, "like the neighing of all Tattersall's."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, "the Chair perceives that there are people in this meeting who don't belong to *our* party: they have evidently come here to agitate, and make mischief. I, therefore, do now adjourn this meeting!"

Whereupon, he left the chair; and amid shouts and huzzahs for WASHINGTON, and groans for John Jones, he "departed the premises."

WE find in the "Drawer" a rich specimen of logic-chopping, at which there was a hearty laugh more years ago than we care to remember. It is an admirable satire upon half the labored criticisms of Shakspeare with which the world has been deluged:

> "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;
> Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined!"
>
> MACBETH

"I never was more puzzled in my life than in deciding upon the right reading of this passage. The important inquiry is, Did the hedge-pig *whine once*, or *thrice and once?* Without stopping to inquire whether hedge-pigs exist in Scotland, that is, pigs with quills in their backs, the great question occurs, *how many times did he whine?* It appears from the text that the cat mewed three times. Now would not a virtuous emulation induce the hedge-pig to endeavor to get the last word in the controversy; and how was this to be obtained, save by whining thrice *and* once? The most learned commentators upon SHAKSPEARE have given the passage thus:

> "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;
> Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined."

Thereby awarding the palm to the brinded cat. The fact is, they probably entertained reasonable doubts whether the hedge-pig was a native of Scotland, and a sense of national pride induced them to lean on the side of the productions of their country. I think a heedful examination of the two lines, will satisfy the unbiased examiner that the hedge-pig whined, at least, four times. It becomes me, however, as a candid critic, to say, that reasonable doubts exist in both cases!"

DOESN'T the impressive inquiry embodied in the ensuing touching lines, somewhat enter into the matrimonial thoughts of *some* of our city "offerers?"

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"Oh! do not paint her charms to me,
I know that she is fair!
I know her lips might tempt the bee,
Her eyes with stars compare:
Such transient gifts I ne'er could prize.
My heart they could not win:
I do not scorn my Mary's eyes,
But—has she any '*tin*?'

"The fairest cheek, alas! may fade,
Beneath the touch of years;
The eyes where light and gladness played,
May soon grow dim with tears:
I would love's fires should to the last
Still burn, as they begin;
But beauty's reign too soon is past;
So—has she any '*tin*?'"

THERE is something very touching and pathetic in a circumstance mentioned to us a night or two ago, in the sick-room of a friend. A poor little girl, a cripple, and deformed from her birth, was seized with a disorder which threatened to remove her from a world where she had suffered so much. She was a very affectionate child, and no word of complaining had ever passed her lips. Sometimes the tears would come in her eyes, when she saw, in the presence of children more physically blessed than herself, the severity of her deprivation, but that was all. She was so gentle, so considerate of giving pain, and so desirous to please all around her, that she had endeared herself to every member of her family, and to all who knew her.

At length it was seen, so rapid had been the progress of her disease, that she could not long survive. She grew worse and worse, until one night, in an interval of pain, she called her mother to her bed-side, and said, "Mother, I am dying now. I hope I shall see you, and my brother and sisters in Heaven. Won't I be *straight*, and not a cripple, mother, when I *do* get to Heaven?" And so the poor little sorrowing child passed forever away.

"I HEARD something a moment ago," writes a correspondent in a Southern city, "which I will give you the skeleton of. It made me laugh not a little; for it struck me, that it disclosed a transfer of 'Yankee Tricks' to the other side of the Atlantic. It would appear, that a traveler stopped at Brussels, in a post-chaise, and being a little sharp-set, he was anxious to buy a piece of cherry-pie, before his vehicle should set out; but he was afraid to leave the public conveyance, lest it might drive off and leave *him*. So, calling a lad to him from the other side of the street, he gave him a piece of money, and requested him to go to a restaurant or confectionery, in the near vicinity, and purchase the pastry; and then, to 'make assurance doubly sure,' he gave him *another* piece of money, and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and in a little while came back, eating a piece of pie, and looking very complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the post-chaise, he said, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, returning at the same time one of the pieces of money which had been given him by the gentleman, 'The restaurateur had only *one* piece of pie left, and that *I* bought with my money, that you gave me!'"

This anecdote, which we are assured is strictly true, is not unlike one, equally authentic, which had its origin in an Eastern city. A mechanic, who had sent a bill for some article to a not very conscientious pay-master in the neighborhood, finding no returns, at length "gave it up as a bad job." A lucky thought, however, struck him one day, as he sat in the door of his shop, and saw a debt-collector going by, who was notorious for sticking to a delinquent until *some* result was obtained. The creditor called the collector in, told him the circumstances, handed him the account, and added:

"Now, if you will collect that debt, I'll give you half of it; or, if you don't collect but *half* of the bill, I'll divide *that* with you."

The collector took the bill, and said, "I guess, I can get half of it, *any* how. At any rate, if I don't, it shan't be for want of *trying* hard enough."

Nothing more was seen of the collector for some five or six months; until one day the creditor thought he saw "the indefatigable" trying to avoid him by turning suddenly down a by-street of the town. "Halloo! Mr. ——!" said he; "how about that bill against Mr. Slowpay? Have you collected it yet?" "Not the *hull* on it, I hain't," said the imperturbable collector; but I c'lected *my* half within four weeks a'ter you gin' me the account, and he hain't paid me nothin' since. I tell him, every time I see him, that you want the money *very* bad; but he don't seem to mind it a bit. He is dreadful 'slow pay,' as you said, when you give me the bill! Good-morning!" And off went the collector, "staying no further question!"

THERE is a comical blending of the "sentimental" and the "matter-of-fact" in the ensuing lines, which will find a way to the heart of every poor fellow, who, at this inclement season of the year, is in want of a new coat:

By winter's chill the fragrant flower is nipped,
To be new-clothed with brighter tints in spring:
The blasted tree of verdant leaves is stripped,
A fresher foliage on each branch to bring.

The aerial songster moults his plumerie,
To vie in sleekness with each feathered brother.
A twelvemonth's wear hath ta'en thy nap from thee,
My seedy coat!—*when* shall I get another?

"MY name," said a tall, good-looking man, with a decidedly *distingué* air, as he entered the office of a daily newspaper in a sister city, "my name, Sir, is PAGE—Ed-w-a-rd Pos-th-el-wa-ite PA-GE! You have heard of me no doubt. In fact, Sir, I was sent to you, by Mr. C——r, of the '—— Gazette.' I spent some time with him—an hour perhaps—conversing with him. But as I was about explaining to him a little problem which I had had in my mind for some time, I *thought* I saw that he was busy, and couldn't hear me. In fact, he *said*, 'I wish you would do me the kindness to go *now* and come *again*;' and always send up your *name*, so that I may know that it is *you*;' otherwise,' said he, 'I *shouldn't* know that it was *you*, and might *refuse* you without knowing it.' Now, Sir, that was kind—that was kind, and gentlemanly, and I shall remember it. Then he told me to come to see *you*; he said yours was an afternoon paper, and that *your* paper for to-day was out, while he was engaged in getting his ready for the morning. He rose, Sir, and saw me to the door; and downstairs; in fact, Sir, he came with me to the corner, and showed me your office; and for fear I should miss my way, he gave a lad a sixpence, to *show* me here, Sir.

"They call me crazy, Sir, *some* people do—*crazy!* The reason is simple—I'm above their comprehension. Do I *seem* crazy? I am an educated man. my conduct has been unexceptionable. I've wronged no man—never did a man an injury. I wouldn't do it.

"I came to America in 1829 2^{m} which being multiplied by Cæsar's co-sine, which is C B to Q equal X' 3^{m}."

Yes, reader; this was PAGE, the Monomaniac · a

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man perfectly sound on any subject, and capable of conversing upon any topic, intelligently and rationally, until it so happened, in the course of conversation, that he *mentioned any numerical figure*, when his wild imagination was off at a tangent, and he became suddenly as "mad as a March hare" on *one subject. Here* his monomania was complete. In every thing else, there was no incoherency; nothing in his speech or manner that any gentleman might not either say or do. So much for the man: now for a condensed exhibition of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, as exhibited in a paper which he published, devoted to an elaborate illustration of the great extent to which he carried the science of mathematics. The *fragments* of various knowledge, like the tumbling objects in a kaleidoscope, are so jumbled together, that we defy any philosopher, astronomer, or mathematician, to read it without roaring with laughter; for the feeling of the ridiculous will overcome the sensations of sympathy and pity. But listen: "Here's '*wisdom*' for you," as Captain Cuttle would say: *intense* wisdom:

"Squares are to circles as Miss Sarai 18 when she did wed her Abram 20 on Procrustes' bed, and 19 parted between each head; so Sarah when 90 to Abraham when 100, and so 18 squared in 324, a square to circle $18 \times 20 = 360$, a square to circle 400, a square to circle 444, or half *Jesous* 888 in half the Yankee era 1776; which 888 is sustained by the early Fathers and Blondel on the Sibyls. It is a square to triangle Sherwood's no-variation circle 666 in the sequel. But 19 squared is 361 between 360 and 362, each of which multiply by the Sun's magic compass 36, Franklin's magic circle of circles 360×36 considered.

"Squares are to circles as 18 to 20, or 18 squared in 324 to $18 \times 20 = 360$. But more exactly as 17 to 19, or 324 to 362×36, or half 26064. As 9 to 10, so square 234000 to circle 26000.

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.
20736	23328	25920
20736	23400	26064
4)20736	23422	26108

A. M. 5855 this year 1851.

"Squares are to circles as 17 to 19, or 23360 to 26108. The sequel's 5832 and 5840 are quadrants of 23328 and 23360.

"18 cubed is 5832, the world's age in 1828, 5840 its age in the Halley comet year 1836, 5878 its age the next transit of Venus in 1874, but 5870 is its age in the prophet's year 1866.

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.
5832	5855	5870 over X.
5840	5855	5878 under X.
1828 A. D.	1851 now!	1874 over X.
1836 A. D.	1851 now!	1866 under X.

"100 times the Saros $18 = 18\frac{1}{2} = 19$ in 1800 last year's 1850, 1900 for new moons.

"If 360 degrees, each 18, in Guy's 6480, evidently $360 \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ in the adorable 6660, or ten no-variation circles, each $36 \times 18\frac{1}{2} = 666$, like ten Chaldee solar cycles, each 600 in our great theme, 6000, the second advent date of Messiah, as explained by Barnabas, Chap. xiii in the Apocryphal New Testament, 600 and 666 being square and circle, like 5994 and 6660. Therefore 5995 sum the Arabic 28, or Persic 32, or Turkish 33 letters.

"But as 9 to 10, so square 1665 of the Latin IVXLCDM= 1666 to circle last year's 1850—12 such signs are as much 19980 and 22200, whose quadrants are 4995 and 5550, as 12 signs, each the Halley comet year 1836, are 5508 Olympiads, the Greek Church claiming this era 5508 for Christ.

"But though the ecliptic angle has decreased only 40×40 in 1600 during $43 \times 43 = 1849$, say 1850 from the birth of Christ, and double that since the creation; yet 1600 and Yankee era 1776 being square and circle like 9 and 10—place 32 for a round of the seasons in a compass of 32 points, or shrine them in 32 chessmen, like 1600 and 1600 in each of 16 pieces; then shall 32 times Sherwood's no-variation circle 666, meaning 666 rounds of the seasons, each 32, be 12 signs, each 1776, or 24 degrees in the ecliptic angle, each *Jesous* 888, in circle 21312 to square 19200, or 12 signs each 1600, that the quadrants of square 19200 and circle 21312 may be the Cherubim of Glory 4800 and 5328; which explains ten Great Paschal cycles each 532, a square to circle 665 of the Beast's number 666. Because, like 3, 4, 5, in my Urim and Thummim's 12 jewels, are

TRIANGLES.	SQUARES.	CIRCLES.
3600	4800	6000
3990	5320	6650

"Because 3990 of the Latin Church's era 4000 for Christ, is doubled in the Julian period 7980.

"Every knight of the queen of night may know that each of 9 columns in the Moon's magic compass for 9 squared in 81, sums 369, and that 370 are between it and 371, while 19 times $18\frac{1}{2}$ approach 351, when 19 squared are 361 in

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.
350	360	370
351	361	371
369	370	371

"The Saros 18 times 369 in 6642 of the above 6650; but $18 \times 370 = 6660$, or 360 times $18\frac{1}{2}$.

"1800 and proemptosis 2400 are half this Seraphim 3600 and Cherubim 4800: but $7 \times 7 \times 49 \times 49 = 2401$ in 4802.

5328	5320
4802	4810
10130	10130

"All that Homer's Iliad ever meant, was this: 10 years as degrees on Ahaz's dial between the positive 4790, mean 4800, negative 4810: If the Septuagints' 72 times 90 in $360 \times 18 = 6480$, equally 72 times 24 and 66 degrees in 12 cubed and 4752."

Now it is about enough to make one crazy to read this over; and yet it is impossible not to *see*, as it is impossible not to *laugh at* the transient glimpses of scattered knowledge which the singular ollapodrida contains.

"If you regard, Mr. Editor, the following," says a city friend, "as worthy a place in your 'Drawer,' you are perfectly welcome to it. It was an actual occurrence, and its authenticity is beyond a question:

"Many years ago, when sloops were substituted for steamboats on the Hudson River, a celebrated Divine was on his way to hold forth to the inhabitants of a certain village, not many miles from New York. One of his fellow-passengers who was an unsophisticated countryman, to make himself appear 'large' in the eyes of the passengers, entered into a conversation with the learned Doctor of Divinity. After several ordinary remarks, and introducing himself as one of the congregation, to whom he (the doctor) would expound the Word on the morrow, the following conversation took place:

"'Wal, Doctor, I reckon you know the Scripters pooty good,' remarked the countryman.

"'Really, my friend,' said the clergyman, 'I leave that for *other* persons to determine. You know it does not become a person of any delicacy to utter praise in his own behalf.'

"'So it doesn't,' replied the querist; 'but I've heerd folks say, you know rather more than *we* do. They say you're pooty good in larning folks the BIBLE: but I guess I can give you a poser.'

"'I am pleased to answer questions, and feel gratified to tender information at any time, always considering it my *duty* to impart instruction, as far as it lies in my power,' replied the clergyman.

"'Wall,' says the countryman, with all the imperturbable gravity in the world, 'I spose you've heerd tell on, in the Big BOOK, 'bout Aaron and the golden calf: now, in your opinion, do you think the calf Aaron worshiped, was a heifer or a bull?'

"The Doctor of Divinity, as may be imagined, immediately '*vamosed*,' and left the countryman bragging to the by-standers, that he had completely nonplussed the clergyman!"

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Literary Notices.

A new work by HERMAN MELVILLE, entitled *Moby Dick; or, The Whale*, has just been issued by Harper and Brothers, which, in point of richness and variety of incident, originality of conception, and splendor of description, surpasses any of the former productions of this highly successful author. *Moby Dick* is the name of an old White Whale; half fish and half devil; the terror of the Nantucket cruisers; the scourge of distant oceans; leading an invulnerable, charmed life; the subject of many grim and ghostly traditions. This huge sea monster has a conflict with one Captain Ahab; the veteran Nantucket salt comes off second best; not only loses a leg in the affray, but receives a twist in the brain; becomes the victim of a deep, cunning monomania; believes himself predestined to take a bloody revenge on his fearful enemy; pursues him with fierce demoniac energy of purpose; and at last perishes in the dreadful fight, just as he deems that he has reached the goal of his frantic passion. On this slight framework, the author has constructed a romance, a tragedy, and a natural history, not without numerous gratuitous suggestions on psychology, ethics, and theology. Beneath the whole story, the subtle, imaginative reader may perhaps find a pregnant allegory, intended to illustrate the mystery of human life. Certain it is that the rapid, pointed hints which are often thrown out, with the keenness and velocity of a harpoon, penetrate deep into the heart of things, showing that the genius of the author for moral analysis is scarcely surpassed by his wizard power of description.

In the course of the narrative the habits of the whale are fully and ably described. Frequent graphic and instructive sketches of the fishery, of sea-life in a whaling vessel, and of the manners and customs of strange nations are interspersed with excellent artistic effect among the thrilling scenes of the story. The various processes of procuring oil are explained with the minute, painstaking fidelity of a statistical record, contrasting strangely with the weird, phantom-like character of the plot, and of some of the leading personages, who present a no less unearthly appearance than the witches in Macbeth. These sudden and decided transitions form a striking feature of the volume. Difficult of management, in the highest degree, they are wrought with consummate skill. To a less gifted author, they would inevitably have proved fatal. He has not only deftly avoided their dangers, but made them an element of great power. They constantly pique the attention of the reader, keeping curiosity alive, and presenting the combined charm of surprise and alternation.

The introductory chapters of the volume, containing sketches of life in the great marts of Whalingdom, New Bedford and Nantucket, are pervaded with a fine vein of comic humor, and reveal a succession of portraitures, in which the lineaments of nature shine forth, through a good deal of perverse, intentional exaggeration. To many readers, these will prove the most interesting portions of the work. Nothing can be better than the description of the owners of the vessel, Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad, whose acquaintance we make before the commencement of the voyage. The character of Captain Ahab also opens upon us with wonderful power. He exercises a wild, bewildering fascination by his dark and mysterious nature, which is not at all diminished when we obtain a clearer insight into his strange history. Indeed, all the members of the ship's company, the three mates, Starbuck, Stubbs, and Flash, the wild, savage Gayheader, the case-hardened old blacksmith, to say nothing of the pearl of a New Zealand harpooner, the bosom friend of the narrator—all stand before us in the strongest individual relief, presenting a unique picture gallery, which every artist must despair of rivaling.

The plot becomes more intense and tragic, as it approaches toward the denouement. The malicious old Moby Dick, after long cruisings in pursuit of him, is at length discovered. He comes up to the battle, like an army with banners. He seems inspired with the same fierce, inveterate cunning with which Captain Ahab has followed the traces of his mortal foe. The fight is described in letters of blood. It is easy to foresee which will be the victor in such a contest. We need not say that the ill-omened ship is broken in fragments by the wrath of the weltering fiend. Captain Ahab becomes the prey of his intended victim. The crew perish. One alone escapes to tell the tale. Moby Dick disappears unscathed, and for aught we know, is the same "delicate monster," whose power in destroying another ship is just announced from Panama.

G. P. Putnam announces the *Home Cyclopedia*, a series of works in the various branches of knowledge, including history, literature, and the fine arts, biography, geography, science, and the useful arts, to be comprised in six large duodecimos. Of this series have recently appeared *The Hand-book of Literature and the Fine Arts*, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and BAYARD TAYLOR, and *The Hand-book of Universal Biography*, by PARKE GODWIN. The plan of the Encyclopedia is excellent, adapted to the wants of the American people, and suited to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. As a collateral aid in a methodical course of study, and a work of reference in the daily reading, which enters so largely into the habits of our countrymen, it will, no doubt, prove of great utility.

Rural Homes, by GERVASSE WHEELER (published by Charles Scribner), is intended to aid persons proposing to build, in the construction of houses suited to American country life. The author writes like a man of sense, culture, and taste. He is evidently an ardent admirer of John Ruskin, and has caught something of his æsthetic spirit. Not that he deals in mere theories. His book is eminently practical. He is familiar with the details of his subject, and sets them forth with great simplicity and directness. No one about to establish a rural homestead should neglect consulting its instructive pages.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published a new work, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, for juvenile readers, entitled *A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls* with engravings by Barker from designs by Billings It is founded on various old classical legends, but they are so ingeniously wrought over and stamped with the individuality of the author, as to exercise the effect of original productions. Mr. Hawthorne never writes more genially and agreeably than when attempting to amuse children. He seems to find a welcome relief in their inartificial ways from his own weird and sombre fancies. Watching their frisky gambols and odd humors, he half forgets the saturnine moods from which he draws the materials

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of his most effective fictions, and becomes himself a child. A vein of airy gayety runs through the present volume, revealing a sunny and beautiful side of the author's nature, and forming a delightful contrast to the stern, though irresistibly fascinating horrors, which he wields with such terrific mastery in his recent productions. Child and man will love this work equally well. Its character may be compared to the honey with which the author crowns the miraculous hoard of Baucis and Philemon. "But oh the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that had you closed your eyes you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it."

Glances at Europe, by HORACE GREELEY (published by Dewitt and Davenport), has passed rapidly to a second edition, being eagerly called for by the numerous admirers of the author in his capacity as public journalist. Composed in the excitement of a hurried European tour, aiming at accuracy of detail rather than at nicety of language, intended for the mass of intelligent readers rather than for the denizens of libraries, these letters make no claim to profound speculation or to a high degree of literary finish. They are plain, straight-forward, matter-of-fact statements of what the writer saw and heard in the course of his travels, recording at night the impressions made in the day, without reference to the opinions or descriptions of previous travelers. The information concerning various European countries, with which they abound, is substantial and instructive; often connected with topics seldom noticed by tourists; and conveyed in a fresh and lively style. With the reputation of the author for acute observation and forcible expression, this volume is bound to circulate widely among the people.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, have issued a new volume of *Poems*, by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, consisting of a collection of pieces which have been before published, and several which here make their appearance for the first time. It will serve to elevate the already brilliant reputation of the youthful author. His vocation to poetry is clearly stamped on his productions. Combining great spontaneity of feeling, with careful and elaborate composition, he not only shows a native instinct of verse, but a lofty ideal of poetry as an art. He has entered the path which will lead to genuine and lofty fame. The success of his early effusions has not elated him with a vain conceit of his own genius. Hence, we look for still more admirable productions than any contained in the present volume. He is evidently destined to grow, and we have full faith in the fulfillment of his destiny. His fancy is rich in images of gorgeous and delicate beauty; a deep vein of reflection underlies his boldest excursions; and on themes of tender and pathetic interest, his words murmur with a plaintive melody that reaches the hidden source of tears. His style, no doubt, betrays the influence of frequent communings with his favorite poets. He is eminently susceptible and receptive. He does not wander in the spicy groves of poetical enchantment, without bearing away sweet odors. But this is no impeachment of his own individuality. He is not only drawn by the subtle affinities of genius to the study of the best models, but all the impressions which he receives, take a new form from his own plastic nature. The longest poem in the volume is entitled, "The Castle in the Air"—a production of rare magnificence. "The Hymn to Flora," is full of exquisite beauties, showing a masterly skill in the poetical application of classical legends. "Harley River," "The Blacksmith's Shop," "The Old Elm," are sweet rural pictures, soft and glowing as a June meadow in sunset "The Household Dirge," and several of the "Songs and Sonnets," are marked by a depth of tenderness which is too earnest for any language but that of the most severe simplicity.

We have a translation of NEANDER *on the Philippians*, by Mrs. H. C. CONANT, which renders that admirable practical commentary into sound and vigorous English. A difficult task accomplished with uncommon skill. (Published by Lewis Colby).

The Heavenly Recognition, by Rev. H. HARBAUGH, is the title of an interesting religious work on the question, "Shall we know our friends in Heaven?" This is treated by the author with great copiousness of detail, and in a spirit of profound reverence and sincere Christian faith. His book will be welcome to all readers who delight in speculations on the mysteries of the unseen world. Relying mainly on the testimony of Scripture, the author seeks for evidence on the subject in a variety of collateral sources, which he sets forth in a tone of strong and delightful confidence. (Published by Lindsay and Blackiston).

Lindsay and Blackiston have issued several richly ornamented gift books, which will prove attractive during the season of festivity and friendship. Among them are, "*The Star of Bethlehem*," by Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, a collection of Christmas stories, with elegant engravings. "*The Woodbine*," edited by CAROLINE MAY, containing original pieces and selections, among the latter, "several racy stories of Old England," and a tempting series of *Tales* for *Boys* and *Girls*, by Mrs. HUGHES, a justly celebrated writer of juvenile works.

Bishop MCILVAINE'S *Charge* on the subject of *Spiritual Regeneration* has been issued in a neat pamphlet by Harper and Brothers. It forms an able and appropriate contribution to doctrinal theology, at a time when the topic discussed has gained a peculiar interest from the present position of Catholicism both in England and America. The theme is handled by Bishop McIlvaine with his accustomed vigor and earnestness, and is illustrated by the fruits of extensive research.

Speaking of the decease of our illustrious countryman, FENIMORE COOPER, the *London Athenæum* has the following discriminating remarks: "Mr. COOPER was at home on the sea or in his own backwoods. His happiest tales are those of 'painted chiefs with pointed spears'—to use a happy description of Mr. Longfellow; and so felicitous has he been in setting them bodily, as it were, before the reader, that hereafter he will be referred to by ethnological and antiquarian writers as historical authority on the character and condition of the Lost Tribes of America. In his later works Mr. COOPER wandered too often and too much from the field of Romance into that of Polemics—and into the latter he imported a querulous spirit, and an extraordinarily loose logical method. All his more recent fictions have the taint of this temper, and the drawback of this controversial weakness. His political creed it would be very difficult to extract entire from the body of his writings; and he has been so singularly infelicitous in its partia-

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expositions, that even of the discordant features which make up the whole, we generally find ourselves disagreeing in some measure with all. But throughout the whole course of his writing, whenever he turned back into his own domain of narrative fiction, the Genius of his youth continued to do him service, and something of his old power over the minds of readers continued to the last. His faults as a writer are far outbalanced by his great qualities —and altogether, he is the most original writer that America has yet produced—and one of whom she may well be proud."

"HAWTHORNE," says a London critic, "has few equals among the writers of fiction in the English language. There is a freshness, an originality of thought, a quiet humor, a power of description, a quaintness of expression in his tales, which recommend them to readers wearied of the dull commonplaces of all but a select few of the English novelists of our own time. He is beyond measure the best writer of fiction yet produced by America, somewhat resembling DICKENS in many of his excellencies, yet without imitating him. His style is his own entirely."

In a notice of HITCHCOCK'S "Religion of Geology," the London *Literary Gazette* remarks: "Dr. HITCHCOCK is a veteran American clergyman, of high reputation and unaffected piety. Officially, he is President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology in that institution. As a geologist, he holds a very distinguished position, and is universally reputed an original observer and philosophical inquirer. His fame is European as well as American. No author has ever entered upon his subject better fitted for his task. The work consists of a series of lectures, which may be characterized as so many scientific sermons. They are clear in style, logical in argument, always earnest, and often eloquent. The author of the valuable and most interesting work before us combines in an eminent degree the qualifications of theologian and geologist."

The *London News* briefly hits off an American work which has attracted little attention in this country: "A fast-sailing American clipper has appeared in the seas of philosophy. 'The author of 'Vestiges of Civilization; or the Etiology of History, Religious, Æsthetical, Political, and Philosophical,' advertised as written within two months, has puzzled the scientific public as much as did the original MS. of 'Pepys' Diary.' The reader, however, may be comforted in his bewilderment by finding that the author himself is but little better off. In a note there is a confession which should certainly have been extended to the whole production: 'I freely own that, touching these extreme terms of the complication in Life and Mind, or rather the precise combinations of polarities that should produce them, *my meaning is at present very far from clear, even to myself.* And yet I know that I *have* a meaning; that it is logically involved in my statement; and is such as (perhaps within half a century) will set the name of some distinct enunciator side by side with, if not superior to that of Newton."

The *Westminster Review* has passed into the hands of John Chapman, the well-known publisher of works on Rationalistic theology. *The Leader* rather naïvely remarks, "We rely too much on his sagacity to entertain the fear, not unfrequently expressed, of his making the Review over theological, which would be its ruin."

Among the prominent forthcoming works announced by the English publishers, are the following:—"A Lady's Voyage round the World;" from the German of IDA PFEIFER, from which some interesting extracts have already appeared in Blackwood.—"Wesley and Methodism," by ISAAC TAYLOR—"Lectures on the History of France," by Professor Sir JAMES STEPHENS—A condensed Edition of DR. LAYARD'S "Discoveries at Nineveh," prepared by the Author for popular reading—A second volume of LAMARTINE'S "History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France"—An improved Edition of the "Life and Works of Robert Burns"—Richardson's "Boat Voyage," or a History of the Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.

It is said that the recent discoveries of Colonel Rawlinson in relation to the inscriptions on the Assyrian sculptures have awakened the British Government to the great historical value of those monuments —and that a sum of £1500 has been placed at his disposal to assist toward the prosecution of excavations and inquiries in Assyria. Colonel Rawlinson will, it is understood, proceed immediately to Bagdad; and from thence direct his explorations toward any quarter which may appear to him likely to yield important results.

Mr. WILLIAM WEIR, a literary veteran of ability and accomplishment, is about to publish, from the papers of one who mixed much with it, another view of English literary society in the days of Johnson.

A pension of £100 a year on the civil list has been granted to the family of the late Rev. JAMES SEATON REID, D.D., Professor of Church History in Glasgow, and author of the *History of Presbyterianism in Ireland*, besides other works on theology.

In consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor WILSON, the renowned "Christopher North," he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session. Principal LEE is to undertake the duty for the learned Professor.

The map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain 258 sheets, of which 149 are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying, and nine years' work in engraving, to be done. The total cost will exceed £400,000 sterling. Up to this time 2249 staff-officers have been employed in the work.

When the celebrated astronomer Lalande died, nearly fifty years ago, his manuscripts were divided among his heirs—a partition which was agreeable to law, but very injurious to science. M. Lefrançais de Lalande, a staff-officer, impressed with the importance of re-collecting these papers, has, after much trouble, succeeded in getting together the astronomical memoranda of his ancestor to the extent of not less than thirty-six volumes. These he presented to M. Arago; and the latter, to obviate the chances of a future similar dispersion, has made a gift of them to the library of the Paris Observatory.

In announcing the "Memoirs of his own Life,' by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the correspondent of the

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Literary Gazette indulges in a lively, exaggerated portraiture of the great *feuilletonist*: "Another addition to that class of French literature, called 'Memoirs,' is about to appear, and from the hand of no less a personage than Alexandre Dumas. The great romancer is to tell the world the history of his own eventful life, and his extraordinary literary career. The chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published—and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses, and that among them are an Antony Hamilton and a Duke de Saint Simon. Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for a dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next (according to his own account) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colors—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, and caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied, than any human being now alive—Alexandre must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination. But *n'importe!*"

In the course of a revision of the archives of Celli, a box has been found containing a collection of important documents from the Thirty Years' War, viz., part of the private correspondence of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg, with drafts of his own epistles, and original letters from Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Piccolomini.

The Stockholm papers announce the death, in his seventy-first year, of Dr. THOMAS WINGARD, Archbishop of Upsal and Primate of the Kingdom of Sweden. Dr. Wingard had long occupied the chair of Sacred Philology at the University of Lund. He has left to the University of Upsal his library, consisting of upward of 34,000 volumes—and his rich collections of coins and medals, and of Scandinavian antiquities. This is the fourth library bequeathed to the University of Upsal within the space of a year—adding to its book-shelves no fewer than 115,000 volumes. The entire number of volumes possessed by the university is now said to be 288,000—11,000 of these being in manuscript.

The *London Athenæum* announces the death of the Hon. Mrs. LEE—sister to the late Lord Byron, and whose name will ever be dear to the lovers of that poet's verse for the affecting manner in which it is therein enshrined. Few readers of Byron will forget his affectionate recurrences to his sister—made more touching from the bitterness of his memories toward all those whom he accused of contributing to the desolation of his home and the shattering of his household gods. The once familiar name met with in the common obituary of the journals will have recalled to many a one that burst of grateful tenderness with which the bard twines a laurel for his sister's forehead, which will be laid now upon her grave—and of which the following is a leaf:

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
This much I at least may recall,
That what I most tenderly cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in my solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Numismatic science has to lament the loss of a long known, learned, and distinguished cultivator, Mr. H. P. BORRELL, who died on the 2d inst. at Smyrna. His numerous excellent memoirs on Greek coins, and his clever work on the coins of Cyprus, form permanent memorials of his erudition, research, and correct judgment.

The last mail from China informs us of the death of Dr. GUTZLAFF, at one of the British ports in that country, on the 9th of August last, in his forty-eighth year. The decease of this distinguished Eastern scholar will be learnt with regret by those who take an interest in the progress of European civilization in China. Dr. Gutzlaff was one of the most ardent and indefatigable of the laborers in that cause: and it will be very difficult to fill up the void which his death has occasioned. He was a Pomeranian by birth; and was originally sent to Batavia, Singapore, and Siam by the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1827. He first reached China in 1831; and he appears to have spent the next two years in visiting and exploring certain portions of the Chinese coast, which, previously to that time, had not been visited by any European—or of which, at least, no authentic knowledge was possessed. On the death of the elder Morrison, in 1834, Dr. Gutzlaff was employed as an Interpreter by the British Superintendency; and at a subsequent period he was promoted to the office of Chinese Secretary to the British Plenipotentiary and Superintendent of Trade. That employment he held to the time of his death. Dr. Gutzlaff had ceased to consider himself as a missionary for some years past; but he never relinquished his practice of teaching and exhorting among the Chinese communities in the midst of whom he was placed.

The death of Mrs. MARY SHERWOOD, the celebrated English authoress, took place at Twickenham about the middle of September. She had attained the ripe old age of seventy-six years, but her mind preserved its usual vigor and serenity, unimpaired by the influence of time. She died in the exercise of a tranquil spirit, and firm religious faith. It is said that a biography, prepared from materials left by the deceased, will soon make its appearance from the pen of her youngest daughter, a lady who inherits a portion of her mother's genius and character. A complete edition of Mrs. Sherwood's works, published by Harper and Brothers, has found numerous readers in this country, by whom the name of the writer will long be held in affectionate remembrance.

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A Leaf not from Punch.



First Sportsman.—"My dear sir, I am very sorry that I hit you in the leg. Pray excuse me this time. I'll aim higher next time!"
Second Sportsman.—"Aim higher next time! No, I thank you. I'd rather you wouldn't."



Seedy Individual.—"I've dropped in to do you a very great favor, sir."
Man of Business.—"Well, what is it?"
Seedy Individual.—'I'm going to allow you the pleasure of lending me five dollars."

ETYMOLOGICAL INVENTIONS.

WE perceive, with great alarm, the increasing number of abstruse names given to various simple articles of clothing and commerce. Rather to keep a head of the world than even to run with it, we intend to register—or dispose of for a consideration—the sole right of producing the following articles:

The *Protean Crononhotontologos*, or Changeable Surtout, the tails of which button under to form a dress coat; can be reefed to make a shooting-coat; folded into a cut-a-way; or taken away altogether to turn into a sailing jacket. It is black outside and green within, with sets of shifting buttons, so that it may be used either for dress or sporting, evening or morning, with equal propriety.

The *Oddrotistone*, or Pumice Beard-leveler, for shaving without water, soap, brush, or razor, and removing all pimples and freckles by pure mechanical action. Strongly recommended to travelers with delicate skins.

The *Hicockolorum*, or Patent Fuel, warranted never to smoke, smell, decrease in bulk, or throw out dangerous gases, and equally adapted for Calorific, Church, Vesta, Air-tight, Registering, Cooking, and all manner of stoves. By simply recollecting never to light it, all these conditions will be fulfilled, or we forfeit fifty thousand dollars.

The *Antilaxctorium*, or Perpetual Shirt-collar, which, being formed of enameled tin, never requires to be washed, is not likely to droop or turn down.

The *Thoraxolicon*, or Everlasting Shirt-front, comes under the same patent, which may be had also, perforated in patterns, after the fashionable style.

The *Silicobroma*, a preparation of pure flint-stone, which makes a very excellent soup, by boiling in a pot, with the requisite quantity of meat and vegetables.

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OFF POINT JUDITH.

OLD LADY.—"Now, my good man, I hope you are sure it will really do me good, because I can not touch it but as medicine."



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

WE have been much grieved of late to observe the growing tendency among ladies to *shave their foreheads*, in the hope of intellectualizing their countenances, and this occurs more especially among the literary portion of the fair sex. We subjoin a portrait, but mention no names.

The mistake is this. The height of a forehead depends upon the height of the frontal bone—not upon the growth of the hair; and, therefore, when the forehead retreats, it is absurd to suppose that height can be given by shaving the head, even to the crown. Added to this, it is impossible to conceal the blue mark which the shorn stumps of hair still *will* leave; and, therefore, we hope soon to see the practice abolished.



OLD LADY—(*holding a very small Cabbage*).—"What! 3*d.* for such a small Cabbage? Why, I never heerd o' such a thing!"

GREENGROCER.—"Werry sorry, marm; but it's all along o' that Exhibition! What with them Foreigners, and the Gents as smokes, Cabbages has riz."

NEW BIOGRAPHIES.

MR. SMITH.—This celebrated personage has filled many important public and private situations: in fact, we find his name connected with all the great events of the time. He was a divine, an actor, an officer, and an author. But afterward getting into bad company, he was sentenced to the State Prison, and subsequently hanged. His family branches, which are very extensive, are fully treated of in the Directory.

WARREN.—The discoverer of the famous Jet Blacking. Upon the backs of the bottle labels he wrote his celebrated tale of *Ten Thousand a Year*, thus shining in two lines. He lost his life at Bunker Hill.

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Fashions for December.



FIGS. 1, 2.—BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.

THE figure on the left, in the above illustration, shows a very rich ball costume, with jewels: Hair in raised bands, forming a point in front, leaving the forehead open, and spreading elegantly at the sides. A large cord of pearls is rolled in the hair, and forms, in two rows, a *Marie Stuart*, over the forehead, then mixed with the back hair, falls to the right and left in interlaced rings. Body low, square in front, but rather high on the shoulder. The dress is plain silk, the ornaments silk-net and lace. The whole of the front of the body is ornamented with rows of lace and silk-net *bouillons*. Each row of lace covers a *bouillon*, and leaves one uncovered. There are five or six rows of lace. They are gathered, and it will be seen they are raised by the row of puffs they cover. Two rows of lace are put on as trimming on each side of the stomacher. They start from the same point, spreading wider as they rise, as far as the back, where they form a *berthe*. The skirt is trimmed with three rows, one over the other, composed of silk-net puffs; one at bottom, another one-third of the height up, and the other two-thirds up. Three lace flounces decorate this skirt, and each falls on the edge of the puffs.

The figure on the right exhibits a beautiful evening dress. Hair in puffed bands, waved, rather short, wreath of variegated geraniums, placed at the sides Plain silk dress, with silk-net *ruchés* about three inches apart, from the bottom upward. Sleeves, tight and short, edged with a *ruché* at bottom. The body is covered with silk-net, opening heart-shape. It is trimmed with two silk-net *berthes*, gathered a little, with a hem about half an inch wide, marked by a small gold cord. A row of variegated flowers runs along the top of the body. The upper skirt, of silk-net, is raised cross-wise, from the front toward the back, up to the side bouquet. The hem of each skirt is two inches deep, and is also marked by a gold cord. The side bouquet, of flowers like those in the hair, is fixed to the body, and hangs in branches on the skirt. The outer sleeves are silk-net, with a hem at the end, and raised cross-wise like the skirt, so as to show the under-sleeves.

In the picture, upon the next page, we give illustrations of three styles of cloaks, the most fashionable for the present winter. They are called by the Parisian modists respectively, PARISIAN, FRILEUSE, and CAMARA. The PARISIAN is a walking cloak of

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FIGS. 3, 4, 5.—PARISIAN, FRILEUSE, AND CAMARA CLOAKS.

satin or *gros* d'Ecosse, trimmed with velvet of different widths sewed on flat; velvet buttons. The FRILEUSE is a wadded pelisse of satin *à la reine* or common. Trimming *à la vieille* of the same, with velvet bands. The pelerine may form a hood. The sleeves are wide and straight. The CAMARA is a cloak of plain cloth, forming a *Talma* behind, and open cross-wise in front to prevent draping. Wide flat collar. Ornaments consist of velvet fretwork with braid round it.



FIG. 6.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

Figure 6 represents an elegant costume for a little girl, three or four years of age—a pretty, fair haired creature. Frock of white silk, embroidered sky blue, body low and square in front, with two silk lapels, embroidered and festooned; a frill along the top of front, with an embroidered insertion below it. The sleeves are embroidered; a broad blue ribbon passes between the shoulder and the sleeve, and is fastened at top by a *rosette* with loose ends. This manner of tying the ribbon raises the sleeve and leaves the arm uncovered at top. The skirt is composed of two insertions and two embroidered flounces. An embroidered petticoat reaches below the skirt. The sash is of blue silk and very wide.

Velvet, as a trimming, was never more fashionable than at present. There are at this season few articles included in the category of ladies' costume to which a trimming of velvet may not be applied. Velvet is now employed to ornament plain dresses, as well as those of the most elegant description. One of the new dresses we have seen, is composed of maroon-color silk. The skirt has three flounces, each edged with two rows of black velvet ribbon, of the width of half an inch. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with the same trimming. Another dress, composed of deep violet or puce-color silk, has the flounces edged also with rows of black velvet. The majority of the dresses, made at the present season, have high corsages, though composed of silk of very rich and thick texture.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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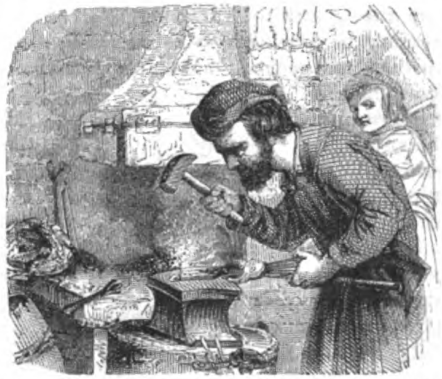
EARLY AND PRIVATE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

IT is generally true in respect to great statesmen that they owe their celebrity almost entirely to their public and official career. They promote the welfare of mankind by directing legislation, founding institutions, negotiating treaties of peace or of commerce between rival states, and guiding, in various other ways, the course of public and national affairs, while their individual and personal influence attracts very little regard. With Benjamin Franklin, however, the reverse of this is true. He did indeed, while he lived, take a very active part, with other leading men of his time, in the performance of great public functions; but his claim to the extraordinary degree of respect and veneration which is so freely awarded to his name and memory by the American people, rests not chiefly upon this, but upon the extended influence which he has exerted, and which he still continues to exert upon the national mind, through the power of his private and personal character. The prevalence of habits of industry and economy, of foresight and thrift, of cautious calculation in the formation of plans, and energy and perseverance in the execution of them, and of the disposition to invest what is earned in substantial and enduring possessions, rather than to expend it in brief pleasures or for purposes of idle show—the prevalence of these traits, so far as they exist as elements of the national character in this country—is due in an incalculable degree to the doings and sayings and history of this great exemplar. Thus it is to his life and to his counsels that is to be attributed, in a very high degree, the formation of that great public sentiment prevailing so extensively among us, which makes it more honorable to be industrious than to be idle, and to be economical and prudent rather than extravagant and vain; which places substantial and unpretending prosperity above empty pretension, and real comfort and abundance before genteel and expensive display.

A very considerable portion of the effect which Franklin has produced upon the national character is due to the picturesque and almost romantic interest which attaches itself to the incidents of his personal history. In his autobiography he has given us a very full and a very graphic narrative of these incidenst, and as the anniversary of his birth-day occurs during the present month, we can not occupy the attention of our readers at this time, in a more appropriate manner than by a brief review of the principal events of his life—so far as such a review can be comprised within the limits of a single article.

The ancestors of Franklin lived for many generations on a small estate in Northamptonshire, one of the central counties in England. The head of the family during all this time followed the business of a smith, the eldest son



from generation to generation, being brought up to that employment.

The Franklin family were Protestants, and at one time when the Catholics were in power, during the reign of Mary, the common people were forbidden to possess or to read the English Bible. Nevertheless the Franklin family contrived to get possession of a copy of the Scrip-

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tures, and in order to conceal it they kept it fastened on the under side of the seat of a little stool. The book was open, the back of the covers being against the seat, and the leaves being kept up by tapes which passed across the pages, and which were fastened to the seat of the stool at the ends. When Mr. Franklin wished to read his Bible to his family, he was accustomed to take up this stool and place it bottom upward upon his lap; and thus he had the book open before him. When he wished to turn over a leaf, he had to turn it under the tape, which, though a little inconvenient, was attended with no serious difficulty. During the reading one of the children was stationed at the door, to watch, and to give notice if an officer should be coming; and in case of an alarm the stool was immediately turned over and placed in its proper position upon the floor, the fringe which bordered the sides of it hanging down so as to conceal the book wholly from view. This was in the day of Franklin's *great-grandfather*.

In process of time, after the Catholic controversy was decided, new religious dissensions sprang up between the Church of England and the Nonconformists. The family of Franklin were of the latter party, and at length Mr. Josiah Franklin—who was Benjamin Franklin's father—concluded to join a party of his neighbors and friends, who had determined, in consequence of the restrictions which they were under in England, in respect to their religious faith and worship, to emigrate to America. Mr. Franklin came accordingly to Boston, and there, after a time, Benjamin Franklin was born. The place of his birth was in Milk-street, opposite to the Old South Church. The humble dwelling, however, in which the great philosopher was born, has long since disappeared. The magnificent granite warehouses of the Boston merchants now cover the spot, and on one of them is carved conspicuously the inscription, BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN.

Mr. Josiah Franklin had been a dyer in England, but finding on his coming to Boston that there was but little to be done in that art in so new a country, he concluded to choose some other occupation; and he finally determined upon that of a tallow chandler. Benjamin was the youngest son. The others, as they gradually became old enough, were put to different trades, but as Benjamin showed a great fondness for his books, having learned to read of his own accord at a very early age, and as he was the youngest son, his father conceived the idea of educating him for the church. So they sent him to the grammar school, and he commenced his studies. He was very successful in the school, and rose from class to class quite rapidly; but still the plan of giving him a public education was at length, for some reason or other, abandoned, and Mr. Franklin took Benjamin into his store, to help him in his business. His duties here were to cut the wicks for the candles, to fill the moulds, to attend upon



the customers, or to go of errands or deliver purchases about the town.

There was a certain mill-pond in a back part of the town, where Benjamin was accustomed to go sometimes, in his play-hours, with other boys, to fish. This mill-pond has long since been filled up, and its place is now occupied by the streets and warehouses of the city. In Franklin's day, however, the place was somewhat solitary, and the shore of the pond being marshy, the boys soon trampled up the ground where they were accustomed to stand in fishing, so as to convert it into a perfect quagmire. At length young Franklin proposed to the boys that they should build a wharf, or pier, to stand upon—getting the materials for the purpose from a heap of stones that had been brought for a house which some workmen were building in the neighborhood. The boys at once acceded to the proposal. They all accordingly assembled at the spot one evening after the workmen had gone away for the night, and taking as many stones as they needed for the purpose, they proceeded to build their wharf



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The boys supposed very probably that the stones which they had taken would not be missed. The workmen, however, did miss them, and on making search the following morning they soon discovered what had become of them. The boys were thus detected, and were all punished.

Franklin's father, though he was plain and unpretending in his manners, was a very sensible and well-informed man, and he possessed a sound judgment and an excellent understanding. He was often consulted by his neighbors and friends, both in respect to public and private affairs. He took great interest, when conversing with his family at table, in introducing useful topics of discourse, and endeavored in other ways to form in the minds of his children a taste for solid and substantial acquisitions. He was quite a musician, and was accustomed sometimes when the



labors of the day were done, to play upon the violin and sing, for the entertainment of his family. This music Benjamin himself used to take great delight in listening to.

Young Benjamin did not like his father's trade —that of a chandler—and it was for a long time undecided what calling in life he should pursue. He wished very much to go to sea, but his parents were very unwilling that he should do so. His father, accordingly, in order to make him contented and willing to remain at home, took great pains to find some employment for him that he would like, and he was accustomed to walk about the town with him to see the workmen employed about their various trades. It was at last decided that he should learn the trade of a printer. One reason why this trade was decided upon was that one of Benjamin's older brothers was a printer, and had just returned from England with a press and a font of type, and was about setting up his business in Boston. So it was decided that Benjamin should be bound to him, as his apprentice; and this was accordingly done. Benjamin was then about twelve years old.

Benjamin had always from his childhood manifested a great thirst for reading, which thirst he had now a much better opportunity to gratify than ever before, as his connection with printers and booksellers gave him facilities for borrowing books. Sometimes he would sit up all night to



read the book so borrowed.

Benjamin's brother, the printer, did not keep house, but boarded his apprentices at a boarding house in the town. Benjamin pretty soon conceived the idea of boarding himself, on condition that his brother would pay to him the sum which he had been accustomed to pay for him to the landlady of the boarding house. By this plan he saved a large portion of the time which was allotted to dinner, for reading; for, as he remained alone in the printing office while the rest were gone, he could read, with the book in his lap, while partaking of the simple repast which he had provided.



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Young Benjamin was mainly employed, of course, while in his brother's office, in very humble duties; but he did not by any means confine himself to the menial services which were required of him, as the duty of the youngest apprentice. In fact he actually commenced his career as an author while in this subordinate position. It seems that several gentlemen of Boston, friends of his brother, used to write occasional articles for a newspaper which he printed; and they would sometimes meet at the office to discuss the subjects of their articles, and the effects that they produced. Benjamin determined to try his hand at this work. He accordingly wrote an article for the paper, and after copying it carefully in disguised writing, he put it late one night under the door. His brother found it there in the morning, and on reading it was much pleased with it. He read it to his friends when they came in—Benjamin being at work all the time near by, at his printing case, and enjoying very highly the remarks and comments which they made. He was particularly amused at the guesses that they offered in respect to the author, and his vanity was gratified at finding that the persons that they named were all gentlemen of high character for ingenuity and learning.



The young author was so much encouraged by this attempt that he afterward sent in several other articles in the same way; they were all approved of and duly inserted in the paper. At length he made it known that he was the author of the articles. All were very much surprised, and Benjamin found that in consequence of this discovery he was regarded with much greater consideration by his brother's friends, the gentlemen to whom his performances had been shown, but that his brother himself did not appear to be much pleased.

Benjamin was employed at various avocations connected with the newspaper, while in his brother's service; sometimes in setting types, then in working off the sheets at the press, and finally in carrying the papers around the town to deliver them to the subscribers. Thus he was, at the same time, compositor, pressman, and carrier. This gave a very agreeable variety to his work, and the opportunities which he enjoyed for acquiring experience and information were far more favorable than they had ever been before.

In the efforts which young Franklin made to improve his mind, while in his brother's office, he did not devote his time to mere reading, but applied himself vigorously to *study*. He was deficient, he thought, in a knowledge of figures, and so he procured an arithmetic, of his own accord, and went through it himself, with very little or no assistance. By proceeding very slowly and carefully in this work, leaving nothing behind that he did not fully understand, he so smoothed his own way as to go through the whole with very little embarrassment or difficulty. He also studied a book of English grammar. The book contained, moreover, brief treatises on Logic and Rhetoric, which were inserted at the end by way of appendix. These treatises Franklin studied too with great care. In a word, the time which he devoted to books was spent, not in seeking amusement, but in acquiring solid and substantial knowledge.

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Notwithstanding these advantages, however, Benjamin did not lead a very happy life as his brother's apprentice. He found his brother a very passionate man and he was often used very roughly by him. Finally after the lapse of four or five years, during which various difficulties occurred which can not here be fully narrated, young Benjamin determined to run away, and seek his fortune in New York. In writing the history of his life, Franklin acknowledges that he was very censurable for taking such a step, and that in the disputes which had occurred between him and his brother, he himself was much in fault, having often needlessly irritated his brother by his saucy and provoking behavior. He, however, determined to go, and a young friend of his, named Collins, a boy of about his own age, helped him form and execute the plan of his escape.

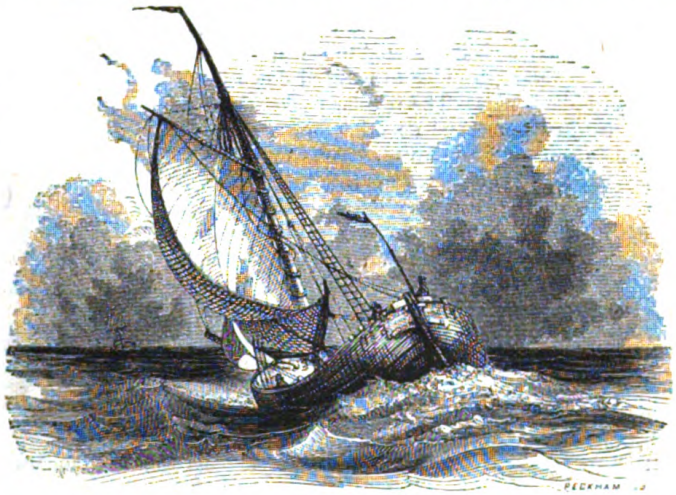




The plan which they formed was for Benjamin to take passage secretly, in a New York sloop, which was then in Boston and about ready to sail. The boys made up a false story to tell the captain of the sloop in order to induce him to take Benjamin on board. Benjamin sold his books and such other little property as he possessed, to raise money, and at length, when the time arrived he went on board the sloop in a very private manner, and concealed himself there.

The captain of the sloop undoubtedly did wrong in taking such a boy away in this manner. He knew that Franklin was running away from home, though he was deceived by Collins's story in respect to the cause of his flight.

The vessel soon sailed, with Franklin on board. The wind was fair and she had a very prosperous passage. In three days which was by no means a long time for such a voyage, she reached New York, and Benjamin landed safely.



He found himself, however, when landed, in a very forlorn and friendless condition. He knew no one, he was provided, of course, with no letters of introduction or recommendation, and he had very little money.

He applied at a printing office for employment The printer, whose name was Bradford, said that he had workmen enough, but that he had a son in Philadelphia who was also a printer, and who had lately lost one of his principal hands. So our young hero determined to go to Philadelphia.

On his journey to Philadelphia he met with various romantic adventures. A part of the way he went by water, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck in a storm which suddenly arose, and which drove the vessel to the eastward, entirely out of her course, and came very near throwing her upon the shores of Long Island. He, however, at length reached Amboy in safety, and

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thence he undertook to travel on foot through New Jersey to Burlington, a distance of about fifty miles, carrying his pack upon his back.



It rained violently all the day, and the unhappy adventurer became so exhausted with his exposures and suffering that he heartily repented of having ever left his home.

At length after two days of weary traveling, Franklin reached Burlington, on the Delaware, the point where he had expected to embark again on board a vessel in order to proceed down the river to Philadelphia. The regular packet, however, had just gone, and no other one was expected to sail for three days. It was then Saturday, and the next boat was not to go until Tuesday. Our traveler was very much disappointed to find that he must wait so long. In his perplexity he went back to the house of a woman where he had stopped to buy some gingerbread when he first came into town, and asked her what she thought he had better do. She offered to give him lodging in her house, until Tuesday, and inviting him in she immediately prepared some dinner for him, which, though it was very frugal and plain, was received with great thankfulness by the weary and wayworn traveler.



Our hero was not obliged to wait so long as he expected, after all; for that evening as he chanced to be walking along the shore of the river, a small vessel came by on its way to Philadelphia, and on his applying to the boatmen for a passage they agreed to take him on board. He accordingly embarked, and the vessel proceeded down the river. There was no wind, and the men spent the night in rowing. Franklin himself worked with the rest. Toward morning they began to be afraid that they had passed the city in the dark, and so thay hauled their vessel up to the shore and landed. When daylight appeared they found that they were about five miles above the city. When they arrived at the city Franklin paid the boatmen a shilling for his passage. They were at first unwilling to receive it, on account of his having helped them to row, but he insisted that they should. He then counted up the money which he had left, and found that it amounted to just one dollar.

The first thing that he did was to go to a baker's to buy something to eat. He asked for three-pence worth of bread. The baker gave him three good sized rolls for that money. His pockets were full of clothes and other such things, which he had put into them, and so he walked off up the street, holding one of his rolls under



each arm and eating the third. It is a singular circumstance that while he was walking through the streets in this way, he passed by the house where the young woman resided who was destined in subsequent years to become his wife, and that she actually saw him as he passed, and took particular notice of him on account of the ridiculous appearance which he made

Franklin went on in this manner up Market-street to Fourth-street, then down through Chestnut-street and a part of Walnut-street, until he came back to the river again at the place where the vessel lay. He came thus to the shore again in order to get a drink of water from the river, for he was thirsty.

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In fact the situation in which our young adventurer found himself at this time must have been extremely discouraging. He was in a strange town, hundreds of miles from home, without friends, without money, without even a place to lay his head, and scarcely knowing what to do or where to go. It is not strange, therefore, that, after taking his short walk around the streets of the town, he should find himself returning again toward the vessel that had brought him; since this vessel alone contained objects and faces in the least degree familiar to his eye.

It happened that among the passengers that had come down the river on board the vessel, there was a poor woman, who was traveling with her child, a boy of six or eight years of age. When Franklin came down to the wharf he found this woman sitting there with her child, both looking quite weary and forlorn; and, as he had already satisfied his hunger with eating only one of his rolls, he gave the other two to them. They received his charity very thankfully. It seems that they were waiting there for the vessel to sail again, as they were not intending to stop at Philadelphia, but were going farther down the river.



The way it happened that our young hero had provided himself with so much more bread than he needed, notwithstanding that his funds were so low, was this. When he went into the baker's he asked first for biscuits, meaning such as he had been accustomed to buy in Boston. The baker told him that they did not make such biscuits in Philadelphia. He then asked for a three-penny loaf. The baker said they had no three-penny loaves. Franklin then asked him for three-penny worth of bread of any sort, and the baker gave him the three penny rolls. Franklin was surprised to find how much bread he got for his money, but he took the rolls, though he knew it was more than he would need, and so after eating one he had no very ready way of disposing of the other two. His giving them therefore to the poor woman and her boy was not quite as great a deed of benevolence as it might at first seem. It was, however, in this respect like other charitable acts, performed in this world, which will seldom bear any very rigid scrutiny.

It ought, however, to be added in justice to our hero, that instances frequently occurred during this period of his life in which he made real sacrifices for the comfort and welfare of others, and thus gave unquestionable evidence that he possessed a truly benevolent heart. In fact, his readiness to aid and assist others, whenever it was in his power to do so, constituted one of the most conspicuous traits in the philosopher's character.

Having thus given his bread to the woman, and obtained a draught of water from the river for himself, Franklin turned up the street again and went back into the town. He observed many well dressed people in the street, all going the same way. It was Sunday, and they were going to meeting. Franklin followed them, and took a seat in the meeting-house. It proved to be a meeting of the society of Friends, and as is usual in their meetings when no one is moved to speak, the congregation sat in silence. As there was thus no service to occupy Franklin's at-

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tention, and as he was weary with the rowing of the previous night and with the other hardships and fatigues which he had undergone, he fell



asleep. He did not wake until the meeting was concluded, and not then until one of the congregation came and aroused him.

Early on Monday morning Franklin went to Mr. Bradford's office to see if he could obtain employment. To his surprise he found Bradford the father there. He had come on from New York on horseback, and so had arrived before Franklin. Franklin found that young Bradford had obtained a workman in the place of the one he had lost, but old Mr. Bradford offered to go with him and introduce him to another printer named Keimer, who worked in the neighborhood.

Mr. Keimer concluded to take the young stranger into his employ, and he entered into a long conversation with Mr. Bradford about his plans and prospects in business, not imagining that he was talking to the father of his rival in trade. At length Mr. Bradford went away, and Franklin prepared to commence his operations.

He found his new master's printing office, however, in a very crazy condition. There was but one press, and that was broken down and disabled. The font of type, too, the only one that the office contained, was almost worn out with previous usage. Mr. Keimer himself, moreover, knew very little about his trade. He was an author, it seems, as well as compositor, and was employed, when Franklin and Mr. Bradford came to see him, in setting up an elegy which he was composing and putting in type at the same time, using no copy.

Franklin, however took hold of his work with alacrity and energy, and soon made great improvements in the establishment. The press was repaired and put in operation. A new supply of types and cases was obtained. Mr. Keimer did not keep house, and so a place was to be looked for in some private family where the young stranger could board. The place finally decided upon was Mr. Read's, the house where the young woman resided who has already been mentioned as having observed the absurd figure which Franklin had made in walking through the streets when he first landed. He presented a much better appearance now, for a chest of clothing which he and Collins had sent round secretly from Boston by water, had arrived, and this enabled him to appear now in quite a respectable guise.

It was in the fall of the year 1723, that Franklin came thus to Philadelphia. He remained there during the winter, but in the spring a very singular train of circumstances occurred, which resulted in leading him back to Boston. During the winter he worked industriously at his trade, and spent his leisure time in reading and study. He laid up the money that he earned, instead of squandering it, as young men in his situation often do, in transient indulgences. He formed many useful acquaintances among the industrious and steady young men in the town. He thus lived a very contented life, and forgot Boston, as he said, as much as he could. He still kept it a profound secret from his parents where he was—no one in Boston excepting Collins having been admitted to the secret.



It happened, however, that Captain Holmes, one of Franklin's brothers-in-law who was a shipmaster, came about this time to Newcastle, a town about forty miles below Philadelphia, and there, hearing that Benjamin was at Philadelphia, he wrote to him a letter

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urging him to return home. Benjamin replied by a long letter defending the step that he had taken, and explaining his plans and intentions in full. It happened that Captain Holmes was in company with Sir William Keith, the governor of the colony, when he received the letter; and he showed it to him. The governor was struck with the intelligence and manliness which the letter manifested, and as he was very desirous of having a really good printing office established in Philadelphia, he came to see Franklin when he returned to the city, and proposed to him to set up an office of his own. His father, the governor said, would probably furnish him with the necessary capital, if he would return to Boston and ask for it, and he himself would see that he had work enough, for he would procure the public printing for him So it was determined that Franklin should take passage in the first vessel that sailed, and go to Boston and see his father. Of course all this was kept a profound secret from Mr. Keimer.

In due time Franklin took leave of Mr. Keimer and embarked; and after a very rough and dangerous passage he arrived safely in Boston. His friends were very much astonished at seeing him, for Captain Holmes had not yet returned. They were still more surprised at hearing the young fugitive give so good an account of himself, and of his plans and prospects for the future. The apprentices and journeymen in the printing office gathered around him and listened to his stories with great interest. They were particularly impressed by his taking out a handful of silver money from his pocket, in answer to a question which they asked him in respect to the kind of



money which was used in Philadelphia. It seems that in Boston they were accustomed to use paper money almost altogether in those days.

Young Collins, the boy who had assisted Franklin in his escape the year before, was so much pleased with the accounts that the young adventurer brought back of his success in Philadelphia that he determined to go there himself. He accordingly closed up his affairs and set off on foot for New York, with the understanding that Franklin, who was to go on afterward by water, should join him there, and that they should then proceed together to Philadelphia.

After many long consultations Franklin's father concluded that it was not best for Benjamin to attempt to commence business for himself in Philadelphia, and so Benjamin set out on his return. On his way back he had a narrow escape from a very imminent danger A Quaker lady came to him one day, on board the vessel in which he was sailing to New York, and began to cau-



tion him against two young women who had come on board the vessel at Newport, and who were very forward and familiar in their manners.

"Young man," said she, "I am concerned for thee, as thou hast no friend with thee, and seems not to know much of the world, or of the snares youth is exposed to: depend upon it, these are very bad women. I can see it by all their actions, and if thou art not upon thy guard, they will draw thee into some danger; they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." Franklin thanked the lady for her advice, and determined to follow it. When they arrived at New York the young women told him where they lived, and invited him to come and see them. But he avoided doing so, and it was well that he did, for a few days afterward he learned that they were both arrested as thieves. They had stolen something from the cabin of the ship during the voyage. If Franklin had been found in their company he might have been arrested as their accomplice.

It happened curiously enough that young Franklin attracted the notice and attention of a governor for the second time, as he passed through New York on this journey. It seems that the captain of the vessel in which he had made his voyage, happened to mention to the governor when he arrived in New York, that there was a young man among his passengers who had a

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great many books with him, and who seemed to take quite an interest in reading; and the governor very kindly sent word back to invite the young man to call at his house, promising, if he would do so, to show him his library. Franklin very gladly accepted this invitation, and the governor took him into his library, and held con-



siderable conversation with him, on the subject of books and authors. Franklin was of course very much pleased with this adventure.

At New York Franklin found his old friend Collins, who had arrived there some time before him. Collins had been, in former times, a very steady and industrious boy, but his character had greatly degenerated during Franklin's absence. He had fallen into very intemperate habits, and Franklin found, on joining him at New York, that he had been intoxicated almost the whole time that he had been there. He had been gaming too, and had lost all his money, and was now in debt for his board, and wholly destitute. Franklin paid his bills, and they set off together for Philadelphia.

Of course Franklin had to pay all the expenses, both for himself and his companion, on the journey, and this, together with the charges which he had incurred for Collins in New York, soon exhausted his funds, and the two travelers would have been wholly out of money, had it not been that Franklin had received a demand to collect for a man in Rhode Island, who gave it to him when he came through. This demand was due from a man in Pennsylvania, and when the travelers reached the part of the country where this man resided, they called upon him and he paid them the money. This put Franklin in funds again, though as it was money which did not belong to him, he had no right to use it. He however considered himself compelled to use a part of it, by the necessity of the case; and Collins, knowing that his companion had the money, was continually asking to borrow small sums, and Franklin lent them to him from time to time, until at length such an inroad was made upon the trust funds which he held, that Franklin began to be extremely anxious and uneasy

To make the matter worse Collins continued to addict himself to drinking habits, notwithstanding all that Franklin could do to prevent it. In fact Franklin soon found that his remonstrances and efforts only irritated Collins and made him angry, and so he desisted. When they reached Philadelphia the case grew worse and worse. Collins could get no employment, and he led a very dissipated life, all at Franklin's expense. At length, however, an incident occurred which led to an open quarrel between them. The circumstances were these.

The two boys, with some other young men, went out one day upon the Delaware in a boat, on an excursion of pleasure. When they were away at some distance from the shore, Collins refused to row in his turn. He said that Franklin and the other boys should row him home. Franklin said that they would not. "Then," said Collins. "you will have to stay all night upon the water. You can do just as you please."

The other two boys were disposed to give up to Collins, unreasonable as he was. "Let us row," said they, "what signifies it?" But Franklin, whose resentment was now aroused, opposed this, and persisted in refusing. Collins then declared that he would make him row or throw him overboard; and he came along, stepping on the thwarts, toward Franklin, as if to put his threat in execution. When he came near he struck at Franklin, but Franklin just at the instant thrust his head forward between Collins's legs, and then rising suddenly with all his force he threw him over headlong into the water.

Franklin knew that Collins was a good swimmer, and so he felt no concern about his safety. He walked along to the stern of the boat, and asked Collins if he would promise to row if they would allow him to get on board again. Collins was very angry, and declared that he would not row. So the boys who had the oars pulled ahead a few strokes, to keep the boat out of Collins's reach as he swam after her. This continued for some time—Collins swimming in the wake of the boat, and the boys pulling gently, so as just to keep the boat out of his reach—while Franklin him-



self stood in the stern, interrogating him from time to time, and vainly endeavoring to bring him to terms. At last finding him beginning to tire without showing any signs of yielding, for he was obstinate as well as unreasonable, the boys stopped and drew him on board, and then took him home dripping wet. Collins never forgave

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Franklin for this. A short time after this incident, however, he obtained some engagement to go to the West Indies, and he went away promising to send back money to Franklin, to pay him what he owed him, out of the very first that he should receive. He was never heard of afterward.

In the mean time Franklin returned to his work in Mr. Keimer's office. He reported the result of his visit to Boston, to Sir William, the governor, informing him that his father was not willing to furnish the capital necessary for setting up a printing office. Sir William replied that it would make no difference; he would furnish the capital himself, he said; and he proposed that Franklin should go to England in the next vessel, and purchase the press and type. This Franklin agreed to do.

In the mean time, before the vessel sailed, Franklin had become very much attached to Miss Read. He felt, he says, a great respect and affection for her, and he succeeded, as he thought, in inspiring her with the same feelings toward him. It was not, however, considered prudent to think of marriage immediately, especially as Franklin was contemplating so long a voyage.



Besides the company of Miss Read there were several young men in Philadelphia whose society Franklin enjoyed very highly at this time. His most intimate friend was a certain James Ralph. Ralph was a boy of fine literary taste and great love of reading. He had an idea that he possessed poetic talent, and used often to write verses, and he maintained that though his verses might be in some respects faulty, they were no more so than those which other poets wrote when first beginning. He intended, he said, to make writing poetry the business of his life. Franklin did not approve of such a plan as this; still he enjoyed young Ralph's company, and he was accustomed sometimes on holidays to take long rambles with him in the woods on the banks of the Schuylkill. Here the two boys would sit together under the trees, for hours, reading, and conversing about what they had read.



At length the time arrived for the sailing of the ship in which Franklin was to go to England. The governor was to have given him letters of introduction and of credit, and Franklin called for them from time to time, but they were not ready. Finally he was directed to go on board the vessel, and was told that the governor would send the letters there, and that he would find them among the other letters, and could take them out at his leisure. Franklin supposed that all was right, and accordingly after taking leave of Miss Read, to whom he was now formally engaged, and who wished him heartily a good voyage and a speedy



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return, he proceeded to Newcastle, where the ship was anchored, and went on board.

On the voyage Franklin met with a variety of incidents and adventures, which, however, can not be particularly described here. Among other things he made the acquaintance of a certain gentleman named Denham, a *Friend*, from Philadelphia, who afterward rendered him very essential service in London. He did not succeed in finding the governor's letters immediately, as the captain told him, when he inquired for them, that the letters were all together in a bag, stowed away. He said, however, that he would bring out the bag when they entered the channel, and that Franklin would have ample time to look out the letters before they got up to London.

Accordingly when the vessel entered the channel the letters were all brought out, and Franklin looked them over. He did not find any that seemed very certainly intended for him, though there were several marked with his name, as if consigned to his care. He thought that these must be the governor's letters, especially as one was addressed to a printer and another to a bookseller and stationer. He accordingly took them out, and on landing he proceeded to deliver them. He went first with the one which was addressed to the bookseller. The bookseller asked him who the letter was from. Franklin replied that it was from Sir William Keith. The bookseller replied that he did not know any such person, and on opening the letter and looking at the signature, he said angrily that it was from Riddlesden, "a man," he added, "whom I have lately found to be a complete rascal, and I will have nothing to do with him or receive any letters from him." So saying he thrust the letter back into Franklin's hands



Poor Franklin, mortified and confounded, went immediately to Mr. Denham to ask him what it would be best for him to do. Mr. Denham, when he had heard a statement of the case, said that in all probability no one of the letters which Franklin had taken was from the governor. Sir William, he added, was a very good-natured man, who wished to please every body, and was always ready to make magnificent offers and promises but not the slightest reliance could be placed upon any thing that he said.

So Franklin found himself alone and moneyless in London, and dependent wholly upon his own resources. He immediately began to seek employment in the printing offices. He succeeded in making an engagement with a Mr. Palmer, and he soon found a second-hand bookstore near the printing office, where he used to go to read



and to borrow books—his love of reading continuing unchanged.

In a short time Franklin left Mr. Palmer's and went to a larger printing office, one which was carried on by a printer named Watts. The place was near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a well known part of London. Here he was associated with a large number of workmen, both compositors and pressmen. They were very much astonished at Franklin's temperance principles, for he drank nothing but water, while they consumed immense quantities of strong beer. There was an ale-house near by, and a boy from it attended constantly at the printing office to supply the workmen with beer. These men had a considerable sum to pay every Saturday night out of their wages for the beer they had drank; and this kept them constantly poor. They maintained, however, that they needed the beer to give them strength to perform the heavy work required of them in the printing office. They drank *strong* beer, they said, in order that they might be *strong* to labor. Franklin's companion at the press drank a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon at six o'clock, and a pint when he had done his day's work. Some others drank nearly as much.

Franklin endeavored to convince them that it was a mistake to suppose that the beer gave them

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strength, by showing that he, though he drank nothing but water, could carry two heavy forms



up-stairs to the press-room, at a time, taking one in each hand; while they could only carry one with both hands. They were very much surprised at the superior strength of the "water American," as they called him, but still they would not give up drinking beer.

As is usually the case with young workmen entering large establishments, where they are strangers, Franklin encountered many little difficulties at first, but he gradually overcame them all, and soon became a favorite both with his employer and his fellow workmen. He earned high wages, for he was so prompt, and so steady, that he was put to the best work. He took board at the house of an elderly woman, a widow, who lived not far distant, and who, after inquiring in respect to Franklin's character, took him at a cheaper rate than usual, from the protection which she expected in having him in the house.



In a small room in the garret of the house where Franklin boarded, there was a lodger whose case was very singular. She was a Romar Catholic, and when young had gone abroad, to a nunnery, intending to become a nun; but finding that the climate did not agree with her she returned to England, where, though there was no nunnery, she determined on leading the life of a nun by herself. She had given away all her property, reserving only a very small sum which was barely sufficient to support life. The house had been let from time to time to various Catholic families, who all allowed the nun to remain in her garret rent free, considering it a blessing upon them to have her there. A priest visited her every day to receive her confessions; otherwise she lived in almost total seclusion. Franklin, however, was once permitted to pay her a visit. He found her cheerful and polite. She



looked pale, but said that she was never sick. The room had scarcely any furniture except such as related to her religious observances.

Franklin mentions among other incidents which occurred while he was in London, that he taught two young men to swim, by only going twice with them into the water. One of these young men was a workman in the printing-office where Franklin was employed, named Wygate. Franklin was always noted for his great skill and dexterity as a swimmer, and one day, after he had taught the two young men to swim, as mentioned above, he was coming down the river Thames in a boat with a party of friends, and Wygate gave such an account of Franklin's swimming as to excite a strong desire in the company to see what he could do. So Franklin undressed himself, and leaped into the water, and he swam all the way from Chelsea to Blackfriar's bridge in London, accompanying the boat, and performing an infinite variety of dextrous evolutions in and under the water, much to the astonishment and delight of all the company. In consequence of this incident, Franklin had an application made to him some time afterward, by a certain nobleman, to teach his two sons to swim, with a

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promise of a very liberal reward. The nobleman had accidentally heard of Franklin's swimming from Chelsea to London, and of his teaching a person to swim in two lessons.

Franklin remained in London about eighteen months; at the end of that time one of his fellow workmen proposed to him that they two should make a grand tour together on the continent of Europe, stopping from time to time in the great towns to work at their trade, in order to earn money for their expenses. Franklin went to his friend, Mr. Denham, to consult him in respect to this proposal. Mr. Denham advised him not to accede to it, but proposed instead that Franklin should connect himself in business with *him*. He was going to return to America, he said, with a large stock of goods, there to go into business as a merchant. He made such advantageous offers to Franklin, in respect to this enterprise, that Franklin very readily accepted them, and in due time he settled up his affairs in London, and sailed for America, supposing that he had taken leave of the business of printing forever.

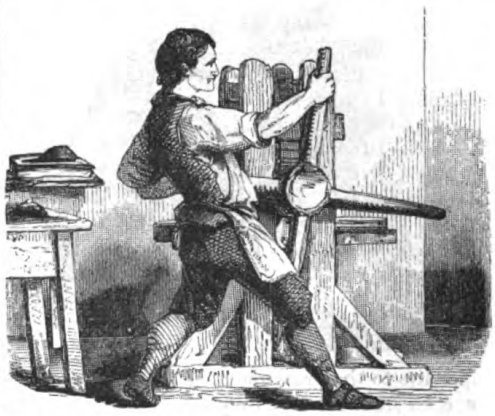
In the result, however, it was destined to be otherwise; for after a short time Mr. Denham fell sick and died, and then Franklin, after various perplexities and delays, concluded to accept of a proposal which his old master, Mr. Keimer, made to him, to come and take charge of his printing-office. Mr. Keimer had a number of rude and inexperienced hands in his employ, and he wished to engage Franklin to come, as foreman and superintendent of the office, and teach the men to do their work skillfully.

Franklin acceded to this proposal, but he did not find his situation in all respects agreeable, and finally his engagement with Mr. Keimer was suddenly brought to a close by an open quarrel. Mr. Keimer, it seems, had not been accustomed to treat his foreman in a very respectful or considerate manner, and one day when Franklin heard some unusual noise in the street, and put his head out a moment to see what was the mat-



ter, Mr. Keimer, who was standing below, called out to him, in a very rough and angry manner, to go back and attend to his business, adding some reproachful words which nettled Franklin exceedingly. He immediately afterward came up into the office, when a sharp contention and high words ensued. The end of the affair was that Franklin took his dismissal and went immediately away.

In a short time, however, Keimer sent for Franklin to come back, saying that a few hasty words ought not to separate old friends, and Franklin, after some hesitation, concluded to return. About this time Keimer had a proposition made to him to print some bank bills, for the state of New Jersey. A copper-plate press is required for this purpose, a press very different in its character from an ordinary press Franklin



contrived one of these presses for Mr. Keimer, the first which had been seen in the country. This press performed its function very successfully. Mr. Keimer and Franklin went together, with the press, to Burlington, where the work was to be done: for it was necessary that the bills should be printed under the immediate supervision of the government, in order to make it absolutely certain that no more were struck off than the proper number.

In printing these bills Franklin made the acquaintance of several prominent public men in New Jersey, some of whom were always present while the press was at work. Several of these gentlemen became very warm friends of Franklin, and continued to be so during all his subsequent life.

At last Franklin joined one of his comrades in the printing-office, named Meredith, in forming a plan to leave Mr. Keimer, and commence business themselves, independently. Meredith's father was to furnish the necessary capital, and Franklin was to have the chief superintendence and care of the business. This plan being arranged, an order was sent out to England for a press and a font of type, and when the articles arrived the two young men left Mr. Keimer's, and taking a small building near the market, which they thought would be suitable for their purpose, they opened their office, feeling much solicitude and many fears in respect to their success.

To lessen their expense for rent they took a glazier and his family into the house which they had hired, while they were themselves to board

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m the glazier's family. Thus the arrangement which they made was both convenient and economical.

This glazier, Godfrey, had long been one of Franklin's friends, he was a prominent member, in fact, of the little circle of young mechanics, who, under the influence of Franklin's example, spent their leisure time in scientific studies.



Godfrey was quite a mathematician. He was self-taught, it is true, but still his attainments were by no means inconsiderable. He afterward distinguished himself as the inventor of an instrument called Hadley's quadrant, now very generally relied upon for taking altitudes and other observations at sea. It was called by Hadley's name, as is said, through some artifice of Hadley, in obtaining the credit of the invention, though Godfrey was really the author of it.

Though Godfrey was highly respected among his associates for his mathematical knowledge, he knew little else, and he was not a very agreeable companion. The mathematical field affords very few subjects for entertaining conversation, and besides Godfrey had a habit, which Franklin said he had often observed in great mathematicians, of expecting universal precision in every thing that was said, of forever taking exception to what was advanced by others, and of making distinctions, on very trifling grounds, to the disturbance of all conversation. He, however, became afterward an eminent man, and though he died at length at a distance from Philadelphia, his remains were eventually removed to the city and deposited at Laurel Hill, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The young printers had scarce got their types in the cases and the press in order, before one of Franklin's friends, a certain George House, came in and introduced a countryman whom he had found in the street, inquiring for a printer. They did the work which he brought, and were paid five shillings for it.—Franklin says that this five shillings, the first that he earned as an independent man, afforded him a very high degree of pleasure. He was very grateful too to House, for having taken such an interest in bringing him a customer, and recollecting his own experience on this occasion, he always afterward felt a strong desire to help new beginners, whenever it was in his power.

A certain other gentleman evinced his regard for the young printers in a much more equivocal way. He was a person of some note in Philadelphia, an elderly man, with a wise look, and a very grave and oracular manner of speaking. This gentleman, who was a stranger to Franklin stopped one day at the door and asked Franklin if he was the young man who had lately opened a printing house. Being answered in the affirmative he told Franklin that he was very sorry for him, as he certainly could not succeed. Philadelphia, he said, was a sinking place. The people were already half of them bankrupts, or nearly so, to his certain knowledge. He then proceeded to present such a gloomy detail of the difficulties and dangers which Philadelphia was laboring under, and of the evils which were coming, that finally he brought Franklin into a very melancholy frame of mind.

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The young printers went steadily on, notwithstanding these predictions, and gradually began to find employment for their press. They obtained considerable business through the influence of the members of a sort of debating club which Franklin had established some time before. This club was called the Junto, and was accustomed to meet on Friday evenings for conversation and mutual improvement. The rules which Franklin drew up for the government of this club required that each member should, in his turn, propose subjects or queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discussed by the company; and once in three months to produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject that he pleased. The members of the club were all enjoined to conduct their discussion in a sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, and not from love of dispute or desire of victory. Every thing like a positive and dogmatical manner of speaking, and all direct contradiction of each other, was strictly forbidden. Violations of these rules were punished by fines and other similar penalties.



The members of this club having become much interested in Franklin's character from what they had seen of him at the meetings, were strongly disposed to aid him in obtaining business now that he had opened an office of his own. They were mostly mechanics, being engaged in different trades, in the city. One of them was the means of procuring quite a large job for the young printers—the printing of a book in folio. While they were upon this job, Franklin employed himself in setting the type, his task being one sheet each day, while Meredith worked the press. It required great exertion to carry the work on at the rate of one sheet per day, especially as there were frequent interruptions, on account of small jobs which were brought in from time to time. Franklin was, however, very resolutely determined to print a sheet a day, though it required him sometimes to work very late, and always to begin very early. So determined was he to continue doing a sheet a day of the work, that one night when he had imposed his forms and thought his day's work was done, and by some accident one of the forms was broken, and two pages thrown into *pi*, he immediately went to work, distributed the letter, and set up the two pages anew before he went to bed.

This indefatigable industry was soon observed by the neighbors, and it began to attract considerable attention; so that at length, when certain people were talking of the three printing-offices that there were now in Philadelphia, and predicting that they could not all be sustained, some one said that whatever might happen to the other two, Franklin's office must succeed, "For the industry of that Franklin," said he, "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind. I see him still at work every night when I go home, and he is at work again in the morning before his neighbors are out of bed." As the character of Franklin's office in this respect became generally known, the custom that came to it rapidly increased. There were still, however, some difficulties to be encountered.

Franklin was very unfortunate in respect to his partner, so far as the work of the office was concerned, for Meredith was a poor printer, and his habits were not good. In fact the sole reason why Franklin had consented to associate himself with Meredith was that Meredith's father was willing to furnish the necessary capital for commencing business. His father was persuaded to do this in hopes that Franklin's influence over his son might be the means of inducing him to leave off his habits of drinking. Instead of this, however, he grew gradually worse. He neglected his work, and was in fact often wholly incapacitated from attending to it, by the effects of his drinking. Franklin's friends regretted his connection with such a man, but there seemed to be now no present help for it.



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It happened, however, that things took such a turn, a short time after this, as to enable Franklin to close his partnership with Meredith in a very satisfactory manner. In the first place Meredith himself began to be tired of an occupation which he was every day more and more convinced that he was unfitted for. His father too found it inconvenient to meet the obligations which he had incurred for the press and types, as they matured; for he had bought them partly on credit. Two gentlemen, moreover, friends of Franklin, came forward of their own accord, and offered to advance him what money he would require to take the whole business into his own hands. The result of all this was that the partnership was terminated, by mutual consent, and Meredith went away. Franklin assumed the debts, and borrowed money of his two friends to meet the payments as they came due; and thenceforward he managed the business in his own name.

After this change, the business of the office went on more prosperously than ever. There was much interest felt at that time on the question of paper money, one party in the state being in favor of it and the other against it. Franklin wrote and printed a pamphlet on the subject. The title of it was *The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency*. This pamphlet was very well received, and had an important influence in deciding the question in favor of such a currency. In consequence of this Franklin was employed to print the bills, which was very profitable work. He also obtained the printing of the laws, and of the proceedings of the government, which was of great advantage to him.

About this time Franklin enlarged his business by opening a stationery store in connection with his printing office. He employed one or two additional workmen too. In order, however, to show that he was not above his business, he used to bring home the paper which he purchased at the stores, through the streets on a wheelbarrow.



The engagement which Franklin had formed with Miss Read before he went to London had been broken off. This was *his* fault and not hers; as the rupture was occasioned by his indifference and neglect. When her friends found that Franklin had forsaken her, they persuaded her to marry another man. This man, however, proved to be a dissolute and worthless fellow, having already a wife in England, when he married Miss Read. She accordingly refused to live with him, and he went away to the West Indies, leaving Miss Read at home, disconsolate and wretched.



Franklin pitied her very much, and attributed her misfortunes in a great measure to his unfaithfulness to the promises which he had made her. He renewed his acquaintance with her, and finally married her. The wedding took place on the 1st of September, 1730; Franklin was at this time about twenty-five years of age. It was reported that the man who had married her was dead. At all events her marriage with him was wholly invalid.

At the time when Franklin commenced his business in Philadelphia there was no bookstore in any place south of Boston. The towns on the sea coast which have since grown to be large and flourishing cities, were then very small, and comparatively insignificant; and they afforded to the inhabitants very few facilities of any kind. Those who wished to buy books had no means of doing it except to send to England for them.

In order to remedy in some measure the difficulty which was experienced on this account, Franklin proposed to the members of the debating society which has already been named, that they should form a library, by bringing all their books together and depositing them in the room where the society was accustomed to hold its meetings. This was accord

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ingly done. The members brought their books, and a foundation was thus laid for what afterward became a great public library. The books



were arranged on shelves which were prepared for them in the club-room, and suitable rules and regulations were made in respect to the use of them by the members.

With the exception that he appropriated one or two hours each day to the reading of books from the library, Franklin devoted his time wholly to his business. He took care, he said, not only to *be*, in reality, industrious and frugal, but to appear so. He dressed plainly; he never went to any places of diversion; he never went out a-hunting or shooting, and he spent no time in taverns, or in games or frolics of any kind. The people about him observed his diligence, and the consequence was that he soon acquired the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Business came in, and his affairs went on more and more smoothly every day.

It was very fortunate for him that his wife was as much disposed to industry and frugality as himself. She assisted her husband in his work



by folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing paper, rags, and other similar services. They kept no servants, and lived in the plainest and most simple manner. Thus all the money which was earned in the printing office, or made by the profits of the stationery store, was applied to paying back the money which Franklin had borrowed of his friends, to enable him to settle with Meredith. He was ambitious to pay this debt as soon as possible, so that the establishment might be wholly his own. His wife shared in this desire, and thus, while they deprived themselves of no necessary comfort, they expended nothing for luxury or show. Their dress, their domestic arrangements, and their whole style of living, were perfectly plain.

Franklin's breakfast, for example, for a long time, consisted only of a bowl of bread and milk, which was eaten from a two-penny earthen porringer and with a pewter spoon. At length, however, one morning when called to his breakfast he found a new china bowl upon the table.



with a silver spoon in it. They had been bought for him by his wife without his knowledge, who justified herself for the expenditure by saying that she thought that her husband was as much entitled to a china bowl and silver spoon as any of her neighbors.

About this time Franklin adopted a very systematic and formal plan for the improvement of his moral character. He made out a list of the principal moral virtues, thirteen in all, and then made a book of a proper number of pages, and wrote the name of one virtue on each page. He then, on each page, ruled a table which was formed of thirteen lines and seven columns. The lines were for the names of the thirteen virtues, and the columns for the days of the week. Each page therefore represented one week, and Franklin was accustomed every night to examine himself, and mark down in the proper column, and opposite to the names of the several virtues, all violations of duty in respect to each one respectively, which he could recollect that he had been guilty of during that day. He paid most particular attention each week to one particular virtue, namely, the one which was

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written on the top of the page for that week, without however neglecting the others—following in this respect, as he said, the example of the gardener who weeds one bed in his garden at a time.



He had several mottos prefixed to this little book, and also two short prayers, imploring divine assistance to enable him to keep his resolution. One of these prayers was from Thomson:

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice;
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss."

The other was composed by himself, and was as follows.

"O Powerful Goodness! Bountiful Father! Merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

Franklin persevered in his efforts to improve himself in moral excellence, by means of this record, for a long time. He thought he made great progress, and that his plan was of lasting benefit to him. He found, however, that he could not, as at first he fondly hoped, make himself perfect. He consoled himself at last, he said, by the idea that it was not best, after all, for any one to be absolutely perfect. He used to say that this willingness on his part to be satisfied with retaining some of his faults, when he had become wearied and discouraged with the toil and labor of removing them, reminded him of the case of one of his neighbors, who went to buy an ax of a smith. The ax, as is usual with this tool, was ground bright near the edge, while the remainder of the surface of the iron was left black, just as it had come from the forge. The man wished to have his ax bright all over, and the smith said that he would grind it bright if the man would turn the grindstone.

So the man went to the wheel by which it seems the grindstone was turned, through the intervention of a band, and began his labor. The smith held the ax upon the stone, broad side down, leaning hard and heavily. The man came now and then to see how the work went on. The brightening he found went on slowly. At last, wearied with the labor, he said that he would take the ax as it then was, without grinding it any more. "Oh, no," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by. All that we have done yet has only made it speckled." "Yes," said the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best." So he took it away.



In the same manner Franklin said that he himself seemed to be contented with a character somewhat speckled, when he found how discouraging was the labor and toil required to make it perfectly bright.

During all this time Franklin went on more and more prosperously in business, and was continually enlarging and extending his plans. He printed a newspaper which soon acquired an extensive circulation. He commenced the publication of an almanac, which was continued after-

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ward for twenty-five years, and became very celebrated under the name of Poor Richard's Almanac. At length the spirit of enterprise which he possessed went so far as to lead him to send one of his journeymen to establish a branch printing-office in Charleston, South Carolina. This branch, however, did not succeed very well at first, though, after a time, the journeyman who had been sent out died, and then his wife, who was an energetic and capable woman, took charge



of the business, and sent Franklin accounts of the state of it promptly and regularly. Franklin accordingly left the business in her hands, and it went on very prosperously for several years: until at last the woman's son grew up, and she purchased the office for him, with what she had earned and saved.

Notwithstanding the increasing cares of business, and the many engagements which occupied his time and attention, Franklin did not, during all this time, in any degree remit his efforts to advance in the acquisition of knowledge. He studied French, and soon made himself master of that language so far as to read it with ease. Then he undertook the Italian. A friend of his, who was also studying Italian, was fond of playing chess, and often wished Franklin to play with him. Franklin consented on condition that the penalty for being beaten should be to have some extra task to perform in the Italian grammar—such as the committing to memory of some useful portion of the grammar, or the writing of exercises. They were accordingly accustomed to play in this way, and the one who was beaten, had a lesson assigned him to learn, or a task to perform, and he was bound upon his honor to fulfill this duty before the next meeting.

After having acquired some proficiency in the Italian language Franklin took up the Latin. He had studied Latin a little when a boy at school, at the time when his father contemplated educating him for the church. He had almost entirely forgotten what he had learned of the language at school, but he found, on looking into a Latin Testament, that it would be very easy for him to learn the language now, on account of the knowledge which he had acquired of French and Italian. His experience in this respect led him to think that the common mode of learning languages was not a judicious one. "We are told," says he, "that it is proper to begin first with the Latin, and having acquired that, it will be more easy to attain those modern languages which are derived from it; and yet we do not begin with the Greek in order more easily to acquire the Latin." He then compares the series of languages to a staircase. It is true that if we contrive some way to clamber to the upper stair, by the railings or by some other method, without using the steps, we can then easily reach any particular stair by coming down, but still the simplest and the wisest course would seem to be to walk up directly from the lower to the higher in regular gradation.

"I would therefore," he adds, "offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years, without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian and Latin; for though after spending the same time they should quit the study of languages, and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life:"



It was now ten years since Franklin had been at Boston, and as he was getting well established in business, and easy in his circumstances, he concluded to go there and visit his relations. His brother, Mr. James Franklin, the printer to whom he had been apprenticed when a boy, was not in

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Boston at this time. He had removed to Newport. On his return from Boston Franklin went to Newport to see him. He was received by his brother in a very cordial and affectionate manner, all former differences between the two brothers being forgotten by mutual consent. He found his brother in feeble health, and fast declining—and apprehending that his death was near at hand. He had one son, then ten years of age, and he requested that in case of his death Ben-



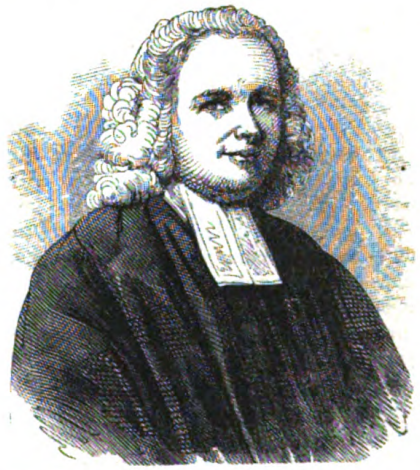
jamin would take this child and bring him up to the printing business. Benjamin promised to do so. A short time after this his brother died, and Franklin took the boy, sent him to school for a few years, and then took him into his office, and brought him up to the business of printing. His mother carried on the business at Newport until the boy had grown up, and then Franklin established him there, with an assortment of new types and other facilities. Thus he made his brother ample amends for the injury which he had done him by running away from his service when he was a boy.

On his return from Boston, Franklin found all his affairs in Philadelphia in a very prosperous condition. His business was constantly increasing, his income was growing large, and he was beginning to be very widely known and highly esteemed, throughout the community. He began to be occasionally called upon to take some part in general questions relating to the welfare of the community at large. He was appointed postmaster for Philadelphia. Soon after this he was made clerk of the General Assembly, the colonial legislature of Pennsylvania. He began, too, to pay some attention to municipal affairs, with a view to the better regulation of the public business of the city. He proposed a reform in the system adopted for the city watch. The plan which had been pursued was for a public officer to designate every night a certain number of householders, taken from the several wards in succession, who were to perform the duty of watchmen. This plan was, however, found to be very inefficient, as the more respectable people, instead of serving themselves, would pay a fine to the constable to enable him to hire substitutes; and these substitutes were generally worthless men who spent the night in drinking, instead of faithfully attending to their duties.

Franklin proposed that the whole plan should be changed; he recommended that a tax should be levied upon the people, and a regular body of competent watchmen employed and held to a strict responsibility in the performance of their duty. This plan was adopted, and proved to be a very great improvement on the old system.

It was also much more just; for people were taxed to pay the watchmen in proportion to their property, and thus they who had most to be protected paid most.

Franklin took a great interest, too, about this time, in promoting a plan for building a large public edifice in the heart of the city, to accommodate the immense audiences that were accustomed to assemble to hear the discourses of the celebrated Mr. Whitefield. The



house was built by public contribution. When finished, it was vested in trustees, expressly for the use of *any preacher of any religious persuasion*, who might desire to address the people of Philadelphia. In fact, Franklin was becoming more and more a public man, and soon after this time, he withdrew almost altogether from his private pursuits, and entered fully upon his public career. The history of his adventures in that wider sphere must be postponed to some future Number

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

NAPOLEON'S Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. When Napoleon was a schoolboy at Brienne, his vivid imagination became enamored of the heroes of antiquity, and ever dwelt in the society of the illustrious men of Greece and Rome. Indulging in solitary walks and pensive musings, at that early age he formed vague and shadowy, but magnificent conceptions of founding an Empire in the East, which should outvie in grandeur all that had yet been told in ancient or in modern story. His eye wandered along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the Caspian Sea, as traced upon the map, and followed the path of the majestic floods of the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges, rolling through tribes and nations, whose myriad population, dwelling in barbaric pomp and pagan darkness, invited a conqueror. "The Persians," exclaimed this strange boy, "have blocked up the route of Tamerlane, but I will open another." He, in those early dreams, imagined himself a conqueror, with Alexander's strength, but without Alexander's vice or weakness, spreading the energies of civilization, and of a just and equitable government, over the wild and boundless regions which were lost to European eyes in the obscurity of distance.

When struggling against the armies of Austria, upon the plains of Italy, visions of Egypt and of the East blended with the smoke and the din of the conflict. In the retreat of the Austrians before his impetuous charges, in the shout of victory which incessantly filled his ear, swelling ever above the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, Napoleon saw but increasing indications that destiny was pointing out his path toward an Oriental throne.

When the Austrians were driven out of Italy, and the campaign was ended, and Napoleon, at Montebello, was receiving the homage of Europe, his ever-impetuous mind turned with new interest to the object of his early ambition. He often passed hours, during the mild Italian evenings, walking with a few confidential friends in the magnificent park of his palace, conversing with intense enthusiasm upon the illustrious empires, which have successively overshadowed those countries, and faded away. "Europe," said he, "presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are to be found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Upon his return to Paris, he was deaf to all the acclamations with which he was surrounded. His boundless ambition was such that his past achievements seemed as nothing. The most brilliant visions of Eastern glory were dazzling his mind. "They do not long preserve at Paris," said he, "the remembrance of any thing. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one, in this great Babylon, speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be accomplished. Every thing here passes away. My glory is declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All the great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity."

When requested to take command of the army of England, and to explore the coast, to judge of the feasibility of an attack upon the English in their own island, he said to Bourrienne, "I am

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perfectly willing to make a tour to the coast. Should the expedition to Britain prove too hazardous, as I much fear that it will, the army of England will become the army of the East, and we will go to Egypt."

He carefully studied the obstacles to be encountered in the invasion of England, and the means at his command to surmount them. In his view, the enterprise was too hazardous to be undertaken, and he urged upon the Directory the Expedition to Egypt. "Once established in Egypt," said he, "the Mediterranean becomes a *French Lake*; we shall found a colony there, unenervated by the curse of slavery, and which will supply the place of St. Domingo; we shall open a market for French manufactures through the vast regions of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. All the caravans of the East will meet at Cairo, and the commerce of India, must forsake the Cape of Good Hope, and flow through the Red Sea. Marching with an army of sixty thousand men, we can cross the Indus, rouse the oppressed and discontented native population, against the English usurpers, and drive the English out of India. We will establish governments which will respect the rights and promote the interests of the people. The multitude will hail us as their deliverers from oppression. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, and the Armenians, will join our standards. We may change the face of the world." Such was the magnificent project which inflamed this ambitious mind.

England, without a shadow of right, had invaded India. Her well-armed dragoons had ridden, with bloody hoofs, over the timid and naked natives. Cannon, howitzers, and bayonets had been the all-availing arguments with which England had silenced all opposition. English soldiers, with unsheathed swords ever dripping with blood, held in subjection provinces containing uncounted millions of inhabitants. A circuitous route of fifteen thousand miles, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, conducted the merchant fleets of London and Liverpool to Calcutta and Bombay; and through the same long channel there flooded back upon the maritime isle the wealth of the Indies.

It was the plea of Napoleon that he was not going to make an unjust war upon the unoffending nations of the East; but that he was the ally of the oppressed people, drawing the sword against their common enemy, and that he was striving to emancipate them from their powerful usurpers, and to confer upon them the most precious privileges of freedom. He marched to Egypt not to desolate, but to enrich; not to enslave, but to enfranchise; not to despoil the treasures of the East, but to transfer to those shores the opulence and the high civilization of the West. Never was an ambitious conqueror furnished with a more plausible plea. England, as she looks at India and China, must be silent. America, as she listens to the dying wail of the Red Man, driven from the forests of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, can throw no stone. Napoleon surely was not exempt from the infirmities of humanity. But it is not becoming in an English or an American historian to breathe the prayer, "We thank Thee, oh God, that we are not like this Bonaparte."

Egypt, the memorials of whose former grandeur still attract the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, after having been buried during centuries, in darkness and oblivion, is again slowly emerging into light, and is, doubtless, destined eventually to become one of the great centres of industry and of knowledge. The Mediterranean washes its northern shores, opening to its commerce all the opulent cities of Europe. The Red Sea wafts to its fertile valley the wealth of India and of China The Nile, rolling its vast floods from the unknown interior of Africa, opens a highway for inexhaustible internal commerce with unknown nations and tribes.

The country consists entirely of the lower valley of the Nile, with a front of about one hundred and twenty miles on the Mediterranean. The valley six hundred miles in length, rapidly diminishes in breadth as it is crowded by the sands of the desert, presenting, a few leagues from the mouth of the river, but the average width of about six miles. The soil fertilized by the annual inundations of the Nile, possesses most extraordinary fertility. These floods are caused by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains of Abyssinia. It never rains in Egypt. Centuries may pass while a shower never falls from the sky. Under the Ptolemies the population of the country was estimated at twenty millions. But by the terrific energies of despotism, these numbers had dwindled away, and at the time of the French Expedition Egypt contained but two million five hundred thousand inhabitants. These were divided into four classes. First came the Copts, about two hundred thousand, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They were in a state of the most abject degradation and slavery. The great body of the population, two millions in number, were the Arabs. They were a wild and semi-barbarian race, restrained from all enterprise and industry, by unrelenting despotism. The Turks or Janizaries, two hundred thousand strong, composed a standing army, of sensual, merciless, unprincipled usurpers, which kept the trembling population by the energies of the bastinado, the scimitar and the bowstring in most servile subjection. The Mamelukes composed a body of twelve thousand horsemen, proud, powerful and intolerable oppressors. Each horseman had two servants to perform his menial service. Twenty-four beys, each of whom had five or six hundred Mamelukes under his command, governed this singular body of cavalry. Two principal beys, Ibrahim and Mourad divided between them the sovereignty of Egypt. It was the old story of despotism. The millions were ground down into hopeless degradation and poverty to pamper to the luxury and vice of a few haughty masters. Oriental voluptuousness and luxury reigned in the palaces of the beys; beggary and wretchedness deformed the mud

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hovels of the defrauded and degraded people. It was Napoleon's aim to present himself to the *people* of Egypt as their friend and liberator; to rally them around his standard, to subdue the Mamelukes, to establish a government, which should revive all the sciences and the arts of civilized life in Egypt; to acquire a character, by these benefactions, which should emblazon his name throughout the East; and then, with oppressed nations welcoming him as a deliverer, to strike blows upon the British power in India, which should compel the mistress of the seas to acknowledge that upon the land there was an arm which could reach and humble her. It was a design sublime in its magnificence. But it was not the will of God that it should be accomplished.

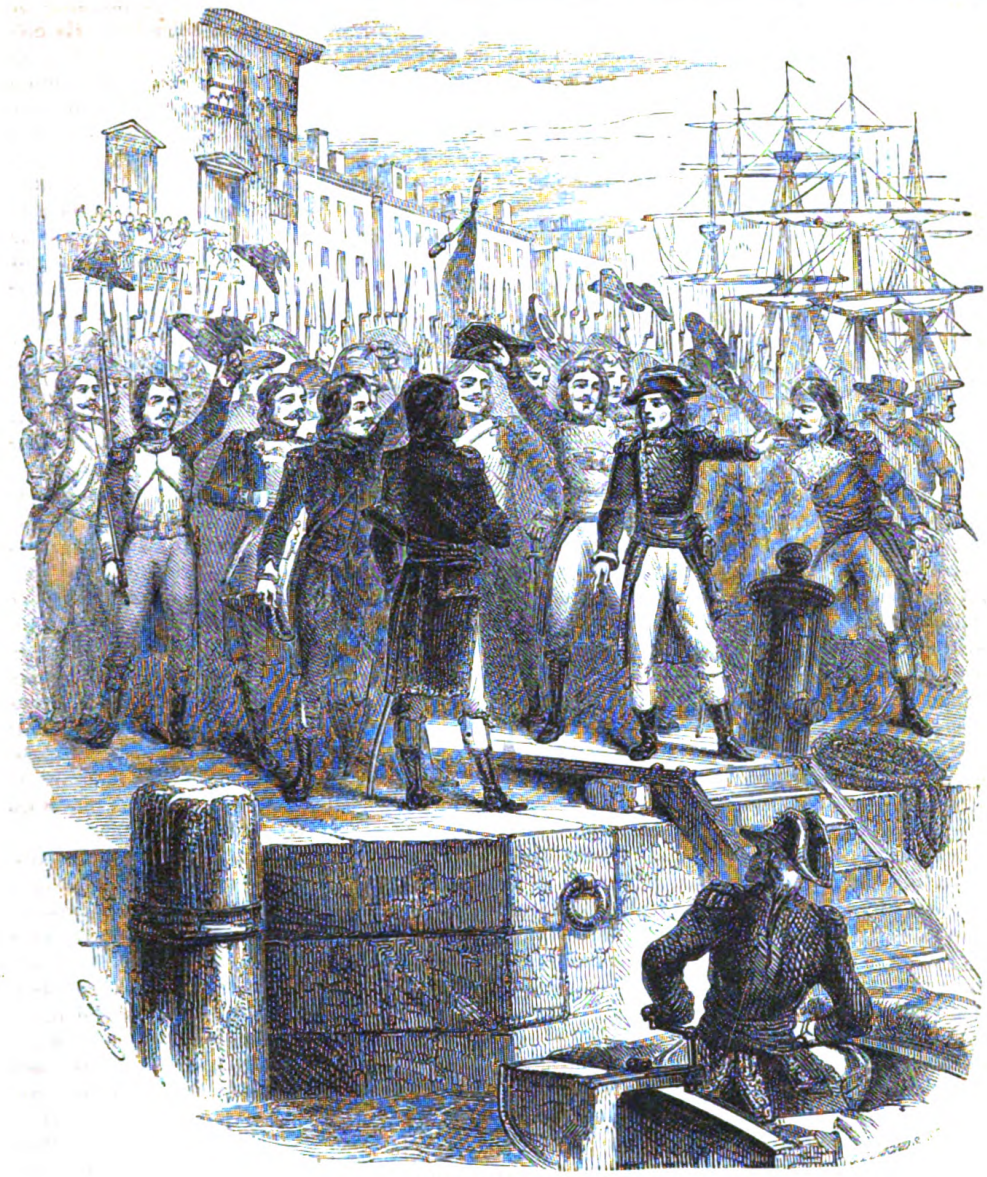
The Directory, at last overcome by the arguments of Napoleon, and also, through jealousy of his unbounded popularity, being willing to remove him from France, assented to the proposed expedition. It was however necessary to preserve the utmost secrecy. Should England be informed of the direction in which the blow was about to fall upon her, she might, with her invincible fleet, intercept the French squadron—she might rouse the Mamelukes to most formidable preparations for resistance, and might thus vastly increase the difficulties of the enterprise. All the deliberations were consequently conducted with closed doors, and the whole plan was enveloped in the most profound mystery. For the first time in the history of the world, literature and science and art, formed a conspicuous part of the organization of an army. It was agreed that Napoleon should take forty-six thousand men, a certain number of officers of his own selection, men of science, engineers, geographers, and artisans of all kinds. Napoleon now devoted himself with the most extraordinary energy to the execution of his plans. Order succeeded order with ceaseless rapidity. He seemed to rest not day nor night. He superintended every thing himself, and with almost the rapidity of the wind passed from place to place, corresponding with literary men, conversing with generals, raising money, collecting ships, and accumulating supplies. His comprehensive and indefatigable mind arranged even the minutest particulars. "I worked all day," said one, in apology for his assigned duty not having been fully performed. "But had you not the night also?" Napoleon replied. "Now sir," said he to another, "use dispatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except *time;* that is the only thing which is beyond my power."

His own energy was thus infused into the hearts of hundreds, and with incredible rapidity the work of preparation went on. He selected four points for the assemblage of convoys and troops, Toulon, Genoa, Ajaccio, and Civita Vecchia. He chartered four hundred vessels of merchantmen in France and Italy as transports for the secret service, and assembled them at the points of departure. He dispatched immediate orders for the divisions of his renowned army of Italy to march to Genoa and Toulon. He collected the best artisans Europe could furnish in all the arts of human industry. He took printing types, of the various languages of the East, from the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and a company of printers. He formed a large collection of the most perfect philosophical and mathematical instruments. The most illustrious men, though knowing not where he was about to lead them, were eager to attach themselves to the fortunes of the young general. Preparations for an enterprise upon such a gigantic scale could not be made without attracting the attention of Europe. Rumor was busy with her countless contradictions. "Where is Napoleon bound?" was the universal inquiry. "He is going," said some "to the Black Sea"—"to India"—"to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez"—"to Ireland"—"to the Thames." Even Kleber supposed that they were bound for England, and reposing implicit confidence in the invincibility of Napoleon, he said, "Well! if you throw a fireship into the Thames, put Kleber on board of her and you shall see what he will do." The English cabinet was extremely perplexed. They clearly foresaw that a storm was gathering, but knew not in what direction it would break. Extraordinary efforts were made to equip a powerful fleet, which was placed under the command of Lord Nelson, to cruise in the Mediterranean and watch the movements of the French.

On the 9th of May, 1798, just five months after Napoleon's return to Paris from the Italian campaign, he entered Toulon, having completed all his preparations for the most magnificent enterprise ever contemplated by a mortal. Josephine accompanied him, that he might enjoy as long as possible, the charms of her society. Passionately as he loved his own glory, his love for Josephine was *almost* equally enthusiastic. A more splendid armament never floated upon the bosom of the ocean than here awaited him, its supreme lord and master. The fleet consisted of thirty ships of the line and frigates; seventy-two brigs and cutters, and four hundred transports. It bore forty-six thousand combatants, and a literary corps of one hundred men, furnished in the most perfect manner, to transport to Asia the science and the arts of Europe, and to bring back in return the knowledge gleaned among the monuments of antiquity. The old army of Italy was drawn up in proud array to receive its youthful general, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. But few even of the officers of the army were aware of its destination. Napoleon inspirited his troops with the following proclamation:

"Soldiers! you are one of the wings of the army of England. You have made war in mountains, plains and cities. It remains to make it on the ocean. The Roman legions, whom you have often imitated but not yet equaled, combated Carthage, by turns, on the seas and on the plains of Zama. Victory never deserted their

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THE EMBARKATION.

standards, because they never ceased to be brave, patient, and united. Soldiers! the eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to accomplish, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome. You are about to do more than you have yet done, for the prosperity of your country, the happiness of man and for your own glory." Thus the magnitude of the enterprise was announced, while at the same time it was left vailed in mystery.

Napoleon had, on many occasions, expressed his dislike of the arbitrary course pursued by the Directory. In private he expressed, in the strongest terms, his horror of Jacobin cruelty and despotism. "The Directors," said he "can not long retain their position. They know not how to do any thing for the imagination of the nation." It is said that the Directors, at last, were so much annoyed by his censure that they seriously contemplated his arrest and applied to Fouché for that purpose. The wily minister of police replied, "Napoleon Bonaparte is not the man to be arrested; neither is Fouché the man who will undertake to arrest him." When Bourrienne inquired if he were really determined to risk his fate on the Expedition to Egypt, "Yes!" he replied, "if I remain here, it will be necessary for me to overturn this miserable government, and make myself king. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not yet ripe. I have sounded, but the time has not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits." One of his last acts before embarkation was to issue a humane proclamation to the military commission at Toulon urging a more merciful construction of one of the tyrannical edicts of the Directory against the emigrants. "I exhort you, citizens," said he, "when the law presents at

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your tribunal old men and females, to declare that, in the midst of war, Frenchmen respect the aged and the women, even of their enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms is a coward." There was perhaps not another man in France, who would have dared thus to oppose the sanguinary measures of government. This benevolent interposition met however with a response in the hearts of the people, and added a fresh laurel to his brow.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1798, just as the sun was rising over the blue waves of the Mediterranean the fleet got under way. Napoleon, with Eugene, embarked in the Orient, an enormous ship of one hundred and twenty guns. It was a brilliant morning and the unclouded sun perhaps never shone upon a more splendid scene. The magnificent armament extended over a semicircle of not less than eighteen miles. The parting between Napoleon and Josephine is represented as having been tender and affecting in the extreme. She was very anxious to accompany him, but he deemed the perils to which they would be exposed, and the hardships they must necessarily endure, far too formidable for a lady to encounter. Josephine stood upon a balcony, with her eyes blinded with tears, as she waved her adieus to Napoleon, and watched the receding fleet, till the lessening sails disappeared beneath the distant horizon. The squadron sailed first to Genoa, thence to Ajaccio, and thence to Civita Vecchia, to join the convoys collected in those ports. The signal was then given for the whole fleet to bear away, as rapidly as possible, for Malta.

In coasting along the shores of Italy, Napoleon, from the deck of the Orient descried, far away in the distant horizon, the snow-capped summits of the Alps. He called for a telescope, and gazed long and earnestly upon the scene of his early achievements. "I can not," said he, "behold without emotion, the land of Italy. These mountains command the plains where I have so often led the French to victory. Now I am bound to the East. With the same troops victory is still secure."

All were fascinated by the striking originality, animation, and eloquence of his conversation. Deeply read in all that is illustrious in the past, every island, every bay, every promontory, every headland recalled the heroic deeds of antiquity. In pleasant weather Napoleon passed nearly all the time upon deck, surrounded by a group never weary of listening to the freshness and the poetic vigor of his remarks. Upon all subjects he was alike at home, and the most distinguished philosophers, in their several branches of science, were amazed at the instinctive comprehensiveness with which every subject seemed to be familiar to his mind. He was never depressed and never mirthful. A calm and thoughtful energy inspired every moment. From all the ships the officers and distinguished men were in turn invited to dine with him. He displayed wonderful tact in drawing them out in conversation, forming with unerring skill an estimate of character, and thus preparing himself for the selection of suitable agents in all the emergencies which were to be encountered. In nothing was the genius of Napoleon more conspicuous, than in the lightning-like rapidity with which he detected any vein of genius in another. Not a moment of time was lost. Intellectual conversation, or reading or philosophical discussion caused the hours to fly on swiftest wing. Napoleon always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him. When driving in his carriage, from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge, for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. *Words* were with him nothing, *ideas* every thing. He devoured biography, history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon all the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction—the whole class of novels and romances—amounted almost to indi mation He



THE DISTANT ALPS.

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could never endure to see one reading such a book or to have such a volume in his presence. Once, when Emperor, in passing through the saloons of his palace, he found one of the maids of honor with a novel in her hands. He took it from her, gave her a severe lecture for wasting her time in such frivolous reading, and cast the volume into the flames. When he had a few moments for diversion, he not unfrequently employed them in looking over a book of logarithms, in which he always found recreation.

At the dinner table some important subject of discussion was ever proposed. For the small talk and indelicacies which wine engenders Napoleon had no taste, and his presence alone was sufficient to hold all such themes in abeyance. He was a young man of but twenty-six years of age, but his pre-eminence over all the forty-six thousand who composed that majestic armament was so conspicuous, that no one dreamed of questioning it. Without annoyance, without haughtiness, he was fully conscious of his own superiority, and received unembarrassed the marks of homage which ever surrounded him. The questions for discussion relating to history, mythology, and science, were always proposed by Napoleon. "Are the planets inhabited?" "What is the age of the world?" "Will the earth be destroyed by fire or water?" "What are the comparative merits of Christianity and Mosaemism?" such were some of the questions which interested the mind of this young general.

From the crowded state of the vessels, and the numbers on board unaccustomed to nautical manœuvres, it not unfrequently happened that some one fell overboard. Though Napoleon could look with perfect composure upon the carnage of the field of battle, and order movements, without the tremor of a nerve, which he knew must consign thousands to a bloody death, when by such an accidental event life was periled, his sympathies were aroused to the highest degree, and he could not rest until the person was extricated. He always liberally rewarded those who displayed unusual courage and zeal in effecting a rescue. One dark night a noise was heard as of a man falling overboard. The whole ship's company, consisting of two thousand men, as the cry of alarm spread from stem to stern, was instantly in commotion. Napoleon immediately ascended to the deck. The ship was put about; boats were lowered, and, after much agitation and search, it was discovered that the whole stir was occasioned by the slipping of a quarter of beef from a noose at the bulwark. Napoleon ordered that the recompense for signal exertions should be more liberal than usual. "It might have been a man," he said, "and the zeal and courage now displayed have not been less than would have been required in that event."

On the morning of the 16th of June, after a voyage of twenty days, the white cliffs of Malta, and the magnificent fortifications of that celebrated island, nearly a thousand miles from Toulon, emerged from the horizon, glittering with dazzling brilliance in the rays of the rising sun. By a secret understanding with the Knights of Malta, Napoleon had prepared the way for the capitulation of the island before leaving France. The Knights, conscious of their inability to maintain independence, preferred to be the subjects of France, rather than of any other power. "I captured Malta," said Napoleon, "while at Mantua." The reduction, by force, of that almost impregnable fortress, would have required a long siege, and a vast expenditure of treasure and of life A few cannon shot were exchanged, that there might be a slight show of resistance, when the island was surrendered, and the tri-colored flag waved proudly over those bastions which, in former years, had bid defiance, to the whole power of the all-conquering Turk. The generals of the French army were amazed as they contemplated the grandeur and the strength of these works, upon which had been expended the science, the toil, and the wealth of ages. "It is well," said General Caffarelli to Napoleon, "that there was some one within to open the gates to us. We should have had more trouble in making our way through, if the place had been empty." The Knights of Malta, living upon the renown acquired by their order in by-gone ages, and reveling in luxury and magnificence, were very willing to receive the gold of Napoleon, and palaces in the fertile plains of Italy and France, in exchange for turrets and towers, bastions and ramparts of solid rock. The harbor is one of the most safe and commodious in the world. It embraced, without the slightest embarassment, the whole majestic armament, and allowed the magnificent Orient, to float, with abundance of water, at the quay.

Napoleon immediately devoted his mind, with its accustomed activity, to securing and organizing the new colony. The innumerable batteries, were immediately armed, and three thousand men were left in defense of the place. All the Turkish prisoners, found in the galleys, were set at liberty, treated with the greatest kindness, and scattered through the fleet, that their friendship might be won, and that they might exert a moral influence, in favor of the French, upon the Mohammedan population of the East. With as much facility as if he had devoted a long life to the practical duties of a statesman, Napoleon arranged the municipal system of the island; and having accomplished all this in less than a week, he again weighed anchor, and directed his course toward Egypt. Many of the Knights of Malta, followed the victorious general, and with profound homage, accepted appointments in his army.

The whole French squadron, hourly anticipating collision with the English fleet, were ever ready for battle. Though Napoleon did not turn from his great object to seek the English, he felt no apprehension in view of meeting the enemy. Upon every ship-of-the-line he had put five hundred picked men, who were daily exercised in working the guns. He had enjoined upon the whole fleet, that, in case of an encounter, every ship was to have but one single aim, that of closing immediately with a ship of the enemy, and

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boarding her with the utmost desperation. Nelson, finding that the French had left their harbors, eagerly but unavailingly searched for them. He was entirely at a loss respecting their destination, and knew not in what direction to sail. It was not yet known, even on board the French ships, but to a few individuals, whither the fleet was bound. Gradually, however, as the vast squadron drew nearer the African shore, the secret began to transpire. Mirth and gayety prevailed. All were watching with eagerness, to catch a first glimpse of the continent of Africa. In the evenings Napoleon assembled, in the capacious cabins of the Orient, the men of science and general officers, and then commenced the learned discussions of the Institute of Egypt. One night, the two fleets were within fifteen miles of each other; so near that the signal guns of Nelson's squadron, were heard by the French. The night, however, was dark and foggy, and the two fleets passed without collision.

On the morning of the 1st of July, after a passage of forty days, the low and sandy shores of Egypt, about two thousand miles from France, were discerned extending along the distant horizon, as far as the eye could reach. As with a gentle breeze they drew nearer the land, the minarets of Alexandria, the Needle of Cleopatra, and Pompey's Pillar, rose above the sand hills, exciting, in the minds of the enthusiastic French, the most romantic dreams of Oriental grandeur. The fleet approached a bay, at a little distance from the harbor of Alexandria, and dropped anchor about three miles from the shore. But two days before, Nelson had visited that very spot, in quest of the French, and, not finding them there, had sailed for the mouth of the Hellespont. The evening had now arrived, and the breeze had increased to almost a gale. Notwithstanding the peril of disembarkation in such a surf, Napoleon decided that not a moment was to be lost. The landing immediately commenced, and was continued, with the utmost expedition, through the whole night. Many boats were swamped, and some lives lost, but, unintimidated by such disasters, the landing was continued with unabated zeal. The transfer of the horses from the ships to the shore, presented a very curious spectacle. They were hoisted out of the ships and lowered into the sea, with simply a halter about their necks, where they swam in great numbers around the vessels, not knowing which way to go. Six were caught by their halters, and towed by a boat toward the shore. The rest, by instinct followed them. As other horses were lowered into the sea from all the ships, they joined the column hastening toward the land, and thus soon there was a dense and wide column of swimming horses, extending from the ships to the beach. As fast as they reached the shore they were caught, saddled, and delivered to their riders. Toward morning the wind abated, and before the blazing sun rose over the sands of the desert, a proud army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, was marshaled upon the dreary waste, awaiting the commands of its general.

In the midst of the disembarkation, a sail appeared in the distant horizon. It was supposed to be an English ship. "Oh, Fortune!" exclaimed Napoleon, "dost thou forsake me now! I ask of thee but a short respite." The strange sail proved to be a French frigate, rejoining the fleet. While the disembarkation was still going on, Napoleon advanced, with three thousand men, whom he had hastily formed in battle array upon the beach, to Alexandria, which was at but a few miles distance, that he might surprise the place before the Turks had time to prepare for a defense. No man ever better understood the value of time. His remarkable saying to the pupils of a school which he once visited, "*My young friends! every hour of time is a chance of misfortune for future life,*" formed the rule of his own conduct.

Just before disembarking, Napoleon had issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death blow. The people with whom we are about to live are Mohammedans. Their first article of faith is, There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Contradict them not. Treat them as you have treated the Italians and the Jews. Show the same regard to their muftis and imaums, as you have shown to the bishops and rabbins. Manifest for the ceremonies of the Koran, the same respect you have shown to the convents and the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and that of Jesus Christ. All religions were protected by the legions of Rome. You will find here customs greatly at variance with those of Europe. Accustom yourselves to respect them. Women are not treated here as with us; but in every country he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few, while it dishonors an army, destroys its resources, and makes enemies of those whom it is the interest of all to attach as friends."

The first gray of the morning had not yet dawned, when Napoleon, at the head of his enthusiastic column, marched upon the city, which bore the name, and which had witnessed the achievements of Alexander. It was his aim, by the fearlessness and the impetuosity of his first assaults, to impress the Turks with an idea of the invincibility of the French. The Mamelukes, hastily collected upon the ramparts of the city, received the foe with discharges of musketry and artillery, and with shouts of defiance. The French, aided by their ladders, poured over the walls like an inundation, sweeping every thing before them. The conflict was short, and the tricolored flag waved triumphantly over the city of Alexander. The Turkish prisoners from Malta, who had become fascinated by the magnificence of Napoleon, as all were fascinated who approached that extraordinary man, dispersed themselves through the city, and exerted a powerful influence in securing the friendship of the

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THE DISEMBARKATION.

people for their invaders. The army, imbibing the politic sentiments of their general, refrained from all acts of lawless violence, and amazed the enslaved populace by their justice, mercy, and generosity. The people were immediately liberated from the most grinding and intolerable despotism; just and equal laws were established; and Arab and Copt, soon began, lost in wonder, to speak the praises of Napoleon. He was a strange conqueror for the East; liberating and blessing, not enslaving and robbing the vanquished. Their women were respected, their property was uninjured, their persons protected from violence, and their interests in every way promoted. A brighter day never dawned upon Egypt than the day in which Napoleon placed his foot upon her soil. The accomplishment of his plans, so far as human vision can discern, would have been one of the greatest of possible blessings to the East. Again Napoleon issued one of those glowing proclamations which are as characteristic of his genius as were the battles which he fought:

"People of Egypt! You will be told, by our enemies, that I am come to destroy your religion. Believe them not. Tell them that I am come to restore your rights, punish your usurpers, and revise the true worship of Mohammed. Tell them that I venerate, more than do the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Tell them that all men are equal in the sight of God; that wisdom, talents, and virtue alone constitute the difference between them. And what are the virtues which distinguish the Mamelukes, that entitle them to appropriate all the enjoyments of life to themselves? If Egypt is their farm, let

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them show their lease, from God, by which they hold it. Is there a fine estate? it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a good house? all belong to the Mamelukes. But God is just and merciful, and He hath ordained that the empire of the Mamelukes shall come to an end. Thrice happy those who shall side with us; they shall prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy they who shall be neutral; they will have time to become acquainted with us, and will range themselves upon our side. But woe, threefold woe to those who shall arm for the Mamelukes and fight against us. For them there will be no hope; they shall perish."

"You witlings of Paris," wrote one of the officers of the army, "will laugh outright, at the Mohammedan proclamation of Napoleon. He, however, is proof against all your raillery, and the proclamation itself has produced the most surprising effect. The Arabs, natural enemies of the Mamelukes, sent us back, as soon as they had read it, thirty of our people, whom they had made prisoners, with an offer of their services against the Mamelukes."

It was an interesting peculiarity in the character of Napoleon that he respected all religions as necessities of the human mind. He never allowed himself to speak in contemptuous terms even of the grossest absurdities of religious fanaticism. Christianity was presented to him only as exhibited by the papal church. He professed the most profound admiration of the doctrines and the moral precepts of the gospel, and often expressed the wish that he could be a devout believer. But he could not receive, as from God, all that Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests claimed as divine. In the spiritual power of the Pope he recognized an agent of tremendous efficiency. As such he sincerely respected it, treated it with deference, and sought its alliance. He endeavored to gain control over every influence which could sway the human heart. So of the Mohammedans; he regarded their religion as an element of majestic power, and wished to avail himself of it. While the philosophers and generals around him regarded all forms of religion with contempt, he, influenced by a far higher philosophy, regarded all with veneration.

Since the revolution there had been no sort of worship in France. The idea even of a God had been almost entirely obliterated from the public mind The French soldiers were mere animals, with many noble as well as depraved instincts. At the command of their beloved chieftain, they were as ready to embrace a religion as to storm a battery. Napoleon was accused of hypocrisy for pursuing this course in Egypt. "I never," said he, subsequently, "followed any of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised. I said merely that we were friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected their prophet; which was true. I respect him now."

Napoleon remained in Alexandria but six days. During this time he devoted himself with a zea and energy which elicited universal admiration, to the organization of equitable laws, the regulations of police, and the development of the resources of the country. The very hour of their establishment in the city, artisans, and artists, and engineers all were busy, and the life and enterprise of the West, were infused into the sepulchral streets of Alexandria. Preparations were immediately made for improving the harbor, repairing the fortifications, erecting mills, establishing manufactories, founding schools, exploring antiquities, and the government of the country was placed in the hands of the prominent inhabitants, who were interested to promote the wise and humane policy of Napoleon. Since that day half a century of degradation, ignorance, poverty, oppression, and wretchedness has passed over Egypt. Had Napoleon succeeded in his designs, it is probable that Egypt would now have been a civilized and a prosperous land, enriched by the commerce of the East and the West; with villas of elegance and refinement embellishing the meadows and headlands of the Nile, and steamers, freighted with the luxuries of all lands, plowing her majestic waves. The shores of the Red Sea, now so silent and lonely, would have echoed with the hum of happy industry, and fleets would have been launched from her forests, and thriving towns and opulent cities would have sprung up, where the roving Bedouin now meets but desolation and gloom. It is true that in the mysterious providence of God all these hopes might have been disappointed. But it is certain that while Napoleon remained in Egypt the whole country received an impulse unknown for centuries before; and human wisdom can not devise a better plan than he proposed, for arousing the enterprise, and stimulating the industry, and developing the resources of the land.

About thirty of the French troops fell in the attack upon Alexandria. Napoleon, with his prompt conceptions of the sublime, caused them to be buried at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, and had their names engraven upon that monument, whose renown has grown venerable through countless ages. The whole army assisted at the imposing ceremony of their interment. Enthusiasm spread through the ranks. The French soldiers, bewildered by the meteor glare of glory, and deeming their departed comrades now immortalized, envied their fate. Never did conqueror better understand than Napoleon what springs to touch, to rouse the latent energies of human nature.

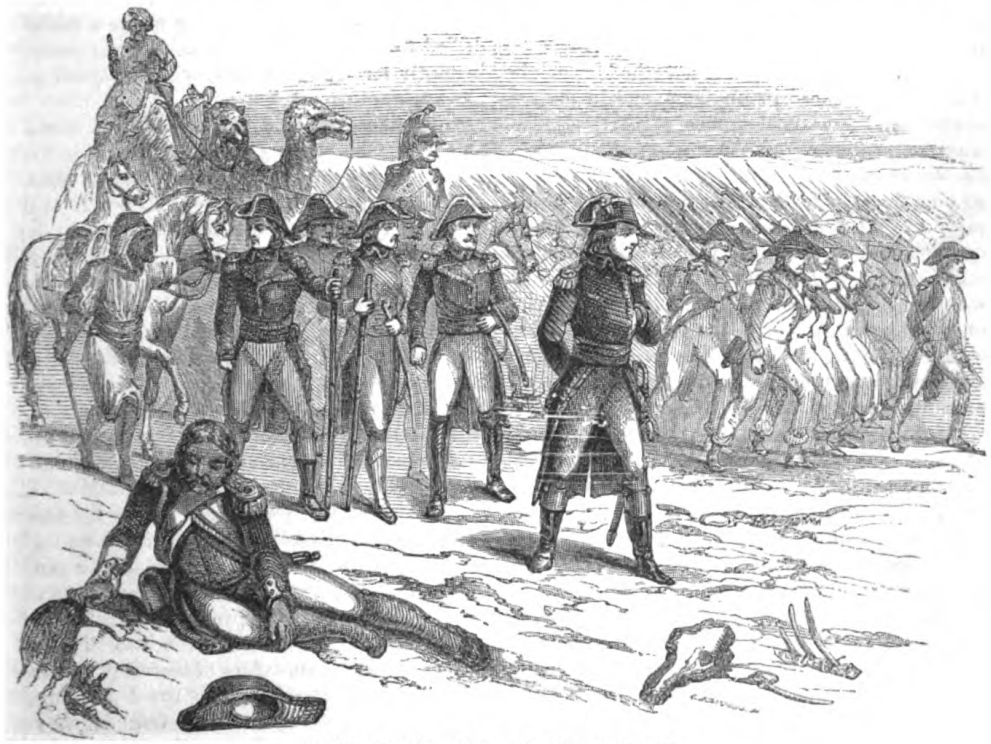
Leaving three thousand men in Alexandria, under the command of General Kleber, who had been wounded in the assault, Napoleon set out, with the rest of his army, to cross the desert to Cairo. The fleet was not in a place of safety, and Napoleon gave emphatic orders to Admiral Brueys to remove the ships, immediately after landing the army, from the bay of Aboukir, where it was anchored, into the harbor of Alexandria; or, if the large ships could not enter that port, to proceed, without any delay, to the island

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of Corfu. The neglect, on the part of the Admiral, promptly to execute these orders, upon which Napoleon had placed great stress, led to a disaster which proved fatal to the expedition Napoleon dispatched a large flotilla, laden with provisions, artillery, ammunition, and baggage, to sail along the shore of the Mediterranean to the western branch of the Nile, called the Rosetta mouth, and ascend the river to a point where the army, having marched across the desert, would meet it. The flotilla and the army would then keep company, ascending the Nile, some fifty miles, to Cairo. The army had a desert of sixty miles to cross. It was dreary and inhospitable in the extreme. A blazing sun glared fiercely down upon the glowing sands. Not a tree or a blade of grass cheered the eye. Not a rivulet trickled across their hot and sandy path. A few wells of brackish water were scattered along the trackless course pursued by the caravans, but even these the Arabs had filled up or poisoned.

Early on the morning of the 6th of July the army commenced its march over the apparently boundless plain of shifting sands. No living creature met the eye but a few Arab horsemen, who occasionally appeared and disappeared at the horizon, and who, concealing themselves behind the sand hills, immediately murdered any stragglers who wandered from the ranks, or from sickness or exhaustion loitered behind. Four days of inconceivable suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. The soldiers, accustomed to the luxuriance, beauty, and abundance of the valleys of Italy, were plunged into the most abject depression. Even the officers found their firmness giving way, and Lannes and Murat, in paroxysms of despair, dashed their hats upon the sand, and trampled them under foot. Many fell and perished on the long and dreary route. But the dense columns toiled on, hour after hour, weary, and hungry, and faint, and thirsty, the hot sun blazing down upon their unsheltered heads, and the yielding sands burning their blistered feet. At the commencement of the enterprise Napoleon had promised, to each of his soldiers, seven acres of land. As they looked around upon this dreary and boundless ocean of sand, they spoke jocularly of his moderation in promising them but *seven acres*, "The young rogue," said they, "might have safely offered us as much as we chose to take. We certainly should not have abused his good-nature."

Nothing can show more strikingly the singular control which Napoleon had obtained over his army, than the fact that under these circumstances, no one murmured against him. He toiled along on foot, at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them he threw himself upon the sands at night, with the sand for his pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse beans which afforded the only food for the army. He was ever the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning. The soldiers bitterly cursed the government who had sent them to that land of barrenness and desolation. Seeing the men of science stopping to examine the antiquities, they accused them of being the authors of the expedition, and revenged themselves with



THE MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT.

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witticisms. But no one uttered a word against Napoleon. His presence overawed all. He seemed to be insensible to hunger, thirst, or fatigue. It was observed that while all others were drenched with perspiration, not a drop of moisture oozed from his brow. Through all the hours of this dreary march, not a word or a gesture escaped him, which indicated the slightest embarrassment or inquietude. One day he approached a group of discontented officers, and said to them, in tones of firmness which at once brought them to their senses, "You are holding mutinous language! beware! It is not your being six feet high which will save you from being shot in a couple of hours." In the midst of the desert, when gloom and despondency had taken possession of all hearts, unbounded joy was excited by the appearance of a lake of crystal water, but a few miles before them, with villages and palm trees beautifully reflected in its clear and glassy depths. The parched and panting troops rushed eagerly on, to plunge into the delicious waves. Hour after hour passed, and they approached no nearer the elysium before them. Dreadful was their disappointment when they found that it was all an illusion, and that they were pursuing the *mirage* of the dry and dusty desert. At one time Napoleon, with one or two of his officers, wandered a little distance from the main body of his army. A troop of Arab horsemen, concealed by some sand hills, watched his movements, but for some unknown reason, when he was entirely in their power, did not harm him. Napoleon soon perceived his peril, and escaped unmolested. Upon his return to the troops, peacefully smiling, he said, "It is not written on high, that I am to perish by the hands of the Arabs."

As the army drew near the Nile the Marmeluke horsemen increased in numbers, and in the frequency and the recklessness of their attacks. Their appearance and the impetuosity of their onset was most imposing. Each one was mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, and was armed with pistol, sabre, carbine, and blunderbuss. The carbine was a short gun which threw a small bullet with great precision. The blunderbuss was also a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls, and of doing execution without exact aim. These fierce warriors accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, presented an array indescribably brilliant, as, with gay turbans, and waving plumes, and gaudy banners, and gold-spangled robes, in meteoric splendor, with the swiftness of the wind, they burst from behind the sand hills. Charging like the rush of a tornado, they rent the air with their hideous yells, and discharged their carbines, while in full career, and halted, wheeled, and retreated with a precision and celerity which amazed even the most accomplished horsemen of the army of Italy. The extended sandy plains were exactly adapted to the manœuvres of these flying herds. The least motion, or the slightest breath of wind, raised a cloud of dust, blinding, choking, and smothering the French, but apparently presenting no annoyance either to the Arab rider or to his horse. If a weary straggler loitered a few steps behind the toiling column, or if any soldiers ventured to leave the ranks in pursuit of the Mamelukes in their bold attacks, certain and instant death was encountered. A wild troop, enveloped in clouds of dust, like spirits from another world, dashed upon them, cut down the adventurers with their keen Damascus blades, and disappeared in the desert, almost before a musket could be leveled at them.

After five days of inconceivable suffering the long-wished-for Nile was seen, glittering through the sand hills of the desert, and bordered by a fringe of the richest luxuriance. The scene burst upon the view of the panting soldiers like a vision of enchantment. Shouts of joy burst from the ranks. All discipline and order were instantly forgotten. The whole army of thirty thousand men, with horses and camels rushed forward, a tumultuous throng, and plunged, in the delirium of excitement, into the waves. They luxuriated, with indescribable delight, in the cool and refreshing stream. They rolled over and over in the water, shouting and frolicking in wild joy. Reckless of consequences, they drank and drank again, as if they never could be satiated with the delicious beverage. In the midst of this scene of turbulent and almost frenzied exultation, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, the trampling of hoofs was heard, and a body of nearly a thousand Mameluke horsemen, on fleet Arabian chargers, came sweeping down upon them, like the rush of the wind, their sabres flashing in the sunlight, and rending the air with their hideous yells. The drums beat the alarm; the trumpets sounded, and the veteran soldiers, drilled to the most perfect mechanical precision, instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, to meet the foe. In a moment the assault, like a tornado, fell upon them. But it was a tornado striking a rock. Not a line wavered. A palisade of bristling bayonets met the breasts of the horses, and they recoiled from the shock. A volcanic burst of fire, from artillery and musketry, rolled hundreds of steeds and riders together in the dust. The survivors, wheeling their unchecked chargers, disappeared with the same meteoric rapidity with which they had approached. The flotilla now appeared in sight, having arrived at the destined spot at the precise hour designated by Napoleon. This was not accident. It was the result of that wonderful power of mind, and extent of information, which had enabled Napoleon perfectly to understand the difficulties of the two routes, and to give his orders in such a way, that they could be, and would be obeyed. It was remarked by Napoleon's generals, that during a week's residence in Egypt, he acquired apparently as perfect an acquaintance with the country as if it had been his native land.

The whole moral aspect of the army was now changed, with the change in the aspect of the country. The versatile troops forgot their sufferings, and, rejoicing in abundance, danced and sang, beneath the refreshing shade of sycamore.

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and palm trees. The fields were waving with luxuriant harvests. Pigeons were abundant. The most delicious watermelons were brought to the camp in inexhaustible profusion. But the villages were poor and squalid, and the houses mere hovels of mud. The execrations in which the soldiers had indulged in the desert, now gave place to jokes and glee. For seven days they marched resolutely forward along the banks of the Nile, admiring the fertility of the country, and despising the poverty and degradation of the inhabitants. They declared that there was no such place as Cairo, but that the "Little Corporal," had suffered himself to be transported *like a good boy*, to that miserable land, in search of a city even more unsubstantial than the mirage of the desert.

On the march Napoleon stopped at the house of an Arab sheik. The interior presented a revolting scene of squalidness and misery. The proprietor was however reported to be rich. Napoleon treated the old man with great kindness and asked, through an interpreter, why he lived in such utter destitution of all the comforts of life, assuring him that an unreserved answer should expose him to no inconvenience. He replied, "some years ago I repaired and furnished my dwelling. Information of this was carried to Cairo, and having been thus proved to be wealthy, a large sum of money was demanded from me by the Mamelukes, and the bastinado was inflicted until I paid it. Look at my feet, which bear witness to what I endured. From that time I have reduced myself to the barest necessaries, and no longer seek to repair any thing." The poor old man was lamed for life, in consequence of the mutilation which his feet received from the terrible infliction. Such was the tyranny of the Mamelukes. The Egyptians, in abject slavery to their proud oppressors, were compelled to surrender their wives, their children, and even their own persons to the absolute will of the despots who ruled them.

Numerous bands of Mameluke horsemen, the most formidable body of cavalry in the world, were continually hovering about the army, watching for points of exposure, and it was necessary to be continually prepared for an attack. Nothing could have been more effective than the disposition which Napoleon made of his troops to meet this novel mode of warfare. He formed his army into five squares. The sides of each square were composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery were placed at the angles. Within the square were grenadier companies in platoons to support the points of attack. The generals, the scientific corps, and the baggage were in the centre. These squares were moving masses. When on the march all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. When charged they immediately halted and fronted on every side; the outermost rank kneeling that those behind might shoot over their heads—the whole body thus presenting a living fortress of bristling bayonets. When they were to carry a position the three front ranks were to detach themselves from the square and to form a column of attack. The other three ranks were to remain in the rear, still forming the square, ready to rally the column. These flaming citadels of fire set at defiance all the power of the Arab horsemen. The attacks of the enemy soon became a subject of merriment to the soldiers. The scientific men, or *savans*, as they were called, had been supplied with asses to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. As soon as a body of Mamelukes was seen in the distance, the order was given, with military precision, "*form square, savans and asses in the centre.*" This order was echoed, from rank to rank, with peals of laughter. The soldiers amused themselves with calling the asses *demi-savans*. Though the soldiers thus enjoyed their jokes, thay cherished the highest respect for many of these savans, who in scenes of battle had manifested the utmost intrepidity. After a march of seven days, during which time they had many bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the army approached Cairo.

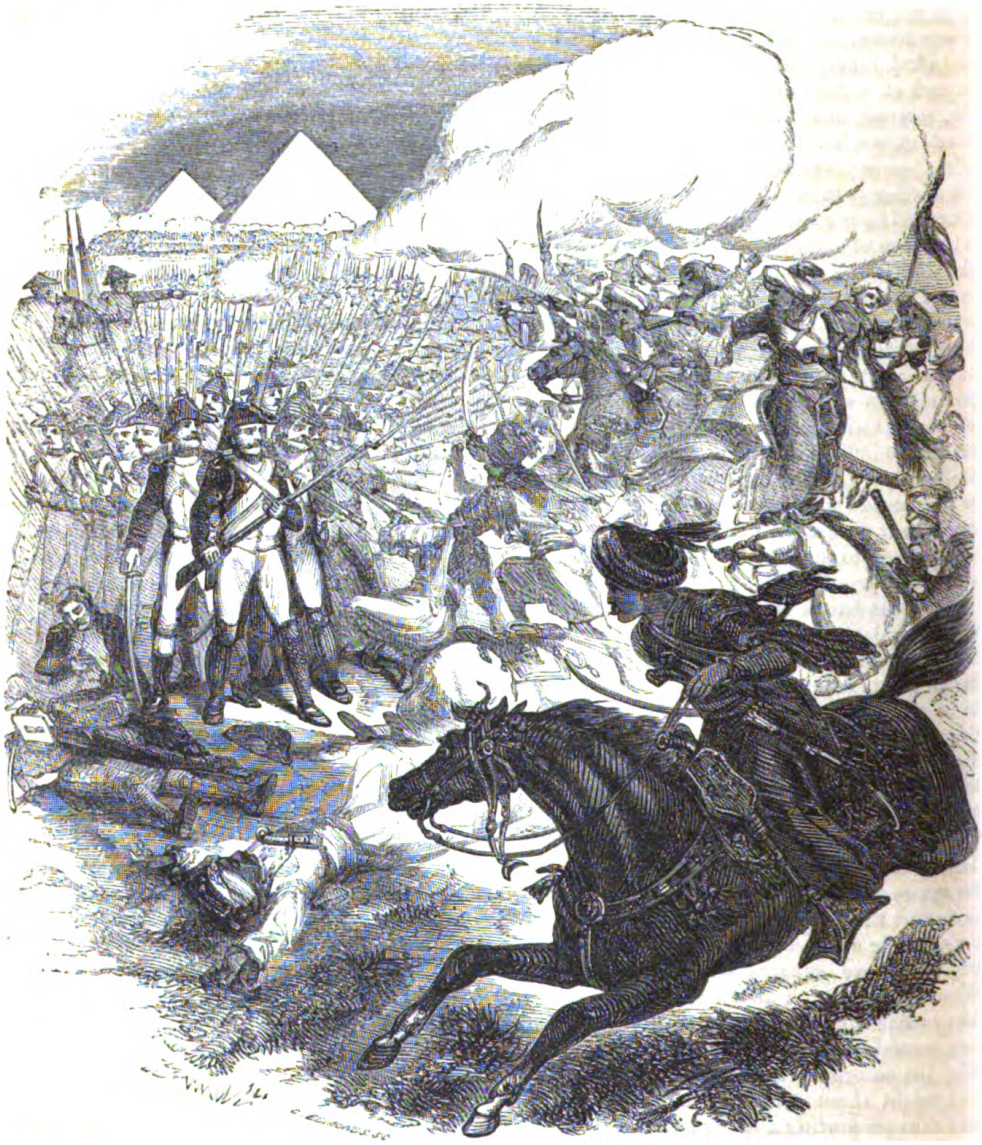
Mourad Bey had there assembled the greater part of his Mamelukes, nearly ten thousand in number, for a decisive battle. These proud and powerful horsemen were supported by twenty-four thousand foot soldiers, strongly intrenched. Cairo is on the eastern banks of the Nile Napoleon was marching along the western shore. On the morning of the 21st of July, Napoleon, conscious that he was near the city, set his army in motion before the break of day. Just as the sun was rising in those cloudless skies, the soldiers beheld the lofty minarets of the city upon their left, gilded by its rays, and upon the right, upon the borders of the desert, the gigantic pyramids rising like mountains upon an apparently boundless plain. The whole army instinctively halted and gazed awe-stricken upon those monuments of antiquity. The face of Napoleon beamed with enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, as he rode along the ranks; "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The ardor of the soldiers was aroused to the highest pitch. Animated by the clangor of martial bands, and the gleam of flaunting banners, they advanced with impetuous steps to meet their foes. The whole plain before them, at the base of the pyramids was filled with armed men. The glittering weapons of ten thousand horsemen, in the utmost splendor of barbaric chivalry, brilliant with plumes and arms of burnished steel and gold, presented an array inconceivably imposing. Undismayed the French troops, marshaled in five invincible squares, pressed on. There was apparently no alternative. Napoleon must march upon those intrenchments, behind which twenty-four thousand men were stationed with powerful artillery and musketry to sweep his ranks, and a formidable body of ten thousand horsemen, on fleet and powerful Arabian steeds, awaiting the onset, and ready to seize upon the slightest indications of confusion to plunge, with the fury which fatalism can inspire, upon his bleeding and mangled squares. It must have been with Napoleon a moment of intense anxiety. But as he sat upon his horse, in the

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centre of one of the squares, and carefully examined, with his telescope, the disposition of the enemy, no one could discern the slightest trace of uneasiness. His gaze was long and intense. The keenness of his scrutiny detected that the guns of the enemy were not mounted upon carriages, and that they could not therefore be turned from the direction in which they were placed. No other officer, though many of them had equally good glasses, made this important discovery. He immediately, by a lateral movement, guided his army to the right, toward the pyramids, that his squares might be out of the range of the guns, and that he might attack the enemy in flank. The moment Mourad Bey perceived this evolution, he divined its object, and with great military sagacity resolved instantly to charge.

"You shall now see us," said the proud Bey, "cut up those dogs, like gourds."

It was, indeed, a fearful spectacle. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently dressed, with the fleetest steeds in the world, urging their horses with bloody spurs, to the most impetuous and furious onset, rending the heavens with their cries, and causing the very earth to tremble beneath the thunder of iron feet, came down upon the adamantine host. Nothing was ever seen in war more furious than this charge. Ten thousand horsemen is an enormous mass. Those longest inured to danger felt that it was an awful moment. It seemed impossible to resist such a living avalanche. The most profound silence reigned through the ranks, interrupted only by the word of command. The nerves of excitement being roused to the utmost tension, every order was executed with most marvelous rapidity and precision. The soldiers held their breath, and with bristling bayonets stood, shoulder to shoulder, to receive the shock



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

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The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, the artillery, at the angles, plowed their ranks, and platoons of musketry, volley after volley, in a perfectly uninterrupted flow, swept into their faces a pitiless tempest of destruction. Horses and riders, struck by the balls, rolled over each other, by hundreds, in the sand, and were trampled and crushed by the iron hoofs of the thousands of frantic steeds, enveloped in dust and smoke, composing the vast and impetuous column. But the squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The daring Mamelukes, in the frenzy of their rage and disappointment, threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They wheeled their horses round and reined them back upon the ranks, that they might kick their way into those terrible fortresses of living men. Rendered furious by their inability to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French, The wounded crawled along the ground, and with their scimitars, cut at the legs of their indomitable foes. They displayed superhuman bravery, the only virtue which the Mamelukes possessed.

But an incessant and merciless fire from Napoleon's well-trained battalions continually thinned their ranks, and at last the Mamelukes, in the wildest disorder, broke, and fled. The infantry, in the intrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted troops, whom they had considered invincible, and seeing such incessant and volcanic sheets of flame bursting from the impenetrable squares, caught the panic, and joined the flight. Napoleon now, in his turn, charged with the utmost impetuosity. A scene of indescribable confusion and horror ensued. The extended plain was crowded with fugitives—footmen and horsemen, bewildered with terror, seeking escape from their terrible foes. Thousands plunged into the river, and endeavored to escape by swimming to the opposite shore. But a shower of bullets, like hail stones, fell upon them, and the waves of the Nile were crimsoned with their blood. Others sought the desert, a wild and rabble rout. The victors, with their accustomed celerity pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete—the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian, before the whole embattled host had disappeared, and the plain as far as the eye could extend, was strewn with the dying and the dead. The camp, with all its Oriental wealth, fell into the hands of the victors; and the soldiers enriched themselves with its profusion of splendid shawls, magnificent weapons, Arabian horses, and purses filled with gold. The Mamelukes were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decorations of their persons, and to carry with them large sums of money. The gold and the trappings found upon the body of each Mameluke were worth from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Besides those who were slain upon the field, more than a thousand of these formidable horsemen were drowned in the Nile. For many days the soldiers employed themselves in fishing up the rich booty, and the French camp was filled with all abundance. This most sanguinary battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded. More than ten thousand of the enemy perished. Napoleon gazed with admiration upon the bravery which these proud horsemen displayed. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said he, "I should have reckoned myself master of the world."

After the battle, Napoleon, now the undisputed conqueror of Egypt, quartered himself for the night in the country palace of Mourad Bey. The apartments of this voluptuous abode were embellished with all the appurtenances of Oriental luxury. The officers were struck with surprise in viewing the multitude of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks, and ornamented with golden fringe. Egypt was beggared to minister to the sensual indulgence of these haughty despots. Much of the night was passed in exploring this singular mansion. The garden was extensive and magnificent in the extreme. Innumerable vines were laden with the richest grapes. The vintage was soon gathered by the thousands of soldiers who filled the alleys and loitered in the arbors. Pots of preserves, of confectionery, and of sweetmeats of every kind, were quickly devoured by an army of mouths. The thousands of little elegancies which Europe, Asia, and Africa had contributed to minister to the voluptuous splendors of the regal mansion, were speedily transferred to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The "Battle of the Pyramids," as Napoleon characteristically designated it, sent a thrill of terror, far and wide, into the interior of Asia and Africa. These proud, merciless, licentious oppressors were execrated by the timid Egyptians, but they were deemed invincible. In an hour they had vanished, like the mist, before the genius of Napoleon.

The caravans which came to Cairo, circulated through the vast regions of the interior, with all the embellishments of Oriental exaggeration, most glowing accounts of the destruction of these terrible squadrons, which had so long tyrannized over Egypt, and the fame of whose military prowess had caused the most distant tribes to tremble. The name of Napoleon became suddenly as renowned in Asia and in Africa as it had previously become in Europe. But twenty-one days had elapsed since he placed his foot upon the sands at Alexandria, and now he was sovereign of Egypt. The Egyptians also welcomed him as a friend and a liberator. The sheets of flame, which incessantly burst from the French ranks, so deeply impressed their imaginations, that they gave to Napoleon the Oriental appellation of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

The wives of the Mamelukes had all remained in Cairo. Napoleon treated them with the utmost consideration. He sent Eugene to the wife

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of Mourad Bey, to assure her of his protection. He preserved all her property for her, and granted her several requests which she made to him. Thus he endeavored, as far as possible, to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. The lady was so grateful for these attentions that she entertained Eugene with all possible honors, and presented him, upon his departure, with a valuable diamond ring.

Cairo contained three hundred thousand inhabitants. Its population was brutal and ferocious in the extreme. The capital was in a state of terrible agitation, for the path of Oriental conquerors is ever marked with brutality, flames, and blood. Napoleon immediately dispatched a detachment of his army into the city to restore tranquillity, and to protect persons and property from the fury of the populace. The next day but one, with great pomp and splendor, at the head of his victorious army, he entered Cairo, and took possession of the palace of Mourad Bey. With the most extraordinary intelligence and activity he immediately consecrated all his energies to promote the highest interest of the country he had conquered. Nothing escaped his observation. He directed his attention to the mosques, the harems, the condition of the women, the civil and religious institutions, the state of agriculture, the arts, and sciences—to every thing which could influence the elevation and prosperity of the country. He visited the most influential of the Arab inhabitants, assured them of his friendship, of his respect for their religion, of his determination to protect their rights, and of his earnest desire to restore to Egypt its pristine glory. He disclaimed all sovereignty over Egypt, but organized a government to be administered by the people themselves. He succeeded perfectly in winning their confidence and admiration. He immediately established a congress, composed of the most distinguished citizens of Cairo, for the creation of laws and the administration of justice, and established similar assemblies in all the provinces, which were to send deputies to the general congress at Cairo. He organized the celebrated Institute of Egypt, to diffuse among the people the light and the sciences of Europe. Some of the members were employed in making an accurate description and a perfect map of Egypt; others were to study the productions of the country, that its resources might be energetically and economically developed; others were to explore the ruins, thus to shed new light upon history; others were to study the social condition of the inhabitants, and proper plans for the promotion of their welfare, by the means of manufactures, canals, roads, mills, works upon the Nile, and improvements in agriculture. Among the various questions proposed to the Institute by Napoleon, the following may be mentioned as illustrative of his enlarged designs: Ascertain the best construction for wind and water mills; find a substitute for the hop, which does not grow in Egypt, for the making of beer; select sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; select spots for wells in different parts of the desert; inquire into the means of clarifying and cooling the waters of the Nile; devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo, and all the ancient towns of Egypt, are encumbered; find materials for the manufacture of gunpowder. It is almost incredible that the Egyptians were not acquainted with windmills, wheelbarrows, or even handsaws, until they were introduced by Napoleon. Engineers, draughtsmen, and men of science immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces of Egypt. Flour, as fine as could be obtained in Paris, was ground in mills at Alexandria, Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo. By the erection of public ovens, bread became abundant. Hospitals were established, with a bed for each patient. Saltpetre and gunpowder-mills were erected. A foundry was constructed with reverberating furnaces. Large shops were built for locksmiths, armorers, joiners, cartwrights, carpenters, and rope-makers. Silver goblets and services of plate were manufactured. A French and Arabic printing-press was set at work. Inconceivable activity was infused into every branch of industry. The genius of Napoleon, never weary, inspired all and guided all. It was indeed a bright day which, after centuries of inaction and gloom, had thus suddenly dawned upon Egypt. The route was surveyed, and the expense estimated, of two ship-canals, one connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Nile at Cairo; the other uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean across the Isthmus of Suez. Five millions of dollars and two years of labor would have executed both of these magnificent enterprises, and would have caused a new era to have dawned upon three continents. It is impossible not to deplore those events which have thus consigned anew these fertile regions to beggary and to barbarism. The accomplishment of these majestic plans might have transferred to the Nile and the Euphrates those energies now so transplendent upon the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio. "It is incredible," says Talleyrand, "how much Napoleon was able to achieve. He could effect more than any man, yes, more than any four men whom I have ever known. His genius was inconceivable. Nothing could exceed his energy, his imagination, his spirit, his capacity for work, his ease of accomplishment. He was clearly the most extraordinary man that I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in our age, or for many ages." All the energies of Napoleon's soul were engrossed by these enterprises of grandeur and utility. Dissipation could present no aspect to allure him. "I have no passion," said he, "for women or gaming. I am entirely a political being."

The Arabs were lost in astonishment that a conqueror, who wielded the thunderbolt, could be so disinterested and merciful. Such generosity and self-denial was never before heard of in the East. They could in no way account for it. Their females were protected from insult; their

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persons and property were saved. Thirty thousand Europeans were toiling for the comfort and improvement of the Egyptians. They called Napoleon the worthy son of the prophet, the favorite of Allah. They even introduced his praises into their Litany, and chanted in the mosques, "Who is he that hath saved the favorite of Victory from the dangers of the sea, and from the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West, safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile! It is Allah! the great Allah! The Mamelukes put their trust in horses; they draw forth their infantry in battle array. But the favorite of Victory hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes. As the vapors which rise in the morning are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West. For the brave men of the West are as the apple of the eye to the great Allah."

Napoleon, to ingratiate himself with the people, and to become better acquainted with their character, attended their religious worship, and all their national festivals. Though he left the administration of justice in the hands of the sheiks, he enjoined and enforced scrupulous impartiality in their decisions. The robbers of the desert, who for centuries had devastated the frontiers with impunity, he repulsed with a vigorous hand, and under his energetic sway life and property became as safe in Egypt as in England or in France. The French soldiers became very popular with the native Egyptians, and might be seen in the houses, socially smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their domestic labors, and playing with their children.

One day Napoleon, in his palace, was giving audience to a numerous assemblage of sheiks and other distinguished men. Information was brought to him that some robbers from the desert had slain a poor friendless peasant, and carried off his flocks. "Take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels," said Napoleon, immediately, to an officer of his staff, "and pursue these robbers until they are captured, and the outrage is avenged." "Was the poor wretch your cousin," exclaimed one of the sheiks, contemptuously, "that you are in such a rage at his death?" "He was more," Napoleon replied, sublimely, "he was one whose safety Providence had intrusted to my care." "Wonderful!" rejoined the sheik, "you speak like one inspired of the Almighty." More than one assassin was dispatched by the Turkish authorities to murder Napoleon. But the Egyptians with filial love, watched over him, gave him timely notice of the design, and effectually aided him in defeating it.

In the midst of this extraordinary prosperity, a reverse, sudden, terrible, and irreparable, befell the French army. Admiral Brueys, devotedly attached to Napoleon, and anxious to ascertain that he had obtained a foothold in the country before leaving him to his fate, delayed withdrawing his fleet, as Napoleon had expressly enjoined, from the Bay of Aboukir, to place it in a position of safety. The second day after entering Cairo, Napoleon received dispatches from Admiral Brueys by which he learned that the squadron was in the bay of Aboukir, exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He was amazed at the intelligence, and immediately dispatched a messenger, to proceed with the utmost haste, and inform the admiral of his great disapprobation, and to warn him to take the fleet, without an hour's delay, either into the harbor of Alexandria, where it would be safe, or to make for Corfu. The messenger was assassinated on the way by a party of Arabs He could not, however, have reached Aboukir before the destruction of the fleet. In the mean time, Lord Nelson learned that the French had landed at Egypt. He immediately turned in that direction to seek their squadron. At six o'clock in the evening of the first of August, but ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, the British fleet majestically entered the bay of Aboukir, and closed upon their victims. The French squadron consisting of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, was anchored in a semi-circle, in a line corresponding with the curve of the shore. The plan of attack, adopted by Nelson, possessed the simplicity and originality of genius, and from the first moment victory was almost certain. As soon as Nelson perceived the situation of the French fleet, he resolved to double with his whole force on half of that of his enemy, pursuing the same system of tactics by sea which Napoleon had found so successful on the land. He ordered his fleet to take its station half on the outer, and half on the inner side of one end of the French line. Thus each French ship was placed between the fire of two of those of the English. The remainder of the French fleet being at anchor to the windward could not easily advance to the relief of their doomed friends. Admiral Brueys supposed that he was anchored so near the shore that the English could not pass inside of his line. But Nelson promptly decided that where there was room for the enemy to swing, there must be room for his ships to float. "If we succeed what will the world say," exclaimed one of Nelson's captains, with transport, as he was made acquainted with the plan of attack. "There is no if in the case," Nelson replied, "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The French fought with the energies of despair. For fifteen hours the unequal contest lasted. Dark night came on. The Bay of Aboukir resembled one wide flaming volcano, enveloped in the densest folds of sulphureous smoke. The ocean never witnessed a conflict more sanguinary and dreadful. About eleven o'clock the Orient took fire. The smoke, from the enormous burning mass, ascended like an immense black balloon, when suddenly the flames, flashing through them, illumined the whole horizon with awful brilliance. At length its magazine, containing hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake

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every ship to its centre. So awfully did this explosion rise above the incessant roar of the battle, that simultaneously on both sides, the firing ceased, and a silence, as of the grave, ensued. But immediately the murderous conflict was resumed. Death and destruction, in the midst of the congenial gloom of night, held high carnival in the bay. Thousands of Arabs lined the shore, gazing with astonishment and terror upon the awful spectacle. For fifteen hours that dreadful conflict continued, through the night and during the morning, and until high noon of the ensuing day, when the firing gradually ceased, for the French fleet was destroyed. Four ships only escaped, and sailed for Malta. The English ships were too much shattered to attempt to pursue the fugitives.

Admiral Brueys was wounded early in the action. He would not leave the quarter-deck. "An admiral," said he, "should die giving orders." A cannon ball struck him, and but the fragments of his body could be found. Nelson was also severely wounded on the head. When carried to the cockpit, drenched in blood, he nobly refused, though in imminent danger of bleeding to death, to have his wounds dressed, till the wounded seamen, who were brought in before him, were attended to. "I will take my turn with my brave fellows," said he. Fully believing that his wound was mortal, he called for the chaplain, and requested him to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When the surgeon came, in due time, to inspect his wound, it was found that the wound was only superficial.

All of the transports and small craft which had conveyed Napoleon's army to Egypt, were in the harbor of Alexandria, safe from attack, as Nelson had no frigates with which to cross the bar. For leagues the shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and with the mangled bodies of the dead. The bay was also filled with floating corpses, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to sink them. The majestic armament which but four weeks before had sailed from Toulon, was thus utterly overthrown. The loss of the English was but about one thousand. Of the French five thousand perished, and three thousand were made prisoners. As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson made signal for the crew, in every ship, to be assembled for prayers. The stillness of the Sabbath instantly pervaded the whole squadron, while thanksgivings were offered to God for the signal victory. So strange is the heart of man. England was desolating the whole civilized world with war, to compel the French people to renounce republicanism and establish a monarchy. And in the bloody hour when the Bay of Aboukir was covered with the thousands of the mutilated dead, whom her strong arm had destroyed, she, with unquestioned sincerity, offered to God the tribute of thanksgiving and praise. And from the churches and the firesides of England, tens of thousands of pious hearts breathed the fervent prayer of gratitude to God for the great victory of Aboukir.

Such was the famous *Battle of the Nile*, as it has since been called. It was a signal conquest. It was a magnificent triumph of British arms. But a victory apparently more fatal to the great interests of humanity was perhaps never gained. It was the death-blow to reviving Egypt. It extinguished in midnight gloom the light of civilization and science, which had just been enkindled on those dreary shores. Merciless oppression again tightened its iron grasp upon Asia and Africa, and already, as the consequence, has another half century of crime, cruelty and outrage, blighted that doomed land.

Napoleon at once saw that all his hopes were blasted. The blow was utterly irreparable. He was cut off from Europe. He could receive no supplies. He could not return. Egypt was his prison. Yet he received the news of this terrible disaster, with the most imperturbable equanimity. Not a word or a gesture escaped him which indicated the slightest discouragement. With unabated zeal he pursued his plans, and soon succeeded in causing the soldiers to forget the disaster. He wrote to Kleber, "We must die in this country or get out of it as great as the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt an heritage of greatness." "Yes!" Kleber replied, "we must do great things. I am preparing my faculties."

The exultation among the crowned heads in Europe in view of this great monarchical victory was unbounded. England immediately created Nelson Baron of the Nile, and conferred a pension of ten thousand dollars a year, to be continued to his two immediate successors. The Grand Signior, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and the East India Company made him magnificent presents. Despotism upon the Continent, which had received such heavy blows from Napoleon, began to rejoice and to revive. The newly emancipated people, struggling into the life of liberty, were disheartened. Exultant England formed new combinations of banded kings, to replace the Bourbons on their throne, and to crush the spirit of popular liberty and equality, which had obtained such a foothold in France. All monarchical Europe rejoiced. All republican Europe mourned.

The day of Aboukir was indeed a disastrous day to France. Napoleon with his intimate friends did not conceal his conviction of the magnitude of the calamity. He appeared occasionally, for a moment, lost in painful reverie, and was heard two or three times to exclaim, in indescribable tones of emotion, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done." But hardly an hour elapsed after he had received the dreadful tidings, ere he entirely recovered his accustomed fortitude, and presence of mind, and he soon succeeded in allaying the despair of the soldiers. He saw, at a glance, all the consequences of this irreparable loss. And it speaks well for his heart that in the midst of a disappointment so

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terrible, he could have forgotten his own grief in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of his friend. A heartless man could never have penned so touching an epistle as the following addressed to Madame Brueys, the widow of the man who had been unintentionally the cause of apparently the greatest calamity which could have befallen him.

"Your husband has been killed by a cannon ball, while combating on his quarter deck. He died without suffering—the death the most easy and the most envied by the brave. I feel warmly for your grief. The moment which separates us from the object which we love is terrible; we feel isolated on the earth; we almost experience the convulsions of the last agony; the faculties of the soul are annihilated; its connection with the earth is preserved only through the medium of a painful dream, which disturbs every thing. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life; that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, Madame! they will open the fountains of your heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the Republic have sustained in his death. After having resumed the interests in life by the chord of maternal love, you will perhaps feel some consolation from the friendship and warm interest which I shall ever take in the widow of my friend."

The French soldiers with the versatility of disposition which has ever characterized the light-hearted nation, finding all possibility of a return to France cut off, soon regained their accustomed gayety, and with zeal engaged in all the plans of Napoleon, for the improvement of the country, which it now appeared that, for many years, must be their home.



THE GERMAN EMIGRANTS—A SKETCH OF LIFE.

BY JOHN DOGGETT, JUN.

A FEW years ago, while wandering a stranger along the quay at Albany, my attention was attracted to a crowd composed for the most part of persons about to depart by a canal-packet for Buffalo. The scene was to me one of some interest, as a number of Germans of the better class were among the passengers. One was a beautiful girl apparently of about the age of eighteen, arrayed in the simple, unaffected garb of her country, but whose intellectual features, black and lustrous hair, tall and elegant figure, and somewhat melancholy cast of countenance, rendered her an object of interest, perhaps, I may say of admiration, to the bystanders. I noticed the sweet, sad smile which occasionally enlivened her countenance as fondly holding the hand of her companion in her own, she spoke to him in a tone and with a frankness of manner, that betrayed a deep and abiding interest in his welfare. I was informed that this young man was her only brother, who had been for some months employed in a manufacturing establishment in Albany; that his sister, however, had but recently arrived in the country, and, accompanied by her uncle, was now about to depart on a pilgrimage to the distant West.

Feeling an interest—why I know not—in this brother and sister, and perceiving they were of a better class than ordinarily emigrate to America, I was not surprised to learn that they had been educated with all the care and tenderness wealthy parents could bestow; that their father, who for many years had been engaged in extensive commercial pursuits in Bremen, died from grief and despair at the sudden prostration of his credit and loss of fortune, his widow soon after following him to the grave.

A few months previous to the time alluded to, the sister was the affianced bride of an amiable, enterprising young man, the partner of her father in business. At that period her ideal world was doubtless one of beauty and of innocence, the acme, perhaps, of earthly peace and happiness; for within it was a fountain of pure and mutual love, ever full and ever flowing. No worldly care disturbed her tranquil bosom—her every wish was gratified; no cloud obscured the brightness of her sky—it was pure, serene, and beautiful. How uncertain are earthly hopes! How vain are human expectations! In a moment, as it were, all with her had changed. Grief had taken possession of her heart, bitter tears had succeeded to innocent smiles, and her hopes of domestic bliss were blasted, perhaps never again to bud or bloom. She was miserably unhappy, the innocent victim of a disappointment, heart-rending indeed and by her never to be forgotten.

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On the decline of her father's fortune and that also of Edward Nordheimer (for that was the name of her lover), the latter suddenly became intemperate. Thinking, as many wiser and older than himself had thought, to drown the recollection of bankruptcy and the disappointment of worldly hope in the giddy bowl, he seized the intoxicating draught with an infatuated zeal. He heeded not the timid admonitions of love, or the kind entreaties of friends; but reckless alike of the consequences of his dreadful habit to himself and others, was hurrying to inevitable ruin, making no effort to stem the wild, the eddying stream that controlled him, and within the vortex of which he was soon, alas! to be forever lost.

Like many others, he had been taught by the example of his elders, perhaps, by the daily habits of his parents, the unwise and dangerous idea that discourtesy consisteth not in partaking but in *refusing* the proffered glass; hence, what was in youth a fashionable indulgence—a mere pastime—had become in his manhood a settled, desperate vice. Every principle, every ambition, of which apparently the exercise had gained him the respect, confidence, best wishes of his fellowmen, no longer controlled him. Once an industrious, careful, esteemed young merchant, he was now a reckless, abandoned inebriate. All his energies were apparently paralyzed. The pangs of remorse (for reflections on his course would sometimes flit with the rapidity of shadows across his mind) were drowned in deep and frequent potations; his features were bloated, his eyes were bloodshot, his limbs shook. So changed was he that few could realize in him the man who so recently in conscious manliness of character, had held high his head on the Exchange, and operated so extensively in the marts of Bremen.

Love was regarded by him, if regarded at all, as an idle creation of the brain; and whether from such an opinion of the tender passion, a consciousness of his own unworthiness of being loved, or, from a feeling of shame to meet the pure and lovely being to whom he had paid his addresses; yet, he had forsaken her—her, recently his polar star—the object of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night! Yes, he had forsaken her, and taken a dreary, debauched abode with those who go down to the grave, unwept, unhonored, and unlamented.

Brief, indeed, was the earthly career of Edward Nordheimer. His youthful habit of enjoying an occasional glass, had led him gradually, imperceptibly, perhaps, but surely to the verge of the grave!

How dreadful must thy summons be, oh! Death, to such an one! to any one, indeed, who, regardless of the great and wise purposes for which he was created, has passed his days and nights in drunkenness and debauchery; who, having fallen from his high estate—disappointed his own hopes of usefulness, respectability, and honor among men; having frustrated the fond, ardent hopes of parents, the wishes of troops of friends, finds himself at last on a drunkard's death-bed, with the awful consciousness of having laughed to scorn the responsibilities resting on his immortal soul!

I need not attempt to describe the effect (for who can portray the extreme bitterness of the human heart?) which the melancholy, soul-harrowing change in Edward, produced on the mind of his lady-love, or expose to the curious gaze, the broken fountains of her soul. Aware as she was, however, that all efforts had failed to reclaim the idol of her bosom, it would be difficult to tell if she more mourned his exit from the earth than his departure from that course which leads to happiness and peace. But he was gone, and forever. The eyes, that once looked so fondly on her, were closed in their last sleep; the tongue that had so oft and so truly pronounced the soft, musical accents of love, was a noiseless instrument, and that voice, the very whisperings of which had sent such a thrill of joy to her once happy heart, was now forever hushed. The cold embrace of death was around him, and the places which once knew him were to know him no more.

The unfortunate, broken-hearted maiden, became regardless of every attraction of society—every attention of friends—for hers was a sorrow, calm, indeed, but deep and abiding withal—a disappointment as well as a grief, of that peculiarly delicate nature, for which there is no earthly consolation. She felt that the world had lost its interest, its attraction, its delight: her Edward was no more. Her uncle noticed with deep solicitude the change wrought in her by the utter wreck and sudden dispersion of all her hopes of happiness, and with this sympathizing relative she readily consented to seek, on the distant shores of America, that peace of mind compared with which thrones and empires and principalities and powers are but vanity and dust.

Her feelings, on leaving her native Germany, may be inferred from the circumstances already related. They were those peculiar to all, who for the first time depart from their own country, who for the first time bid their native land goodnight, who for the first time bid an adieu, perhaps final, to the green fields, the pure skies, the sunny and endeared spots around the home of infancy and love. Others know not how oft, how tenderly they are remembered, or how strongly the affections cling to them, when a wide waste of ocean rolls between our "ain dear home" and us. If we have left it in prosperity to visit the grand and beautiful in nature, in other lands, or, reluctantly departed from it in adversity, with the hope of improving our fortunes, in either case, the mind ever yearns for the spot where every object, tree, flower, rock, and shrub is associated with our earliest, our happiest days, where every breeze is fragrant and refreshing as the breath of Araby.

With these sympathies for a then distant home, I entered fully into the situation, the feelings, and affections of the brother and sister before me and watched with deep interest, their every look and movement. Presently a boatman sounded the signal of departure, then a long and hearty

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embrace, a fond and mutual kiss was exchanged, and the interesting couple parted. The packet was soon seen moving slowly up the basin, and on the deck, gazing at her brother, stood the beautiful sister, playing, meanwhile, on her guitar, and singing the air "Home." With what sweetness and feeling did she warble that music! How expressive those silent tokens of sorrow which then bedewed her fair, pale cheek!

The bright, beautiful sun of an autumnal day was sinking in the west, and when its golden, lingering rays no longer tinged objects living or inanimate, neither the guitar nor the sweet voice of the German maiden was heard, nor were her features visible.

. . . . . .

I have often asked myself, is that sister now happy? Has she recovered her wonted cheerfulness? Has she forgotten Edward Nordheimer? Is she married! Is she living? Alas! perhaps, in seeking an asylum in the far wilds of the West, she has measured out her own span upon earth, fallen, as many before have fallen, a victim to some disease peculiar to a new, uncultivated country.

Since the time alluded to, I have often seen in my mind's eye, the intellectual, beautiful face, and the graceful figure of that sister. I have seen her as she stood on the deck of the little packet gazing with tearful eyes at her lonely brother, and as I recalled the trials and sorrows through which she had passed, have fancied I heard her melancholy voice again warbling the same plaintive air which caused my heart to sink within me when I really heard it. Yes, she often rises in memory, and ever with a strong, a sad impression of the pang which rent her heart, as her own native Bremen faded forever from her sight! Bremen! the scene of all her joys, of all her woes! Of her first—only love! The burial-place of her parents!. Bremen! within whose precincts lie also entombed the cold and perishing remains of Edward Nordheimer! of him whom she had so truly loved, and who in other, happier days, as fondly loved her.

CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

WHEN Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes—heretofore cautiously vailed by their downcast lids—and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses existed in Rome, and these the new pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day within the very precincts of St. Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned), should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the gay guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and among them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope. Although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet

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of the pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome —might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction: a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St. Angelo. To him he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir-apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivarès, embassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

"Our only plan," said the cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome! Meantime do you occupy Angeli's attention."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivarès, in his quality of embassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms and monks chanting the solemn "Dies Iræ." Every thing was prepared save the victim. Olivarès was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The embassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders," he said, "are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over."

"But the pope may change his mind." Without replying, the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. "Is all prepared?" All was prepared: the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

"'Tis strange," muttered the governor. "I should have thought—"

"At least," interposed Olivarès, "if you will not delay, do not anticipate." And monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes more, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked his holiness

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?"

"Like a saint," cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. Sixtus V. traced the following words: "We order our governor of Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates, Farnese, agitated between fear and hope, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the "De profundis." He rushed toward the court. Was he too late?—had his stratagem succeeded? One look would decide. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived. His neck bare, and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased: the cardinal flew toward the governor. Ere he could speak, his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

"A pardon?—a pardon!" exclaimed Olivarès The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and re-read the missive.

"The *body* of Ranuccio Farnese!" he repeated: "the criminal's name would suffice. Why these words, '*The body of?*'"

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

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"What stops you?" cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

"Read!" replied Angeli, handing him the pope's letter.

"Is that all?" said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour: it still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since."

The governor bowed: the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage, with four fleet horses, waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause. It might be well if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example.

Monsignor Angeli, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. In fact, the next hour seemed to him as short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he esteemed his duty, he was in reality a kind-hearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be Ranuccio's pardon.

On the morrow the Spanish embassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V., with admirable *sang froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivarès was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and made every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reasons for so acting. His master, Philip II., seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the pope deprived him of his office, and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St. Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A VILLAGE "SYNDICUS."

I SAT up all night listening to the soldiers' stories of war and campaigning. Some had served with Soult's army in the Asturias; some made part of Davoust's corps in the north of Europe; one had just returned from Friedland, and amused us with describing the celebrated conference at Tilsit, where he had been a sentinel on the river side, and presented arms to the two emperors as they passed. It will seem strange, but it is a fact, that this slight incident attracted toward him a greater share of his comrades' admiration than was accorded to those who had seen half the battle-fields of modern war.

He described the dress, the air, the general bearing of the emperors; remarking that, although Alexander was taller and handsomer, and even more soldier-like than our own emperor, there was a something of calm dignity and conscious majesty in Napoleon that made him appear immeasurably the superior. Alexander wore the uniform of the Russian guards, one of the most splendid it is possible to conceive, the only thing simple about him was his sword, which was a plain sabre with a tarnished gilt scabbard, and a very dirty sword-knot; and yet every moment he used to look down at it and handle it with great apparent admiration; and "well might he," added the soldier, "Napoleon had given it to him but the day before."

To listen even to such meagre details as these was to light up again in my heart the fire that was only smouldering, and that no life of peasant labor or obscurity could ever extinguish. My companions quickly saw the interest I took in their narratives, and certainly did their utmost to feed the passion—now with some sketch of a Spanish marauding party, as full of adventure as a romance; now with a description of northern warfare, where artillery thundered on the ice, and men fought behind entrenchments of deep snow.

From the North Sea to the Adriatic, all Europe was now in arms. Great armies were marching in every direction; some along the deep valley of the Danube, others from the rich plains of Poland and Silesia; some were passing the Alps into Italy, and some again were pouring down for the Tyrol "Jochs," to defend the rocky passes of their native land against the invader. Patriotism and glory, the spirit of chivalry and conquest, all were abroad, and his must indeed have been a cold heart which could find within it no response to the stirring sounds around. To the intense feeling of shame which I at first felt at my own life of obscure inactivity, there now succeeded a feverish desire to be somewhere and do something to dispel this worse than lethargy. I had not resolution to tell my comrades that I had served; I felt reluctant to speak of a career so abortive and unsuccessful; and yet I blushed at the half pitying expressions they bestowed upon my life of inglorious adventure.

"You risk life and limb here in these pine forests, and hazard existence for a bear or a chamois goat," cried one, "and half the peril in real war would perhaps make you a Chef d'Escadron, or even a general."

"Ay," said another, "we serve in an army where crowns are military distinctions, and the epaulet is only the first step to a kingdom."

"True," broke in a third, "Napoleon has changed the whole world, and made soldiering the only trade worth following. Massena was a drummer-boy within my own memory, and see him now! Ney was not born to great wealth and honors. Junot never could learn his trade

* Continued from the December Number

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as a cobbler, and for want of better has become a general of division."

"Yes, and," said I, following out the theme, "under that wooden roof yonder, through that little diamond-paned window the vine is trained across, a greater than any of the last three first saw the light. It was there Kleber, the conqueror of Egypt was born."

"Honor to the brave dead!" said the soldiers from their places around the fire, and carrying their hands to the salute. "We'll fire a salvo to him to-morrow before we set out!" said the corporal. "And so Kleber was born there!" said he, resuming his place, and staring with admiring interest at the dark outline of the old house, as it stood out against the starry and cloudless sky.

It was somewnat of a delicate task for me to prevent my companions offering their tribute of respect, but which the old peasant would have received with little gratitude, seeing that he had never yet forgiven the country nor the service for the loss of his son. With some management I accomplished this duty, however, promising my services at the same time to be their guide through the Bregenzer Wald, and not to part with them till I had seen them safely into Bavaria.

Had it not been for my thorough acquaintance with the Tyroler dialect, and all the usages of Tyrol life, their march would have been one of great peril, for already the old hatred against their Bavarian oppressors was beginning to stir the land, and Austrian agents were traversing the mountain districts in every direction, to call forth that patriotic ardor which, ill-requited as it has been, has more than once come to the rescue of Austria.

So sudden had been the outbreak of this war, and so little aware were the peasantry of the frontier of either its object or aim, that we frequently passed recruits for both armies on their way to head-quarters on the same day; honest Bavarians, who were trudging along the road with pack on their shoulders, and not knowing, nor indeed much caring, on which side they were to combat. My French comrades scorned to report themselves to any German officer, and pushed on vigorously in the hope of meeting with a French regiment. I had now conducted my little party to Immenstadt, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps; and, having completed my compact, was about to bid them good-by.

We were seated around our bivouac fire for the last time, as we deemed it, and pledging each other in a parting glass, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a bright red tongue of flame that suddenly darted up from one of the Alpine summits above our head. Another and another followed, till at length every mountain peak for miles and miles away displayed a great signal fire! Little knew we that behind that giant range of mountains, from the icy crags of the Glockner, and from the snowy summit of the Ortelér itself, similar fires were summoning all Tyrol to the combat; while every valley resounded with the war-cry of "God and the Emperor!" We were still in busy conjecture what all this might portend, when a small party of mounted men rode past us at a trot. They carried carbines slung over their peasant frocks, and showed unmistakably enough that they were some newly-raised and scarcely-disciplined force. After proceeding about a hundred yards beyond us they halted, and drew up across the road, unslinging their pieces as if to prepare for action.

"Look at those fellows, yonder," said the old corporal, as he puffed his pipe calmly and deliberately; "they mean mischief, or I'm much mistaken. Speak to them, Tiernay; you know their jargon."

I accordingly arose and advanced toward them, touching my hat in salute as I went forward. They did not give me much time, however, to open negotiations, for scarcely had I uttered a word, when bang went a shot close beside me; another followed; and then a whole volley was discharged, but with such haste and ill direction that not a ball struck me. Before I could take advantage of this piece of good fortune to renew my advances, a bullet whizzed by my head, and down went the left hand horse of the file, at first on his knees, and then, with a wild plunge into the air, he threw himself stone dead on the road, the rider beneath him. As for the rest, throwing off carbines and cartouche-boxes, they sprung from their horses, and took to the mountains with a speed that showed how far more they were at home amidst rock and heather than when seated on the saddle. My comrades lost no time in coming up; but while three of them kept the fugitives in sight, covering them all the time with their muskets, the others secured the cattle, as in amazement and terror they stood around the dead horse.

Although the peasant had received no other injuries than a heavy fall and his own fears inflicted, he was overcome with terror, and so certain of death that he would do nothing but mumble his prayers, totally deaf to all the efforts I made to restore his courage.

"That comes of putting a man out of his natural bent," said the old corporal. "On his native mountains, and with his rifle, that fellow would be brave enough; but making a dragoon of him is like turning a Cossack into a foot soldier. One thing is clear enough, we've no time to throw away here; these peasants will soon alarm the village in our rear, so that we had better mount and press forward."

"But in what direction," said another; "who knows if we shall not be rushing into worse danger!"

"Tiernay must look to that," interposed a third. "It's clear he can't leave us now; *his* retreat is cut off, at all events."

"That's the very point I was thinking of, lads," said I. "The beacon fires show that the 'Tyrol is up,' and safely as I have journeyed hither I know well I dare not venture to retrace my road; I'd be shot in the first Dorf I entered. On one condition, then, I'll join you; and short of that, however, I'll take my own path, come what may of it."

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"What's the condition, then?" cried three or four together.

"That you give me the full and absolute command of this party, and pledge your honor, as French soldiers, to obey me in every thing, till the day we arrive at the head-quarters of a French corps."

"What, obey a Pekin! take the *mot d'ordre* from a civilian that never handled a firelock!" shouted three or four, in derision.

"I have served, and with distinction too, my lads," said I calmly; "and if I have not handled a firelock, it is because I wielded a sabre, as an officer of hussars. It is not here, nor now, that I am going to tell why I wear the epaulet no longer. I'll render an account of that to my superior and yours! If you reject my offer, and I don't press you to accept it, let us at least part good friends. As for me, I can take care of myself." As I said this, I slung over my shoulder the cross-belt and carbine of one of the fugitives, and selecting a strongly-built, short-legged black horse as my mount, I adjusted the saddle, and sprung on his back.

"That was done like an old hussar, anyhow," said a soldier, who had been a cavalry man, "and I'll follow you, whatever the rest may do." He mounted as he spoke, and saluted as if on duty. Slight as the incident was, its effect was magical. Old habits of discipline revived at the first signal of obedience, and the corporal having made his men fall in, came up to my side for orders.

"Select the best of these horses," said I, "and let us press forward at once. We are about eighteen miles from the village of Wangheim; by halting a short distance outside of it, I can enter alone, and learn something about the state of the country, and the nearest French post. The cattle are all fresh, and we can easily reach the village before daybreak."

Three of my little "command" were tolerable horsemen, two of them having served in the artillery train, and the third being the dragoon I have alluded to. I accordingly threw out a couple of these as an advanced picket, keeping the last as my aid-de-camp at my side. The remainder formed the rear, with orders, if attacked, to dismount at once, and fire over the saddle, leaving myself and the others to manœuvre as cavalry. This was the only way to give confidence to those soldiers who in the ranks would have marched up to a battery, but on horseback were totally devoid of self-reliance. Meanwhile I imparted such instructions in equitation as I could, my own old experience as a riding-master well enabling me to select the most necessary and least difficult of a horseman's duties. Except the old corporal, all were very creditable pupils; but he, possibly deeming it a point of honor not to discredit his old career, rejected every thing like teaching, and openly protested that, save to run away from a victorious enemy, or follow a beaten one, he saw no use in cavalry.

Nothing could be in better temper, however, nor more amicable, than our discourses on this head and as I let drop, from time to time, little hints of my services on the Rhine and in Italy, I gradually perceived that I grew higher in the esteem of my companions, so that ere we rode a dozen miles together their confidence in me became complete.

In return for all their anecdotes of "blood and field," I told them several stories of my own life, and, at least, convinced them that if they had not chanced upon the very luckiest of mankind, they had, at least, fallen upon one who had seen enough of casualties not to be easily baffled, and who felt in every difficulty a self-confidence that no amount of discomfiture could ever entirely obliterate. No soldier can vie with a Frenchman in tempering respect with familiarity; so that while preserving toward me all the freedom of the comrade, they recognized in every detail of duty the necessity of prompt obedience, and followed every command I gave with implicit submission.

It was thus we rode along, till in the distance I saw the spire of a village church, and recognized what I knew must be Dorf Wangheim. It was yet an hour before sunrise, and all was tranquil around. I gave the word to trot, and after about forty minutes' sharp riding we gained a small pine wood, which skirted the village. Here I dismounted my party, and prepared to make my *entrée* alone into the Dorf, carefully arranging my costume for that purpose, sticking a large bouquet of wild flowers in my hat, and assuming as much as I could of the Tyrol look and lounge in my gait. I shortened my stirrups, also, to a most awkward and inconvenient length, and gripped my reins into a heap in my hand.

It was thus I rode into Wangheim, saluting the people as I passed up the street, and with the short, dry greeting of "Tag," and a nod as brief, playing the Tyroler to the top of my bent. The "Syndicus," or the ruler of the village, lived in a good-sized house in the "Platz," which, being market-day, was crowded with people, although the articles for sale appeared to include little variety, almost every one leading a calf by a straw rope, the rest of the population contenting themselves with a wild turkey, or sometimes two, which, held under the arms, added the most singular element to the general concert of human voices around. Little stalls for rustic jewelry and artificial flowers, the latter in great request, ran along the sides of the square, with here and there a booth where skins and furs were displayed, more, however, as it appeared to give pleasure to a group of sturdy jägers, who stood around, recognizing the track of their own bullets, than from any hope of sale. In fact, the business of the day was dull, and an experienced eye would have seen at a glance that turkeys were "heavy," and calves "looking down." No wonder that it should be so; the interest of the scene being concentrated on a little knot of some twenty youths, who, with tickets containing a number in their hats, stood before the Syndic's door. They were fine-looking, stalwart, straight fellows; and became admirably the manly costume of their native mountains; but their countenances were not

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without an expression of sadness, the reflection, as I soon saw, of the sadder faces around them. For so they stood, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, their tearful eyes turned on the little band. It puzzled me not a little at first to see these evidences of a conscription in a land where hitherto the population had answered the call to arms by a levy "*en masse*," while the air of depression and sadness seemed also strange in those who gloried in the excitement of war. The first few sentences I overheard revealed the mystery. Wangheim was Bavarian; although strictly a Tyrol village, and Austrian Tyrol, too, it had been included within the Bavarian frontier, and the orders had arrived from Munich at the Syndicate to furnish a certain number of men by a certain day. This was terrible tidings; for although they did not as yet know that the war was against Austria, they had heard that the troops were for foreign service, and not for the defense of home and country, the only cause which a Tyroler deems worthy of battle. As I listened I gathered that the most complete ignorance prevailed as to the service or the destination to which they were intended. The Bavarians had merely issued their mandates to the various villages of the border, and neither sent emissaries nor officers to carry them out. Having seen how the "land lay," I pushed my way through the crowd, into the hall of the Syndicate, and by dint of a strong will and stout shoulder, at length gained the audience chamber; where, seated behind an elevated bench, the great man was dispensing justice. I advanced boldly, and demanded an immediate audience in private, stating that my business was most pressing, and not admitting of delay. The Syndic consulted for a second or two with his clerk, and retired, beckoning me to follow.

"You're not a Tyroler," said he to me, the moment we were alone.

"That is easy to see, Herr Syndicus," replied I. "I'm an officer of the staff, in disguise, sent to make a hasty inspection of the frontier villages, and report upon the state of feeling that prevails among them, and how they stand affected toward the cause of Bavaria."

"And what have you found, sir?" said he, with native caution; for a Bavarian Tyroler has the quality in a perfection that neither a Scotchman nor a Russian can pretend to.

"That you are all Austrian at heart," said I, determined to dash at him with a frankness that I knew he could not resist "There's not a Bavarian among you. I have made the whole tour of the Vorarlberg; through the Bregenzer Wald, down the valley of the Lech, by Immenstadt, and Wangheim; and it's all the same. I have heard nothing but the old cry of 'Gott, und der Kaiser!'"

"Indeed!" said he, with an accent beautifully balanced between sorrow and astonishment.

"Even the men in authority, the Syndics, like yourself, have frankly told me how difficult it is to preserve allegiance to a government by whom they have been so harshly treated. I'm sure I have the 'grain question,' as they call it, and the 'Freiwechsel' with South Tyrol, off by heart," said I, laughing. "However, my business lies in another quarter. I have seen enough to show me that, save the outcasts from home and family, that class so rare in Tyrol, that men call adventurers, we need look for no willing recruits here; and you'll stare when I say that I am glad of it —heartily glad of it."

The Syndic did, indeed, stare, but he never ventured a word in reply.

"I'll tell you why, then, Herr Syndicus. With a man like yourself one can afford to be openhearted. Wangheim, Luttrich, Kempenfeld, and all the other villages at the foot of these mountains, were never other than Austrian. Diplomatists and map-makers colored them pale blue, but they were black and yellow underneath; and what's more to the purpose, Austrian they must become again. When the real object of this war is known, all Tyrol will declare for the house of Hapsburg. We begin to perceive this ourselves, and to dread the misfortunes and calamities that must fall upon you and the other frontier towns by this divided allegiance; for when you have sent off your available youth to the Bavarians, down will come Austria to revenge itself upon your undefended towns and villages."

The Syndic apparently had thought of all these things exactly with the same conclusions, for he shook his head gravely, and uttered a low, faint sigh.

"I'm so convinced of what I tell you," said I, "that no sooner have I conducted to head-quarters the force I have under my command—"

"You have a force, then, actually under your orders?" cried he, starting.

"The advanced guard is picketed in yonder pine wood, if you have any curiosity to inspect them; you'll find them a little disorderly, perhaps, like all newly-raised levies, but I hope not discreditable allies for the great army."

The Syndic protested his sense of the favor, but begged to take all their good qualities on trust.

I then went on to assure him that I should recommend the government to permit the range of frontier towns to preserve a complete neutrality; by scarcely any possibility could the war come to *their* doors; and that there was neither sound policy nor humanity in sending them to seek it elsewhere. I will not stop to recount all the arguments I employed to enforce my opinions, nor how learnedly I discussed every question of European politics. The Syndic was amazed at the vast range of my acquirements, and could not help confessing it.

My interview ended by persuading him not to send on his levies of men till he had received further instructions from Munich; to supply my advanced guards with rations and allowances intended for the others; and lastly to advance me the sum of one hundred and seventy crown thalers, on the express pledge that the main body of my "marauders," as I took the opportunity to style them, should take the road by Kempen and

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Durcheim, and not touch on the village of Wangheim at all.

When discussing this last point, I declared to the Syndic that he was depriving himself of a very imposing sight; that the men, whatever might be said of them in point of character, were a fine-looking, daring set of rascals, neither respecting laws nor fearing punishment, and that our band, for a newly formed one, was by no means contemptible. He resisted all these seducing prospects, and counted down his dollars with the air of a man who felt that he had made a good bargain. I gave him a receipt in form, and signed Maurice Tiernay at the foot of it as stoutly as though I had the *Grand Livre de France* at my back.

Let not the reader rashly condemn me for this fault, nor still more rashly conclude that I acted with a heartless and unprincipled spirit in this transaction. I own that a species of Jesuitry suggested the scheme, and that while providing for the exigencies of my own comrades, I satisfied my conscience by rendering a good service in return. The course of war, as I suspected it would, did sweep past this portion of the Bavarian Tyrol without inflicting any heavy loss. Such of the peasantry as joined the army fought under the Austrian banners, and Wangheim and the other border villages had not to pay the bloody penalty of a divided allegiance. I may add, too, for conscience sake, that while traveling this way many years after, I stopped a day at Wangheim to point out its picturesque scenery to a fair friend who accompanied me. The village inn was kept by an old, venerable-looking man, who also discharged the functions of "Vorsteher"—the title Syndicus was abolished. He was, although a little cold and reserved at first, very communicative, after a while, and full of stories of the old campaigns of France and Austria, among which he related one of a certain set of French freebooters that once passed through Wangheim, the captain having actually breakfasted with himself, and persuaded him to advance a loan of nigh two hundred thalers on the faith of the Bavarian Government.

"He was a good-looking, dashing sort of fellow," said he, "that could sing French love songs to the piano and jodle 'Tyroler Lieder' for the women. My daughter took a great fancy to him, and wore his sword-knot for many a day after, till we found that he had cheated and betrayed us. Even then, however, I don't think she gave him up, though she did not speak of him as before. This is the fellow's writing," added he, producing a much-worn and much-crumpled scrap of paper from his old pocket-book, "and there's his name. I have never been able to make out clearly whether it was Thierray or Lierray."

"I know something about him," said I, "and, with your permission, will keep the document, and pay the bill. Your daughter is alive still?"

"Ay, and married, too, at Bruck, ten miles from this."

"Well, if she has thrown away the old sword-knot, tell her to accept this one in memory of the French captain, who was not, at least, an ungrateful rogue;" and I detached from my sabre the rich gold tassel and cord which I wore as a general officer.

This little incident I may be pardoned for interpolating from a portion of my life, of which I do not intend to speak further, as with the career of the Soldier of Fortune I mean to close these memoirs of Maurice Tiernay.

CHAPTER XLIX

"A LUCKY MEETING."

The reader will probably not complain if, passing over the manifold adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of my little party, I come to our arrival at Ingoldstadt, where the head-quarters of General Vandamme were stationed. It was just as the recall was beating that we rode into the town, where, although nearly eight thousand men were assembled, our somewhat singular cavalcade attracted no small share of notice. Fresh rations for "man and beast" slung around our very ragged clothing, and four Austrian grenadiers tied by a cord, wrist to wrist, as prisoners behind us, we presented, it must be owned, a far more picturesque than soldierlike party.

Accepting all the attentions bestowed upon us in the most flattering sense, and affecting not to perceive the ridicule we were exciting on every hand, I rode up to the "Etat Major" and dismounted. I had obtained from "my prisoners" what I deemed a very important secret, and was resolved to make the most of it by asking for an immediate audience of the general.

"I am the officier d'ordonnance," said a young lieutenant of dragoons, stepping forward; "any communication you have to make must be addressed to *me*."

"I have taken four prisoners, Monsieur le Lieutenant," said I, "and would wish to inform General Vandamme on certain matters they have revealed to me."

"Are you in the service?" asked he, with a glance at my incongruous equipment.

"I have served sir," was my reply.

"In what army of brigands was it then," said he, laughing, "for, assuredly, you do not recall to my recollection any European force that I know of?"

"I may find leisure and inclination to give you the fullest information on this point at another moment, sir; for the present my business is more pressing. Can I see General Vandamme?"

"Of course, you can not, my worthy fellow! If you had served, as you say you have, you could scarcely have made so absurd a request. A French general of division does not give audience to every tatterdemalion who picks up a prisoner on the high road."

"It is exactly because I *have* served that I do make the request," said I, stoutly.

"How so, pray?" asked he, staring at me.

"Because I know well how often young staff-officers, in their own self-sufficiency, overlook the most important points, and, from the humble char

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acter of their informants, frequently despise what their superiors, had they known it, would have largely profited by. And, even if I did not know this fact, I have the memory of another one scarcely less striking, which was, that General Massena himself admitted me to an audience when my appearance was not a whit more imposing than at present."

"You knew General Massena, then. Where was it, may I ask?"

"In Genoa, during the siege."

"And what regiment have you served in?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Quite enough, my good fellow. The Ninth were on the Sambre while that siege was going on," said he, laughing sarcastically.

"I never said that my regiment was at Genoa. I only asserted that I was," was my calm reply, for I was anxious to prolong the conversation, seeing that directly over our heads, on a balcony, a number of officers had just come out to smoke their cigars after dinner, among whom I recognized two or three in the uniform of general.

"And now for your name; let's have that," said he, seating himself, as if for a lengthy cross-examination.

I stole a quick glance over head, and seeing that two of the officers were eagerly listening to our colloquy, said aloud,

"I'll tell you no more, sir. You have already heard quite enough to know what my business is. I didn't come here to relate my life and adventures."

"I say, Lestocque," cried a large, burly man, from above, "have you picked up Robinson Crusoe, there?"

"He's far more like the man, Friday, mon general," said the young lieutenant, laughing, "although even a savage might have more deference for his superiors."

"What does he want, then?" asked the other.

"An audience of yourself, mon general—nothing less."

"Have you told him how I am accustomed to reward people who occupy my time on false pretences, Lestocque?" said the general, with a grin. "Does he know that the Salle de Police first, and the Prevot afterward comprise my gratitude?"

"He presumes to say, sir, that he knows General Massena," said the lieutenant.

"Diable! He knows *me*, does he say—he knows *me*? Who is he—what is he?" said a voice I well remembered, and at the same instant the brown, dark visage of General Massena peered over the balcony.

"He's a countryman of yours, Massena," said Vandamme, laughing. "Eh, are you not a Piedmontais?"

Up to this moment I had stood silently listening to the dialogue around me, without the slightest apparent sign of noticing it. Now, however, as I was directly addressed, I drew myself up to a soldier-like attitude and replied—

"No, sir. I am more a Frenchman than General Vandamme, at least."

"Send that fellow here; send him up, Lestocque, and have a corporal's party ready for duty," cried the general, as he threw the end of his cigar into the street, and walked hastily away.

It was not the first time in my life that my tongue had brought peril on my head; but I ascended the stairs with a firm step, and if not with a light, at least with a resolute heart, seeing how wonderfully little I had to lose, and that few men had a smaller stake in existence than myself.

The voices were loud, and in tones of anger, as I stepped out upon the terrace.

"So we are acquaintances, it would appear, my friend?" said Massena, as he stared fixedly at me.

"If General Massena can not recall the occasion of our meeting," said I, proudly, "I'll scarcely remind him of it."

"Come, come," said Vandamme, angrily, "I must deal with this 'gailliard' myself. Are you a French soldier?"

"I was, sir; an officer of cavalry."

"And were you broke? did you desert? or what was it?" cried he, impatiently.

"I kept better company than I believe is considered safe in these days, and was accidentally admitted to the acquaintance of the Prince de Condé—"

"That's it!" said Vandamme, with a long whistle; "*that's* the mischief, then. You are a Vendéan?"

"No, sir; I was never a Royalist, although, as I have said, exposed to the very society whose fascinations might have made me one."

"Your name is Tiernay, monsieur, or I mistake much?" said a smart-looking young man in civilian dress.

I bowed an assent, without expressing any sentiment of either fear or anxiety.

"I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of that gentleman's narrative," said Monsieur de Bourrienne, for I now saw it was himself. "You may possibly remember a visitor—"

"At the Temple," said I, interrupting him. "I recollect you perfectly, sir, and thank you for this recognition."

Monsieur de Bourrienne, however, did not pay much attention to my gratitude, but proceeded in a few hurried words to give some account of me to the bystanders.

"Well, it must be owned that he looks devilish unlike an officer of hussars," said Massena, as he laughed, and made others laugh, at my strange equipment.

"And yet you saw me in a worse plight, general," said I, coolly.

"How so—where was that?" cried he.

"It will be a sore wound to my pride, general," said I slowly, "if I must refresh your memory."

"You were not at Valenciennes," said he, musing. "No, no; *that* was before your day. Were you on the Meuse, then? No. Nor in Spain? I've always had hussars in my division; but I confess I do not remember all the officers.'

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"Will Genoa not give the clew, sir!" said I, glancing at him a keen look.

"Least of all," cried he. "The cavalry were with Soult. I had nothing beyond an escort in the town."

"So there's no help for it," said I, with a sigh. "Do you remember a half-drowned wretch that was laid down at your feet in the Annunziata Church one morning during the siege!"

"A fellow who had made his escape from the English fleet, and swam ashore! What! are you—By Jove! so it is, the very same. Give me your hand, my brave fellow. I've often thought of you, and wondered what had befallen you. You joined that unlucky attack on Monte Faccio; and we had warm work ourselves on hands the day after. I say, Vandamme, the first news I had of our columns crossing the Alps were from this officer—for officer he was, and shall be again, if I live to command a French division."

Massena embraced me affectionately, as he said this; and then turning to the others, said—

"Gentlemen, you see before you the man you have often heard me speak of—a young officer of hussars, who, in the hope of rescuing a division of the French army, at that time shut up in a besieged city, performed one of the most gallant exploits on record. Within a week after he led a storming party against a mountain fortress; and I don't care if he lived in the intimacy of every Bourbon Prince, from the Count D'Artois downward, he's a good Frenchman, and a brave soldier. Bourrienne, you're starting for head-quarters! Well, it is not at such a moment as this, you can bear these matters in mind; but don't forget my friend Tiernay; depend upon it he'll do you no discredit. The Emperor knows well both how to employ and how to reward such men as him."

I heard these flattering speeches like one in a delicious dream. To stand in the midst of a distinguished group, while Massena thus spoke of me, seemed too much for reality, for praise had indeed become a rare accident to me; but from such a quarter it was less eulogy than fame. How hard was it to persuade myself that I was awake, as I found myself seated at the table, with a crowd of officers, pledging the toasts they gave, and drinking bumpers in friendly recognition with all around me.

Such was the curiosity to hear my story, that numbers of others crowded into the room, which gradually assumed the appearance of a theatre. There was scarcely an incident to which I referred, that some one or other of those present could not vouch for; and whether I alluded to my earlier adventures in the Black Forest, or the expedition of Humbert, or to the later scenes of my life, I met corroboration from one quarter or another. Away as I was from Paris and its influences, in the midst of my comrades, I never hesitated to relate the whole of my acquaintance with Fouché—a part of my narrative which, I must own, amused them more than all the rest. In the midst of all these intoxicating praises, and of a degree of wonder that might have turned wiser heads, I never forgot that I was in possession of what seemed to myself at least a very important military fact, no less than the mistaken movement of an Austrian general, who had marched his division so far to the southward as to leave an interval of several miles between himself and the main body of the Imperial forces. This fact I had obtained from the grenadiers I had made prisoners, and who were stragglers from the corps I alluded to.

The movement in question was doubtless intended to menace the right flank of our army, but every soldier of Napoleon well knew that so long as he could pierce the enemy's centre such flank attacks were ineffectual, the question being already decided before they could be undertaken.

My intelligence, important as it appeared to myself, struck the two generals as of even greater moment; and Massena, who had arrived only a few hours before from his own division to confer with Vandamme, resolved to take me with him at once to head-quarters.

"You are quite certain of what you assert, Tiernay!" said he; "doubtful information, or a mere surmise, will not do with him before whom you will be summoned. You must be clear on every point, and brief—remember that—not a word more than is absolutely necessary."

I repeated that I had taken the utmost precautions to assure myself of the truth of the men's statement, and had ridden several leagues between the Austrian left and the left centre. The prisoners themselves could prove that they had marched from early morning till late in the afternoon without coming up with a single Austrian post.

The next question was to equip me with a uniform—but what should it be? I was not attached to any corps, nor had I any real rank in the army. Massena hesitated about appointing me on his own staff without authority, nor could he advise me to assume the dress of my old regiment. Time was pressing, and it was decided—I own to my great discomfiture—that I should continue to wear my Tyroler costume till my restoration to my former rank was fully established.

I was well tired, having already ridden thirteen leagues of a bad road, when I was obliged to mount once more, and accompany General Massena in his return to head-quarters. A good supper and some excellent Bordeaux, and, better than either, a light heart, gave me abundant energy; and after the first three or four miles of the way I felt as if I was equal to any fatigue.

As we rode along the general repeated all his cautions to me in the event of my being summoned to give information at head-quarters; the importance of all my replies being short, accurate, and to the purpose; and, above all, the avoidance of any thing like an opinion or expression of my own judgment on passing events. I promised faithfully to observe all his counsels, and not bring discredit on his patronage.

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CHAPTER L.

THE MARCH ON VIENNA.

All General Massena's wise counsels, and my own steady resolves to profit by them, were so far thrown away, that, on our arrival at Abensberg, we found that the Emperor had left it four hours before, and pushed on to Ebersfield, a village about five leagues to the eastward. A dispatch, however, awaited Massena, telling him to push forward with Oudinot's corps to Newstadt, and, with his own division, which comprised the whole French right, to manœuvre so as to menace the Archduke's base upon the Iser.

Let my reader not fear that I am about to inflict on him a story of the great campaign itself, nor compel him to seek refuge in a map from the terrible array of hard names of towns and villages for which that district is famous. It is enough for my purpose that I recall to his memory the striking fact, that when the French sought victory by turning and defeating the Austrian left, the Austrians were exactly in march to execute a similar movement on the French left wing. Napoleon, however, gave the first "check," and "mated" his adversary ere he could open his game. By the almost lightning speed of his manœuvres, he moved forward from Ratisbon with the great bulk of his army; and at the very time that the Archduke believed him to be awaiting battle around that city, he was far on his march to Landshut.

General Massena was taking a hurried cup of coffee, and dictating a few lines to his secretary, when a dragoon officer galloped into the town with a second dispatch, which, whatever its contents, must needs have been momentous, for in a few minutes the drums were beating and trumpets sounding, and all the stirring signs of an immediate movement visible. It was yet an hour before daybreak, and dark as midnight; torches, however, blazed every where, and by their flaring light the artillery-trains and wagons drove through the narrow street of the village, shaking the frail old houses with their rude trot. Even in a retreating army, I have scarcely witnessed such a spectacle of uproar, confusion, and chaos; but still, in less than an hour the troops had all defiled from the town, the advanced guard was already some miles on its way; and, except a small escort of lancers before the little inn where the general still remained, there was not a soldier to be seen. It may seem absurd to say it, but I must confess that my eagerness to know what was "going on" in front, was divided by a feeling of painful uneasiness at my ridiculous dress, and the shame I experienced at the glances bestowed on me by the soldiers of the escort. It was no time, however, to speak of myself or attend to my own fortunes, and I loitered about the court of the inn, wondering if, in the midst of such stirring events, the general would chance to remember me. If I had but a frock and a shako, thought I, I could make my way. It is this confounded velvet jacket and this absurd and tapering hat, will be my ruin. If I were to charge a battery, I'd only look like a merry-andrew after all; men will not respect what is only laughable. Perhaps, after all, thought I, it matters little; doubtless, Massena has forgotten me, and I shall be left behind like a broken limber. At one time I blamed myself for not pushing on with some detachment—at another I half resolved to put a bold face on it, and present myself before the general; and between regrets for the past and doubts for the future, I at last worked myself up to a state of anxiety little short of fever.

While I walked to and fro in this distracted mood I perceived, by the bustle within doors, that the general was about to depart; at the same time several dismounted dragoons appeared, leading saddle-horses, tightening girths, and adjusting curb-chains, all tokens of a start. While I looked on these preparations, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs close behind, and the spluttering noise of a struggle. I turned and saw it was the general himself, who had just mounted his charger, but before catching his right stirrup the horse had plunged, and was dragging the "orderly" across the court by the bridle. Seeing, in an instant, that the soldier's effort to hold on was only depriving General Massena of all command of the horse, who must probably have fallen on his flank, I jumped forward, caught the stirrup, and slipped it over the general's foot, and then, with a sharp blow on the soldier's wrist, compelled him to relax his grasp. So suddenly were the two movements effected, that in less time than I take to relate it, all was over, and the general, who, for a heavy man, was a good rider, was fast seated in his saddle. I had now no time, however, to bestow on him, for the dragoon, stung by the insult of a blow, and from a peasant, as he deemed it, rushed at me with his sabre.

"*Halte la!*" cried Massena in a voice of thunder; "it was that country fellow saved me from a broken bone, which your infernal awkwardness might have given me. Throw him a couple of florins for me," cried he to his aid-de-camp, who just rode in; "and do you, sir, join your ranks, I must look for another orderly."

"I am right glad to have been in the way, general," said I, springing forward, and touching my hat.

"What, Tiernay—this you?" cried he. "How is this? have I forgotten you all this time? What's to be done now? You ought to have gone on with the rest, monsieur. You should have volunteered with some corps, eh?"

"I hoped to have been attached to yourself, general. I thought I could, perhaps, have made myself useful."

"Yes, yes, very true; so you might, I've no doubt; but my staff is full, I've no vacancy. What's to be done now? Lestocque, have we any spare cattle?"

"Yes, general; we've your own eight horses, and two of Cambronne's."

"Ah, poor fellow, he'll not want them more I suppose Tiernay may as well take one of them, at least"

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"There's an undress uniform, too, of Camoronne's would fit Monsieur de Tiernay," said the officer, who, I saw, had no fancy for my motley costume alongside of him.

"Oh, Tiernay doesn't care for that; he's too old a soldier to bestow a thought upon the color of his jacket," said Massena.

"Pardon me, general, but it is exactly one of my weaknesses; and I feel that until I get rid of these trappings I shall never feel myself a soldier."

"I thought you had been made of other stuff," muttered the general, "and particularly since there's like to be little love-making in the present campaign." And with that he rode forward, leaving me to follow when I could.

"These are Cambronne's keys," said Lestocque, "and you'll find enough for your present wants in the saddle-bags. Take the gray, he's the better horse, and come up with us as fast as you can."

I saw that I had forfeited something of General Massena's good opinion by my dandyism; but I was consoled in a measure for the loss, as I saw the price at which I bought the forfeiture. The young officer, who had fallen three days before, and was a nephew of the General Cambronne, was a lieutenant in Murat's celebrated corps, the Lancers of "Berg," whose uniform was the handsomest in the French army. Even the undress scarlet frock and small silver helmet were more splendid than many full parade uniforms; and as I attired myself in these brilliant trappings, I secretly vowed that the Austrians should see them in some conspicuous position ere a month was over. If I had but one sigh for the poor fellow to whose "galanterie" I succeeded, I had many a smile for myself as I passed and re-passed before the glass, adjusting a belt or training an aigrette to fall more gracefully. While thus occupied, I felt something heavy clink against my leg, and opening the sabertasch, discovered a purse containing upward of forty golden Napoleons and some silver. It was a singular way to succeed to a "heritage," I thought, but, with the firm resolve to make honest restitution, I replaced the money where I found it, and descended the stairs, my sabre jingling and my spurs clanking, to the infinite admiration of the hostess and her handmaiden, who looked on my transformation as a veritable piece of magic.

I'm sure Napoleon himself had not framed one-half as many plans for that campaign as I did while I rode along. By a close study of the map, and the aid of all the oral information in my power, I had at length obtained a tolerably accurate notion of the country; and I saw, or I thought I saw, at least, half a dozen distinct ways of annihilating the Austrians. I have often since felt shame, even to myself, at the effrontery with which I discussed the great manœuvres going forward, and the unblushing coolness with which I proffered my opinions and my criticisms; and I really believe that General Massena tolerated my boldness rather for the amusement it afforded him than from any other cause.

"Well, Tiernay," said he, as a fresh order reached him, with the most pressing injunction to hurry forward, "we are to move at once on Moosburg—what does that portend?"

"Sharp work, general," replied I, not noticing the sly malice of the question; "the Austrians are there in force."

"Do your grenadiers say so?"—asked he, sarcastically.

"No, general; but as the base of the operations is the Iser, they must needs guard all the bridges over the river, as well as protect the high road to Vienna by Landshut."

"But you forget that Landshut is a good eight leagues from that!" said he, with a laugh.

"They'll have to fall back there, nevertheless," said I, coolly, "or they suffer themselves to be cut off from their own centre."

"Would you believe it," whispered Massena to a colonel at his side, "the fellow has just guessed our intended movement?"

Low as he spoke, my quick ears caught the words, and my heart thumped with delight as I heard them. This was the Emperor's strategy—Massena was to fall impetuously on the enemy's left at Moosburg, and drive them to a retreat on Landshut; when, at the moment of the confusion and disorder, they were to be attacked by Napoleon himself, with a vastly superior force. The game opened even sooner than expected, and a few minutes after the conversation I have reported, our "Tirailleurs" were exchanging shots with the enemy. These sounds, however, were soon drowned in the louder din of artillery, which thundered away at both sides till nightfall. It was a strange species of engagement, for we continued to march on the entire time, the enemy as steadily retiring before us, while the incessant cannonade never ceased.

Although frequently sent to the front with orders, I saw nothing of the Austrians; a low line of bluish smoke toward the horizon, now and then flashing into flame, denoted their position, and as we were about as invisible to them, a less exciting kind of warfare would be difficult to conceive. Neither was the destruction important; many of the Austrian shot were buried in the deep clay in our front; and considering the time, and the number of pieces in action, our loss was insignificant. Soldiers, if they be not the trained veterans of a hundred battles, grow very impatient in this kind of operation; they can not conceive why they are not led forward, and wonder at the over caution of the general. Ours were mostly young levies, and were consequently very profuse of their comments and complaints.

"Have patience, my brave boys," said an old sergeant to some of the grumblers; "I've seen some service, and I never saw a battle open this way that there wasn't plenty of fighting ere it was over."

A long, low range of hills bounds the plain to the west of Moosburg, and on these, as night closed, our bivouac fires were lighted, some of them extending to nearly half a mile to the left of our real position, and giving the Austrians

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the impression that our force was stationed in that direction. A thin, drizzly rain, cold enough to be sleet, was falling; and as the ground had been greatly cut up by the passage of artillery and cavalry, a less comfortable spot to bivouac in could not be imagined. It was difficult, too, to obtain wood for our fires, and our prospects for the dark hours were scarcely brilliant. The soldiers grumbled loudly at being obliged to sit and cook their messes at the murky flame of damp straw, while the fires at our left blazed away gayly without one to profit by them. Frenchmen, however, are rarely ill-humored in face of an enemy, and their complaints assumed all the sarcastic drollery which they so well understand, and even over their half-dressed supper they were beginning to grow merry, when staff-officers were seen traversing the lines at full speed in all directions.

"We are attacked—the Austrians are upon us!" cried two or three soldiers, snatching up their muskets.

"No, no, friend," replied a veteran, "it's the other way; we are going at *them*."

This was the true reading of the problem; orders were sent to every brigade to form in close column of attack; artillery and cavalry to advance under their cover, and ready to deploy at a moment's notice.

Moosburg lay something short of two miles from us, having the Iser in front, over which was a wooden bridge, protected by a strong flanking battery. The river was not passable, nor had we any means of transporting artillery across it; so that to this spot our main attack was at once directed. Had the Austrian general, Heller, who was second in command to the Archduke Louis, either cut off the bridge, or taken effectual measures to oppose its passage, the great events of the campaign might have assumed a very different feature. It is said, however, that an entire Austrian brigade was encamped near Freising, and that the communication was left open to save them.

Still it must be owned that the Imperialists took few precautions for their safety; for, deceived by our line of watch-fires, the pickets extended but a short distance into the plain; and when attacked by our light cavalry, many of them were cut off at once; and of those who fell back, several traversed the bridge, with their pursuers at their heels. Such was the impetuosity of the French attack, that although the most positive orders had been given by Massena that not more than three guns and their caissons should traverse the bridge together, and even these at a walk, seven or eight were seen passing at the same instant, and all at a gallop, making the old frame-work so rock and tremble, that it seemed ready to come to pieces. As often happens, the hardihood proved our safety. The Austrians counting upon our slow transit, only opened a heavy fire after several of our pieces had crossed, and were already in a position to reply to them. Their defense, if somewhat late, was a most gallant one; and the gunners continued to fire on our advancing columns till we captured the block-house, and sabred the men at their guns. Meanwhile the Imperial Cuirassiers, twelve hundred strong, made a succession of furious charges upon us, driving our light cavalry away before them, and for a brief space making the fortune of the day almost doubtful. It soon appeared, however, that these brave fellows were merely covering the retreat of the main body, who in all haste were falling back on the villages of Furth and Arth. Some squadrons of Kellerman's heavy cavalry gave time for our light artillery to open their fire, and the Austrian ranks were rent open with terrific loss.

Day was now dawning, and showed us the Austrian army in retreat by the two great roads toward Landshut. Every rising spot of ground was occupied by artillery, and in some places defended by stockades, showing plainly enough that all hope of saving the guns was abandoned, and that they only thought of protecting their flying columns from our attack. These dispositions cost us heavily, for as we were obliged to carry each of these places before we could advance, the loss in this hand-to-hand encounter was very considerable. At length, however, the roads became so blocked up by artillery, that the infantry were driven to defile into the swampy fields at the road side, and here our cavalry cut them down unmercifully, while grape tore through the dense masses at half musket range.

Had discipline or command been possible, our condition might have been made perilous enough, since, in the impetuosity of attack, large masses of our cavalry got separated from their support, and were frequently seen struggling to cut their way out of the closing columns of the enemy. Twice or thrice it actually happened that officers surrendered the whole squadron as prisoners, and were rescued by their own comrades afterward. The whole was a scene of pell-mell confusion and disorder; some abandoning positions when successful defense was possible, others obstinately holding their ground when destruction was inevitable. Few prisoners were taken; indeed, I believe, quarter was little thought of by either side. The terrible excitement had raised men's passions to the pitch of madness, and each fought with all the animosity of hate.

Massena was always in the front, and, as was his custom, comporting himself with a calm steadiness that he rarely displayed in the common occurrences of every-day life. Like the English Picton, the crash and thunder of conflict seemed to soothe and assuage the asperities of an irritable temper, and his mind appeared to find a congenial sphere in the turmoil and din of battle. The awkward attempt of a French squadron to gallop in a deep marsh, where men and horses were rolling indiscriminately together, actually gave him a hearty fit of laughter, and he issued his orders for their recall, as though the occurrence were a good joke. It was while observing this incident, that an orderly delivered into his hands some maps and papers that had just been captured from the fourgon of a staff-officer.

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Turning them rapidly over, Massena chanced upon the plan of a bridge, with marks indicative of points of defense at either side of it, and the arrangements for mining it, if necessary. It was too long to represent the bridge of Moosburg, and must probably mean that of Landshut; and so thinking, and deeming that its possession might be important to the Emperor, he ordered me to take a fresh horse, and hasten with it to the head-quarters. The orders I received were vague enough.

"You'll come up with the advance guard some eight or nine miles to the north'ard; you'll chance upon some of the columns near Fleisheim."

Such were the hurried directions I obtained, in the midst of the smoke and din of a battle; but it was no time to ask for more precise instructions, and away I went.

In less than twenty minutes' sharp riding, I found myself in a little valley, inclosed by low hills, and watered by a small tributary of the Danube, along whose banks cottages were studded in the midst of what seemed one great orchard, since for miles the white and pink blossoms of fruit-trees were to be seen extending. The peasants were at work in the fields, and the oxen were toiling along with the heavy wagons, or the scarcely less cumbersome plow, as peacefully as though bloodshed and carnage were not within a thousand miles of them. No high road penetrated this secluded spot, and hence it lay secure, while ruin and devastation raged at either side of it. As the wind was from the west, nothing could be heard of the cannonade toward Moosburg, and the low hills completely shut out all signs of the conflict. I halted at a little way-side forge, to have a loose shoe fastened, and in the crowd of gazers who stood around me, wondering at my gay trappings and gaudy uniform, not one had the slightest suspicion that I was other than Austrian. One old man asked me if it were not true that the "French were coming!" and another laughed, and said, "They had better not;" and there was all they knew of that terrible struggle—the shock that was to rend in twain a great empire.

Full of varied thought on this theme, I mounted and rode forward. At first, the narrow roads were so deep and heavy, that I made little progress; occasionally, too, I came to little streams, traversed by a bridge of a single plank, and was either compelled to swim my horse across, or wander long distances in search of a ford. These obstructions made me impatient, and my impatience but served to delay me more, and all my efforts to push directly forward only tended to embarrass me. I could not ask for guidance, since I knew not the name of a single village or town, and to have inquired for the direction in which the troops were stationed, might very possibly have brought me into danger.

At last, after some hours of toilsome wandering, I reached a small way-side inn, and resolving to obtain some information of my whereabouts, I asked whither the road led that passed through a long, low, swampy plain, and disappeared in a pine wood

"To Landshut," was the answer.

"And the distance?"

"Three German miles," said the host; "but they are worse than five; for since the new line has been opened, this road has fallen into neglect. Two of the bridges are broken, and a landslip has completely blocked up the passage at another place."

"Then how am I to gain the new road?"

Alas! there was nothing for it but going back to the forge where I had stopped three hours and a half before, and whence I could take a narrow bridle-path to Fleisheim, that would bring me out on the great road The very thought of retracing my way was intolerable; many of the places I had leaped my horse over would have been impossible to cross from the opposite side; once I narrowly escaped being carried down by a mill-race; and, in fact, no dangers nor inconveniences of the road in front of me, could equal those of the course I had just come. Besides all this, to return to Fleisheim would probably bring me far in the rear of the advancing columns, while if I pushed on toward Landshut, I might catch sight of them from some rising spot of ground.

"You will go, I see," cried the host, as he saw me set out. "Perhaps you're right; the old adage says, 'It's often the roughest road leads to the smoothest fortune.'"

Even that much encouragement was not without its value. I spurred into a canter with fresh spirits. The host of the little inn had not exaggerated; the road was execrable. Heavy rocks and mounds of earth had slipped down with the rains of winter, and remained in the middle of the way. The fallen masonry of the bridges had driven the streams into new channels, with deep pools among them; broken wagons and ruined carts marked the misfortunes of some who had ventured on the track; and except for a well-mounted and resolute horseman, the way was impracticable. I was well-nigh overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, as clambering up a steep hill, with the bridle on my arm, I gained the crest of the ridge, and suddenly saw Landshut—for it could be no other—before me. I have looked at many new pictures and scenes, but I own I never beheld one that gave me half the pleasure. The ancient town, with its gaunt old belfries, and still more ancient castle, stood on a bend of the Inn, which was here crossed by a long wooden bridge, supported on boats, a wide track of shingle and gravel on either side showing the course into which the melting snows often swelled the stream. From the point where I stood, I could see into the town. The Platz, the old gardens of the nunnery, the terrace of the castle, all were spread out before me; and to my utter surprise, there seemed little or no movement going forward There were two guns in position at the bridge; some masons were at work on the houses, beside the river, piercing the walls for the use of musketry, and an infantry battalion was under arms in the market-place. These were all the preparations I could discover against the advance of a

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great army. But so it was; the Austrian spies had totally misled them, and while they believed that the great bulk of the French lay around Ratisbon, the centre of the army, sixty-five thousand strong, and led by Napoleon himself, was in march to the southward.

That the attack on Moosburg was still unknown at Landshut seemed certain; and I now perceived that, notwithstanding all the delays I had met with, I had really come by the most direct line; whereas, on account of the bend of the river no Austrian courier could have brought tidings of the engagement up to that time. My attention was next turned toward the direction whence our advance might be expected; but although I could see nearly four miles of the road, not a man was to be descried along it.

I slowly descended the ridge and, passing through a meadow, was approaching the high road, when suddenly I heard the clattering of a horse at full gallop coming along the causeway. I mounted at once, and pushed forward to an angle of the road, by which I was concealed from all view. The next instant a Hungarian hussar turned the corner at top speed.

"What news?" cried I, in German. "Are they coming?"

"Ay, in force," shouted he without stopping.

I at once drew my pistol, and leveled at him. The man's back was toward me, and my bullet would have pierced his skull. It was my duty, too, to have shot him, for moments were then worth days, or even weeks. I couldn't pull the trigger, however, and I replaced my weapon in the holster. Another horseman now swept past without perceiving me, and quickly behind him came a half squadron of hussars, all riding in mad haste and confusion. The horses, though "blown," were not sweated, so that I conjectured they had ridden fast though not far. Such was the eagerness to press on, and so intent were they on the thought of their own tidings, that none saw me, and the whole body swept by and disappeared. I waited a few minutes to listen, and as the clattering toward Landshut died away, all was silent. Trusting to my knowledge of German to save me, even if I fell in with the enemy, I now rode forward at speed in the direction of our advance. The road was straight as an arrow for miles, and a single object coming toward me was all I could detect. This proved to be a hussar of the squadron, whose horse, being dead lame, could not keep up with the rest, and now the poor fellow was making the best of his way back as well as he was able. Of what use, thought I, to make him my prisoner; one more or less at such a time can be of slight avail; so I merely halted him to ask how near the French were. The man could only speak Hungarian, but made signs that the lancers were close upon us, and counseled me to make my escape into the town with all speed. I intimated by a gesture that I could trust to my horse, and we parted. He was scarcely out of sight when the bright gleam of brass helmets came into view toward the west, and then I could make out the shining cuirasses of the "Corps de Guides," as, mounted on their powerful horses, they came galloping along.

"I thought I was foremost," said a young officer to me, as he rode up. "How came *you* in advance?"

"Where's the 'Etat Major,'" cried I, in haste, and not heeding his question. "I have a dispatch for the Emperor."

"Follow the road," said he, "and you'll come up with them in half an hour."

And with these hurried words we passed each other. A sharp pistol report a moment after told me what had befallen the poor Hungarian; but I had little time to think of his fate. Our squadrons were coming on at a sharp pace, while in their rear the jingling clash of horse-artillery resounded. From a gentle rise of the road, I could see a vast distance of country, and perceive that the French columns extended for miles away—the great chaussée being reserved for the heavy artillery, while every by-road and lane was filled with troops of all arms, hurrying onward. It was one of those precipitous movements by which Napoleon so often paralyzed an enemy at once, and finished a campaign by one daring exploit.

At such a time it was in vain for me to ask in what direction the staff might be found. All were eager and intent on their own projects; and as squadron after squadron passed, I saw it was a moment for action rather than for thought. Still I did not like to abandon all hope of succeeding after so much of peril and fatigue, and seeing that it was impossible to advance against the flood of horse and artillery that formed along the road, I jumped my horse into a field at the side, and pushed forward. Even here, however, the passage was not quite clear, since many, in their eagerness to get forward, had taken to the same line, and with cheering cries and wild shouts of joy, were galloping on. My showy uniform drew many an eye toward me, and at last a staff-officer cried out to me to stop, pointing with his sabre as he spoke to a hill a short distance off, where a group of officers were standing.

This was General Moulon and his staff, under whose order the advanced-guard was placed.

"A dispatch—whence from!" cried he, hastily, as I rode up.

"No, sir; a plan of the bridge of Landshut, taken from the enemy this morning at Moosburg."

"Are they still there?" asked he.

"By this time they must be close upon Landshut; they were in full retreat when I left them at day-break."

"We'll be able to speak of the bridge without this," said he, laughing, and turning toward his staff, while he handed the sketch carelessly to some one beside him; "and you'll serve the Emperor quite as well, sir, by coming with us as hastening to the rear."

I professed myself ready and willing to follow his orders, and away I went with the staff, well pleased to be once more on active service.

Two cannon shots, and a rattling crash of small

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arms, told us that the combat had begun; and as we rose the hill, the bridge of Landshut was seen on fire in three places. Either from some mistake of his orders, or not daring to assume a responsibility for what was beyond the strict line of duty, the French commander of the artillery placed his guns in position along the river's bank, and prepared to reply to the fire now opening from the town, instead of at once dashing onward within the gates. Moulon hastened to repair the error; but by the delay in pushing through the dense masses of horse, foot, and artillery that crowded the passage, it was full twenty minutes ere he came up. With a storm of oaths on the stupidity of the artillery colonel, he ordered the firing to cease, commanding both the cavalry and the train wagons to move right and left, and give place for a grenadier battalion, who were coming briskly on with their muskets at the sling.

The scene was now a madly-exciting one. The chevaux-de-frize at one end of the bridge was blazing; but beyond it on the bridge the Austrian engineer and his men were scattering combustible material, and with hempen torches touching the new-pitched timbers. An incessant roll of musketry issued from the houses on the river side, with now and then the deeper boom of a large gun, while the roar of voices, and the crashing noise of artillery passing through the streets, swelled into a fearful chorus. The French sappers quickly removed the burning chevaux-de-frize, and hurled the flaming timbers into the stream; and scarcely was this done, when Moulon, dismounting, advanced, cheering, at the head of his grenadiers. Charging over the burning bridge, they rushed forward; but their way was arrested by the strong timbers of a massive portcullis, which closed the passage. This had been concealed from our view by the smoke and flame; and now, as the press of men from behind grew each instant more powerful, a scene of terrible suffering ensued. The enemy, too, poured down a deadly discharge, and grape-shot tore through us at pistol range. The onward rush of the columns to the rear defied retreat, and in the mad confusion, all orders and commands were unheard or unheeded. Not knowing what delayed our advance, I was busily engaged in suppressing a fire at one of the middle buttresses, when, mounting the parapet, I saw the cause of our halt. I happened to have caught up one of the pitched torches at the instant, and the thought at once struck me how to employ it. To reach the portcullis, no other road lay open than the parapet itself—a wooden railing, wide enough for a footing, but exposed to the whole fire of the houses. There was little time for the choice of alternatives, even had our fate offered any, so I dashed on, and, as the balls whizzed and whistled around me, reached the front.

It was a terrible thing to touch the timbers against which our men were actually flattened, and to set fire to the bars around which their hands were clasped; but I saw that the Austrian musketry had already done its work on the leading files, and that not one man was living among them. By a blunder of one of the sappers, the portcullis had been smeared with pitch like the bridge; and as I applied the torch, the blaze sprung up, and, encouraged by the rush of air between the beams, spread in a second over the whole structure. Expecting my death-wound at every instant, I never ceased my task, even when it had become no longer necessary, impelled by a kind of insane persistence to destroy the barrier. The wind carrying the flame inward, however, had compelled the Austrians to fall back, and before they could again open a collected fire on us, the way was open, and the grenadiers, like enraged tigers, rushed wildly in.

I remember that my coat was twice on fire as, carried on my comrades' shoulders, I was borne along into the town. I recollect, too, the fearful scene of suffering that ensued, the mad butchery at each door-way as we passed, the piercing cries for mercy, and the groan of dying agony.

War has no such terrible spectacle as a town taken by infuriated soldiery, and even among the best of natures a relentless cruelty usurps the place of every chivalrous feeling. When or how I was wounded I never could ascertain; but a round shot had penetrated my thigh, tearing the muscles into shreds, and giving to the surgeon who saw me the simple task of saying, "*Enlevez le—point d'espoir.*"

I heard thus much, and I have some recollection of a comrade having kissed my forehead, and there ended my reminiscences of Landshut. Nay, I am wrong; I cherish another and a more glorious one.

It was about four days after this occurrence that the surgeon in charge of the military hospital was obliged to secure by ligature a branch of the femoral artery which had been traversed by the ball through my thigh. The operation was a tedious and difficult one, for round shot, it would seem, have little respect for anatomy, and occasionally displace muscles in a sad fashion I was very weak after it was over, and orders were left to give a spoonful of Bordeaux and water from time to time during the evening, a direction which I listened to attentively, and never permitted my orderly to neglect. In fact, like a genuine sick man's fancy, it caught possession of my mind that this wine and water was to save me; and in the momentary rally of excitement it gave, I thought I tasted health once more. In this impression I never awoke from a short doze without a request for my cordial, and half mechanically would make signs to wet my lips as I slept.

It was near sunset, and I was lying with unclosed eyes, not asleep, but in that semi-conscious state that great bodily depression and loss of blood induce. The ward was unusually quiet, the little buzz of voices that generally mingled through the accents of suffering was hushed, and I could hear the surgeon's well-known voice as he spoke to some persons at the further end of the chamber.

By their stopping from time to time, I could remark that they were inspecting the different

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beds, but their voices were low and their steps cautious and noiseless.

"Tiernay—this is Tiernay," said some one reading my name from the paper over my head. Some low words which I could not catch followed, and then the surgeon replied—

"There is a chance for him yet, though the debility is greatly to be feared."

I made a sign at once to my mouth, and after a second's delay the spoon touched my lips, but so awkwardly was it applied, that the fluid ran down my chin; with a sickly impatience I turned away, but a mild low voice, soft as a woman's, said—

"Allons!—Let me try once more;" and now the spoon met my lips with due dexterity.

"Thanks," said I faintly, and I opened my eyes.

"You'll soon be about again, Tiernay," said the same voice; as for the person, I could distinguish nothing, for there were six or seven around me; "and if I know any thing of a soldier's heart, this will do just as much as the doctor."

As he spoke he detached from his coat a small enamel cross, and placed it in my hand, with a gentle squeeze of the fingers, and then saying, "au revoir," moved on.

"Who's that?" cried I, suddenly, while a strange thrill ran through me.

"Hush!" whispered the surgeon, cautiously; "hush! it is the Emperor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TALK ABOUT THE SPIDER.

THE spider family is very numerous, no less than fifty different kinds being described by naturalists. We shall, however, only mention some of the most common. All spiders have eight legs, with three joints in each, and terminating in three crooked claws. They have eight eyes also, differently arranged according to the different species: some have them in a straight line, others in the shape of a capital V; others four above and four below; others two above, two below, and two on either side; while others, again, have them arranged in a way too complicated to be described without plates. In the fore part of the head, they have a pair of sharp crooked claws, or forceps, which stand horizontally, and which, when not in use, are hidden from view, being concealed in cases beautifully adapted for their reception, and in which they fold up, just like a clasp-knife, and there remain between two rows of teeth. When the spider bites its prey, it thrusts a small white proboscis out of its mouth, with which it instills a poisonous liquor into the wound. The abdomen, or hinder part of the spider, is separated from the head and breast by a small thread-like tube. Their outer skin is a hard polished crust.

A very curious description, sometimes found in this country, but more generally in Italy, is the hunting-spider, so called because, instead of spinning webs to entrap their prey, they pounce on them, and devour them. This spider is small and brown, but beautifully spotted, with its hinder-legs longer than the rest. When one of these spiders sees a fly three or four yards off, it does not attack it without some deliberation as to the best means of doing so. Generally speaking, it creeps under it, and then, stealing softly up, it seldom misses its prey. If, however, on a nearer approach, it finds that it is not in a direct line, it will immediately slide down again, and the next time, making its observations more correctly, it pounces on the unsuspecting fly's back. Meantime, if the fly moves, the hunter follows its example, always taking care to face its prey. Should the fly, however, take wing, its enemy will follow it, swift as the lightning's flash, and then, moving almost imperceptibly along, she catches it by the poll, and, after quietly satisfying the pangs of hunger, carries the remainder home, to keep for a future day. The nest of these spiders is very curious: it is about two inches high, and is composed of a close and soft satin-like texture. In this are two chambers, placed perpendicularly, in which the spider reposes during the day, generally going out to *hunt* after nightfall. The parent hunter regularly instructs her young ones how to pursue their future avocation, and when, in teaching them, they themselves happen to miss a jump, they always run away, as if quite ashamed of themselves!

One of the largest kinds of nests to be met with in this country is that of the labyrinthic-spider, whose web most of our readers must surely have seen spread out like a broad sheet in hedges, generally in the furze, or other low bushes. The middle of this net, which is of a very close texture, is suspended like a sailor's hammock, by fine silken threads fastened to higher branches. The whole curves upward, sloping down to a long funnel-shaped gallery, nearly horizontal at the entrance, but winding obliquely until it becomes almost perpendicular. This gallery is about a quarter of an inch, is much more closely woven than the sheet part of the web, and generally descends into a hole in the ground, or else into a soft tuft of grass. Here is the spider's dwelling-place, where she may often be found resting with her legs extended, ready to catch the hapless insects which get entangled in her sheet net.

The most extraordinary nest, however, of the whole species, is that of the mason-spider, which is a native of the tropics, and is generally found in the West Indies. This nest is formed of very hard clay, colored deeply with brown oxide of iron. It is constructed in the form of a tube, about one inch in diameter and six or seven long. Their first labor is to line it, which they do with a uniform tapestry of orange-colored silken web, of a texture rather thicker than fine paper. This lining is useful for two important purposes: it prevents the walls of the house from falling down, and also, by being connected with the door, it enables the spider to know what is going on above, for the entire vibrates when one part is touched. Our readers who have not been so fortunate as to meet with this description of nest,

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may very probably feel inclined to laugh at our mention of a door. It is nevertheless perfectly true that there *is* a door, and a most ingeniously contrived one also, and truly it may be regarded as one of the most curious things in the whole range of insect architecture. It is about the size and shape of a crown-piece, slightly convex inside, and concave on the outer side. It is composed of twelve or more layers of web, similar to that with which the inner part is lined; these are laid very closely one over the other, and managed so that the inner layers are the broadest, the others gradually diminishing in size, except near the hinge, which is about an inch long; and as all the layers are united there, and prolonged into the tube, it is necessarily the firmest and strongest portion of the entire structure. The materials are so elastic, that the hinge shuts as if it had a spring, and of its own accord. The hole in which the nest is made being on a sloping bank, one side must always be higher than the other, and it is observed that the hinge is invariably placed on the highest side, because the spider knows well, that, when so situated, the door, if pushed from the outside, will fall down by its own weight, and close; and so nicely does it fit into the little groove prepared for it, that the most attentive observer could scarcely discover where the joining was. In this safe retreat the wary spider lives, nor will the loudest knocking tempt it out of its hiding-place. Should, however, the least attempt be made to force open the door, the spider, aware of what is going on by the motion of the threads, runs quickly to the door, fastens its legs to the silk lining of the walls, and, turning on its back, pulls the door with all its might. The truth of this assertion has been tested by many entomologists, who, by lifting the door with a pin, have felt the little spider trying to prevent their entrance; the contest, of course, is not a long one, and the assailants being uniformly victorious, the spider seeks safety in flight. Should the door be entirely taken away, another will soon be put in its place. These spiders hunt their prey at night, and devour them in their nests, which are generally found scattered all over with the fragments of their repasts. A pair of spiders, with thirty or forty young ones, often live together in one nest such as we have described.

The most famous of all spiders is the tarantula. It is an inhabitant of Italy, Cyprus, and the East Indies. Its breast and abdomen are ash-colored, as are also the wings, which have blackish rings on the inner side. Its eyes are red: two of them are larger than the others, and placed in the front of its head; four others in a transverse direction near the mouth; and the remaining two close to the back. It generally lives in bare fields, where the land is fallow and soft; and it carefully shuns damp shady places, preferring a rising ground facing the east. Its nest is four inches deep, half an inch wide, and curved at the bottom, and here the insect retreats in unfavorable weather, weaving a web at the door to be secure from rain and damp In July it casts its skin, and lays 730 eggs, but does not live to rear them, as it dies early in the winter. Its bite is said to occasion death. First, the part bitten becomes inflamed, then sickness and faintness come on, followed by difficulty of breathing, and then by death. Music is the only cure resorted to. A musician is brought to see the patient, and tries one air after another, and at length hits upon the one which impels the sufferer to dance. The violence of the exercise brings on perspiration, which invariably cures the disorder.

A gentleman who was traveling in Italy some years ago, was very anxious to see the dance, but it being too early in the year for the spider to be found, all he could do was to prevail on a young woman who had been bitten on a previous year to go through the dance for him just as she did then. She agreed to the proposal, and at first lolled listlessly and stupidly about, while slow, dull music was played. At length the right chord was touched; she sprang up with a fearful yell, and staggered exactly like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in each hand, and moving correctly to tune. As the music became more lively, she jumped about with great velocity, shrieking very loudly. Altogether, the scene was most painful, but was acted to perfection. The patients were always dressed in white, and adorned with red, green, and blue ribbons; their hair fell loosely over their shoulders, which were covered with a white scarf. All that we have related as to the effects of the bite, was long believed to be true; but many years ago its truth was questioned, and the result of the investigation was, that the tarantula was a harmless insect, and that the supposed injuries inflicted by it were made use of as an excuse for indulging in a dance similar to that of the priestess of Bacchus, which the introduction of Christianity had put an end to. Those who are not impostors are merely afflicted with a nervous illness, known by the name of St. Vitus's Dance: and to this saint many chapels have been dedicated.

Another curious and interesting description of spider is that called the water-diving spider. It can easily be understood that a spider would not find any difficulty in breathing under water, inasmuch as they are provided with gills. But the diving-spider is not content, as frogs are, with the air furnished by the water, but independently carries down a supply with her to her sub-marine territories. This spider, which is constantly found in the neighborhood of London, does not relish stagnant water, preferring slow-running streams, where she lives in her diving-bell, which shines like a globe of silver. This shining appearance is supposed to proceed either from an inflated globule surrounding the abdomen, or else from the space between the body and the water. When the little diver wishes to inhale a fresh supply of atmospheric air, it rises to the surface, with its body still continuing in the water, and merely the part containing the spinneret visible, and this it briskly opens and moves. It generally comes up every quarter of an hour, although it *could* remain in the water for many days toget-

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A thick coating of hair prevents its being wet, or otherwise incommoded by the water.

The diving-spider spins its cell in the water; it is composed of closely-woven, strong, white silk, and shaped like half a pigeon's egg, looking something like a diving-bell. Occasionally this nest is allowed to remain partly above water; generally, however, it is totally submerged, and is attached by a great number of irregular threads to some near objects. It is entirely closed, except at the bottom, where there is a large opening. This, however, is sometimes shut, and then the spider may be seen staying peaceably at home, with her head downward; and thus they often remain during the three winter months.

No insects are more cleanly in their habits than spiders, although the gummy substance of which their webs are composed, and the rough hairy covering of their bodies, with but few exceptions, render this an arduous task. Whenever they happen to break a thread of their web which they are unable to mend, they roll it up in a little ball, and throw it away, and they regularly comb their legs.

In concluding this brief account of the spider family, we can assure our readers, that any time they may bestow on the subject will be amply rewarded by the interest and pleasure they will derive. And, lest any should imagine that the hours thus passed are wasted or misspent, we shall close our article by giving a short history of a man whose life was saved by his knowledge of the habits of a spider.

Very many years ago, a Frenchman called Quatreman Disjouval sided with the Dutch in a revolt against the French. For this offense he was cast into prison, where he remained for eight long years, without the most remote prospect of being set at liberty. To while away the dreary hours, he made acquaintance with some spiders who shared his solitary cell, and, having nothing to occupy his mind, he passed the greater part of his time in attentively watching their movements. By degrees he discovered that they only spun their large wheel-like webs in fine weather, or when it was about to set in; while in damp weather they generally disappeared altogether. In the month of December, 1794, when the republican troops were in Holland, a sudden and unexpected thaw set in, and so materially disarranged their general's plans, that he actually thought of withdrawing his army altogether, and accepting the money which the Dutch would glady have given to have got rid of them. Meantime Disjouval, who thought that any masters would be better than his present ones, ardently hoped that the French would be victorious. Shut up as he was, he contrived to hear all about their intended movements, and, knowing that the weather alone prevented it, he watched his old friends the spiders with redoubled interest. To his infinite delight, he found that a frost was just about to set in, and so severe a one, too, that it would enable the rivers and canals to bear the weight of the baggage and artillery. Somehow or other, he succeeded in having a letter conveyed to the general, assuring him that within fourteen days a severe frost would set in. "The wish was parent to the hope;" and the commander-in-chief, believing that he really had some supernatural revelation on the subject, maintained his position. At the close of the twelfth day, the anxiously wished for frost began, and Disjouval felt sure that now he would be set at liberty. Nor was he mistaken. The general's first act on entering the town was to go to the prison, and, thanking him personally for his valuable information, he set him free. Disjouval subsequently became a celebrated entomologist, directing his attention principally to spiders, whose first appearance in summer he thought ought to be welcomed by sound of trumpet!

AMALIE DE BOURBLANC, THE LOST CHILD.—A TALE OF FACTS.

IN the heat of the last French war, some forty years ago, we were under the necessity of removing from the north to make our residence in London. We took our passage in one of the old Scotch smacks from Leith, and, wishing to settle down immediately on our arrival in the great metropolis, we took our servants and our furniture along with us. Contrary winds detained us long upon our passage. Although a mere child at the time, I well remember one eventful morning, when, to our horror and alarm, a French man-of-war was seen looming on the distant horizon, and evidently bearing down on us. A calm had settled on the sea, and we made but little way, and at last we saw two boats lowered from the Frenchman's deck, and speedily nearing us. This occurred shortly after the famous and heroic resistance made successfully by the crew of one of the vessels in the same trade to a French privateer. With this glorious precedent before our eyes, both passengers and crew were disposed to make no tame resistance. Our guns were loaded to the muzzle, and every sailor was bared for action. Old cutlasses and rusty guns were handed round about, and piled upon the deck. Truly, we were a motley crew, more like a savage armament of lawless buccaneers than bloodless denizens of peace. But happily these warlike preparations were needless, for a breeze sprung up, and, though we were pretty smartly chased, the favoring gale soon bore us far from danger, and eventually wafted us in safety to our destined port.

My mother was somewhat struck, during the period of our short alarm, by the fearless and heroic bearing of our servant Jane. A deeper feeling seemed to pervade her mind than common antipathy to the common foe. In fact, at various times during her previous service, when any events connected with the French war formed, as they ever did, the all-engrossing subject of discourse, Jane evinced an interest in the theme equaled only by the intense hatred toward that nation which she now displayed. On the present occasion, the appearance of the foe awakened in her bosom a thousand slumbering but bitter recollections of a deep domestic tragedy connect-

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ed with herself; and so far from showing the natural timidity of her sex, she even endeavored to assist in the arrangement of our murderous preparations. Even a shade of regret appeared upon her face, as we bounded over the sparkling waves, when our tardy foe seemed but as a speck upon the distant sea. During the remainder of our voyage she sunk into a dreamy melancholy. With her head almost continually resting on the bulwarks of the ship, she gazed upon the clear, blue depths below; and, had we watched her closely, we might perhaps have seen some of the round tear-drops which gathered on her eyelids, and fell silently, to mingle with the waves. But we heeded not.

She was a singular girl, and seemed evidently superior to her present station; yet she toiled on with the drudgery of the house, listless and indifferent, but always usefully engaged. My mother was not altogether satisfied with her work, and still found a difficulty in blaming her. She seemed to dream through her whole duty, as if her mind was rapt in some strange fancies, while her hands mechanically did her task. At last, after long solicitation, she explained the mystery by telling us her history.

We must throw our story back some twenty years. Her family at that time occupied a respectable, if not a wealthy position in our northern metropolis. Her father was engaged in a lucrative business, had been married about six years, and was the father of four children. His youngest daughter had been born about three months previous to this period of our tale. She was a singularly lovely child. A sister of his wife's, who had made a wealthy marriage with an officer in the French army, was at this time on a short visit to the land of her birth. Madame de Bourblanc was childless, and her heart was yearning for those blessings of maternal love which Providence denied her. She was unhappy: no wonder; for her home in sunny France was desolate.

A little while soon passed away. Mrs. Wilson and her sister were seated at the parlor fire one cold November night—the one contemplating the blessings she possessed, the other brooding on her far different lot. The children prattled merrily beside them, and waited only for their father's evening kiss, before they went to childhood's innocent sleep. But their father came not. His usual time had long since passed, and his wife betrayed some symptoms of uneasiness at the unwonted delay. At last they heard a hurried knock, and Mr. Wilson entered the apartment. There were traces of anxiety and grief upon his countenance, but, as he spoke not of the cause, his wife forbore inquiries in the presence of her sister. But Mr. Wilson was extremely unsocial, nay, even harsh; and, when his wife held out her babe, and the unconscious infant seemed to put up its little lips for its evening kiss, he pushed the child aside, and muttered something audibly about the curses of a married life, and the inconvenience and expense of bringing up a large, increasing family.

The babe was sent to bed, and the mother spoke not, though a bitter tear might be seen rolling down her cheek. She was deeply hurt, and justly so. But Mr. Wilson had met with some heavy losses during the course of the day. These had soured his heart and embittered his words. Perhaps he meant not what he said; it might have been but the passing bitterness of a disappointed man. However the case may be, the words he uttered remained in the bosom of his wife, rooted and festering there; and many a bitter pang had she in after-life, and the desolations and the sorrows which dispersed her family, some to their grave, others far asunder—that all could be ascribed to these few bitter words.

A week had scarcely elapsed since the occurrences of that unhappy evening, when an event took place which wrought a fearful revolution in that happy family. Surely the "evil eye" had looked upon that house.

Mrs. Wilson and her sister went to make a call upon a friend. As they expected to return almost immediately, they left the babe slumbering in its cradle, and sent the servant on some trifling errand. Circumstances retarded their return. The anxious mother hastened to the nursery to tend upon her babe. She looked into the room, but all was still. Surely the child was slumbering. She must not rouse it from its peaceful dreams. But all continued still. There was a death-like silence in the room. She could not even hear her infant breathe. She sat a while by the flickering light of the expiring fire, for the shades of evening had gathered over the darkening horizon. At length she rose; she went to look upon her child; she lifted up the coverlid. No child was there. An indescribable dread took possession of her soul; she rushed like a maniac from room to room. At last she heard a noise; she flew to the spot. Yes, three of her children were there, but the other, her babe, her newest born, the flower of her heart, was gone.

"My child! my child!" she screamed, and fell upon the floor. Her sister heard the fall, and rushed up stairs. She knelt beside the stricken woman, bathed her temples with cold water, and with a start Mrs. Wilson awoke from her swoon.

"My child! my child!" she sobbed.

"What of the child?" her sister cried.

"Gone—lost—stolen from its mother!" screamed the wretched woman.

"Oh, impossible! Be calm; the child will soon be found," her sister said. "Some neighbor, perhaps—"

"Perhaps—perhaps," hurriedly replied the mother, and she rushed from house to house. The people thought her mad. No child was there. Her sister led her home. She followed her calmly, unresistingly. Was her spirit broken? She was placed upon a chair; she sat as one bereft of reason; her face was pale; and perspiration, the deep dews of agony, gathered upon her brow. Not even a feather would have stirred before her breath. It looked like death.

At last she started from her seat. Her brows were knit, and her whole face convulsed with

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fearful workings of her soul. "John! John!" she cried. "Where is my husband. Send him to me."

And they went to seek him, but he was not to be found. They told her so, and she was silent. There were evidently some frightful thoughts laboring within her breast—some terrible suspicions, which her spirit scarce dared to entertain. For about an hour she sat, but never opened her lips. It was a fearful silence. At last his knock was heard; the stair creaked beneath his well known tread; he entered. The mother sprang upon her feet.

"John!" she screamed, "give me my child! Where have you put her? Where is my child?"

Her husband started. "Woman, are you mad?" he cried.

"Give me my child!"

"Wife, be calm."

"I will not be calm. My child! You spoke coarsely to me the other night for nothing, John. She was a burden on you, was she? But why did you take her from me? I would have worked for her—drudged, slaved, to win her bread. Oh, why did you *kill* my child?"

The man looked stupidly upon his wife, and sank into a chair. The room was filled with neighbors; they looked at him, and then to one another, and whispered.

"Give me my child!" the mother screamed. He sat buried in thought, and covering his face with both his hands.

"Take him away!" she cried, and the people laid their hands upon him.

He started to his feet, and dashed the foremost to the ground. There was a look about the man that terrified, and they quailed before him. He strode before his wife. "Woman," said he, "your lips accused me. Bitterly, ay, bitterly, shall you rue this night's work. Come, neighbors, I am ready." And they took him to a magistrate.

"My child!" the wretched woman shrieked, and swooned away. Before a few hours had passed, she was writhing in the agonies of a burning fever.

And where was her husband then? Walking to and fro upon the cold flagstones of a felon's cell, upon a charge of murdering his child, his own child; doomed thither by his own wife. A close investigation of every matter connected with this mysterious affair was set on foot. No proof of Mr. Wilson's guilt could be obtained. He was arraigned before his country's laws, and, after a patient trial, was discharged, as his judge emphatically pronounced, without a stain upon his character. Discharged, forsooth, to what! To meet the frowns and suspicions of a too credulous world; to see the people turn and stare behind him, as he passed along the streets; to see the children shrink from him and flee, as from some monster; and to dwell in a desolate home, his own offspring trembling as he touched them, and his wife—that wife who had accused him—looking with cold, suspicious, unhappy eye upon the being she had sworn to love and cherish with her life. Such was his fate! who had wrought it? His wife recovered from her illness; and her sister went her way back to her home in France.

Seldom did the poor man even speak: there was gloom about that desolate house. His trade fell off, and his credit declined; and why? because his heart was broken. Day after day he sat in his lone counting-house; there was no bustle there. His books were covered with a thick coat of dust; and, as one by one his customers stepped off, so poverty stepped in, until at last he found himself almost a beggar. He shut his office-doors, shut them for the last time, then wiped away a tear, the first he had shed for many a day. He went home, but not to the home he used to have. His furniture had been sold to supply the common necessaries of life; and poor indeed was their now humble abode. There was silence in that little house, scarcely a whisper. In the secret fountains of his wife's heart there was still a depth of love for him; but, always when she would have breathed it forth, the strange horrid suspicion would flit across her brain—her child was not. He often looked at her, a long, earnest gaze, but he seldom spoke.

One evening, he was more than usually sad. He kissed his children fondly. He took his wife's cold hand, and pressed it in his own. "Jessie," said he, "as ye have sown, so shall ye reap; but I forgive you. God bless you, wife!" He lay down upon his hard pallet, and when they would have roused him in the morning, he was dead.

Time rolled on with rapid sweep, alas! bringing death and its attendant evils in his train. Two of the widow's children died; and Jane was now about eighteen years of age. Sorrow, rather than age, had already blanched the widow's hair. They were in great poverty; eked out a scanty livelihood with their needle. Indeed, their only certain dependence lay in the small assistance which Madame de Bourblanc sent from France. Perhaps, had that sister known the straits of her poor relatives, her paltry pittance might have been increased. They were perhaps too proud to make it known; as it was, she knew not, or, if she did, she heeded not.

About this time a letter reached the widow from her sister. Besides containing the usual remittance, the letter was unusually long. She requested Jane to read it to her, while she sat and sewed. What ailed the girl, her mother thought, as Jane gazed upon the page with some indescribable emotions depicted on her face. "Mother," she cried, "my sister lives! your child is found again!" The widow tore the letter from her daughter's hand, and read it eagerly, while her face grew paler every moment. She gasped for utterance; and the mystery was solved at last.

Yes, reader, at last was the mystery unraveled, and the criminal was her sister—she who had stood calmly by, and seen the agony of the bereaved mother—she who had beheld the injured father dragged as a felon to prison, when a word from her would have cleard it all—she was that wretch. Madame de Bourblanc was childless

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and her heart yearned for some one she could love. She saw the little cherub of her sister, and she envied it. She knew that, if she had asked the child, the mother's heart would have spurned the offer, so she laid her plans to steal the infant. She employed a woman from France, who, as she prowled about the house, had seized the favorable moment, and snatched the infant from its cradle, and the child was safely housed in France before the tardy law began its investigations. Madame de Bourblanc remained beside her sister for a time; then hurried off to France, to lavish all her love upon the stolen child. It is true, she loved the child; but was it not a selfish love to see the bereaved mother mourn its loss, yet never soothe her troubled heart! and was it not a cruel love, to see a household broken up, affections desolated, and all to gratify a selfish whim of hers? It was worse than cruel—it was deeply criminal.

She brought up the infant as her own: she named it Amalie, and a pretty child she was. Did a pang never strike into the heart of that cruel woman, as the child would lift its little eyes to hers, and lisp "My mother?" She must have thought of the true mother, broken-hearted, in another land. Yes, a pang did pierce her heart; but alas! it came too late; the misery was already wrought. She wrote to her injured sister, begging her forgiveness, and at the same time offering a considerable sum, if she would permit the child to remain with her, still ignorant of her real parentage. But she was mistaken in her hope; for not only did the mother indignantly demand the restoration of her child, but she did more; she published the sister's letter, and triumphantly removed the stains that lingered on her dead husband's memory.

A few weeks after this, the widow went to pay a visit to the green grave of her broken-hearted husband: she knelt upon the verdant mound, and watered it with her tributary tears. All her unjust suspicions crowded on her mind: conscience reproached her bitterly. She knelt, and supplicated for forgiveness, seeming to commune with his spirit on the spot where his poor frail body reposed in its narrow bed. She felt a gentle touch upon her shoulder; it was her daughter Jane. One moment after, and she was clasped in the embrace of a stranger. Nature whispered to the mother's heart her child was there, her long lost child. *She* too had come to look upon that lowly grave—the grave of a father.

After the first transports of meeting were over, the widow found leisure to observe her child. But what a poor young delicate flower was she, to brave the rude blasts of poverty. She was a lovely girl: like a lily, fragile and pale, the storms of life would wither her. Her mother took her home; but the contrast was too great, from affluence to poverty—Amalie wept. Poor Jane strove to comfort her; but she might only use the language of the eyes, for her foreign sister scarcely understood two words of English. Amalie struggled hard to love her new mother, and to reconcile her young heart to this sudden change; but the effort was too great, and she gradually sank. Early and late her mother and her sister toiled, to obtain for her, in her delicate state, some of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed; but their efforts were vain—she was not long for earth. The widow had indignantly refused all offers of assistance from her cruel sister though she felt that, unless Providence should interpose, her strength must soon fail under its additional exactions.

A letter arrived from France; it was sealed with black. They opened it hastily and fearfully; and they had cause. Madame de Bourblanc was dead; she was suddenly cut off, to render an account before her Creator. The shock was too great for poor Amalie. Day by day she languished, pining in heart for sunny France. Three months after she had reached England, Amalie died. Her last words were "My mother!"

Soon after, her old mother followed her. Oh, that the purified spirits of them all may meet in heaven! Jane is the sole survivor of this domestic tragedy. Even she may have departed to the haven of eternal rest, for she left my mother shortly after we were settled in London. We have never seen her since.

THE GAME OF CHESS.—A SCENE IN THE COURT OF PHILIP THE SECOND.

THE ESCURIAL.

KING PHILIP the Second was playing at chess in the palace of the Escurial. Ruy Lopez, a priest of the ordinary rank, who was most expert at this game, was his majesty's antagonist. The player was allowed to kneel, by special privilege, while the nobles stood round as spectators. There was something in their attitudes betokening an engagement of mind too anxious to be called forth by the mere interest of the game. It was a splendid morning, and the air was redolent with perfume not less sweet than that exhaled by the orange groves of Granada. The violet-colored curtains of the magnificent saloon softened the powerful rays of the sun as they darted through the casements. The bright, cheerful light seemed at this moment but ill to accord with the mood of the king, whose gloomy brow seemed to grow darker and darker, like the tempest brooding on the lofty Alpuxares. He frowned as he frequently glanced toward the entrance of the saloon. The nobles remained silent, exchanging looks of mutual intelligence The assembly was any thing but a cheerful one, and it was easy to perceive that some grave affair occupied the thoughts of all present. None appeared to pay attention to the chess save Ruy Lopez, who, with his eyes fixed on the board, was deliberating between a checkmate and the deference due to his most Catholic Majesty Philip the Second, Lord of the Territories of Spain and its Dependencies. Not a sound was heard but the slight noise made by the players as they moved their pieces, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a man of rude and sinister aspect advanced toward the king, and in lowly

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reverence waited permission to address him. The appearance of this man was most forbidding; his entrance caused a general sensation. The nobles drew haughtily back, allowing their feelings of disgust for a moment to overpower their sense of etiquette. One would have supposed some fierce and loathsome beast had suddenly come among them; and certainly he was well calculated to excite such feelings. His figure was tall, bony, and of Herculean dimensions, clad in a black leather doublet. His coarse features, unlighted by a ray of intelligence, betrayed tastes and passions of the most degraded character, while a large, deep scar, reaching from the eyebrow to the chin, till lost in a thick black beard added to the natural ferocity of his countenance.

Philip turned to address him, but his faltering voice gave evidence of some unusual emotion. An electric shock passed through the whole assembly. The fact was, that this new arrival, who seemed the very personification of physical force, was Fernando Calavarex, executioner in Spain.

"Is he dead?" demanded Philip, at last, in an imperious tone, while a shudder ran through the assembly.

"Not yet, sire," replied Fernando Calavarex, as he bent before the monarch, who frowned angrily; "he claims his privilege as a grandee of Spain, and I can not proceed to do my office upon a man in whose veins flows the hidalgo-blood without having further orders from your majesty."

And he again bent his head.

An answering murmur of approval broke from the assembled nobles, and the blood of Castille boiled in their veins, and rushed to their brows. The excitement became general. The young Alonzo d'Ossuna gave open expression to the general feeling by putting on his hat. His bold example was followed by the majority; and now many a white plume waved, as if in token that their wearers claimed their every other privilege by using that which the grandees of Spain have always had—of standing with covered heads before their sovereign.

The king fiercely struck the table, overturning the pieces on the chess-board with the violence of the blow.

"He has been condemned by our royal council, what more would the traitor have?"

"Sire," replied the executioner, "he demands to die by the ax, as becomes a noble, and not by the cord, and also to be allowed to spend the three last hours of his life with a priest."

"Ah! let it be so," replied Philip, evidently relieved. "But is not our confessor already with him, according to our order?"

"Yes, sire," said Fernando, "the holy man is with him; but the duke refuses to have St. Diaz de Silva. He will not receive absolution from any one under the rank of a bishop; such is the privilege of a noble condemned to death for high treason."

"It is, indeed, our right," said the fiery D'Ossuna, boldly, "and we demand from the king our cousin's privilege."

This demand seemed to be the signal for a general movement.

"Our rights and the king's justice are inseparable," said, in his turn, Don Diego de Tarrasez, Count of Valencia, an old man of gigantic height, encased in armor, bearing in his hand the *baton* of High Constable of Spain, and leaning on his Toledo blade.

"Our rights and privileges!" cried the nobles.

These words were repeated like an echo, till the king started from his throne of ebony, exclaiming, "By the bones of Campeador, by the soul of St. Jago, I have sworn neither to eat nor drink till the bloody head of that traitor Don Guzman has been brought to me; and as I have said, so shall it be! But Don Tarrasez has well said, 'The king's justice is the security for the rights of his subjects.' My lord constable, where is the nearest bishop to be found?"

"Sire, I have had more to do with the camp than with the church," bluntly replied the constable; "your majesty's almoner, Don Silva, who is present, can give you more information upon such points than I can."

Don Silva y Mendez answered in some trepidation, "Sire, the Bishop of Segovia was attached to the royal household, but he died last week, and the nomination of his successor still lies on the council-table, and has yet to be submitted for the Pope's veto. A meeting of all the princes of the Church is to be held at Valladolid—all the prelates have been summoned there; so that the Bishop of Madrid has already set out from this."

At these words a smile played about the lips of D'Ossuna. His joy was most natural, for not only was he of the blood of the Guzmans, but the condemned noble had been his dearest friend.

But the smile did not escape the notice of the king, and an expression of impatience and determination passed over his face.

"Nevertheless, we are king," said he, with a calmness which seemed assumed but to cover the storm beneath, "and we choose not that our royal person should be a butt for ridicule. This sceptre may seem light, gentlemen, but he who dares to mock it will be crushed by it as surely as though it were an iron block! But this matter is easily settled. Our holy father the Pope being in no slight degree indebted to us, we do not fear his disapproval of the step we are about to take; since the king of Spain can create a prince, he may surely make a bishop. Rise, then, Don Ruy Lopez, Bishop of Segovia. Rise, priest, I command it; take possession of your rank in the Church!"

The astonishment was general.

Don Ruy Lopez rose mechanically; he would have spoken, but his head reeled, his brain grew dizzy, and he paused. Then, with a violent effort, he began,

"May it please your majesty—"

"Silence, my lord bishop!" replied the king. "Obey the command of your sovereign. The

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formalities of your installation may be deferred to a future occasion. Meanwhile, our subjects will not fail to recognize our lawful authority in this matter. You, Bishop of Segovia, go with Calavarez to the cell of the condemned man. Absolve his sinful soul, and deliver his body to be dealt with by our trusty minister here, according to our pleasure. And, Calavarez, see that you bring to us the head of this traitor to the saloon, where we shall await you—for Don Guzman, Prince of Calatrava, Duke of Medina Sidonia, is a traitor, and shall this day die a traitor's death!"

And turning to Ruy Lopez, "Here is my signet-ring," said he, "as a token to the duke."

"And now, my lords, have you any thing to say why the justice of your monarch should not have its course?"

No one answered. Ruy Lopez followed the executioner, and the king resumed his seat, beckoning to one of his favorites to take his place at the chessboard. Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay, immediately came forward, and knelt on the velvet cushion before occupied by Don Lopez.

"With the help of the chess, gentlemen, and your company," said the king, smiling, "I shall pass the time most pleasantly. Let none of you leave till the return of Calavarez; our good cheer would be diminished were we to lose one of you."

With these ironical words, Philip began to play with Don Ramirez, and the tired nobles remained grouped around the august personages as at the beginning of our recital.

Every thing was restored to its usual order and quiet, while Calavarez conducted the impromptu bishop to the cell of the condemned nobleman.

Ruy Lopez walked along without raising his eyes. He resembled far more a criminal dragging to execution than a newly-made bishop. Was it a dream? but no—the dark, scowling Calavarez that preceded him was indeed a stern reality, and reminded him at once of his new dignity and of the fearful condition attached to it. And as the vaulted passage echoed to their steps, he devoutly prayed the ground might open, and swallow him up alive, rather than that he should take any part in the impending fate of Don Guzman. What was it bound him thus closely to Don Guzman? Was it that they had been old and intimate friends? Was it that in the veins of both flowed noble blood? No; it was simply that both were the best chessplayers in Spain. Fervent and sincere was his prayer; but it was not granted.

THE PRISON.

The Prince of Calatrava was pacing his narrow cell with a step whose inequality betokened intense agitation. The whole furniture consisted of a massive table and two heavy wooden stools. The floor was covered with coarse, thick matting, which suffered not the sound of their footfalls to break the gloomy silence. In the embrasure of the one narrow and grated window was fixed a rudely-carved crucifix. With the exception of this emblem of mercy and self-sacrifice, the walls were bare, and as the damp chill of the cell struck to the heart of Ruy Lopez, he felt that it was indeed the ante-chamber of death.

The duke turned as they entered, and courteously saluted the new dignitary of the church. Glances of intelligence passed between them, and conveyed to each feelings, the audible expression of which the presence of Calavarez forbade. The duke understood how painful to Ruy Lopez was the office which the executioner on the instant announced that he had come to perform; and Ruy Lopez felt as fully convinced of the innocence of Don Guzman as was the duke himself, notwithstanding the apparently strong proofs of his guilt. One of these proofs was nothing less than a letter in his own handwriting, addressed to the court of France, entering into full detail of a plot to assassinate King Philip.

In the proud consciousness of innocence, Don Guzman had refused to offer any defense, and as no attempt was made to disprove the accusation, his silence was construed into an admission of guilt, and he was condemned to die the death of a traitor. In the same calm silence Don Guzman heard the sentence; the color faded not from his cheek, his eye quailed not, and with as firm a step as he entered that judgment-hall, he quitted it for the cell of the condemned. And if now his brow was contracted—his step unequal; if now his breath came short and thick—it was because the thought of his betrothed, the fair, the gentle Donna Estella, lay heavy at his heart. He pictured her, ignorant of his situation, waiting for him in her father's stately halls on the banks of the Guadalquiver—and awaiting him in vain. What marvel that love should make him weak whom death could not appall!

Calavarez, imagining that he had been hitherto unheeded, again repeated the monarch's commands, and announced that Don Ruy Lopez now held such rank in the church as qualified him to render the last offices to a grandee of Spain.

The young nobleman on the instant bent his knee to the new bishop, and craved his blessing. Then, turning to Calavarez, he haughtily pointed to the door. "We need not your presence, sir; begone. In three hours I shall be ready."

And how were these three hours passed? First came short shrift—soon made. With a natural levity of character, which even this solemn hour could not subdue, Don Guzman turned from the grave exhortations of his confessor, as he dwelt upon the last great change.

"Change, indeed!" cried the duke; "how different were the circumstances in which we last met. Do you not remember you were playing your famous game with Paoli Boz, the Sicilian, in the presence of Philip and the whole court, and it was on my arm that the king leaned? Change, indeed! Well has Cervantes said, 'Life is a game of chess.' I have forgotten the precise words, but the passage runs to this effect—that upon the earth, as upon the chess-board, men are playing different parts, as ordered by fate, fortune, and birth. And when death's-

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checkmate comes, the game is finished, and the human pieces lie in the grave huddled together, like the chessmen in the box."

"I remember these words of Don Quixotte," said Ruy Lopez, "and I also remember Sancho's reply—that though the comparison was a good one, it was not altogether so new, but that he had heard it before. But these are not subjects for such an hour as this; may the Lord forgive this unseemly levity!"

The duke went on, without heeding Don Lopez, "I, too, have had my triumphs in chess; and even from you, holy father, have I sometimes wrested a trophy. You used to be proud of me as your pupil."

"It is quite true," answered the bishop; "your play is masterly; and I have often gloried in having been your first instructor."

"A bright idea has struck me," suddenly exclaimed Don Guzman; "let us have one last game of chess!"

"The thought is too profane," said the startled Ruy Lopez.

"If you refuse me this last request, I will summon the executioner on the instant; for how, think you, can I endure the two hours of suspense that have yet to be undergone? To meet death is easy—to await it is intolerable! Are you as changed as my fortunes? Care you neither for me nor for chess?"

The bishop again objected, but it was now faintly and hesitatingly. To say the truth, the ruling passion, thus proved to be indeed strong in death, was nearly as powerful in his own mind. "You consent, I see," said the young nobleman; "but what shall we do for chessmen?"

"I always carry my arms about me," said Ruy Lopez, now completely won over. Then, drawing two stools to the table, he produced a miniature set of chessmen and a small board. "Our Lady pardon me," he said, as he proceeded to arrange the pieces; but I own to you that sometimes a difficult move comes between me and my breviary.

It was a curious picture to see the priest and the condemned man seated at a game, so strange in their position!

The light rested on the pale and noble countenance of Don Guzman, and fell slantingly through the Gothic window on the benevolent face of Ruy Lopez, from which he had often to brush away the tear of irrepressible emotion. What wonder, then, that he played with a distraction which was not usual, and with little of his wonted skill and power. Don Guzman, on the contrary, as if stimulated by the excitement he was laboring under, played with extraordinary address. He seemed wholly engrossed by the game, and as much abstracted from all surrounding and impending circumstances, as if the executioner had already done his work; and the victory would soon have been decided in his favor, had not the old passion suddenly revived in Ruy Lopez, on seeing the near prospect of defeat, and roused him into putting forth all his wonted skill, and he was soon as fully absorbed in the game as his friend. And the chessboard was now to both the universe. Happy illusion, could it but last!

And now the minutes become quarters, the quarters half-hours, and the fatal moment arrives.

A distant sound is heard—it becomes louder and louder—a step approaches—it draws nearer and nearer. The door grates on its hinges, and the executioner, with all his grim paraphernalia, enters to arouse them to the stern and terrible reality.

The assistants of Calavarez, armed with swords and bearing torches, advanced, carrying a block covered with black cloth, the use of which was evident enough from the ax which lay upon it. They placed their torches in their sockets, and strewed sawdust upon the ground. All this took but a few seconds, and they stood awaiting their victim. On the appearance of Calavarez, Ruy Lopez started from his seat, but the duke moved not; he remained with his eyes fixed on the chessboard, paying no attention either to the men or their fatal preparations.

It was his turn to move.

Calavarez, seeing the duke thus fixed and motionless, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and uttered one word—only one—but in that word was the destruction of a young life, with all its memories and all its earthly hopes. That word was "Come!"

The prisoner started, as though he had trod upon a serpent; then, recovering himself, said imperiously, "I must finish my game."

"Impossible," replied Calavarez.

"Possible, or not possible, I must see my game out. I have all but checkmated him. Unhand me! Come on, Ruy Lopez."

"Impossible," repeated the executioner.

"Are the three hours then out?"

"To the very second. The king must be obeyed."

The attendants, who had stood leaning on their swords, now advanced.

The duke was seated with his back to the wall, just under the narrow window. The table was between him and Calavarez. He rose, and exclaimed in an imperious tone, "I will have this game, and then my head is yours. Until I have finished it I will not stir. I must have half an hour, and wait you must.

"Duke," replied Calavarez, "I have great respect for you, and would willingly give you all accommodation; but this is out of my power. The delay would be as much as my life is worth."

Don Guzman started up. Then, drawing off his rings, and detaching his diamond clasps, threw them to the executioner, saying carelessly, "To our game, Ruy Lopez."

The jewels rolled along the floor, but none stooped to pick them up. The executioners gazed upon each other in astonishment.

"My orders are precise," cried Calavarez, determinedly. "Your pardon, noble duke, if we employ force; but I have no choice; the commands of the king and the laws of Spain must

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be obeyed. Rise, then, and do not waste your last moments in a useless struggle. Speak to the duke, my lord bishop! Exhort him to submit to his fate."

The answer of Ruy Lopez was prompt and decisive; for, seizing the ax that was lying on the block, and whirling it over his head, he exclaimed, "Stand back! for, by heaven, the duke shall finish this game!"

At this unexpected demonstration of the bishop, Calavarez started back, and almost fell over his assistants, who, brandishing their swords, were about to rush upon the prisoner, when Ruy Lopez, who appeared suddenly metamorphosed into a Hercules, threw down his heavy oaken stool upon the floor, exclaiming—

"The first of you that passes this boundary fixed by the church is a dead man. Courage! noble duke. To work again. There are but three of these miscreants. Your lordship's last wish shall be accomplished, were my life to be the forfeit. And you, wretches—woe to him who dares to lay his hand upon a bishop of his church! Accursed be he forever—cut off from the flock of the faithful in this world, to be a howling demon in the other! Down with your swords, and respect the anointed of the Lord!"

Ruy Lopez continued, in a jargon of Spanish and Latin, to fulminate anathemas, maledictions, and threats of excommunication, which, at that time, had such influence upon the mass of the people

The effect of this interposition was immediate; for the assistants stood motionless, and Calavarez began to think that to kill a bishop without a special order from the king might expose him to great peril in this world, to say nothing of the next.

"I will go his majesty," said he.

"Go to the devil!" replied the bishop, still standing on the defensive.

The executioner did not know what to do. Did he go to announce this news to Philip, who was expecting the head of the traitor, he only exposed himself to the consequences of his fury. The odds were not enough in his favor to make him certain of the result of an attempt at force, for the strength of Ruy Lopez was by no means to be despised—and as to the duke, desperation would only add to his well-known prowess.

He ended by adopting what appeared to him the wisest decision: he would wait.

"Will you pledge your word to close the game in half an hour?" he demanded.

"I pledge you my honor," replied the duke.

"Agreed, then," said the executioner. "Play away."

The truce thus concluded, the players resumed their places and their game.

Calavarez, who was also a chess-player, became, in spite of himself, interested in the moves, and the attendants, keeping their eyes upon the duke, seemed to say—"You and the game must end together!"

Don Guzman gave one glance around him, and then coolly said—

"Never before have I played in such noble company—but at least I shall not be without witnesses that once in my life I have beaten Don Lopez."

And he turned to his game with a smile, but it was a smile of bitter sadness, as though he despised the triumph he had gained. As to the bishop, he kept firm grasp of the handle of the ax, muttering, "If I were sure that the duke and I could get out of this den of tigers, I would not be long breaking the heads of all three."

A DISCOVERY.

If the three hours had passed but slowly in the prisoner's cell, their flight had not been more rapid at the court of King Philip. The monarch had continued to play with his favorite, Don Ramirez de Biscay; and the nobles, obliged by the rules of etiquette to remain standing, and unable to leave under any pretext, appeared sinking under a fatigue, rendered still greater by the weight of their armor.

Don Tarrasez, with half-closed eyes, stood motionless, resembling one of those statues cased in iron, ornamenting Gothic halls. The young D'Ossuna, almost worn out with weariness and sorrow, was leaning against a marble pillar. And King Philip, pacing up and down with hasty steps, paused occasionally to listen for some distant noise. At one time he stopped to examine the hour-glass, at another, with that mingling of superstitious feeling apparently as inconsistent with some points of his character as it was with that of Louis the Eleventh, he knelt before an image of the Virgin, placed on a pedestal of porphyry brought from the ruins of the Alhambra—and implored her to pardon him for the bloody deed that was now accomplishing. All was as silent as in the palace of Azrael, the Angel of Death; for no one, however high or exalted his rank, dared to speak without the permission of his sovereign. No sooner had the last grain of sand announced that the fatal hour had arrived, than the king joyfully exclaimed—

"The traitor's hour has come!"

A low murmur ran through the assembly.

"The time has expired," replied Philip; "and with it, Count de Biscay, your enemy is no more. He has fallen like the leaves of the olive-tree before the blast."

"My enemy, sire?" exclaimed Don Ramirez, affecting surprise.

"Yes, count," replied Philip. "Why repeat our words? Were you not the rival of Don Guzman in the affection of Donna Estella—and can rivals be friends? In truth, though we have not spoken of that at our council, our royal word is pledged; Donna Estella shall be yours! Yours are her beauty and her vast domains. Thus, count, when you hear tell of the ingratitude of sovereigns, you can say, we at least have not forgotten the true friend of the king and of Spain, who discovered the conspiracy and correspondence of Don Guzman with France."

There was more of uneasiness in the countenance and manner of Don Ramirez than such gracious words from the lips of royalty seemed

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calculated to excite, and it was with downcast eyes, as if shrinking from such public approval, he answered—

"Sire, it was with much repugnance I fulfilled a painful duty—"

He could not say more: his embarrassment seemed to increase. Tarrasez coughed, and as D'Ossuna's gauntleted hand sought the hilt of his sword, he mentally ejaculated—"Before this man calls Donna Estella his, I will follow my noble cousin to the grave. Let me but see to-morrow's dawn, and I will avenge him."

The king continued:

"Your zeal and devotedness, Don Ramirez, shall be rewarded. The saviour of our throne, and, perhaps, of our dynasty, merits no insignificant reward. This morning we commanded you to prepare with our high chancellor the letters patent which will give you the rank of Duke and Governor of Valencia. Are these papers ready to be signed?"

Was it remorse that made Don Ramirez tremble for the moment, and draw back involuntarily? The king made a movement of impatience, and the count drew with some precipitation a roll of parchment from his bosom, and kneeling, presented it to the king, who received it, saying:

"To sign these letters patent shall be our first public act to-day. Treason has been already punished by the executioner—it is time for the monarch to reward his faithful servant."

As the king unrolled the parchment, a scroll fell from it on the ground. With an involuntary cry, Don Ramirez sprang forward to seize it, but at a sign from the king, a page picked it up, and it was already in the hands of the king. Another moment, and the monarch's face gloomed wrathfully, his eye flashed fire, and he furiously exclaimed:

"Holy Virgin, what is this!"

MORE THAN ONE CHECKMATED.

The game of chess was now over. Don Guzman had beaten Ruy Lopez—his triumph was complete, and he rose, saying to Calavarez—

"I am ready to meet the wishes of my king, as becomes one who has never swerved from his allegiance to him. My God, may this deed of foul injustice fall only upon him who has been the instigator of it, but may my blood never call down vengeance upon my king. I blame him not for my untimely fate."

The executioner was now preparing the block, while Ruy Lopez, kneeling in a corner, and hiding his face in his mantle, recited the Office for the Dying.

Calavarez laid his hand on the duke's shoulder to remove his ruff. Don Guzman drew back.

"Touch not a Guzman with aught belonging to thee, save this ax!" said he, and tearing off the collar, he placed his head upon the block. "Now strike," added he; "I am ready!"

The executioner raised the ax, and all would have been over, when shouts, and the noise of hasty steps, and a confused murmur of voices, arrested the arm of Calavarez.

The door was flung open, and D'Ossuna threw himself between the victim and the executioner.

"We are in time!"

"Is he alive!" exclaimed Tarrasez.

"He is safe!" cried D'Ossuna. "My dearest friend and cousin, I had not hoped ever to see you again. God would not suffer the innocent to perish for the guilty. His holy name be praised!"

"God be praised!" exclaimed all present, and among them all, and above them all, was heard Don Ruy Lopez.

"You have indeed arrived in time—dear friend," said Don Guzman to his cousin, "for now, I have not strength left to die."

He fainted on the block—the revulsion was too mighty.

Ruy Lopez sprang to his side, and raising him in his arms, bore him to the royal saloon. The nobles followed, and when Don Guzman was restored to consciousness, he beheld all his friends thronging around him, with congratulations, which the presence of the monarch scarcely restrained. To Don Guzman, it all seemed a dream. One moment with his head on the block, and the next in the royal saloon. He had yet to learn, that Don Ramirez, agitated by secret remorse, and flurried by the impatience of the monarch, had, with the letters patent, the royal signature to which was to crown all his ambitious hopes, drawn from his bosom a document, fatal alike to those hopes and to himself. That paper contained indications not only of a plot to ruin Don Guzman, but of treasonable designs against the sovereign, sufficient to arouse the king's suspicions, and further inquiry soon extorted confession from the lips of the traitor himself. He was instantly committed to the tender mercies of Calavarez, who, this time, was given to understand, that his own head must answer for any delay in executing the royal mandate.

Need we say that Don Guzman's deliverance was hailed with joy by the whole court, and even the stern monarch himself condescended to express his satisfaction that his favorite had escaped.

"It is our royal desire," he said, "that henceforth, to perpetuate the remembrance of your almost miraculous escape, that you bear in your escutcheon a silver ax on an azure chessboard. It is also our royal will and pleasure that Donna Estella shall be your bride, and that your nuptials be solemnized in this our palace of the Escurial."

Then, turning to Ruy Lopez, he added, "I am sure the church has found a good servant in her new bishop. As a mark of our royal favor, we bestow upon you a scarlet robe enriched with diamonds, to wear on the day of your consecration. You well deserve this at my hands, for your game of chess with Don Guzman."

"Sire," replied Ruy Lopez, "for the first time in my life, I need no consolation for being checkmated."

The king smiled—so did the court.

"Now, my lords," added Philip, "we invite you to our royal banquet. Let covers for Don

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Guzman and for the Bishop of Segovia be placed at the table with ourself. Your arm, Don Guzman"

HOW MEN RISE IN THE WORLD.

FEW things that happen in the world are the result of accident. Law governs all; there is even a law of Chances and Probabilities, which has been elaborated by Laplace, Quetelet, and others, and applied by practical men to such purposes as life insurance, insurances against fire, shipwreck, and so on. Many things which happen daily, and which are usually attributed to chance, occur with such regularity that, where the field of observation is large, they can almost be calculated upon as certainties.

But we do not propose now to follow out this idea, interesting though it would be; we would deal with the matter of "accident" in another light—that of self-culture. When a man has risen from a humble to a lofty position in life, carved his name deep into the core of the world, or fallen upon some sudden discovery with which his name is identified in all time coming, his rise, his work, his discovery is very often attributed to "accident." The fall of the apple is often quoted as the accident by which Newton discovered the law of gravitation; and the convulsed frog's legs, first observed by Galvani, are in like manner quoted as an instance of accidental discovery. But nothing can be more unfounded; Newton had been studying in retirement the laws of matter and motion, and his head was full, and his brain beating with the toil of thinking on the subject, when the apple fell. The train was already laid long before, and the significance of the apple's fall was suddenly apprehended as only genius could apprehend it; and the discovery, which had long before been elaborating, suddenly burst on the philosopher's sight. So with Galvani, Jenner, Franklin, Watt, Davy, and all other philosophers; their discoveries were invariably the result of patient labor, of long study, and of earnest investigation. They worked their way by steps, feeling for the right road like the blind man, and always trying carefully the firmness of the new ground before venturing upon it.

Genius of the very highest kind never trusts to accident, but is indefatigable in labor. Buffon has said of genius, "It is patience." Some one else has called it "intense purpose;" and another, "hard work." Newton himself used to declare, that whatever service he had done to the public was not owing to extraordinary sagacity, but solely to industry and patient thought Genius, however, turns to account all accidents—call them rather by their right name, opportunities. The history of successful men proves that it was the habit of cultivating opportunities—of taking advantage of opportunities—which helped them to success—which, indeed, secured success. Take the Crystal Palace as an instance; was it a sudden idea—an inspiration of genius—flashing upon one who, though no architect, must at least have been something of a poet? Not at all; its contriver was simply a man who cultivates opportunities—a laborious, pains-taking man, whose life has been a career of labor, of diligent self-improvement, of assiduous cultivation of knowledge. The idea of the Crystal Palace, as Mr. Paxton himself has shown, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, was slowly and patiently elaborated by experiments extending over many years; and the Exhibition of 1851 merely afforded him the opportunity of putting forward his idea—the right thing at the right time—and the result is what we have seen.

If opportunities do not fortuitously occur, then the man of earnest purpose proceeds to make them for himself. He looks for helps every where; there are many roads into Nature; and if determined to find a path, a man need not have to wait long. He turns all accidents to account, and makes them promote his purpose. Dr. Lee, professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, pursued his trade of a bricklayer up to twenty-eight years of age, and was first led to study Hebrew by becoming interested in a Hebrew Bible, which fell in his way when engaged in the repairs of a synagogue; but before this time he had been engaged in the culture of his intellect, devoting all his spare hours and much of his nights to the study of Latin and Greek. Ferguson, the astronomer, cultivated the opportunity afforded him by the nights occupied by him in watching the flocks on the Highland hills, of studying astronomy in the heavens; and the sheep-skin in which he wrapped himself, became him as well as the gown of the Oxford Professor. Osgood, the American painter, when a boy, was deprived by an austere relative, of the use of pencils and paper; but he set to work and practiced drawing on the sand of the river side. Gifford, late editor of the *Quarterly Review*, worked his first problems in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose. Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," wrote his first poems on the same material with an awl. Bewick first practiced his genius on the cottage-walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, calculated eclipses on the plow-handle. Benjamin West, the painter, made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

It is not accident, then, that helps a man on in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. These make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and to use them. To the sluggish and the purposeless, the happiest opportunities avail nothing—they pass them by with indifference, seeing no meaning in them. Successful men achieve and perform, because they have the purpose to do so. They "scorn delights, and live laborious days." They labor with hand and head. Difficulties serve only to draw forth the energies of their character, and often their highest pleasure is in grappling with and overcoming them. Difficulties are the tutors and monitors of men, placed in their path for their best discipline and development. Push through, then! strength will grow with repeated effort.

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Doubtless Professor Faraday had difficulties to encounter, in working his way up from the carpenter's bench to the highest rank as a scientific chemist and philosopher. And Dr. Kitto had his difficulties to overcome, in reaching his present lofty position as one of the best of our Biblical critics; deaf from a very early age, he was for some time indebted to the poor-rates for his subsistence, having composed his first essays "in a workhouse." And Hugh Miller, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone," had difficulties to grapple with, in the stone-quarry in Cromarty, out of which he raised himself to a position of eminent honor and usefulness. And George Stephenson too, who was a trapper-boy in a coal-pit, had difficulties to encounter, perhaps greater than them all; but, like a true and strong man, bravely surmounted and triumphed over them. "What!" said John Hunter, the first of English surgeons, originally a carpenter, "Is there a man whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man *never* fails."

Man must be his own helper. He must cultivate his own nature. No man can do this for him. No institution can do it. Possibly a man may get another to do his *work* for him, but not to do his *thinking* for him. A man's best help is in himself—in his own heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The battle can not be fought by proxy. A man's mind may be roused by another, and his desire to improve and advance himself excited by another; but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own nature, make his own character. What if a man fails in one effort? Let him try again! Let him try hard, try often, and he can not fail ultimately to succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution. Difficulties often fall away of themselves, before a determination to overcome them. "There is something in resolution," says Walker, in the *Original*, "which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord among its slaves. All is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of man; when on evil, the most dangerous. It is only by *habitual* resolution, that men succeed to any great extent—mere impulses are not sufficient."

Some are scared from the diligent practice of self-culture and self-help, because they find their progress to be slow. They are in despair, because, having planted their acorn, they do not see it grow up into an oak at once. These must cultivate the virtue of patience—one of the quietest but most valuable of human virtues. They must be satisfied to do their true work, and wait the issues thereof. "How much," says Carlyle, "grows every where, if we do but wait! Through the swamps one will shape causeways, force purifying drains; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities, and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere traveling human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity, but if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us."

Let us have the honesty and the wisdom to do the duty that lies nearest us; and assuredly the first is the culture of ourselves. If we can not accomplish much, we can at least do our best. We can cultivate such powers as have been given to us. We may not have the ten talents, but if we have only the one, let us bring it out and use it, not go bury it in the earth like the unworthy man in the parable. "If there be one thing on earth," said Dr. Arnold, "which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." Let us strike into the true path, and keep there, working on hopefully, patiently, and resolutely—not turned aside by temptation, nor putting off the work from day to day by vain resolutions to do things that are never done; but DO, with all our might, what the hand findeth to do; and we may safely leave the issues in the hands of Supreme Beneficence; for doubtless the rewards of well-doing will come in their due season.

THE BROTHERS.

ONE fine spring day in 1831, I was walking, accompanied by a physician, in the gardens belonging to the celebrated Lunatic Asylum near Paris, conducted by Dr. B——. At the turn of an alley I suddenly found myself close to an old man, on whose arm leaned a youth, apparently about twenty years of age. The countenance of the first wore an expression of profound sadness, while the young man's eye gleamed with the wild strange fire of madness.

The aged man saluted me with silent courtesy, but the younger ran to me, seized my hand, and exclaimed, "A glorious day, monsieur; the scaffold is ready on the Plaza Bemposta! Do you see the crowds assembled? And look! chained on yonder cart, that woman with the pale and savage face; that is Queen Carlotta, the wife of Juan VI., the mother of Don Miguel. 'Tis now thy turn to die, tigress! thy turn to bow beneath the ax, and redden the scaffold with thy blood! But adieu," he added, addressing me, "they are waiting for me—they call me! I am the queen's executioner!"

I turned toward the old man, but he only shook his head and sighed; then I questioned the physician who accompanied me.

"That young man," he said, "is one of the most interesting cases we have; his history is a strange one."

My curiosity was now excited, and I begged of my companion to satisfy it.

"May I, without indiscretion, listen also?" asked a tall man, with a sad and gloomy countenance, who now approached us, and who, as I learned afterward, was under Dr. B——'s care for a serious affection of the heart.

"You may, certainly," replied my friend, bowing, and then began: "In the year 1823, one of the first families in Portugal inhabited an old castle not far from Coimbra. The Marquis de

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San Payo, the head of this house had played an important part in the revolution which, for a short time, removed from the throne Juan VI. and his imperious queen, Carlotta. The attempt, however, having been finally frustrated, the men who had made it fell victims to their temerity, and the marquis, disgraced and distrusted by the reigning powers, was forced to live in his castle, as it were in exile. His wife and his two sons accompanied him thither; the eldest of these, named Manoel, was fifteen years of age, and of an ardent, excitable temperament; his brother, Jacinto, two years younger, was of a tender, melancholy, dreamy disposition. The minds of both were fully nurtured in the political views which had ruined their father's fortunes, both by his conversation and the instructions imparted to them at the college of Coimbra. That city had become the centre of the Cortes' revolutionary operations, and the University had not escaped the contagious excitement of the times. The students organized the plan of a new insurrection, and at their head was Manoel; the contest, however, proved an unequal one—a charge of cavalry, a few volleys of shot and shell, two hundred corpses on the field, and all was over. Manoel was taken, and thrown into the prison of Oporto. The rebels were divided into three classes; the first, and least guilty, were condemned to perpetual confinement, the second to transportation, and the third to death; among the latter was Manoel. No allowance was made for his youth and inexperience, for among his judges was the Duca d'Arenas, a former rival of the marquis, first in love and then in ambition, whose cowardly malicious spirit sought to strike the father through the son."

Here the stranger, who was listening attentively, gave a visible start.

"Imagine," resumed the doctor, "what must have been the anguish of the poor parents, and of Jacinto. The boy's energies were roused by his mighty grief; he hastened to the palace of Bemposta, and went straight to the hall, where the queen was giving audience to her favorite d'Arenas. When Jacinto crossed the threshold, he paused; a woman was before him—a cold and haughty woman. No trace of pity or of softness lingered on her features, or beamed in her piercing eyes; no, her heart was ice, her face iron.

"'Pardon, madam!' cried the boy, falling on his knees.

"'Child, we know of naught but justice; who art thou—what dost thou want?'

"'I am the son of the Marquis de San Payo, and I come to ask pardon for my brother.'

"The Duke d'Arenas looked up, and exchanged glances with the queen. 'Madam,' said he, 'the best clemency in political affairs is shown by the sword of the executioner?'

"'Manoel is but sixteen years old!' cried Jacinto, in a voice of agony.

"'So much the better,' replied Carlotta; '*he will go the more surely and speedily to heaven!*'*

* These words are matter of history.

"Next morning the condemned cart left the prison of Oporto; it contained the two brothers, for Donna Carlotta, with an incredible refinement of cruelty, had ordered that Jacinto should be present at the execution. I shall not try to describe the last scene of this fearful drama; when Manoel bowed his head, Jacinto started upright; and when the fatal blow had fallen, he crouched down on the scaffold; a smile parted his lips—he was struck with madness! Concealed among the crowd, the marquis had witnessed all, but no external emotion betrayed his inward agony; his tearless eyes were fixed on the ax which had hewn down the noblest branch of his house. As to the marchioness, her woe was also silent: eight days afterward, she was found dead, with her eyes fixed on Manoel's portrait. The marquis, after a time, went to England with Jacinto, where he was during a year and a half under medical treatment, but without benefit. Afterward, they went to Germany, and there, finding science equally powerless, the marquis at length resolved to place his son under the care of Dr. B——; he is now in a fair way to recover."

"Are you sure of that!" asked the stranger eagerly.

"I have every reason to believe it."

We walked toward the house, and again saw Jacinto; he was seated on a grass-plat, leaning forward, with his face buried in his hands. His father was near him, grave, silent, and anxious-looking as before. The stranger followed us, and, as he came near, the eyes of Jacinto were raised, and fixed on him with a wild bright look Suddenly the youth started up, and shrieked, "the Duke d'Arenas!" Then he fell senseless on the ground.

At the unwonted sound the old man thought that intellect and memory had returned to his child, and, forgetting that his enemy, the murderer of his eldest son, stood before him, he exclaimed, "Oh! thank God he is saved!"

"He is *lost*," said the doctor, sadly.

A few moments of awful silence followed; all eyes were fixed on Jacinto, whose mouth was open, and whose eyes were fixed on vacancy. The sudden shock had rendered him a hopeless idiot.

The Duke d'Arenas looked at the marquis with an earnest supplicating expression; and then, falling on his knees before him, exclaimed, "Pardon me, I have suffered!"

"I curse thee! Duke d'Arenas."

"Behold me at thy feet, Marquis de San Payo!"

"Begone!" cried the old man, sternly; "there are between us the corpses of my wife and of my eldest son, besides this other ruin, whose destruction you have just achieved; I am now childless?"

The Duke d'Arenas fixed on the marquis a look so filled with sorrow and despair, that it might have sufficed to satisfy his vengeance.

"And I," he said, bending his head, "can never again know repose, except in the grave?"

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF M. THIERS.

M. THIERS is one of the notable celebrities of our day. Though a Frenchman, his name is well known in England as the author of the famous History of the French Revolution. But in his own country, he is also known as a distinguished orator and statesman; indeed it is not too much to say, that Thiers is the *cleverest* man in France.

You enter the Chamber of Deputies on some day of grand debate. A speaker has possession of the ear of the house. You see little more than his head above the marble of the tribune, but the head is a good one—large, well-formed, and intelligent. His eyes, the twinkle of which you can discern behind those huge spectacles he wears, are keen and piercing. His face is short, and rather disfigured by a grin, but when he speaks, it is lively, volatile, and expressive in a remarkable degree. His thin nervous lips, curled like Voltaire's, are characterized by a smile, by turns the most winning, sarcastic, and subtle, that can possibly be imagined.

Listen to him. He speaks with a nasal twang and a provincial accent. He has no melody in his voice. It is loud and ear-piercing—that of a vixen. Sometimes it rises to a screech, as that of Sheil's did. And yet all ears hang listening to that voice, which pours forth a succession of words embodying ideas as clear as crystal, copious almost to excess, but never tiresome. His exuberant thoughts flow from him without effort; he is perfectly easy, frank, familiar, and colloquial, in his style; his illustrations are most happy, often exceedingly brilliant. Be his theme ever so unpopular, he is invariably listened to with interest. His diminutive figure, his grim face, his screeching voice, are all forgotten in the brilliancy of his eloquence, and in the felicitous dexterity of his argument. That speaker is M. Thiers.

Such as his position is, he has made it himself. He has worked his way upward from obscure poverty. He owes nothing to birth, but every thing to labor. His father was a poor locksmith of Marseilles, where Adolphe was born in the year 1797. Through the interest of some of his mother's relations, the boy obtained admission to the free school of Marseilles, where he distinguished himself by his industry, and achieved considerable success. From thence, at eighteen, he went to study law at the town of Aix. Here it was that he formed his friendship with Mignet, afterward the distinguished historian. These two young men, in the intervals of their dry labors in the study of law, directed their attention to literary, historical, and political subjects. Thiers even led a political party of the students of Aix, and harangued them against the government of the restoration. He was practicing his eloquence for the tribune, though he then knew it not. He thus got into disgrace with the professors and the police, but the students were ardently devoted to him. He competed for a prize essay, and though his paper was the best, the professors refused to adjudge the prize to "the little Jacobin." The competition was adjourned till next year. Thiers sent in his paper again "next year," but meanwhile, a production arrived from Paris, which eclipsed all the others. To this the prize was speedily adjudged by the professors. But great was their dismay, when, on opening the sealed letter containing the name of the competitor, it was found to be no other than that of M. Thiers himself!

The young lawyer commenced practice in the town of Aix, but finding it up-hill work, and not at all productive, he determined to remove, in company with his friend Mignet, to seek his fortune in Paris. Full of talents, but light in pocket, the two friends entered the capital, and took lodgings in one of its obscurest and dirtiest quarters—a room on the fourth floor of a house in the dark Passage Montesquieu, of which a deal chest of drawers, a walnut-wood bedstead, two chairs, and a small black table somewhat rickety, constituted the furniture. There the two students lodged, working for the future. They did not wait with their hands folded. Thiers was only twenty-four, but he could already write with brilliancy and power, as his prize essay had proved. He obtained an introduction to Manuel, then a man of great influence in Paris, who introduced Thiers to Lafitte, the banker, and Lafitte got him admitted among the editors of the *Constitutionelle*, then the leading journal. It was the organ of *Les Epiciers*, or "grocers," in other words, of the rising middle classes of France. At the same time, Mignet obtained a similar engagement on the *Courrier*.

The position of Thiers was a good one to start from, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. He possessed a lively and brilliant style, admirably suited for polemical controversy; and he soon attracted notice by the boldness of his articles. He ventured to write on all subjects, and in course of time he learned something of them. Art, politics, literature, philosophy, religion, history, all came alike ready to his hand. In France, the literary man is a much greater person than he is in England. He is a veritable member of the fourth estate, which in France overshadows all others. Thiers became known, invited, courted, and was a frequenter of the most brilliant *salons* of the opposition. But newspaper writing was not enough to satisfy the indefatigable industry of the man. He must write history too, and his theme was neither more nor less than the great French Revolution. Our readers must know the book well enough. It is remarkably rapid, brilliant, stylish—full of interest in its narrative, though not very scrupulous in its morality—decidedly fatalistic, recognizing heroism only in the conqueror, and unworthiness only in the vanquished—in short, the history of M. Thiers is a deification of *success*. But ordinary readers did not look much below the surface; the brilliant narrative, which ministered abundantly to the national appetite for "glory," fascinated all readers; and M. Thiers at once took his place among the most distinguished literary and political leaders of France

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He became a partner in the *Constitutionelle;* descended from his garret, turned dandy, and frequented Tortoni's. Nothing less than a handsome hotel could now contain him. Thiers has grown a successful man, and to such nothing is denied. Liberalism had thriven so well with him, that he must go a little further, he must be democratic; the drift of opinion was then in that direction, so he set on foot the *National*, the organ of the revolutionary party. The war which this paper waged against the government of Charles X. and the Polignac ministry, was of the most relentless kind. The *National* it was, that stung the government into the famous *Ordonnances*, which issued in the "Three Days'" Revolution of 1830. Thiers was, throughout, the soul of this ardent, obstinate, brilliant struggle against the old Bourbon government.

The *National* had only been seven months in existence, when the event referred to occurred. The *Ordonnances* against the Press appeared on the morning of the 26th of July. In the course of the day, the leaders of the Opposition Press, and several members of the Chamber of Deputies, met at the office of the *National*. M. Thiers at once propounded the course that was to be adopted at this juncture.

"Well," said he, "what's to be done now, as to opposition in the journals—in our articles? Come! we must perform an act."

"And what mean you by an act?"

"A signal of disobedience to a law which is no law! A protest!"

"Well—do it then?" was the reply.

A committee was named, on the spur of the moment, composed of Thiers, Chatelain, and Cauchois-Lemaire. Thiers drew up the protest: he inserted the leading idea—"The writers of journals, called upon the first to obey, ought to give the first example of resistance." This was the signal of revolution! Some said, "Good! We shall insert the protest as a leading article in our journals." "Not only that," said Thiers, "we must put our names under it, and our heads under it." The protest was agreed to, after considerable discussion; it was published; and the people of Paris indorsed the protest in the streets of Paris the very next day. Thus Thiers performed the initial act, which led to the expulsion from France of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. But it ought to be added that, after having signed the protest, which was published next morning, Thiers returned to muse in the shades of Montmorency, and did not return to Paris until the 29th, after the decisive battle of the barricades had been fought.

Of course, Thiers was now a man of greater mark than ever. The new government of the Citizen King at once secured him; and the son of the Marseilles locksmith, the poor law student of Aix, the newspaper writer of the garret, was now appointed Counselor of State and Secretary-General of Finance. It is said that the Citizen King even offered him the Portfolio of Finance, which he declined on the ground of inexperience; but he afterward accepted the office of Under-Secretary of State, and mainly directed that important part of the administration through a crisis of great financial difficulty. He was sent into the Chamber of Deputies as member for Aix, at whose college he had studied.

Thiers was no favorite when he entered the Chamber; he was very generally disliked, and he did much to alarm the timid by his style of dressing à-la-Danton, as well as by his high-flown phrases in favor of democratizing Europe, saving Poland, delivering Belgium, and passing the Rhine. His eloquence was then bluster, but as he grew older, he became more polished, more cautious, and more politic. When the Lafitte ministry fell, of which he had been a member, Thiers at once deserted that party, and attached himself to the Casimir-Perier administration. He fell foul of his old comrades, who proclaimed him a renegade. Never mind! Thiers was a clever fellow, who knew what cards he was playing. He who was for passing the Rhine, was now all for repose and peace; he would have no more innovations, nor propagandism; before, the advocate of equality and democracy, he now became the defender of conservatism, the peerage, and the old institutions of France. He stood almost alone in defending the peerage, but it fell nevertheless, and the revolution went on.

On Marshal Soult assuming the direction of affairs in 1831, Thiers was appointed Minister of the Interior. La Vendée was in flames at the time, Belgium was menaced, and excitement generally prevailed. Thiers acted with great energy under the circumstances; by means of gold, a traitor was found who secured the arrest of the Duchess de Berri, and the rebellion in Vendée was extinguished. A French army was sent against Antwerp, the citadel was taken, and the independence of Belgium secured. In the Chambers, Thiers obtained a credit for a hundred millions of francs, for the completion of public works. The statue of Napoleon was replaced on the Place Vendôme; public works were every where proceeded with; roads were formed; canals dug; and industry began generally to revive. The Minister of the Interior was successful.

But a storm was brewing. The republicans were yet a powerful party, and the government brought to bear upon them the terrors of the law. Secret associations were put down, and an explosion took place. Insurrections broke out at Paris and Lyons; Thiers went to the latter place, where he was less sparing of his person than he had been during the three days of Paris; for at Lyons two officers fell at his side, killed by musket-shots aimed at the minister himself. At length the insurrection was got under; dissensions occurred in the ministry; Thiers retired, but soon after took office under Marshal Mortier; the fêtes of July, 1835, arrived; the Fieschi massacre took place, Thiers being by the king's side at the time of the explosion. Laws against the liberty of the Press followed this diabolic act, and now M. Thiers was found on the side of repression of free speech. The laws against the

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Press were enforced by him with rigor. He was now on the high road to power. He became President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. But the Spanish intervention question occurred. Thiers was in favor of intervention, and the majority of the ministry were opposed to it. Thiers resigned office, and bided his time. He went to Rome and kissed the Pope's toe, bringing home with him leather trunks of the middle ages, Roman medals, and a store of new arguments against democracy.

A coalition ministry was formed in 1838, and Thiers, "the Mirabeau gadfly," as a pungent lady styled him about this time, became the leader of the party. Thiers failed in his assaults on the ministry; Molé reigned, then Guizot; and the brilliant Thiers was reduced to the position of a simple deputy on the seats of the opposition. But again did M. Thiers find himself in power, after the failure of the ministry on the Dotation Bill of the Duke of Nemours. The ministry of March 1st, 1840, was formed, and Thiers was the President of the Council. Louis Philippe confided all to him; but, though Louis trusted Thiers, and perhaps owed his crown to him, this statesman seemed really to be his evil genius. The Thiers ministry brought the government of France into imminent danger from foreign powers, and was replaced, as a matter of urgency, by that of Guizot, in October. Thiers again relapsed into violent opposition. Years passed, during which he proceeded with his completion of the History of the Consulate and the Empire, which brought him in large gains. The fatal year of 1848 arrived; and when Guizot was driven from power, Louis Philippe again, and for the last time, charged M. Thiers with the formation of a ministry. It did not last an hour. The revolution of 1848 was already consummated.

The career of Thiers since then is well known. For a time he disappeared from France; haunted Louis Philippe's foot-steps—still protesting undying love for that branch of the Bourbon family. He returned to the Chamber of Deputies, where he is again in opposition; though what he is, and what the principles he holds, it is difficult to say. Principles, indeed, seem to stick to Thiers but lightly. One day he is the bitter enemy of socialism, the next he is its defender. He is a Free-trader to-day, a Protectionist to-morrow. He is a liberal and a conservative by turns. In short, he is a man "too clever by half," and seems constantly tempted, like many skillful speakers, to show how much can be said on both sides of a question. He is greatest in an attack; he is a capital puller-down: when any thing is to be built up, you will not find Thiers among the constructors. He is a thoroughly dextrous man—sagacious, subtle, scheming, and indefatigable. Few trust him, and yet, see how he is praised! "Have you read Thiers' speech? Ah! there is a transcendent orator!" "Bah!" says another, "who believes in what Thiers says? The little stinging dwarf—he is only the *roué* of the tribune!"

Thus, though Thiers has many admirers, he has few friends. His changes have been so sudden and unexpected on many occasions, that few care to trust him. He is not a man to be depended upon. He has been a republican and a monarchist by turns: who knows but to-morrow he may be a Red? It all depends on how the wind blows! This is what they say of M. Thiers. The nobles regard him as a *parvenu*; the republicans stigmatize him as a renegade. The monarchists think of him as a waiter on Providence.

M. Cormenin (Timon), in his *Livre des Orateurs*, has drawn a portrait of Thiers with a pencil of caustic. Perhaps it is too severe; but many say it is just. In that masterly sketch, Cormenin says—"Principles make revolutions and revolutionists. Principles found monarchies, aristocracies, republics, parliaments. Principles are morals and religion, peace and war. Principles govern the world. In truth, M. Thiers affirms that there are no principles, that is to say, M. Thiers has none. That is all."

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE," "YEAST," ETC.

GOD gives life, not only to us who have immortal souls, but to every thing on the face of the earth; for the psalm has been talking all through not only of men, but of beasts, fishes, trees, and rivers, and rocks, sun, and moon. Now, all these things have a life in them. Not a life like ours; but still you speak rightly and wisely when you say, "That tree is alive, and that tree is dead. That running water is live water; it is clear and fresh; but if it is kept standing it begins to putrefy; its life is gone from it, and a sort of death comes over it, and makes it foul, and unwholesome, and unfit to drink." This is a deep matter, this, how there is a sort of life in every thing, even to the stones under our feet. I do not mean, of course, that stones can think as our life makes us do, or feel as the beasts' life makes them do; or even grow as the trees' life makes them do; but I mean that their life keeps them as they are, without changing. You hear miners and quarrymen talk very truly of the live rock. That stone, they say, was cut out of the live rock, meaning the rock as it was under ground, sound and hard; as it would be, for aught we know, to the end of time, unless it was taken out of the ground, out of the place where God's Spirit meant it to be, and brought up to the open air and the rain, in which it is not its nature to be; and then you will see that the life of the stone begins to pass from it bit by bit, that it crumbles and peels away, and, in short, decays, and is turned again to its dust. Its organization, as it is called, or life, ends, and then—what? Does the stone lie forever useless? No. And there is the great, blessed mystery of how God's Spirit is always bringing life out of death. When the stone is decayed and crumbled down to dust and clay, it makes *soil*. This very soil here, which you plow, is the decayed ruins of ancient hills; the clay which

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you dig up in the fields was once part of some slate or granite mountains, which were worn away by weather and water, that they might become fruitful earth. Wonderful! But any one who has studied these things can tell you they are true. Any one who has ever lived in mountainous countries ought to have seen the thing happen—ought to know that the land in the mountain valleys is made at first, and kept rich year by year by the washings from the hills above; and this is the reason why land left dry by rivers and by the sea is generally so rich. Then what becomes of the soil? It begins a new life. The roots of the plants take it up; the salts which they find in it—the staple, as we call them—go to make leaves and seed; the very sand has its use; it feeds the stocks of corn and grass, and makes them stiff. The corn-stalks would never stand upright if they could not get sand from the soil. So what a thousand years ago made part of a mountain, now makes part of a wheat plant; and in a year more the wheat grain will have been eaten, and the wheat straw, perhaps, eaten too, and they will have *died*—decayed in the bodies of the animals who have eaten them, and then they will begin a third new life—they will be turned into parts of the animal's body—of a man's body. So what is now your bones and flesh may have been once a rock on some hill-side a hundred miles away.

A BLACK EAGLE IN A BAD WAY.

AUSTRIA, in this present year of grace, 1851, looks to me very much like a translated version of England under the Stuarts.

I am a resident at Vienna, and know Austria pretty well. I have seen many birds before now in a sickly state—have seen some absolutely rotting away—but I never saw one with such unpromising symptoms upon him as the Black Eagle of Austria.

The Court of Vienna is perhaps the most brilliant in Europe; the whole social system in Vienna is perhaps the most thoroughly unsound in Europe. Austria is weighed down by a numerous and impoverished nobility, by unjust taxes, and by a currency incredibly depreciated. Her commerce is hampered by all manner of monopolies, and is involved in such a complex network of restrictions, as only the industrious, gold-getting fingers of a few can unravel. Nearly the whole trade of Austria is in the hands of this busy, persevering few. Out of the immediate circle of the government, there is scarcely a satisfied man in the Austrian dominions. The nobles feel abridgment of their privileges, and decrease of profit by the abolition of their feudal rights, succeeding the late revolution. The merchants feel that in Austria they suffer more vexatious interference than it is in the nature of man to bear quietly. The people, a naturally good-humored race, have learned insensibly to clench their fists whenever they think of their absolute and paternal government.

The position of the nobles is ridiculous. They swarm over the land; increase and multiply, and starve. Not more than a few dozen of them can live honestly without employment; while not one of the noble millions may exercise a trade for bread; may practice law or medicine, or sink down into authorship. The Austrian patrician can not feed himself by marriage with a merchant's daughter: if he do, his household will not be acknowledged by his noble friends. The he-noble must marry the she-noble, and they must make a miserable, mean, hungry, noble pair.

A celebrated Viennese Professor dined one day in England with a learned lord. "Pray, how is Baron Dash?" inquired a guest—said Baron Dash being at that time an Austrian Minister.

"He is quite well," said the Professor.

"And his wife?" pursued the other. "I remember meeting her at Rome; they were just married, and she was a most delightful person. She created a sensation, no doubt, when she was received at your court!"

"She was not received at all," said the Professor.

"How was that?" asked many voices.

"Because she is not born."

"Not born" is the customary mode of ignoring (if I may use a slang word of this time) the existence of the vulgar, among the noble Viennese. At the present moment, the family of a Minister, or of any of the generals who have saved the throne, may be excluded from society on this pretense. Two recent exceptions have been made in favor of the wives of two of the most important people in the empire. They were invited to the court-balls; but were there treated so scurvily by the "born" ladies, that these unborn women visited them only once.

What is to be done by these poor nobles—shut out from commerce, law, and physic? Diplomacy is voted low; unless they get the great embassies. The church, as in all Catholic countries, is low; unless a nobleman should enter it with certain prospect of a cardinal's hat or a bishopric. The best bishoprics in the world (meaning, of course, the most luxurious) are Austrian. The revenues of the Primate of Hungary are said to be worth the comfortable trifle of sixty thousand pounds a year.

But there remains for these wretched nobles, one road to independence and distinction; and this is the army. To the army, it may be said, the whole body of the Austrian nobility belongs. The more fortunate, that is to say, the highest in rank, add to their commissions places about the court. Cherished titles are acquired in this way; and a lady may insist on being seriously addressed in polite Austrian society as—say for example, Frau-ober-consistorial-hof-Directorinn.

In the army, of course, under such a system, we see lieutenants with the hair gone from their heads, and generals with no hair come yet on their chins. A young man of family may get a captaincy in three months, which his neighbor without patronage, might not get if he lived forever. Commissions are not sold in Austria as

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they are in England, but the Ministry of War knows how to respond to proper influence. In an army of five hundred thousand, vacancies, it is needless to say constantly occur. The lad who is named cornet in Hungary, is presently lieutenant of a regiment in Italy, and by-and-by a captain in Croatia. After that, he may awake some morning, major, with the place of aid-de-camp to the Emperor; and to such a boy, with friends to back him, the army is decidedly a good profession. The inferior officers are miserably paid, an ensign having little more than thirty pounds a year. A captain, however, is well paid in allowances, if not in money; while a colonel has forage for twelve horses, and very good contingencies besides. Again, there are to be considered other very important differences between pay in the Austrian and pay in the English army. An Austrian can live upon his pay. His simple uniform is not costly; he is free from mess expenses, and may dine for sixpence at the tavern favored by his comrades. Not being allowed at any time to lay aside his uniform, he can not run up a long tailor's bill; and, being admitted to the best society, he need not spend much money on amusement. Besides, does not the state accord to him the privilege of going to the theatre for twopence?

The poorer officers in the Austrian service are so unreasonable and ill-conditioned, that they are not in general pleased by these advantages being given to men, who may possibly be well born, but who have certainly not been long born; and in many places combinations have been made to resist the unfair system of promotion. A young captain sent down to command graybeards, with a lively sense of their own claims on the vacancy, is now and then required to fight, one after the other, the whole series of senior lieutenants. This causes a juvenile captain occasionally to shirk the visit to his regiment, and effect a prompt exchange.

Some part of the last-named difficulty is overcome by the existence of one or two corps of officers who have no regiment at all. Where there are no men to murmur, the business of promotion is carried on with perfect comfort.

In spite of all this, there is much to be said to the credit and honor of the innumerable throng of people forming the Austrian army. It is an excellently appointed and well-disciplined multitude. The gallantry of its soldiers, and the skill and experience of many of its highest officers, must be freely admitted. Then, too, the great number of nobles classed within it has at least had the good effect of creating a high standard of artificial honor. The fellow-feeling among Austrian soldiers is also great; those of the same rank accost each other with the "Du," the household word of German conversation; and the common word for an old companion in arms is "Dutybruder."

Duels are frequent, but not often fatal, or even dangerous. To take the nib from an adversary's nose, or to pare a small rind from his ear, is ample vengeance even for the blood-thirsty.

An Austrian officer who has received a blow, though only in an accidental scuffle, is called upon to quit his regiment, unless he has slain upon the spot the owner of the sacrilegious hand that struck him. This he is authorized by law to do, if struck while wearing uniform. The effect of this savage custom has been to produce in Austrian officers a peculiar meekness and forbearance; to keep them always watchful against quarrels with civilians; and to make them socially the quietest gentlemen in the world.

Last winter a fast English gent left a masked ball at the Redoute, intoxicated. Disarming a sentry, he ensconced himself until morning in his box. The gent was then forwarded to the frontier, but the soldier was flogged for not having shot him.

Freedom from arrest for debt is an immunity enjoyed by Austrian officers; but those who indulge too freely in their exemption from responsibility, may want defenders powerful enough to prevent their summary dismissal from the service.

I have written thus much about the Austrian army, because, in fact, as the world here now stands, every third man is or has been a soldier; and one can not talk about society in this empire without beginning at once to talk about its military aspect.

Gay and trifling as the metropolis is, with its abundance of out-door amusement, Vienna must be put down in plain words as the most inhospitable capital in Europe. The Austrians themselves admit that they could not endure to be received abroad as they are in the habit of receiving strangers here. The greater Austrian nobles never receive a stranger to their intimacy.

A late French embassador, who conducted his establishment with splendor, and was at all times profusely hospitable, used to say that he was not once asked privately to dinner during the whole period of his residence in Vienna. The diplomatic corps do not succeed in forcing the close barriers of Austrian exclusiveness; and twenty years of residence will not entitle a stranger to feel that he has made himself familiarly the friend of a single Austrian. Any one who has lived among the higher classes in Vienna will confirm my statement, and will recall with astonishment the somewhat indignant testimony of the oldest and most respected members of the *corps diplomatique* to the inhospitable way in which their friendly overtures have been received. Invitations to dinner are exceedingly rare; there are brilliant balls; but these do not satisfy an English longing for good-fellowship. Familiar visits and free social intercourse do not exist at all. Then there are the two great divisions of society—or the nobles and the merchant Jews; on one side poverty and pride; on the other, wealth and intellect. The ugliest and most illiterate of pauper-countesses would consider her glove soiled by contact with the rosy fingers of the fairest and most accomplished among bankers' wives. The nobles so intermarrying and so looking down contemptuously upon the brain and sinew of the land, have, as a matter of course,

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legenerated into colorless morsels of humanity. How long they can remain uppermost is for themselves to calculate, if they can; it is enough for us who see good wine at the bottom, and lees at the top, to know that there must be a settlement impending.

For the inhospitality of Viennese society there is one sufficient reason; it springs out of the dread of espionage. In this city of Vienna alone there are said to be four hundred police spies, varying in rank between an archduke and a waiter. Letters are not safe; writing-desks are not sacred. An office for opening letters exists in the post-office. Upon the slightest suspicion or curiosity, seals have impressions taken from them, the wax is melted over a jet of flame, the letters are read, and, if necessary, copied, re-sealed, and delivered. Wafers are of course moistened by steam. You can not prevent this espionage, but it can be detected (supposing that to be any consolation) if you seal with wax over a wafer. One consequence of the melting and steaming practices of the Austrian post-office is especially afflicting to merchants;—bills come sometimes to be presented, while the letters containing advice of them lie detained by the authorities; acceptance, in the absence of advice, being refused.

From the surveillance of the police officials, perhaps not a house in Vienna is free. The man whom you invited as a friend, and who is dancing with your wife, may be a spy. You can not tell; and for this reason people in Vienna—naturally warm and sociable—close their doors upon familiarity, and are made freezingly inhospitable. Yet this grand machine of espionage leaves crime at liberty. Although murder is rare, or at least rare of discovery (there is a Todschauer, or inspector of deaths, but no coroner's inquest), unpunished forgeries and robberies of the most shameless kind outrage society continually. Many of the more distant provinces are infested by gangs of organized banditti; who will ride, during broad daylight, into a country gentleman's courtyard; invite themselves to dinner, take away his property, and insist on a ransom for himself if he has no wish to see his house in flames. When met by troops these bands of thieves are often strong enough to offer battle.

But, although the Austrian police can not protect Austrian subjects, it can annoy not only them, but foreigners besides. The English are extremely liable to suffer. One Englishman, only the other day, was ordered to the frontier for a quarrel with his landlady; another, for keeping bad society; another, for hissing a piece of music; three, for being suspected of political intrigue; two for being newspaper reporters. The French have lately come in for their share of police attentions; and we have lost, from the same cause, the company of two Americans. Among the Austrians themselves, the very name of the police is a word of terror. By their hearths they dare barely whisper matter that would be harmless enough elsewhere, but dangerous here, if falling upon a policeman's ears.

Recently there was a poem published which professed to draw a parallel between a monarchy and a republic. Of course it was an orthodox and an almost rabid glorification of "sound" absolutist principles. The poet sent a copy to an Austrian noble; who, opening it carelessly, and immediately noticing the word "republic," handed the book back to a servant, with a shudder, and a note to the author acknowledging its receipt, and wondering that the poet "should have thought him (the noble) capable of encouraging republican principles!" This note scarified the feelings of the rhymer intensely. He hurried off to exculpate himself and explain the real aim of his book. He did this, and, of course, his book was bought.

This is the state of Austria in 1851. Men of all grades look anxiously to France; well knowing that the events in Paris next year, if they lead to outbreak, will be felt in Vienna instantly. Yet Strauss delights the dancers, and the military bands play their "Hoch Lebe" round the throne. The nobles scorn the merchants and the men of letters; who return the noble scorn with a contemptuous pity. The murmur of the populace is heard below; but still we have the gayest capital in all the world. We throng the places of amusement. Dissipation occupies our minds and shuts out graver thought. Verily, Charles Stuart might be reigning in this capital.

THE POTTER OF TOURS.

AMONG the choicest works of art contributed to the Great Industrial Exhibition by our French neighbors, were some enameled earthernware vases of remarkably fine workmanship, and particularly worthy of attention for their grotesque yet graceful decorations. These vases had, however, a still higher claim to distinction than that arising from their own intrinsic value, for they were the workmanship of one who may truly be ranked among "nature's nobles," although by birth and station owning no greater title than that of "Charles Avisseau, the potter of Tours."

A worthy successor of Bernard Palissy, he has, like him, achieved the highest success in his art, in spite of difficulties which would have caused most other men to yield despairingly before what they would have deemed their untoward fate. Charles Avisseau was born at Tours on Christmas-day, in the year 1796. His father was a stone-cutter, but whenever labor was slack in that department, he sought additional occupation in a neighboring pottery. While still a child, he used frequently to accompany his father to the factory. His eager attention was quickly attracted by the delicate workmanship of the painters in enamel, and before long he attempted to imitate their designs. The master of the factory observed some flowers and butterflies which he had sketched on a coarse earthernware vase, and at once perceiving that he gave promise of being a good workman, he engaged him in the service of the factory.

The boy now began to feel himself a man, and entered with his whole soul into his work. By the dim and uncertain light of the one lamp around

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which the Avisseau family gathered in the long winter evenings, Charles would spend hour after hour in tracing out new designs for the earthernware he was to paint on the morrow. He was at first too poor to purchase either pencil or paper, and used to manufacture from clay the best substitute he could for the former, while he generally employed the walls of the apartment as a substitute for the latter. He applied himself indefatigably to the study of every branch of his art—the different varieties of earths, the methods of baking them, the mode of producing various enamels, &c.—until, after some years of patient labor in the humble situation he had first occupied, he was offered the post of superintendent of the manufactory of fine porcelain at Beaumont-les-Hôtels. He was still, however, but a poor man; and, having married very young, was struggling with family cares and the trials of penury, when one day there fell into his hands an old enameled earthernware vase, which filled him with a transport of astonishment and delight. This was the *chef-d'œuvre* he had so often dreamed of, and longed to accomplish; the colors were fired on the ware without the aid of the white glaze, and the effect was exquisite.

"Whose work is this masterpiece?" inquired the young man.

"That of Bernard Palissy," was the reply; "a humble potter by birth. He lived at Saintes three centuries ago, and carried with him to the grave the secret of the means by which his beautiful enamels were produced."

"Well, then," thought Avisseau, "I will rediscover this great secret. If he was a potter like me, why should not I become an artist like him?"

From that hour forward he devoted himself with the most unwearying perseverance to his great pursuit. He passed whole nights over the furnace; and although ignorant of chemistry, and destitute of resources, instruments, or books, he tried one experiment after another, in hopes of at length attaining the much-desired object. His neighbors called him a madman and a fool; his wife, too gentle to complain, often looked on with sad and anxious eye as she saw their scanty resources diminishing day by day—wasted, as she conceived, in vain and fruitless experiments. All his hopes seemed doomed to disappointment, and destitution stared him in the face; yet one more trial he determined to make, although that one he promised should be the last. With the utmost care he blended the materials of his recomposed enamel, and applied them to the ware, previous to placing it in the oven. But who can describe the deep anxiety of the ensuing hour, the hour on which the fondly-cherished hopes of a lifetime seemed to hang? At length with beating heart and trembling hand he opened the furnace; his ware was duly baked, and the colors of his enamel had undergone no change! This was a sufficient reward for all his labors; and even to this day Avisseau can never speak of that moment without the deepest emotion.

But this was not a mind to rest contented with what he had already achieved: he longed still further to perfect his art. He accordingly gave up his situation in the factory, and opened a shop in Tours, where he earned his livelihood by selling little earthernware figures, ornaments for churches, &c., while he passed his nights in study and in making renewed experiments. He borrowed treatises on chemistry, botany, and mineralogy; studied plants, insects, and reptiles; and succeeded at last in composing a series of colors which were all fusible at the same temperature. One more step remained to be achieved: he wished to introduce gold among his enamel; but, alas! he was a poor man, too poor to buy even the smallest piece of that precious metal. For many a weary day and night this thought troubled him. Let us transport ourselves for a few moments to the interior of his lowly dwelling, and see how this difficulty too was overcome. It is a winter's evening; two men—Charles Avisseau and his son—are seated at a table in the centre of the room; they have worked hard all day, but are not the less intent upon their present occupation—that of moulding a vase of graceful and classic form. Under their direction, two young sisters are engaged in tracing the veins upon some vine-leaves which had recently been modeled by the artists; while the mother of the family, seated by the chimney-corner, is employed in grinding the colors for her husband's enamels. Her countenance expresses a peaceful gravity, although every now and then she might be perceived to direct an anxious and inquiring glance toward her goodman, who seemed to be this evening even more than usually pensive. At last he exclaimed, more as if speaking to himself than addressing his observation to others:

"Oh, what would I not give to be able to procure the smallest piece of gold!"

"You want gold!" quietly inquired his wife; "here is my wedding-ring: if it can help to make you happy, what better use can I put it to! Take it, my husband! God's blessing rests upon it." So saying, she placed the long-treasured pledge in Avisseau's hand. He gazed upon it with deep emotion: how many were the associations connected with that little circlet of gold—the pledge of his union with one who had cheered him in his sorrows, assisted him in his labors, and aided him in his struggles! And, besides, would it not be cruel to accept from her so great a sacrifice? On the other hand, however, the temptation was strong; he had so longed to perform this experiment! If it succeeded, it would add so much to the beauty of his enamel: he knew not what to do. At length, hastily rising from his seat, he left the house. He still retained the ring in his hand: a great struggle was going on in his mind; but each moment the temptation to make the long-desired experiment gained strength in his mind, until at last the desire proved irresistible. He hurried to the furnace, dropped the precious metal into the crucible, applied it to the ware, which he then placed in the oven, and, after a night of anxious watching, held in his hand a cup, such as he had so long desired to see, ornamented with gilt enamel! His wife

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as she gazed upon it, although at the same time a tear glistened in her eye; and looking proudly upon her husband, she exclaimed: "My wedding-ring has not been thrown away!"

Still, Avisseau, notwithstanding his genius, was destined to lead for many years a life of poverty and obscurity. It was not until the year 1845 that M. Charles Sciller, a barrister, at Tours, first drew attention to the great merit of some of the pieces he had executed, and persuaded him to exhibit them at Angers, Poitiers, and Paris. The attention of the public once directed toward his works, orders began to flow in upon him apace. The President of the Republic and the Princess Matilda Bonaparte are among his patrons, and the most distinguished artists and public men of the day are frequently to be met with in his *atélier*. In the midst of all this unlooked-for success, Avisseau had ever maintained the modest dignity of his character.

M. Brongniart, the influential director of the great porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, begged of him to remove thither, promising him a liberal salary if he would work for the Sèvres Company, and impart to them his secrets. "I thank you for your kindness, sir," replied the potter of Tours, "and I feel you are doing me a great honor; but I would rather eat my dry crust here as an artisan than live as an artist on the fat of the land at Sèvres. *Here* I am free, and my own master: *there* I should be the property of another, and that would never suit me."

When he was preparing his magnificent vase for the Exhibition, he was advised to emboss it with the royal arms of England. "No," he replied, "I will not do that. If her Majesty were then to purchase my work, people might imagine I had ornamented it with these insignia in order to obtain her favor, and I have never yet solicited the favor of any human being!" Avisseau has no ambition to become a rich man. He shrinks from the busy turmoil of life—loving his art for its own sake, and delighting in a life of meditative retirement, which enables him to mature his ideas, and to execute them with due deliberation.

In the swamps and in the meadows he studies the varied forms and habits of reptiles, insects, and fish, until he succeeds in reproducing them so truly to the life, that one can almost fancy he sees them winding themselves around the rushes, or gliding beneath the shelter of the spreading water-leaves. His humble dwelling, situated in one of the faubourgs of Tours, is well worthy of a visit. Here he and his son—now twenty years of age, who promises to prove in every respect a worthy successor to his father—may be found at all hours of the day laboring with unremitting diligence. A room on the ground-floor forms the artist's studio and museum: its walls are hung with cages, in which are contained a numerous family of frogs, snakes, lizards, caterpillars, &c., which are intended to serve as models; rough sketches, broken busts, half-finished vases, lie scattered around. The furnaces are constructed in a little shed in the garden, and one of them has been half-demolished, in order to render it capable of admitting the gigantic vase which Avisseau has sent to the Great Exhibition. There we trust the successor of Bernard Palissy will meet with the success so justly due to his unassuming merit, and to the persevering genius which carried him onward to his goal in the midst of so much to discourage, and with so little help to speed him on his way.

KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

ST. GEORGE'S CROSS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

A DULL November evening: ghosts of a fog aspiring to the summit of a mountain, which formed the startling feature in the background of a landscape: a melancholy dissonance of swelling, rolling, breaking waves—strong, though not violent, moaning of autumnal winds through the valley, and up the mountain side: dark, heavy masses of cloud—red, and silvery, and leaden lines alternating on the horizon, at the point where the sun had disappeared: a girl standing on an enormous stone that was nearly surrounded by the water, a boy seated on the same rock near her feet; they were Ella, the clergyman's daughter, and George, a shoemaker's son.

An arm, white, round, and smooth as a girl's, bared to the elbow, besmeared with blood and India ink, a hand, gliding over it rapidly, making strange tracery as it moved; a voice, soft and melodious, but tremulous in its tones, telling of a heart beating within the speaker's breast that was keenly susceptible to every emotion—that voice saying,

"Did I show you the verses that I wrote about our Cross, Ella?"

"No! no—*did* you write *verses* about it?"

Without replying to the words, the boy laid down the needle he was using, drew from his pocket a little book, took from it a paper which he gave to the girl, silently resuming his work.

And in the gloom and cold she read,

FOR ELLA.

THE SYMBOL AND MEMORIAL.

I place the semblance of a Wayside Cross,
Thy hands and mine have fashioned, in this place,
Not only as an ornament, to grace
With well-shaped form, and covering of moss,
My shelves of books; nor yet Life's supreme loss
To hint through it to all who will admire:
Another impulse urged me, and a higher—
All false ambition and "world praise," pure dross,
Which doth but weaken thought, and lay on toil
A heavier curse than Adam's, stands reproved
Before this solemn figure. He who died
Ordained a Rest from this vain world's turmoil
In shadow of his cross. So unremoved
Here let this stand, and shed its warnings wide.
Here shall it stand above these graves of Thought,
These well-remembered, and frequented graves,
In memory of the lion-hearted braves
Who into Life new life and strength have brought—
In memory of the martyrs who have taught
The sacred truths for which they dared to die—
In memory of the poet-souls that lie
In the poor potter's field for strangers bought;
Here let it stand, a hallowed monument,
Most meet, o'er the great hopes entombed beneath—
And if it speaks to only you and I
Of more than beauty, have we vainly blent
The moss and lichens? Is it thy belief
Our thoughts shall ever in such shadow lie?

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"A rare *library* I have," said the boy, with bitter accent—"yet I have made use of no poetic license in speaking of my shelves of books—I have just two shelves, and there are at least a dozen books in each."

"I know of some men who have great libraries, and they might be glad to know as much as you do about books," said the girl, soothingly, "never mind, you'll write more books than you own, one of these days."

"Oh, Ella, you speak like a child—you *are* a child indeed," he repeated, surveying her as if he had not thought of such a thing before. "I shall never, *never* write a book, I have got another life marked out for me."

"Who says so? who put such a thing into your head?" she asked, quickly. "Why, you write *now*—you write verses and prose—so you are an author already."

"I wish to God I were!"

"You are, you are, I tell you."

"*I have a mother—I am to be a preacher!*" the words were almost hissed forth—but having uttered them, he seemed immediately to regain tranquillity. "Do you remember the day when we two had a pic-nic here, and gathered moss from the rocks, and made those crosses?" he said, tenderly.

"Why, yes," she answered, with evident surprise—"to be sure I remember—it was only last week. What a lovely day it was—and what a beautiful cross that was you shaped for me. I look at it every day—I believe it will never fade."

"It can not fade . . . You spoke of my writing books . . . what should I write them for?"

"Money and Fame—what all authors write for."

"Oh, what a mistake! not all! Sit down here, Ella. There's a good girl. Don't you know there are *some* persons who don't write for money, and who don't care for fame? Some who write because they must, who'd go crazy outright, if they didn't, but who would just as soon dig a hole in the ground, and throw what they write in there, or make a burial place of this sea, as they'd have their writings printed! They write to satisfy their own great spirits, not to please others."

"No, I never heard of such a thing, and I don't believe it either. You are talking in fun, to hear yourself—or to get me into a dispute with you—nothing pleases you better."

The boy looked up, his eyes met those of the girl beside him—they smiled on each other. What children they were. How strangely forgetful of the gulf that lay between them!

"See, Ella, I have finished my work"

It was getting very cold and cheerless there on the sea-side, and she shivered as she turned to look at the completed work, whose progress she had shrunk from watching.

"What did you call it? Oh, I remember, that is the anchor. But there's another mark below it, an old one too," she said, bending lower, that she might see it more distinctly. "You never told me about this—what is it?"

"Shall I make an ANCHOR on your arm?"

The girl drew back.

"You are afraid it will hurt you," he said, half in scorn.

She looked on his arm where the blood was mingling with the ink.

"No," she said, resolutely, "I'm not afraid it will hurt me, but the mark, will it not last always?"

"To be sure it will. Oh! you will be a beauty—you will shine in ball-rooms with those fair white arms uncovered! Such stuff as *this* would deface them!"

"No such thing! you like to tease me, and that's the reason you talk so. How wild you are! I'm not at all afraid of the pain—nor of marring my beauty. You know, in the first place, I have no beauty, and I don't want any either."

"Tut—but I'm not going to flatter you. Do you really want to know what this other mark here is?"

"Yes."

"It's a cross, Ella."

"A cross, George! What's the reason you wear it *there?*"

"Why do you wear that gold thing attached to the gold chain hung around your neck? *That* is a cross too."

"This? Oh, mamma gave it to me."

"What good does it do you? Do you say your prayers over it?"

"No—I think it very pretty—I wear it for mamma's sake."

The boy folded his arms, and turning half away from her said, scornfully, as if to himself:

"She wears it *proudly*, for it shines
With costly gems, a radiant thing!
A worthier emblem of the times
To Fashion's court she could not bring.

"Made fast with chain of precious gold,
She dons it with her gala-dress:—
It shines amid the silken fold—
Sin clasps it with a bold caress.

"It is no burden as she treads
Through Pleasure's paths in open day;
No threat'ning shadow ever spreads
From those rich jewels round her way

"She clasps it in her vainest mood,
(That awful symbol lightly worn,)
Forgetful that 'tis stained with blood,
And has the Prince of Glory borne!

"Oh strange forgetfulness! She sees
No circling Crown of Thorns hung there!
Droops ne'er beneath it to her knees!
Is never driven by it to prayer!

"It lies no weight upon her breast—
It speaks no warning to her heart—
It lends no guiding light—at best
Is but a gaud in Folly's mart.

"Go! hide the glittering thing from sight!
Go! bear the cross in worthier guise!
The soul-worn crucifix sheds light
That in no paltry bauble lies."

As he finished the recitation, or improvisation, whichever it might be, the youth quietly turned toward the maiden, lifted the slight chain which secured the ornament over her head, and glancing at the "bauble" contemptuously, flung it far into the water.

She was so astonished that, though his move

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ment was comprehended, she made no attempt to stay his purpose—her eyes followed his hand, and the bright golden cross as it flashed on the waves and disappeared—then she turned away, without speaking, as if to leave him.

"Stay!" he said, and she stopped short—"come and sit down here beside me," but she looked at him as though she did not hear.

"It vexes me," he said, in an apologetic, conciliatory way, "it vexes me to see every holy, sacred thing made vain, by vain unmeaning people. What business has any one to wear a *golden* cross? Had you worn one of lead or iron, I would not have thrown it into the sea. I wish you *would* wait a few minutes—*don't* go! I want to tell you about this cross on my arm. You *asked* me about it. To me it means ENDURE. Ella, you can't guess how much it means; because it isn't possible for you ever to look into the future as I do. You can't imagine what I see before me. I don't know as I should have thought of engraving an anchor here, under this cross, but when I came down to the beach to-night I was very desperate—I saw you standing up here on this rock, the sunlight was shining on your hair and face, the breeze making sport with your shawl and dress, and you looked to me just like Hope, standing so firm on the rock, looking up *so* calmly into heaven. Oh, Ella, you can't guess what quiet the sight of you sent into my soul. If you had been an angel, and had stood repeating the words of Jesus as He walked on the waters, I could not have heard you say *Peace* more distinctly. . . . . One has no right to hope, who can not endure. I don't like to see such awful realities as the cross turned into vain symbols, that's the truth about it. But I want you to forgive me for throwing your cross into the sea, I only wish I could tear every cross from you as easily, as you go through life. I couldn't bear to think that you would very soon, let me see, you are fifteen years old! go among gay people wearing that thing, forgetful of its meaning. Will you forgive me?"

The "Yes" she said was more than a half sob—but as if ashamed of the emotion she could not conceal, Ella gave the boy her hand, with a frankness that conveyed all the pardon he wanted.

"Will you let me mark the anchor on your arm then, Ella?"

"No, but you *may* do the cross." She sat down beside him again, and he traced on her tender arm, with the fine point of the needle, a symbol and a badge.

"And you will not have the Hope?"

"That is in my heart."

"In truth it is the safest place for it. Your arm might have to be amputated some day, but your heart, I know, will never die while you live."

"Can the heart die?"

"Yes, it can be killed—it can die of disease, of cold, of fever, a thousand things can destroy it—just as the body is destroyed."

"Don't you keep your hope in *your* heart too?"

"Yes, when I have any. There's no moon to-night. Let's go. We shall have a storm before morning. See the waves! they look as if they had been saturated in the Blackness of Darkness, and were just escaped from IT. And, do look up! what a fit pavilion are those clouds for the Angel of Wrath! oh, how I wish he would appear!"

"George! George!"

"Yes, Ella—for he would be sure to do away these cursed distinctions we know so much of! Then I should have no need for feeling as I do, when I shut your gate after you, and go on to the shed where the shoemaker's widow lives with her son, whom people are so very kind, so exceeding kind, as to call a poet. Ella, neither you nor I will live to see it—but the old things SHALL pass away on this earth, and new powers reign here ere long. And then, in that blessed day when Justice shall rule, a girl like you may walk up this village street with a boy even like *me*, and take his arm, and speak with him as an equal, and none shall stare and think the condescension wonderful. As it is—walk alone—go on before me—though you are weary and cold, I am not fit to support or to shelter you."

He opened the gate for her, for they stood now before the parsonage—as she passed through he said, more gently, "I am sorry that I threw your cross away; it was a violent, and passionate, and childish act. Besides, you prized it—for your mother's sake; you *love* your mother. And no good will ever come of its being torn away from you. There was no cause for treating you so."

"Yes, there was, George—don't mind—good *has* come of it already."

"Oh, Ella—how?"

"I'm ready, this moment, to bear another cross, to take it up and bear it, if God will."

"Woe to the human hand that lays a heavier cross on your shoulder than that I threw away from you."

"Good-night, George."

"Good-night, Ella."

"George, you don't believe *I* feel as you say people do about being seen walking or talking—with—you? I am, indeed, very proud of you, and—"

"Yes—I don't doubt it, since you say so—you're proud *of* me, though I can't see why. But you're not proud *for* me, nor *with* me."

"Yes—I am."

"No! no! you don't understand what you're talking about. I'm glad you don't—if I called 'the whole world a cheat, and all men liars,' you wouldn't say yea and amen to that?"

"No; for I could prove to you that you mistook all about you. Oh, if you only knew how—"

"No more—good-night. You are not like other people, Ella, or we could not speak as we do together."

II.

A dull November morning—rain had fallen in great quantities during the night, as George Waldron had predicted, and clouds yet covered

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the entire heaven Amid the leafless forest trees that covered the mountain side, stood here and there a few evergreens, like ghosts, robed in funereal gloom—the wind was fierce and cold—the waters of the lake rolled high and furiously, they dashed madly on the beach—they rolled far back and up, with maniac force.

The boy was there again, standing on the sea-shore—the sun had not yet risen—he stood where the sunlight had fallen the night before on Ella, but the light that had enveloped her as a glory-robe, was not on him. He looked pale, and very anxious, and from the rock where she had stood he restlessly and curiously scanned every wave that broke upon the beach.

He had been roused long before daylight from his slumbers, by the parson, Ella's father, and at his request had gone for a physician, for Ella was very ill.

And all that night, after the leech was summoned, he walked or ran along the beach, waiting with an impatience so fierce that one could not call it childish, for day to come. His garments were soaked with rain, but he knew it not, neither was he conscious of fatigue, or cold, or faintness, but incessantly, as he went to and fro, wild prayers burst from his lips. In the gloom, and storm, and darkness, he harbored but one thought, one hope, the rescue of Ella's golden cross from the waters. The moment he heard that she was ill, he said to himself, *she will die*, and his fiery soul, recalling her mild, reproachful look as she watched his sudden motion, and her gently-expressed regret when the cross was lost, began to torture him. The act of passion became a thousand times exaggerated, and the recollection maddened him.

All day he walked along that stormy beach, and when night came, it was not till thick darkness began to gather over land and flood, that he arose to go back to his mother's house. Mrs. Waldron had but just come in from the parsonage—she was going back again for the night, for Ella was very ill—and this good woman was noted as an efficient nurse,

"How is she, mother?" was his abrupt salutation, as he closed the door behind him, and walked up to the table where she sat at work for him.

"Who?" asked the mother, forgetting her neighborly, in her maternal anxiety, as she looked upon the pale and haggard face of her boy.

"The girl at the parsonage. I went for the doctor for her last night, you know."

"Oh—she is very ill indeed, very ill; I'm going to watch there to-night."

"It will tire you. You're not well yourself."

"Oh, well, son, when a *neighbor's* sick, and wants my help, I hope I shall always be ready to give it—even if I *don't* feel over and above smart myself."

"Neighbor!" he repeated, furiously. "If it was *you* they talked of visiting, or helping, they'd say, *it is a poor woman that lives near us*—they wouldn't call you 'neighbor,' mother—they've a different way of talking."

"Oh, son! son! how awful proud you are. You're hard on 'em. I'm feared you haven't the right sort of spirit in you. It's not the mood to take into the world—if you knock people down you'll have to pay for it; the best way is just to ask leave to go by, and if they won't make room, apologize for pushing on."

"Mother," he said, abruptly interrupting her, "did you see El— the sick girl, to-day?"

"Why, yes? I staid in the room all the time Poor child, I don't think she quite knew what she was talking about. She was wild-like—running on about the storm, and the night, and a cross, which was give to her by her mother—and it's lost, they say. You never see folks so done up as the minister and his wife. When sorrow comes to us we're all alike. But *they are* knocked up complete."

"Was she *grieving* about the cross? Why don't they get another like it, and make her think it's found!"

"Oh, they wouldn't *deceive* her! That would be agin the parson's principles. It wouldn't be right."

"Don't trouble yourself about getting tea, mother. I'm not at all hungry. Lie down and take a little nap. I'll help myself, and I've got a book I want to read now."

Though the words were kindly uttered, he spoke as one having authority; and without attempting a remonstrance, the mother complied with his suggestion, and was soon in a deep sleep. Early in the evening he aroused her, hurried away to the parsonage, and there left her for the night.

Exhausted by the excitement to which both mind and body had been subject for the last twenty-four hours, he returned home, but not to read, nor to study. The door to his humble home made fast, he passionately flung himself upon the floor, and until the fire-light died away he lay there, his eyes glaring about like a maniac's, scanning the discolored walls, and the humble furniture, familiar to him since he first learned to take note of things, and understand the contrasts in the world. He slept not for one moment, nor could he think connectedly on any subject. His hopes were all dashing to and fro, confused and stormy as he knew the waves were, that beat along the shore on that wild night. One moment a gleam of glory, like a lightning flash, would break upon his soul, and the next the thunder-crash of the decision of Destiny and Doom, would peal through his excited intellect. He never for an instant thought of her recovery. He looked upon her death as a necessity that concerned him, and him alone, and he looked *beyond her grave* to his own future, as though he could tread on to it across that mound alone. . . . . He thought upon his mother, and an icy chill made him nerveless—he painted his own portrait, and stood apart from the work, and gazed upon it with a critic's eyes. It was always in the light of a Preacher that he looked upon himself; but while one of these pictured similitudes, that of the Poet-Preacher, whose parish lay in Author-Land, won

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him again and again, as by a siren charm, to bestow upon it one more, and *one more* look, from the other he turned with shuddering and aversion.

And while he lay on the hard floor, and thought, and groaned, and agonized through all that night, the wild and pitiless storm raged over sea and land—it was a desolating storm, but not so dreadful as that which convulsed the soul of this poor youth.

All the following day he kept up his vain search along the beach, until night came again, when dizzy with the incessant watch he kept over the dashing, breaking waves, and faint from his long fasting, and suddenly mindful that there might be some new tidings of Ella waiting him, he returned from the dreary watching place.

He did not find his mother at home, but she had been there since he left in the morning, for the table was spread in readiness for him. She had remembered him in the sick room, and mindful of his comfort had come, prepared the meal for him, and gone again. The boy's heart smote him for the many ungrateful and hard thoughts he had borne her that day.

He was removing the things from the table, for he thought that he would write when she came in. He saw at once that she had been weeping, and his assumed indifference vanished in an instant; he cried out,

"*Is* she dead!"

"No; but they're in dreadful trouble over to that house. Oh, son! if you could see that dear angel lying there so beautiful on the bed, and the room so quiet, and the poor creature's pa and ma taking on so, and she not knowing it! It's a dreadful sight! It's strange, it is!"

"But is she no better, mother? Won't she recover?"

"No hope of such a thing. I wanted to go back to-night to sit there in the room with her, but they said I'd tire out, and maybe they'd *have* to call on me again; and so I *must* rest to-night."

"But *do* you feel so very tired?"

"No; I could sit there just as well as sleep here. I'm so anxious. I'll have time enough to rest when I can't do nothing for them, poor things!"

"Oh, do go then! Has she been in her right mind to-day?"

"Not a minute. But it's strange though, how her thoughts has kept on to one thing the whole time. I wish you could see her arm! It's dreadful inflamed; and it's stained with something like ink, and odd enough, just in the shape of a cross. It couldn't be no supernatural work, George. I told you her gold cross was lost."

"And does her arm pain her?"

"Not that, I guess. But it's all about having her *hope* amputated, and then she'll lift her arm, as if she couldn't do it hardly, and talk about the cross being heavy to bear. And then she cries about the Angel of Wrath, and says he's coming—and whispers, and takes on the queerest you ever see. Oh, it would be dreadful if she wasn't so lovely, and so angel-like, when she talks about these horrid things!"

"What horrid things?" he asked, abruptly and coldly, as though just waking from a sleep.

"Oh, but you're heartless! I believe you don't care for the dying no more than you do for the living. I believe you've slept all the time I was talking!"

"If I didn't care about her being nursed every minute, would I ask you to go back, when I know you're tired? They are nothing to me, and you are my mother! Would I ever ask you to go, if I could sleep while you are talking about HER? Will you go?"

"Yes, yes; I mean to go. I'm glad you *have* some feeling in you. But you—you look like a ghost! I declare you look frightful! Your face is as pale! and your eyes stare out of your head so! Son! son! what's the use of killing yourself just to get a little learning? What manner of good can come of it? Somebody, oh, the doctor, Dr. Williams, was asking me to-day if you was writing a book. I told him no; but I didn't tell him what I thought about it—that you had as good as promised me that you would be a preacher. I shall be so proud of you then. These fiddling poets! I like a man, as long as he is in the world, to be of some use in it."

"Don't get in a passion, mother. *I* am no poet. No son of yours will disgrace you by ever publishing a book." He spoke with frantic energy.

"But it's getting late. I will now go with you."

"No, no, you won't—I'll not hear of it, you look a'most as bad as Ella does."

"Do you call her 'Ella' over there?"

"No—you know I haven't much acquaintance with 'em."

"Then I wouldn't condescend to call her so *here*," was the bitter rebuke.

His mother did not answer him, but went out of the house lamenting her son's pride, rather audibly.

And he kept another watch that night, and in a solemn passion vowed a vow; and wherever his eyes turned through the darkness he beheld a cross uplifted before him—and a voice was ringing in his ear—"THIS FOR THEE," and the shadow of that cross he could not escape, for it lay upon his soul.

III.

Another day-dawn, but how unlike those wild preceding days! Again the sun arose, and was no longer hid by threatening clouds—the wind swept steadily and keenly, but not fiercely over the waters; and the waves beat against the shore, upon the beach, and the rock, but not with angry violence, and the splendor of the dazzling sunlight was upon them all.

And again a boyish form, in which a man's heart and a giant's soul were beating, paced to and fro upon that beach—and a vow made in the solitude of night was on his lips, and he spoke it calmly in that lonely place where there was only the mountain, and the waters, the singing petrel, and the sandy beach, and the Maker of them all, to testify against him if he should break

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the vow: "Oh ye waves, only give up that treasure dear to her, and I will obey my mother—I will not let one dream of Fame tempt me—I will *forget* that I too could be a poet, and an author. Yes, yes, I *will* be a preacher, as she would have me. God! hear me!"

He stepped upon the rock, the rock on which she stood, that night—for the stormy petrel, singing as it went, was floating just then under it—but for a moment when he stood there he made no effort to advance, for the doom he had feared, yet invoked, met him there! Upon a shrub, that was lodged upon the rock in a handful of earth, the glittering cross and golden chain were hanging. He paused, as if blasted by the recollection of his vow—a phantom, horrible as death stood between him and the cross—then he went forward resolutely, as one who walks upon a sacrificed hope, to work for another some good thing. . . . . In solemn silence he lifted the bauble, turned away from the sea-side, passed up the village-street, through the parsonage-gate, and for the first time in his life up to the parsonage-door.

He did not even pause to knock, but went on, as led by instinct, to the very door of her chamber—it stood open, and Dr. Williams was there alone with Ella. She must have been speaking of the youth even then, for the physician did not look surprise upon George—on the contrary he stepped aside, and while the boy remained with Ella none other of the household were permitted to enter the room.

Ella had wakened that morning from her feverdream, and was once more quite conscious—of her danger—but not of the hopelessness of those around her: what all the household now knew, that she would not recover, had not yet been told her.

George took her hand—she recognized him with a smile, and directed his eyes to the inflamed arm which, through all her delirium, and now in her consciousness, she would not suffer to be covered. The red cross glared upon his sight.

"Where is the Anchor, Ella?"

"Here," she said, laying her hand upon her breast.

"Ella, have you forgiven me for robbing you of the cross your mother gave you?"

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten it, George."

He held it up before her—the sea-weed clinging to it still. "See," he said, "the waves were too generous to keep it. I found it just now on the rock—the place where you stood that night."

"Keep it, George. Though I never thought to leave *you such* a remembrancer. Oh, George! I should have been just as this sea-weed, and perhaps have clung to the Cross of Christ with not a bit more energy, if I had staid in the world."

"You are not going away! You are not going!" he cried; but his voice faltered and fell as he said it, for he felt that she *was* going.

"Doctor, I left a little book on my desk, will you bring it to me?"

It was laid before her.

"This," she said, again addressing the youth, "I meant for you. It pleased *me*, and I thought perhaps you would like it—and won't you lay it on your shelf nearest to your cross, the one we made. It has a pretty name—THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS. See, I wrote your name in it after I came home that night. *You* could write a better book"—he shuddered, and half turned away—she observed his look and motion, and said quickly, "Yes, you will. And all the world will love you. But you will keep this, if only for my sake. And don't ever, *ever* think, George Waldron, that I wouldn't have been proud to have taken your arm and walked with you in the broad daylight through our streets. I was very tired and sick that night, or I wouldn't have let you go home without convincing you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes," he said, and something of the calmness passed from her face into his, as he bent over her. "Do you know, can you guess, what my cross in this life is? *I* know, for it is laid on me already. Oh, Ella, if you could live, it would not be with me as it must be now!"

Perhaps she had grown too weak to answer him, for she pressed his hands closely between her own, and made no other reply.

He saw her only once after that day. They had removed her from the bed, and from her pleasant chamber then. She was in the little parlor of the parsonage—and the shadow of a cross was lying on her sweet, pale face, for her coffin was near the mantle, and on that stood the "symbol" which *they* had fashioned one bright October day. He only looked upon her for a moment on that morning, but the brief glance was more than he could bear composedly, and the widowed boy went out hastily from the little group of mourners, to weep such tears as he could never, never in his life weep again.

He kept that vow, made in the frenzy of despair, religiously. Did he not? Question his witness—it is not voiceless—it stands unimpeachable at this moment; on a now populous sea-side, there, in the very place where, one dull November night, the first act of a most sad life-drama was read, in a wild and dreary solitude, by two young, dreaming children. It stands a SEAMEN'S CHAPEL, whose corner-stone *he* laid, whose foundation is the rock whereon Ella stood that night. A cross surmounts its spire, and if you walk along the pleasant beach its shadow will be sure to fall upon you. Many a day and many a night George Waldron walked there: and this is his monument on earth.

But—who can tell the heaviness of that cross he bore? The cross his mother lifted to his shoulder, which, from the moment of Ella's death, he bore in uncomplaining silence? There was energy in his heart, and in his brain; he was zealous, he was loving, he had respect, and sorrow, and compassion for the poor; and these were the characteristics he took with him on his

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way of life, when the priestly office was conferred upon him. That vow his fiery spirit made, which was induced by a conviction of his mother's will and hope (we state it as a fact merely, not as an extenuation), that vow was all the seal he ever recognized, to himself, as set upon his ministry, and yet, he was an honor to his calling; in all his human "walk and conversation" he was a holy example, and a shining light. But heavy, heavy was the cross he bore! Through the poet's dreaming youth, and thoughtful, striving manhood, he went, and never a hope of Fame, nor praise of men beguiled him. Every freshly-tinted cloud that rose and floated over the fairy land of his imagination was suffered to dissolve, in unseen and unsuspected mist and dew, upon the hearts and lives of other men.

He steadily trode a straight and beaten path, when the panting soul within him urged his intellect forth on the wings of genius to discovery and portrayal, he suffered his aspiring nature to exhaust herself in a round of daily, common duties, than which indeed none are nobler, WHEN INSPIRED BY THE SPIRIT OF GRACE! than which none *can* be more glorious in result, IF GOD INCITE TO THEIR PERFORMANCE; but, which are dreadful in enduring, and in working out, which are presumptuously and impiously endured and wrought by the poor cross-bearer, if another human being's will, and not his own prayerful desire be the incitement.

It was THIS heavy cross that George Waldron bore. He died young, a maniac some said, a martyr and a saint assuredly. And in compliance with the only request made in his will, his body was lowered on his funeral day, a dull November day, from the Chapel Rock to the deep sea beneath. Oh, must it not have been with joy unspeakable and full of GLORY that his chastened, fettered spirit at last, AT LAST, burst forth in its release, with thanksgiving and a wondrous voice of melody!

ANECDOTES OF WILD BEASTS.—LEOPARDS AND JAGUARS.

LEOPARDS and panthers, if taken quite young, and treated with kindness, are capable of being thoroughly tamed; the poet Cowper, describes the great difference in the dispositions of his three celebrated hares; so it is with other wild animals, and leopards among the rest, some returning kindness with the utmost affection, others being rugged and untamable from the first. Of those brought to this country, the characters are much influenced by the treatment they have experienced on board ship; in some cases, they have been made pets by the sailors, and are as tractable as domestic cats; but when they have been teased and subjected to ill-treatment during the voyage, it is found very difficult to render them sociable; there are now (September, 1851), six young leopards in one den at the Zoological Gardens: of these, five are about the same age, and grew up as one family; the sixth was added some time after, and being looked upon as an intruder, was quite sent to Coventry, and even ill-treated by the others; this he has never forgotten. When the keeper comes to the den, he courts his caresses, and shows the greatest pleasure, but if any of his companions advance to share them with him, he growls and spits, and shows the utmost jealousy and displeasure.

In the same collection there is a remarkably fine, full-grown leopard, presented by her Majesty, who is as tame as any creature can be; mutton is his favorite food, but the keeper will sometimes place a piece of beef in the den; the leopard smells it, turns it over with an air of contempt, and coming forward, peers round behind the keeper's back to see if he has not (as is generally the case), his favorite food concealed. If given to him, he lays it down, and will readily leave it at the keeper's call, to come and be patted, and while caressed he purrs, and shows the greatest pleasure.

There were a pair of leopards in the Tower, before the collection was broken up, which illustrated well the difference in disposition; the male, a noble animal, continued to the last, as sullen and savage as on the day of his arrival. Every kindness was lavished upon him by the keepers, but he received all their overtures with such a sulky and morose return, that nothing could be made of his unreclaimable and unmanageable disposition. The female, which was the older of the two, on the contrary, was as gentle and affectionate as the other was savage, enjoying to be patted and caressed by the keeper, and fondly licking his hands; one failing, however, she had, which brought affliction to the soul of many a beau and lady fair; it was an extraordinary predilection for the destruction of hats, muffs, bonnets, umbrellas, and parasols, and indeed articles of dress generally, seizing them with the greatest quickness, and tearing them into pieces, almost before the astonished victim was aware of the loss; to so great an extent did she carry this peculiar taste, that Mr. Cops, the superintendent, used to say, that she had made prey of as many of these articles, as there were days in the year. Animals in menageries are sometimes great enemies to the milliner's art; giraffes have been known to filch the flowers adorning a bonnet, and we once saw a lady miserably oppressed by monkeys. She was very decidedly of "a certain age," but dressed in the extreme of juvenility, with flowers and ribbons of all the colors of the rainbow. Her complexion was delicately heightened with rouge, and the loveliest tresses played about her cheeks. As she languidly sauntered through the former monkey-house at the gardens, playfully poking the animals with her parasol, one seized it so vigorously, that she was drawn close to the den; in the twinkling of an eye, a dozen little paws were protruded, off went bonnet, curls and all, leaving a deplorably gray head, while others seized her reticule and her dress, pulling it in a very unpleasant manner. The handiwork of M. Vouillon was of course a wreck, and the contents of the reticule, her purse, gloves, and delicately scented handkerchief, were with difficulty recovered from out of the check pouch of a baboon.

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On another occasion we saw the elephant, that fine old fellow who died some years ago, administer summary punishment to a weak-minded fop, who kept offering him cakes, and on his putting out his trunk, withdrawing them and giving him a rap with his cane instead. One of the keepers warned him, but he laughed, and after he had teased the animal to his heart's content, walked away. After a time he was strolling by the spot again, intensely satisfied with himself, his glass stuck in his eye and smiling blandly in the face of a young lady who was evidently offended at his impudence, when the elephant, who was rocking backward and forward, suddenly threw out his trunk and seized our friend by the coat-tails; the cloth gave way, and the whole back of the coat was torn out, leaving nothing but the collar, sleeves, and front. As may be supposed, this was a damper upon his amatory proceedings; indeed we never saw a man look so small, as he shuffled away amidst the titters of the company, who enjoyed his just reward.

That very agreeable writer, Mrs. Lee, formerly Mrs. Bowdich, has related in the first volume of the "Magazine of Natural History," a most interesting account of a tame panther which was in her possession several months. He and another were found very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother; they were taken to the King of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when our hero, being much larger than his brother, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchinson, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie, by whom he was tamed. When eating was going on he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up on being allowed a portion of something else; but on one occasion, when a silly servant tried to pull his food from him, he tore a piece of flesh from the offender's leg, but never owed him any ill-will afterward. One morning he broke the cord by which he was confined, and the castle gates being shut, a chase commenced, but after leading his pursuers several times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees all fear of him subsided, and he was set at liberty, a boy being appointed to prevent his intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, like a true negro, generally passed his watch in sleeping, and Saï, as the panther was called, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, but fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a pat on the side of the head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail as if enjoying the joke. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every where like a dog. His favorite station was at a window in the sitting-room, which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he amused himself with watching all that was going on. The children were also fond of this scene; and one day finding Saï's presence an incumbrance, they united their efforts and pulled him down by the tail. He one day missed the governor, and wandered with dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; while absent on this errand the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write; presently he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs, and raising his eyes to the open door beheld Saï. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Saï immediately sprang from the door on to his neck; instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulder, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused a little alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and on one occasion the woman, whose duty it was to sweep the floors, was made ill by her fright; she was sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude approaching all fours, when Saï, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood waving his tail in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther in the act of devouring her, as they thought, gallantly scampered off one and all as fast as their heels could carry them; nor was the woman released from her load till the governor, hearing the noise, came to her assistance.

Mrs. Bowdich determined to take this interesting animal to England, and he was conveyed on board ship, in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men, who were so alarmed that in their confusion they managed to drop cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes the poor fellow was given up for lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. He seemed completely subdued by his ducking; and as no one dared to open the cage to dry it, he rolled himself up in one corner, where he remained for some days, till roused by the voice of his mistress. When she first spoke he raised his head, listened attentively, and when she came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs and appeared frantic, rolling over and over, howling and seeming as if he would have torn his cage to pieces; however, his violence gradually subsided, and he contented himself with thrusting his nose and paws through the bars to receive her caresses. The greatest treat that could be bestowed upon Saï was lavender water. Mr. Hutchinson had told Mrs. Bowdich, that on the way from Ashantee, happening to draw out a scented pocket-handkerchief, it was immediately seized by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. Twice a week his mistress indulged him by making a

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cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of the cage; he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated.

Quiet and gentle as Saï was, pigs never failed to excite indignation when they hovered about his cage, and the sight of a monkey put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the Gaboon, an orang-outang was brought on board and remained three days. When the two animals met, the uncontrollable rage of the one and the agony of the other was very remarkable. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful: so that when he fled, with extraordinary rapidity, from the panther to the other side of the deck, neither men or things remained upright if they opposed his progress. As for the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and as he howled he showed his huge teeth; then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he made a spring at the orang to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he was on the listen, and the approach of a monkey or a negro brought back his agitation. During the voyage to England the vessel was boarded by pirates, and the crew and passengers nearly reduced to starvation in consequence; Saï must have died had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots; of these his allowance was one per diem, but he became so ravenous that he had not patience to pick off the feathers, but bolted the birds whole; this made him very ill, but Mrs. Bowdich administered some pills, and he recovered. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Saï was presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change temporarily. On the morning of the duchess's departure for Oatlands, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his gentleness and great beauty. In the evening, when her Royal Highness's coachman went to take him away to his new quarters at Oatlands, Saï was dead from inflamation on the lungs.

Nature, ever provident, has scattered with a bounteous hand her gifts in the country of the Orinoco, where the jaguar especially abounds. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses and slender plants, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation; piles of granite blocks rise here and there, and, at the margins of the plains, occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, and llianas. The shelves of primitive rocks, scarcely elevated above the plain, are partially coated with lichens and mosses, together with succulent plants and tufts of evergreen shrubs with shining leaves. The horizon is bounded with mountains overgrown with forests of laurels, among which clusters of palms rise to the height of more than a hundred feet, their slender stems supporting tufts of feathery foliage. To the east of Atures other mountains appear, the ridge of which is composed of pointed cliffs, rising like huge pillars above the trees. When these columnar masses are situated near the Orinoco, flamingoes, herons, and other wading birds perch on their summits, and look like sentinels. In the vicinity of the cataracts, the moisture which is diffused in the air, produces a perpetual verdure, and wherever soil has accumulated on the plains, it is adorned by the beautiful shrubs of the mountains.

Such is one view of the picture, but it has its dark side also; those flowing waters, which fertilize the soil, abound with crocodiles; those charming shrubs and flourishing plants, are the hiding-places of deadly serpents; those laurel forests, the favorite lurking spots of the fierce jaguar; while the atmosphere, so clear and lovely, abounds with musquitoes and zancudoes, to such a degree that, in the missions of Orinoco, the first questions in the morning when two people meet, are "How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to-day for the musquitoes?"

It is in the solitude of this wilderness, that the jaguar, stretched out motionless and silent, upon one of the lower branches of the ancient trees, watches for its passing prey; a deer, urged by thirst, is making its way to the river, and approaches the tree where his enemy lies in wait. The jaguar's eyes dilate, the ears are thrown down, and the whole frame becomes flattened against the branch. The deer, all unconscious of danger, draws near, every limb of the jaguar quivers with excitement; every fibre is stiffened for the spring; then, with the force of a bow unbent, he darts with a terrific yell upon his prey, seizes it by the back of the neck, a blow is given with his powerful paw, and with broken spine the deer falls lifeless to the earth. The blood is then sucked, and the prey dragged to some favorite haunt, where it is devoured at leisure.

Humboldt surprised a jaguar in his retreat. It was near the Joval, below the mouth of the Cano de la Tigrera, that in the midst of wild and awful scenery, he saw an enormous jaguar stretched beneath the shade of a large mimosa. He had just killed a chiguire, an animal about the size of a pig, which he held with one of his paws, while the vultures were assembled in flocks around. It was curious to observe the mixture of boldness and timidity which these birds exhibited; for although they advanced within two feet of the jaguar, they instantly shrank back at the least motion he made. In order to observe more nearly their proceedings, the travelers went into their little boat, when the tyrant of the forest withdrew behind the bushes, leaving his victim, upon which the vultures attempted to devour it, but were soon put to flight by the jaguar rushing into the midst of them; the following night, Humboldt and his party were entertained by a jaguar hunter, half-naked, and as brown as a Zambo, who prided himself on being of the European race, and called his wife and daughter, who were as slightly clothed as himself, Donna Isabella and Donna Manuela. As this aspiring personage had neither house nor hut, he invited the strangers to swing their hammocks near his own between two

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trees, but as ill-luck would have it, a thunder-storm came on, which wetted them to the skin; but their troubles did not end here, for Donna Isabella's cat had perched on one of the trees, and frightened by the thunder-storm, jumped down upon one of the travelers in his cot; he naturally supposed that he was attacked by a wild beast, and as smart a battle took place between the two, as that celebrated feline engagement of Don Quixote; the cat, who perhaps had most reason to consider himself an ill-used personage, at length bolted, but the fears of the gentleman had been excited to such a degree, that he could hardly be quieted. The following night was not more propitious to slumber. The party finding no tree convenient, had stuck their oars in the sand, and suspended their hammocks upon them. About eleven, there arose in the immediately adjoining wood, so terrific a noise, that it was impossible to sleep. The Indians distinguished the cries of sapagous, alouates, jaguars, cougars, peccaris, sloths, curassows, paraquas, and other birds, so that there must have been as full a forest chorus as Mr. Hullah himself could desire.

When the jaguars approached the edge of the forest, which they frequently did, a dog belonging to the party began to howl, and seek refuge under their cots. Sometimes, after a long silence, the cry of the jaguars came from the tops of the trees, when it was followed by an outcry among the monkeys. Humboldt supposes the noise thus made by the inhabitants of the forest during the night, to be the effect of some contest that has arisen among them.

On the pampas of Paraguay, great havoc is committed among the herds of horses by the jaguars, whose strength is quite sufficient to enable them to drag off one of these animals. Azara caused the body of a horse, which had been recently killed by a jaguar, to be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the jaguar would return in the course of it, to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, behold the animal swam across a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with his teeth, dragged it full sixty paces to the river, swam across again with his prey, and then dragged the carcass into a neighboring wood; and all this in sight of a person, whom Azara had placed to keep watch. But the jaguars have also an aldermanic goût for turtles, which they gratify in a very systematic manner, as related by Humboldt, who was shown large shells of turtles emptied by them. They follow the turtles toward the beaches, where the laying of eggs is to take place, surprise them on the sand, and in order to devour them at their ease, adroitly turn them on their backs; and as they turn many more than they can devour in one night, the Indians often profit by their cunning. The jaguar pursues the turtle quite into the water, and when not very deep, digs up the eggs; they, with the crocodile, the heron, and the gallinago vulture, are the most formidable enemies the little turtles have. Humboldt justly remarks, "When we reflect on the difficulty that the naturalist finds in getting out the body of the turtle, without separating the upper and under shells, we can not enough admire the suppleness of the jaguar's paw, which empties the double armor of the *arraus*, as if the adhering parts of the muscles had been cut by means of a surgical instrument."

The rivers of South America swarm with crocodiles, and these wage perpetual war with the jaguars. It is said, that when the jaguar surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sand-bank, he attacks him in a vulnerable part under the tail, and often kills him, but let the crocodile only get his antagonist into the water, and the tables are turned, for the jaguar is held under water until he is drowned.

The onset of the jaguar is always made from behind, partaking of the stealthy treacherous character of his tribe; if a herd of animals, or a party of men be passing, it is the last that is always the object of his attack. When he has made choice of his victim, he springs upon the neck, and placing one paw on the back of the head, while he seizes the muzzle with the other, twists the head round with a sudden jerk which dislocates the spine, and deprives it instantaneously of life; sometimes, especially when satiated with food, he is indolent and cowardly, skulking in the gloomiest depths of the forest, and scared by the most trifling causes, but when urged by the cravings of hunger, the largest quadrupeds, and man himself, are attacked with fury and success

Mr. Darwin has given an interesting account of the habits of the jaguar: the wooded banks of the great South American rivers appear to be their favorite haunt, but south of the Plata they frequent the reeds bordering lakes; wherever they are they seem to require water. They are particularly abundant on the isles of the Parana, their common prey being the carpincho, so that it is generally said, where carpinchos are plentiful, there is little fear of the jaguar; possibly, however, a jaguar which has tasted human flesh, may afterward become dainty, and like the lions of South Africa, and the tigers of India, acquire the dreadful character of man-eaters, from preferring that food to all others. It is not many years ago since a very large jaguar found his way into a church in Santa Fé; soon afterward a very corpulent padre entering, was at once killed by him: his equally stout coadjutor, wondering what had detained the padre, went to look after him, and also fell a victim to the jaguar; a third priest, marveling greatly at the unaccountable absence of the others, sought them, and the jaguar having by this time acquired a strong clerical taste, made at him also, but he, being fortunately of the slender order, dodged the animal from pillar to post, and happily made his escape; the beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building, which was unroofed, and thus paid the penalty of his sacrilegious propensities.

On the Parana they have killed many woodcutters, and have even entered vessels by night. One dark evening the mate of a vessel, hearing

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a heavy but peculiar footstep on deck, went up to see what it was, and was immediately met by a jaguar, who had come on board, seeking what he could devour: a severe struggle ensued, assistance arrived, and the brute was killed, but the man lost the use of the arm which had been ground between his teeth.

The Gauchos say that the jaguar, when wandering about at night, is much tormented by the foxes yelping as they follow him; this may perhaps serve to alarm his prey, but must be as teasing to him as the attentions of swallows are to an owl, who happens to be taking a daylight promenade; and if owls ever swear, it is under those circumstances. Mr. Darwin, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, was shown three well-known trees to which the jaguars constantly resort, for the purpose, it is said, of sharpening their claws. Every one must be familiar with the manner in which cats, with outstretched legs and extended claws, will card the legs of chairs and of men; so with the jaguar; and of these trees the bark was worn quite smooth in front; on each side there were deep grooves, extending in an oblique line nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages, and the inhabitants could always tell when a jaguar was in the neighborhood, by his recent autograph on one of these trees.

A FASHIONABLE FORGER.

I AM an attorney and a bill discounter. As it is my vocation to lend money at high interest to extravagant people, my connection principally lies among "fools," sometimes among rogues, "of quality." Mine is a pursuit which a prejudiced world either holds in sovereign contempt, or visits with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but to my mind, there are many callings, with finer names, that are no better. It gives me two things which I love—money and power; but I can not deny that it brings with it a bad name. The case lies between character and money, and involves a matter of taste. Some people like character; I prefer money.

If I am hated and despised, I chuckle over the "per contra." I find it pleasant for members of a proud aristocracy to condescend from their high estate to fawn, feign, flatter; to affect even mirthful familiarity in order to gain my good-will. I am no Shylock. No client can accuse me of desiring either his flesh or his blood. Sentimental vengeance is no item in my stock in trade. Gold and bank-notes satisfy my "rage;" or, if need be, a good mortgage. Far from seeking revenge, the worst defaulter I ever had dealings with can not deny that I am always willing to accept a good post-obit.

I say again, I am daily brought in contact with all ranks of society, from the poverty-stricken patentee to the peer; and I am no more surprised at receiving an application from a duchess than from a pet opera-dancer. In my ante-room wait, at this moment, a crowd of borrowers. Among the men, beardless folly and mustached craft are most prominent: there is a handsome young fellow, with an elaborate cane and wonderfully vacant countenance, who is anticipating, in feeble follies, an estate that has been in the possession of his ancestors since the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is a hairy, high-nosed, broken-down non-descript, in appearance something between a horse-dealer and a pugilist. He is an old Etonian. Five years ago he drove his four-in-hand; he is now waiting to beg a sovereign, having been just discharged from the Insolvent Court, for the second time. Among the woman, a pretty actress, who, a few years since, looked forward to a supper of steak and onions, with bottled stout, on a Saturday night, as a great treat, now finds one hundred pounds a month insufficient to pay her wine-merchant and her confectioner. I am obliged to deal with each case according to its peculiarities. Genuine undeserved Ruin seldom knocks at my door. Mine is a perpetual battle with people who imbibe trickery at the same rate as they dissolve their fortunes. I am a hard man, of course. I should not be fit for my pursuit if I were not; but when, by a remote chance, honest misfortune pays me a visit, as Rothschild amused himself at times by giving a beggar a guinea, so I occasionally treat myself to the luxury of doing a kind action.

My favorite subjects for this unnatural generosity, are the very young, or the poor, innocent, helpless people, who are unfit for the war of life. Many among my clients (especially those tempered in the "ice-brook" of fashion and high life—polished and passionless) would be too much for me, if I had not made the face, the eye, the accent, as much my study as the mere legal and financial points of discount. To show what I mean, I will relate what happened to me not long since:

One day, a middle-aged man, in the usual costume of a West-end shopman, who had sent in his name as Mr. Axminster, was shown into my private room. After a little hesitation, he said, "Although you do not know me, living at this end of the town, I know you very well by reputation, and that you discount bills. I have a bill here which I want to get discounted. I am in the employ of Messrs. Russle and Smooth. The bill is drawn by one of our best customers, the Hon. Miss Snape, niece of Lord Blimley, and accepted by Major Munge; whom, no doubt, you know by name. She has dealt with us for some years, is very, very extravagant; but always pays." He put the acceptance—which was for two hundred pounds—into my hands.

I looked at it as scrutinizingly as I usually do at such paper. The major's signature was familiar to me; but having succeeded to a great estate, he has long ceased to be a customer. I instantly detected a forgery; by whom? was the question. Could it be the man before me? —experience told me it was not.

Perhaps there was something in the expression of my countenance which Mr. Axminster did not like, for he said, "It is good for the amount, I presume?"

I replied, "Pray, sir, from whom did you get this bill?"

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"From Miss Snape herself."

"Hav you circulated any other bills made by the same drawer?"

"O yes!" said the draper, without hesitation; "I have paid away a bill for one hundred pounds to Mr. Sparkle, the jeweler, to whom Miss Snape owed twenty pounds. They gave me the difference."

"And how long has that bill to run now?"

"About a fortnight."

"Did you endorse it?"

"I did," continued the shopman. "Mr. Sparkle required me to do so, to show that the bill came properly into his possession."

"This second bill, you say, is urgently required to enable Miss Snape to leave town?"

"Yes; she is going to Brighton for the winter."

I gave Mr. Axminister a steady, piercing look of inquiry. "Pray, sir," I said, "could you meet that one hundred pounds bill, supposing it should not be paid by the acceptor?"

"Meet it?" The poor fellow wiped from his forehead the perspiration which suddenly broke out at the bare hint of a probability that the bill would be dishonored: "Meet it? O no! I am a married man, with a family, and have nothing but my salary to depend on."

"Then, the sooner you get it taken up, and the less you have to do with Miss Snape's bill affairs, the better."

"She has always been punctual hitherto."

"That may be." I pointed to the cross-writing on the document, and said deliberately, "*This* bill is a forgery!"

At these words the poor man turned pale. He snatched up the document; and, with many incoherent protestations, was rushing toward the door, when I called to him, in an authoritative tone, to stop. He paused. His manner indicating not only doubt, but fear. I said to him, "Don't flurry yourself; I only want to serve you. You tell me that you are a married man with children, dependent on daily labor for daily bread; and that you have done a little discounting for Miss Snape out of your earnings. Now, although I am a bill discounter, I don't like to see such men victimized. Look at the body of this bill: look at the signature of your lady customer, the drawer. Don't you detect the same fine, thin, sharp-pointed handwriting in the words, 'Accepted, Dymmock Munge.'"

The man, convinced against his will, was at first overcome. When he recovered, he raved: he would expose the Honorable Miss Snape, if it cost him his bread: he would go at once to the police office.

I stopped him, by saying, roughly, "Don't be a fool. Any such steps would seal your ruin. Take my advice; return the bill to the lady, saying simply that you can not get it discounted. Leave the rest to me, and I think the bill you have endorsed to Sparkle will be paid." Comforted by this assurance, Axminster, fearfully changed from the nervous, but smug, hopeful man of the morning, departed.

It now remained for me to exert what skill I own, to bring about the desired result. I lost no time in writing a letter to the Honorable Miss Snape, of which the following is a copy:

"Madam—A bill, purporting to be drawn by you, has been offered to me for discount. There is something wrong about it; and, though a stranger to you, I advise you to lose no time in getting it back into your own hands.—D. D."

I intended to deal with the affair quietly, and without any view to profit. The fact is, that I was sorry—you may laugh—but I really *was* sorry to think that a young girl might have given way to temptation under pressure of pecuniary difficulties. If it had been a man's case, I doubt whether I should have interfered.

By the return of post, a lady's maid entered my room, profusely decorated with ringlets, lace, and perfumed with *patchouli*. She brought a letter from her mistress. It ran thus:

"Sir—I can not sufficiently express my thanks for your kindness in writing to me on the subject of the bills; of which I had also heard a few hours previously. As a perfect *stranger* to you, I can not estimate your kind consideration at too high a value. I trust the matter will be explained; but I should much like to see you. If you would be kind enough to write a note as soon as you receive this, I will order it to be sent to me at once to Tyburn-square. I will wait on you at any hour on Friday you may appoint. I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that you transact business for my friend Sir John Markham, and you will therefore know the inclosed to be his handwriting. Again thanking you most gratefully, allow me to remain your much and deeply obliged,

"JULIANA SNAPE."

This note was written upon delicate French paper, embossed with a coat of arms. It was in a fancy envelope: the whole richly perfumed, and redolent of rank and fashion. Its contents were an implied confession of forgery.

Silence, or three lines of indignation, would have been the only innocent answer to my letter. But Miss Snape thanked me. She let me know, by implication, that she was on intimate terms with a name good on a West-end bill. My answer was, that I should be alone on the following afternoon at five.

At the hour fixed, punctual to a moment, a brougham drew up at the corner of the street next to my chambers. The Honorable Miss Snape's card was handed in. Presently, she entered, swimming into my room, richly yet simply dressed in the extreme of Parisian good taste. She was pale—or rather colorless. She had fair hair, fine teeth, and a fashionable voice. She threw herself gracefully into the chair I handed to her, and began by uncoiling a string of phrases, to the effect that her visit was merely to consult me on "unavoidable pecuniary difficulties."

According to my mode, I allowed her to talk; putting in only an occasional word of question, that seemed rather a random observation than a significant query. At length, after walking round

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and round the subject, like a timid horse in a field, round a groom with a sieve of oats, she came nearer and nearer the subject. When she had fairly approached the point, she stopped, as if courage had failed her. But she soon recovered, and observed—"I can not think why you should take the trouble to write so to me, a perfect stranger." Another pause—"I wonder no one ever suspected me before."

Here was a confession and a key to character. The cold gray eye, the thin compressed lips, which I had had time to observe, were true indexes to the "lady's" inner heart:—selfish, calculating, utterly devoid of conscience; unable to conceive the existence of spontaneous kindness; utterly indifferent to any thing except discovery; and almost indifferent to that, because convinced that no serious consequences could affect a lady of her rank and influence.

"Madam," I replied, "as long as you dealt with tradesmen accustomed to depend on aristocratic customers, your rank and position, and their large profits, protected you from suspicion; but you have made a mistake in descending from your vantage ground to make a poor shopman your innocent accomplice—a man who will be keenly alive to any thing that may injure his wife or children. His terrors—but for my interposition—would have ruined you. Tell me, how many of these things have you put afloat?"

She seemed a little taken aback by this speech; but was wonderfully firm. She passed her white, jeweled hand over her eyes, seemed calculating, and then whispered, with a confiding look of innocent helplessness, admirably assumed:

"About as many as amount to twelve hundred pounds."

"And what means have you for meeting them?"

At this question, so plainly put, her face flushed. She half-rose from her chair, and exclaimed, in the true tone of aristocratic *hauteur*, "Really, sir, I do not know what right you have to ask me that question."

I laughed a little, though not very loud. It was rude, I own; but who could have helped it? I replied, speaking low, but slowly and distinctly, "You forget. I did not send for you: you came to me. You have forged bills to the amount of twelve hundred pounds. Yours is not the case of a ruined merchant, or an ignorant over-tempted clerk. In your case a jury" (she shuddered at that word) "would find no extenuating circumstances; and if you should ever fall into the hands of justice, you will be convicted, degraded, clothed in a prison dress, and transported for life. I do not want to speak harshly; but I insist that you find means to take up the bill which Mr. Axminster has so unwittingly indorsed!"

The Honorable Miss Snape's grand manner melted away. She wept. She seized and pressed my hand. She cast up her eyes, full of tears, and went through the part of a repentant victim with great fervor. She would do any thing; any thing in the world to save the poor man. Indeed, she had intended to appropriate part of the two hundred pound bill to that purpose.

She forgot her first statement, that she wanted the money to go out of town. Without interrupting, I let her go on and degrade herself by a simulated passion of repentance, regret, and thankfulness to me, under which she hid her fear and her mortification at being detected. I at length put an end to a scene of admirable acting, by recommending her to go abroad immediately, to place herself out of reach of any sudden discovery; and then lay her case fully before her friends, who would, no doubt, feel bound to come forward with the full amount of the forged bills. "But," she exclaimed, with an entreating air, "I have no money; I can not go without money!" To that observation I did not respond; although I am sure she expected that I should, check-book in hand, offer her a loan.

I do not say so without reason; for, the very next week, this honorable young lady came again; and, with sublime assurance and a number of very charming, winning speeches (which might have had their effect upon a younger man), asked me to lend her one hundred pounds, in order that she might take the advice I had so obligingly given her, and retire into private life for a certain time in the country.

I do meet with a great many impudent people in the course of my calling—I am not very deficient in assurance myself—but this actually took away my breath.

"Really, madam," I answered, "you pay a very ill compliment to my gray hairs; and would fain make me a very ill return for the service I have done you, when you ask me to lend a hundred pounds to a young lady who owns to having forged to the extent of one thousand two hundred pounds, and to owing eight hundred pounds besides. I wished to save a personage of your years and position from a disgraceful career; but I am too good a trustee for my children to lend money to any body in such a dangerous position as yourself."

"Oh!" she answered, quite unabashed, without a trace of the fearful, tender pleading of the previous week's interview—quite as if I had been an accomplice, "I can give you excellent security."

"That alters the case; I can lend any amount on good security."

"Well, sir, I can get the acceptances of three friends of ample means."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Snape, that you will write down the names of three parties who will accept a bill for one hundred pounds for you?"

Yes, she could, and did actually write down the names of three distinguished men. Now I knew for certain that not one of those noblemen would have put his name to a bill on any account whatever for his dearest friend; but, in her unabashed self-confidence, she thought of passing another forgery *on me*. I closed the conference by saying, "I can not assist you;" and she retired with the air of an injured person. In the course of a few days I heard from Mr. Axminster, that his liability had been duly honored.

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In my active and exciting life, one day extinguishes the recollection of the events of the preceding day; and, for a time, I thought no more about the fashionable forger. I had taken it for granted that, heartily frightened, although not repenting, she had paused in her felonious pursuits.

My business, one day, led me to the establishment of one of the most wealthy and respectable legal firms in the city, where I am well known, and, I believe, valued; for at all times I am most politely, I may say most cordially received. Mutual profits create a wonderful freemasonry between those who have not any other sympathy or sentiment. Politics, religion, morality, difference of rank, are all equalized and republicanized by the division of an account. No sooner had I entered the *sanctum*, than the senior partner, Mr. Preceps, began to quiz his junior, Mr. Jones, with, "Well, Jones must never joke friend Discount any more about usury. Just imagine," he continued, addressing me, "Jones has himself been discounting a bill for a lady; and a deuced pretty one, too. He sat next her at dinner in Grosvenor-square last week. Next day she gave him a call here, and he could not refuse her extraordinary request. Gad, it is hardly fair for Jones to be poaching on your domains of West-end paper!"

Mr. Jones smiled quietly, as he observed, "Why, you see, she is the niece of one of our best clients; and, really, I was so taken by surprise, that I did not know how to refuse."

"Pray," said I, interrupting his excuses, "does your young lady's name begin with S? Has she not a very pale face, and cold gray eye?"

The partners stared.

"Ah! I see it is so; and can at once tell you that the bill is not worth a rush."

"Why, you don't mean—?"

"I mean simply that the acceptance is, I'll lay you a wager, a forgery."

"A forgery!"

"A forgery," I repeated, as distinctly as possible.

Mr. Jones hastily, and with broken ejaculations, called for the cash-box. With trembling hands he took out the bill, and followed my finger with eager, watchful eyes, as I pointed out the proofs of my assertion.

A long pause was broken by my mocking laugh, for, at the moment, my sense of politeness could not restrain my satisfaction at the signal defeat which had attended the first experiment of these highly respectable gentlemen in the science of usury.

The partners did not have recourse to the police. They did not propose a consultation with either Mr. Forrester or Mr. Field; but they took certain steps, under my recommendation; the result of which was that at an early day, an aunt of the Honorable Miss Snape was driven, to save so near a connection from transportation, to sell out some fourteen hundred pounds of stock, and all the forgeries were taken up.

One would have thought that the lady who had thus so narrowly escaped, had had enough; but forgery, like opium-eating, is one of those charming vices which is never abandoned, when once adopted. The forger enjoys not only the pleasure of obtaining money so easily, but the triumph of befooling sharp men of the world. Dexterous penmanship is a source of the same sort of pride as that which animates the skillful rifleman, the practiced duelist, or well-trained billiard-player. With a clean Gillott he fetches down a capitalist, at three or six months, for a cool hundred or a round thousand; just as a Scrope drops over a stag at ten, or a Gordon Cumming a monstrous male elephant at a hundred paces.

As I before observed, my connection especially lies among the improvident—among those who will be ruined—who are being ruined—and who have been ruined. To the last class belongs Francis Fisherton, once a gentleman, now without a shilling or a principle; but rich in mother-wit—in fact a *farceur*, after Paul de Kock's own heart. Having in by-gone days been one of my willing victims, he occasionally finds pleasure and profit in guiding others through the gate he frequented, as long as able to pay the tolls. In truth he is what is called a "discount agent."

One day I received a note from him, to say that he would call on me at three o'clock the next day, to introduce a lady of family, who wanted a bill "done" for one hundred pounds. So ordinary a transaction merely needed a memorandum in my diary, "Tuesday, 3 P.M.; F. F., £100 Bill." The hour came and passed; but no Frank, which was strange—because every one must have observed, that, however dilatory people are in paying, they are wonderfully punctual when they expect to receive money.

At five o'clock, in rushed my Jackal. His story, disentangled from oaths and ejaculations, amounted to this:—In answer to one of the advertisements he occasionally addresses "To the Embarrassed," in the columns of the "Times," he received a note from a lady, who said she was anxious to get a "bill done"—the acceptance of a well-known man of rank and fashion. A correspondence was opened, and an appointment made. At the hour fixed, neatly shaved, brushed, gloved, booted—the revival, in short, of that high-bred Frank Fisherton, who was so famous

"In his hot youth, when Crockford's was the thing,"

glowing with only one glass of brandy "just to steady his nerves," he met the lady at a West-end pastry-cook's.

After a few words (for all the material questions had been settled by correspondence) she stepped into her brougham, and invited Frank to take a seat beside her. Elated with a compliment of late years so rare, he commenced planning the orgies which were to reward him for weeks of enforced fasting, when the coachman, reverentially touching his hat, looked down from his seat for orders.

"To ninety-nine, George-street, St. James," cried Fisherton, in his loudest tones.

In an instant, the young lady's pale face changed to scarlet, and then to ghastly green.

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In a whisper, rising to a scream, she exclaimed, "Good heavens! you do not mean to *that* man's house" (meaning me). "Indeed, I can not go to him, on any account; he is a most horrid man, I am told, and charges most extravagantly."

"Madam," answered Frank, in great perturbation, "I beg your pardon, but you have been grossly misinformed. I have known that excellent man these twenty years, and have paid him hundreds on hundreds; but never so much by ten per cent. as you offered me for discounting your bill."

"Sir, I can not have any thing to do with your friend." Then, violently pulling the check-string, "Stop," she gasped: "and *will you* have the goodness to get out?"

"And so I got out," continued Fisherton, "and lost my time; and the heavy investment I made in getting myself up for the assignation; new primrose gloves, and a shilling to the hair-dresser —hang her! But, did you ever know any thing like the prejudices that must prevail against you? I am disgusted with human nature. Could you lend me half a sovereign till Saturday?"

I smiled; I sacrificed the half-sovereign and let him go, for he is not exactly the person to whom it was advisable to intrust all the secrets relating to the Honorable Miss Snape.

Since that day I look each morning in the police reports, with considerable interest; but, up to the present hour, the Honorable Miss Snape has lived and thrived in the best society.

TO BE READ AT DUSK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ONE, two, three, four, five. There were five of them.

Five couriers, sitting on a bench outside the convent on the summit of the Great St. Bernard in Switzerland, looking at the remote heights, stained by the setting sun, as if a mighty quantity of red wine had been broached upon the mountain top, and had not yet had time to sink into the snow.

This is not my simile. It was made for the occasion by the stoutest courier, who was a German. None of the others took any more notice of it than they took of me, sitting on another bench on the other side of the convent door, smoking my cigar, like them, and—also like them —looking at the reddened snow, and at the lonely shed hard by, where the bodies of belated travelers, dug out of it, slowly wither away, knowing no corruption in that cold region.

The wine upon the mountain top soaked in as we looked; the mountain became white; the sky, a very dark blue; the wind rose; and the air turned piercing cold. The five couriers buttoned their rough coats. There being no safer man to imitate in all such proceedings than a courier, I buttoned mine.

The mountain in the sunset had stopped the five couriers in a conversation. It is a sublime sight, likely to stop conversation. The mountain being now out of the sunset, they resumed. Not that I had heard any part of their previous discourse; for, indeed, I had not then broken away from the American gentleman, in the travelers' parlor of the convent, who, sitting with his face to the fire, had undertaken to realize to me the whole progress of events which had led to the accumulation by the Honorable Ananias Dodger of one of the largest acquisitions of dollars ever made in our country.

"My God!" said the Swiss courier, speaking in French, which I do not hold (as some authors appear to do) to be such an all-sufficient excuse for a naughty word, that I have only to write it in that language to make it innocent; "if you talk of ghosts—"

"But I *don't* talk of ghosts," said the German.

"Of what then?" asked the Swiss.

"If I knew of what then," said the German, "I should probably know a great deal more."

It was a good answer, I thought, and it made me curious. So, I moved my position to that corner of my bench which was nearest to them, and leaning my back against the convent-wall, heard perfectly, without appearing to attend.

"Thunder and lightning!" said the German, warming, "when a certain man is coming to see you, unexpectedly; and, without his own knowledge, sends some invisible messenger, to put the idea of him in your head all day, what do you call that? When you walk along a crowded street—at Frankfort, Milan, London, Paris—and think that a passing stranger is like your friend Heinrich, and then that another passing stranger is like your friend Heinrich, and so begin to have a strange foreknowledge that presently you'll meet your friend Heinrich—which you do, though you believed him at Trieste—what do you call *that?*"

"It's not uncommon either," murmured the Swiss and the other three.

"Uncommon!" said the German. "It's as common as cherries in the Black Forest. It's as common as maccaroni at Naples. And Naples reminds me! When the old Marchesa Senzanima shrieks at a card party on the Chiaja—as I heard and saw her, for it happened in a Bavarian family of mine, and I was overlooking the service that evening—I say, when the old Marchesa starts up at the card-table, white through her rouge, and cries, 'My sister in Spain is dead! I felt her cold touch on my back!'—and when that sister *is* dead at the moment—what do you call that?"

"Or when the blood of San Gennaro liquefies at the request of the clergy—as all the world knows that it does regularly once a year, in my native city," said the Neapolitan courier, after a pause, with a comical look, "what do you call that?"

"*That!*" cried the German. "Well! I think I know a name for that."

"Miracle?" said the Neapolitan, with the same sly face.

The German merely smoked and laughed; and they all smoked and laughed.

"Bah!" said the German, presently. "I speak of things that really do happen. When I

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want to see the conjurer, I pay to see a professed one, and have my money's worth. Very strange things do happen without ghosts. Ghosts! Giovanni Baptista, tell your story of the English bride. There's no ghost in that, but something full as strange. Will any man tell me what?"

As there was a silence among them, I glanced around. He whom I took to be Baptista was lighting a fresh cigar. He presently went on to speak. He was a Genoese, as I judged.

"The story of the English bride?" said he. "Basta! one ought not to call so slight a thing a story. Well, it's all one. But it's true. Observe me well, gentlemen, it's true. That which glitters is not always gold; but what I am going to tell is true."

He repeated this more than once.

Ten years ago, I took my credentials to an English gentleman at Long's Hotel, in Bond-street, London, who was about to travel—it might be for one year, it might be for two. He approved of them; likewise of me. He was pleased to make inquiry. The testimony that he received was favorable. He engaged me by the six months, and my entertainment was generous.

He was young, handsome, very happy. He was enamored of a fair young English lady, with a sufficient fortune, and they were going to be married. It was the wedding trip, in short, that we were going to take. For three months' rest in the hot weather (it was early summer then) he had hired an old palace on the Riviera, at an easy distance from my city, Genoa, on the road to Nice. Did I know that palace? Yes; I told him I knew it well. It was an old palace, with great gardens. It was a little bare, and it was a little dark and gloomy, being close surrounded by trees; but it was spacious, ancient, grand, and on the sea shore. He said it had been so described to him exactly, and he was well pleased that I knew it. For its being a little bare of furniture, all such places were. For its being a little gloomy, he had hired it principally for the gardens, and he and my mistress would pass the summer weather in their shade.

"So all goes well, Baptista?" said he.

"Indubitably, signor; very well."

We had a traveling chariot for our journey, newly built for us, and in all respects complete. All we had was complete; we wanted for nothing. The marriage took place. They were happy. *I* was happy, seeing all so bright, being so well situated, going to my own city, teaching my language in the rumble to the maid, la bella Carolina, whose heart was gay with laughter: who was young and rosy.

The time flew. But I observed—listen to this, I pray!—(and here the courier dropped his voice)—I observed my mistress sometimes brooding in a manner very strange; in a frightened manner; in an unhappy manner; with a cloudy, uncertain alarm upon her. I think that I began to notice this when I was walking up hills by the carriage side, and master had gone on in front. At any rate, I remember that it impressed itself upon my mind one evening in the south of France, when she called to me to call master back; and when he came back, and walked for a long way, talking encouragingly and affectionately to her, with his hand upon the open window, and hers in it. Now and then, he laughed in a merry way, as if he were bantering her out of something. By-and-by, she laughed, and then all went well again.

It was curious. I asked la bella Carolina, the pretty little one, Was mistress unwell? No. Out of spirits? No. Fearful of bad roads, or brigands? No. And what made it more mysterious was, the pretty little one would not look at me in giving answer, but *would* look at the view.

But, one day she told me the secret.

"If you must know," said Carolina, "I find, from what I have overheard, that mistress is haunted."

"How haunted?"

"By a dream."

"What dream?"

"By a dream of a face. For three nights before her marriage, she saw a face in a dream--always the same face, and only One."

"A terrible face?"

"No. The face of a dark, remarkable-looking man, in black, with black hair and a gray mustache—a handsome man, except for a reserved and secret air. Not a face she ever saw, or at all like a face she ever saw. Doing nothing in the dream but looking at her fixedly, out of darkness."

"Does the dream come back?"

"Never. The recollection of it, is all her trouble."

"And why does it trouble her?"

Carolina shook her head.

"That's master's question," said la bella. "She don't know. She wonders why, herself But I heard her tell him, only last night, that if she was to find a picture of that face in our Italian house (which she is afraid she will), she did not know how she could ever bear it."

Upon my word I was fearful after this (said the Genoese courier), of our coming to the old palazzo, lest some such ill-starred picture should happen to be there. I knew there were many there; and, as we got nearer and nearer to the place, I wished the whole gallery in the crater of Vesuvius. To mend the matter, it was a stormy dismal evening when we, at last, approached that part of the Riviera. It thundered; and the thunder of my city and its environs, rolling among the high hills, is very loud. The lizards ran in and out of the chinks in the broken stone wall of the garden, as if they were frightened; the frogs bubbled and croaked their loudest; the sea-wind moaned, and the wet trees dripped; and the lightning—body of San Lorenzo, how it lightened!

We all know what an old palazzo in or near Genoa is—how time and the sea air have blotted it—how the drapery painted on the outer walls

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has peeled off in great flakes of plaster—how the lower windows are darkened with rusty bars of iron—how the courtyard is overgrown with grass—how the outer buildings are dilapidated—how the whole pile seems devoted to ruin. Our palazzo was one of the true kind. It had been shut up close for months. Months!—years! It had an earthy smell, like a tomb. The scent of the orange-trees on the broad back terrace, and of the lemons ripening on the wall, and of some shrubs that grew around a broken fountain, had got into the house somehow, and had never been able to get out again. There it was, in every room, an aged smell, grown faint with confinement. It pined in all the cupboards and drawers. In the little rooms of communication between great rooms, it was stifling. If you turned a picture—to come back to the pictures—there it still was, clinging to the wall behind the frame, like a sort of bat.

The lattice-blinds were close shut, all over the house. There were two ugly, gray old women in the house, to take care of it; one of them with a spindle, who stood winding and mumbling in the doorway, and who would as soon have let in the devil as the air. Master, mistress, la bella Carolina, and I, went all through the palazzo. I went first, though I have named myself last, opening the windows and the lattice-blinds, and shaking down on myself splashes of rain, and scraps of mortar, and now and then a dozing musquito, or a monstrous, fat, blotchy, Genoese spider.

When I had let the evening light into a room, master, mistress, and la bella Carolina entered. Then, we looked round at all the pictures, and I went forward again into another room. Mistress secretly had great fear of meeting with the likeness of that face—we all had; but there was no such thing. The Madonna and Bambino, San Francisco, San Sebastiano, Venus, Santa Caterina, Angels, Brigands, Friars, Temples at Sunset, Battles, White Horses, Forests, Apostles, Doges, all my old acquaintance many times repeated? yes. Dark, handsome man in black, reserved and secret, with black hair and gray mustache, looking fixedly at mistress out of darkness? no.

At last we got through all the rooms and all the pictures, and came out into the gardens. They were pretty well kept, being rented by a gardener, and were large and shady. In one place, there was a rustic theatre, open to the sky; the stage a green slope: the coulisses, three entrances upon a side, sweet-smelling leafy screens. Mistress moved her bright eyes, even there, as if she looked to see the face come in upon the scene: but all was well.

"Now, Clara," master said, in a low voice, "you see that it is nothing? You are happy."

Mistress was much encouraged. She soon accustomed herself to that grim palazzo, and would sing, and play the harp, and copy the old pictures, and stroll with master under the green trees and vines, all day. She was beautiful. He was happy. He would laugh and say to me, mounting his horse for his morning ride before the heat:

"All goes well, Baptista!"

"Yes, signore, thank God; very well!"

We kept no company. I took la bella to the Duomo and Annunciata, to the Café, to the Opera, to the village Festa, to the Public Garden, to the Day Theatre, to the Marionetti. The pretty little one was charmed with all she saw. She learnt Italian—heavens! miraculously! Was mistress quite forgetful of that dream? I asked Carolina sometimes. Nearly, said la bella—almost. It was wearing out.

One day master received a letter, and called me.

"Baptista!"

"Signore."

"A gentleman who is presented to me will dine here to-day. He is called the Signor Dellombra. Let me dine like a prince."

It was an odd name. I did not know that name. But, there had been many noblemen and gentlemen pursued by Austria on political suspicions, lately, and some names had changed. Perhaps this was one. Altro! Dellombra was as good a name to me as another.

When the Signor Dellombra came to dinner (said the Genoese courier in the low voice, into which he had subsided once before), I showed him into the reception-room, the great sala of the old palazzo. Master received him with cordiality, and presented him to mistress. As she rose, her face changed, she gave a cry, and fell upon the marble floor.

Then, I turned my head to the Signor Dellombra, and saw that he was dressed in black, and had a reserved and secret air, and was a dark remarkable-looking man, with black hair and a gray mustache.

Master raised mistress in his arms, and carried her to her own room, where I sent la bella Carolina straight. La bella told me afterward that mistress was nearly terrified to death, and that she wandered in her mind about her dream, all night.

Master was vexed and anxious—almost angry, and yet full of solicitude. The Signor Dellombra was a courtly gentleman, and spoke with great respect and sympathy of mistress's being so ill. The African wind had been blowing for some days (they had told him at his hôtel of the Maltese Cross), and he knew that it was often hurtful. He hoped the beautiful lady would recover soon. He begged permission to retire, and to renew his visit when he should have the happiness of hearing that she was better. Master would not allow of this, and they dined alone.

He withdrew early. Next day he called at the gate, on horseback, to inquire for mistress. He did so two or three times in that week.

What I observed myself, and what la bella Carolina told me, united to explain to me that master had now set his mind on curing mistress of her fanciful terror. He was all kindness, but he was sensible and firm. He reasoned with her, that to encourage such fancies was to invite melancholy, if not madness. That it rested with herself to be herself. That if she once resisted her strange weakness, so successfully as to re-

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ceive the Signor Dellombra as an English lady would receive any other guest, it was forever conquered. To make an end, the Signor came again, and mistress received him without marked distress (though with constraint and apprehension still), and the evening passed serenely. Master was so delighted with this change, and so anxious to confirm it, that the Signor Dellombra became a constant guest. He was accomplished in pictures, books, and music; and his society, in any grim palazzo, would have been welcome.

I used to notice, many times, that mistress was not quite recovered. She would cast down her eyes and droop her head, before the Signor Dellombra, or would look at him with a terrified and fascinated glance, as if his presence had some evil influence or power upon her. Turning from her to him, I used to see him in the shaded gardens, or the large half-lighted sala, looking, as I might say, "fixedly upon her out of darkness." But, truly, I had not forgotten la bella Carolina's words describing the face in the dream.

After his second visit I heard master say:

"Now see, my dear Clara, it's over! Dellombra has come and gone, and your apprehension is broken like glass."

"Will he—will he ever come again?" asked mistress.

"Again? Why, surely, over and over again! Are you cold?" (She shivered).

"No, dear—but—he terrifies me: are you sure that he need come again?"

"The surer for the question, Clara!" replied master, cheerfully.

But, he was very hopeful of her complete recovery now, and grew more and more so every day. She was beautiful. He was happy.

"All goes well, Baptista?" he would say to me again.

"Yes, signore, thank God; very well."

We were all (said the Genoese courier, constraining himself to speak a little louder), we were all at Rome for the Carnival. I had been out, all day, with a Sicilian, a friend of mine and a courier, who was there with an English family. As I returned at night to our hotel, I met the little Carolina, who never stirred from home alone, running distractedly along the Corso.

"Carolina! What's the matter?"

"O Baptista! Oh, for the Lord's sake! where is my mistress?"

"Mistress, Carolina?"

"Gone since morning—told me, when master went out on his day's journey, not to call her, for she was tired with not resting in the night (having been in pain), and would lie in bed until the evening; then get up refreshed. She is gone!—she is gone! Master has come back, broken down the door, and she is gone! My beautiful, my good, my innocent mistress!"

The pretty little one so cried, and raved, and tore herself, that I could not have held her, but for her swooning on my arm as if she had been shot. Master came up—in manner, face, or voice, no more the master that I knew, than I was he. He took me (I laid the little one upon her bed in the hotel, and left her with the chamberwomen), in a carriage, furiously through the darkness, across the desolate Campagna. When it was day, and we stopped at a miserable posthouse, all the horses had been hired twelve hours ago, and sent away in different directions. Mark me!—by the Signor Dellombra, who had passed there in a carriage, with a frightened English lady crouching in one corner.

I never heard (said the Genoese courier, drawing a long breath) that she was ever traced beyond that spot. All I know is, that she vanished into infamous oblivion, with the dreaded face beside her that she had seen in her dream.

"What do you call *that*?" said the German courier, triumphantly; "Ghosts! There are no ghosts *there!* What do you call this, that I am going to tell you? Ghosts? There are no ghosts *here!*"

I took an engagement once (pursued the German courier) with an English gentleman, elderly and a bachelor, to travel through my country, my Fatherland. He was a merchant who traded with my country and knew the language, but who had never been there since he was a boy—as I judge, some sixty years before.

His name was James, and he had a twin-brother John, also a bachelor. Between these brothers there was a great affection. They were in business together at Goodman's Fields, but they did not live together. Mr. James dwelt in Poland-street, turning out of Oxford-street, London. Mr. John resided by Epping Forest.

Mr. James and I were to start for Germany in about a week. The exact day depended on business. Mr. John came to Poland-street (where I was staying in the house), to pass that week with Mr. James. But, he said to his brother on the second day, "I don't feel very well, James. There's not much the matter with me; but I think I am a little gouty. I'll go home and put myself under the care of my old housekeeper, who understands my ways. If I get quite better, I'll come back and see you before you go. If I don't feel well enough to resume my visit where I leave it off, why *you* will come and see *me* before you go." Mr. James, of course, said he would, and they shook hands—both hands, as they always did—and Mr. John ordered out his old-fashioned chariot and rumbled home.

It was on the second night after that—that is to say, the fourth in the week—when I was awoke out of my sound sleep by Mr. James coming into my bedroom in his flannel-gown, with a lighted candle. He sat upon the side of my bed, and looking at me, said:

"Wilhelm, I have reason to think I have got some strange illness upon me."

I then perceived that there was a very unusual expression in his face.

"Wilhelm," said he, "I am not afraid or ashamed to tell you, what I might be afraid or ashamed to tell another man. You come from a sensible country, where mysterious things are inquired into, and are not settled to have been weighed and measured or to have been un-

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weighable and unmeasurable—or in either case to have been completely disposed of, for all time —ever so many years ago. I have just now seen the phantom of my brother."

I confess (said the German courier) that it gave me a little tingling of the blood to hear it.

"I have just now seen," Mr. James repeated, looking full at me, that I might see how collected he was, "the phantom of my brother John. I was sitting up in bed, unable to sleep, when it came into my room, in a white dress, and, regarding me earnestly, passed up to the end of the room, glanced at some papers on my writing-desk, turned, and, still looking earnestly at me as it passed the bed, went out at the door. Now, I am not in the least mad, and am not in the least disposed to invest that phantom with an external existence out of myself. I think it is a warning to me that I am ill; and I think I had better be bled."

I got out of bed directly (said the German courier) and began to get on my clothes, begging him not to be alarmed, and telling him that I would go myself to the doctor. I was just ready, when we heard a loud knocking and ringing at the street door. My room being an attic at the back, and Mr. James's being the second-floor room in the front, we went down to his room, and put up the window, to see what was the matter.

"Is that Mr. James?" said a man below, falling back to the opposite side of the way to look up.

"It is," said Mr. James; "and you are my brother's man, Robert."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. John is ill. He is very bad, sir. It is even feared that he may be lying at the point of death. He wants to see you, sir. I have a chaise here. Pray come to him. Pray lose no time."

Mr. James and I looked at one another. "Wilhelm," said he, "this is strange. I wish you to come with me!" I helped him to dress, partly there and partly in the chaise; and no grass grew under the horses' iron shoes between Poland-street and the Forest.

Now, mind! (said the German courier). I went with Mr. James into his brother's room, and I saw and heard myself what follows.

His brother lay upon his bed, at the upper end of a long bed-chamber. His old housekeeper was there, and others were there: I think three others were there, if not four, and they had been with him since early in the afternoon. He was in white, like the figure—necessarily so, because he had his night-dress on. He looked like the figure—necessarily so, because he looked earnestly at his brother when he saw him come into the room.

But, when his brother reached the bed-side, he slowly raised himself in bed, and looking full upon him, said these words:

"JAMES, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE, TO-NIGHT, AND YOU KNOW IT!"

And so died!

I waited, when the German courier ceased, to hear something said of this strange story. The silence was unbroken. I looked round, and the five couriers were gone: so noiselessly that the ghostly mountain might have absorbed them into its eternal snows. By this time, I was by no means in a mood to sit alone in that awful scene, with the chill air coming solemnly upon me—or, if I may tell the truth, to sit alone anywhere. So I went back into the convent-parlor, and, finding the American gentleman still disposed to relate the biography of the Honorable Ananias Dodger, heard it all out.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER VII.

RANDAL advanced—"I fear, Signior Riccabocca, that I am guilty of some want of ceremony."

"To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment," replied the urbane Italian, as he recovered from his first surprise at Randal's sudden address, and extended his hand.

Violante bowed her graceful head to the young man's respectful salutation. "I am on my way to Hazeldean," resumed Randal, "and, seeing you in the garden, could not resist this intrusion."

RICCABOCCA.—"You come from London? Stirring times for you English, but I do not ask you the news. No news can affect us."

RANDAL (softly). "Perhaps—yes."

RICCABOCCA (startled).—"How?"

VIOLANTE.—"Surely he speaks of Italy, and news from that country affects you still, my father."

RICCABOCCA.—"Nay, nay, nothing affects me like this country; its east wind might affect a pyramid! Draw your mantle round you, child, and go in; the air has suddenly grown chill."

Violante smiled on her father, glanced uneasily toward Randal's grave brow, and went slowly toward the house.

Riccabocca, after waiting some moments in silence, as if expecting Randal to speak, said with affected carelessness, "So you think that you have news that might affect me? *Corpo di Bacco!* I am curious to learn what!"

"I may be mistaken—that depends on your answer to one question. Do you know the Count of Peschiera?"

Riccabocca winced, and turned pale. He could not baffle the watchful eye of the questioner.

"Enough," said Randal; "I see that I am right. Believe in my sincerity. I speak but to warn and to serve you. The Count seeks to discover the retreat of a countryman and kinsman of his own."

"And for what end?" cried Riccabocca, thrown off his guard, and his breast dilated, his crest rose, and his eye flashed; valor and defiance broke from habitual caution and self-control. "But pooh," he added, striving to regain his ordinary and half-ironical calm, "it matters

* Continued from the December Number.

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not to me. I grant, sir, that I know the Count di Peschiera; but what has Dr. Riccabocca to do with the kinsman of so grand a personage?"

"Dr. Riccabocca—nothing. But—" here Randal put his lips close to the Italian's ear, and whispered a brief sentence. Then retreating a step, but laying his hand on the exile's shoulder, he added—"Need I say that your secret is safe with me?"

Riccabocca made no answer. His eyes rested on the ground musingly.

Randal continued—"And I shall esteem it the highest honor you can bestow on me, to be permitted to assist you in forestalling danger."

Riccabocca (slowly).—"Sir, I thank you; you have my secret, and I feel assured it is safe, for I speak to an English gentleman. There may be family reasons why I should avoid the Count di Peschiera; and, indeed, He is safest from shoals who steers clearest of his—relations."

The poor Italian regained his caustic smile as he uttered that wise, villainous Italian maxim.

Randal.—"I know little of the Count of Peschiera save from the current talk of the world. He is said to hold the estates of a kinsman who took part in a conspiracy against the Austrian power."

Riccabocca.—"It is true. Let that content him; what more does he desire? You spoke of forestalling danger? What danger? I am on the soil of England, and protected by its laws."

Randal.—"Allow me to inquire if, had the kinsman no child, the Count di Peschiera would be legitimate and natural heir to the estates he holds?"

Riccabocca.—"He would. What then?"

Randal.—"Does that thought suggest no danger to the child of the kinsman?"

Riccabocca recoiled, and gasped forth, "The child! You do not mean to imply that this man, infamous though he be, can contemplate the crime of an assassin?"

Randal paused perplexed. His ground was delicate. He knew not what causes of resentment the exile entertained against the Count. He knew not whether Riccabocca would not assent to an alliance that might restore him to his country—and he resolved to feel his way with precaution.

"I did not," said he, smiling gravely, "mean to insinuate so horrible a charge against a man whom I have never seen. He seeks you—that is all I know. I imagine from his general character, that in this search he consults his interest. Perhaps all matters might be conciliated by an interview!"

"An interview!" exclaimed Riccabocca; "there is but one way we should meet—foot to foot, and hand to hand."

"Is it so? Then you would not listen to the Count if he proposed some amicable compromise; if, for instance, he was a candidate for the hand of your daughter?"

The poor Italian, so wise and so subtle in his talk, was as rash and blind when it came to action, as if he had been born in Ireland, and nourished on potatoes and Repeal. He bared his whole soul to the merciless eye of Randal.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed. "Sir, your question is an insult."

Randal's way became clear at once. "Forgive me," he said, mildly; "I will tell you frankly all that I know. I am acquainted with the Count's sister. I have some little influence over her. It was she who informed me that the Count had come here, bent upon discovering your refuge, and resolved to wed your daughter. This is the danger of which I spoke. And when I asked your permission to aid in forestalling it, I only intended to suggest that it might be wise to find some securer home, and that I, if permitted to know that home, and to visit you, could apprise you, from time to time, of the Count's plans and movements."

"Sir, I thank you sincerely," said Riccabocca, with emotion; "but am I not safe here?"

"I doubt it. Many people have visited the Squire in the shooting season, who will have heard of you—perhaps seen you, and who are likely to meet the Count in London. And Frank Hazeldean, too, who knows the Count's sister—"

"True, true," interrupted Riccabocca. "I see, I see. I will consider. I will reflect. Meanwhile you are going to Hazeldean. Do not say a word to the Squire. He knows not the secret you have discovered."

With those words Riccabocca turned slightly away, and Randal took the hint to depart.

"At all times command and rely on me," said the young traitor, and he regained the pale to which he had fastened his horse.

As he remounted, he cast his eyes toward the place where he had left Riccabocca. The Italian was still standing there. Presently the form of Jackeymo was seen emerging from the shrubs. Riccabocca turned hastily round, recognized his servant, uttered an exclamation loud enough to reach Randal's ear, and then catching Jackeymo by the arm, disappeared with him amidst the deeper recesses of the garden.

"It will be indeed in my favor," thought Randal, as he rode on, "if I can get them into the neighborhood of London—all occasion there to woo, and, if expedient, to win—the heiress."

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the Squire, as he stood with his wife in the park, on a visit of inspection to some first-rate South-Downs just added to his stock; "by the Lord, if that is not Randal Leslie trying to get into the park at the back gate! Hollo, Randal! you must come round by the lodge, my boy," said he. "You see this gate is locked to keep out trespassers."

"A pity," said Randal. "I like short-cuts, and you have shut up a very short one."

"So the trespassers said," quoth the Squire, "but Stirn would not hear of it;—valuable man Stirn. But ride round to the lodge. Put up

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your horse, and you'll join us before we can get to the house."

Randal nodded and smiled, and rode briskly on.

The Squire rejoined his Harry.

"Ah, William," said she anxiously, "though certainly Randal Leslie means well, I always dread his visits."

"So do I, in one sense," quoth the Squire, "for he always carries away a bank-note for Frank."

"I hope he is really Frank's friend," said Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Whose else can he be? Not his own, poor fellow, for he will never accept a shilling from me, though his grandmother was as good a Hazeldean as I am. But, zounds! I like his pride, and his economy too. As for Frank—"

"Hush, William!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean, and put her fair hand before the Squire's mouth. The Squire was softened, and kissed the fair hand gallantly—perhaps he kissed the lips too; at all events, the worthy pair were walking lovingly arm-in-arm when Randal joined them.

He did not affect to perceive a certain coldness in the manner of Mrs. Hazeldean, but began immediately to talk to her about Frank; praise that young gentleman's appearance; expatiate on his health, his popularity, and his good gifts, personal and mental; and this with so much warmth, that any dim and undeveloped suspicions Mrs. Hazeldean might have formed soon melted away.

Randal continued to make himself thus agreeable, until the Squire, persuaded that his young kinsman was a first-rate agriculturist, insisted upon carrying him off to the home-farm, and Harry turned toward the house to order Randal's room to be got ready: "For," said Randal, "knowing that you will excuse my morning dress, I ventured to invite myself to dine and sleep at the Hall."

On approaching the farm buildings, Randal was seized with the terror of an impostor; for, despite all the theoretical learning on Bucolics and Georgics with which he had dazzled the Squire, poor Frank, so despised, would have beat him hollow when it came to judging of the points of an ox or the show of a crop.

"Ha, ha!" cried the Squire, chuckling, "I long to see how you'll astonish Stirn. Why, you'll guess in a moment where we put the top-dressing; and when you come to handle my short-horns, I dare swear you'll know to a pound how much oilcake has gone into their sides."

"Oh, you do me too much honor—indeed you do. I only know the general principles of agriculture—the details are eminently interesting; but I have not had the opportunity to acquire them."

"Stuff!" cried the Squire. "How can a man know general principles unless he has first studied the details? You are too modest, my boy. Ho! there's Stirn looking out for us!"

Randal saw the grim visage of Stirn peering out of a cattle-shed, and felt undone. He made a desperate rush toward changing the Squire's humor.

"Well, sir, perhaps Frank may soon gratify your wish, and turn farmer himself."

"Eh!" quoth the Squire, stopping short. "What now?"

"Suppose he was to marry?"

"I'd give him the two best farms on the property rent free. Ha, ha! Has he seen the girl yet? I'd leave him free to choose, sir. I chose for myself—every man should. Not but what Miss Sticktorights is an heiress, and, I hear, a very decent girl, and that would join the two properties, and put an end to that lawsuit about the right of way, which began in the reign of King Charles the Second, and is likely otherwise to last till the day of judgment. But never mind her; let Frank choose to please himself."

"I'll not fail to tell him so, sir. I did fear you might have some prejudices. But here we are at the farm-yard."

"Burn the farm-yard! How can I think of farm-yards when you talk of Frank's marriage? Come on—this way. What were you saying about prejudices?"

"Why, you might wish him to marry an Englishwoman, for instance."

"English! Good heavens, sir, does he mean to marry a Hindoo?"

"Nay, I don't know that he means to marry at all: I am only surmising, but if he did fall in love with a foreigner—"

"A foreigner! Ah, then Harry was—" The Squire stopped short.

"Who might, perhaps," observed Randal—not truly, if he referred to Madame di Negra—"who might, perhaps, speak very little English?"

"Lord ha' mercy!"

"And a Roman Catholic—"

"Worshiping idols, and roasting people who don't worship them."

"Signior Riccabocca is not so bad as that."

"Rickeybockey! Well, if it was his daughter! But not speak English! and not go to the parish church! By George! if Frank thought of such a thing, I'd cut him off with a shilling. Don't talk to me, sir; I would. I'm a mild man, and an easy man; but when I say a thing, I say it, Mr. Leslie. Oh, but it is a jest—you are laughing at me. There's no such painted good-for-nothing creature in Frank's eye, eh?"

"Indeed, sir, if ever I find there is, I will give you notice in time. At present I was only trying to ascertain what you wished for a daughter in-law. You said you had no prejudice"

"No more I have—not a bit of it."

"You don't like a foreigner and a Catholic?"

"Who the devil would?"

"But if she had rank and title?"

"Rank and title! Bubble and squeak! No, not half so good as bubble and squeak. English

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beef and good cabbage. But foreign rank and title!—foreign cabbage and beef!—foreign bubble and foreign squeak!" And the Squire made a wry face, and spat forth his disgust and indignation.

"You must have an Englishwoman?"

"Of course?"

"Money?"

"Don't care, provided she is a tidy, sensible, active lass, with a good character for her dower."

"Character—ah, that is indispensable?"

"I should think so, indeed. A Mrs. Hazeldean of Hazeldean; you frighten me. He's not going to run off with a divorced woman, or a—"

The Squire stopped, and looked so red in the face, that Randal feared he might be seized with apoplexy before Frank's crimes had made him alter his will.

Therefore he hastened to relieve Mr. Hazeldean's mind, and assured him that he had been only talking at random; that Frank was in the habit, indeed, of seeing foreign ladies occasionally, as all persons in the London world were; but that he was sure Frank would never marry without the full consent and approval of his parents. He ended by repeating his assurance that he would warn the Squire if ever it became necessary. Still, however, he left Mr. Hazeldean so disturbed and uneasy, that that gentleman forgot all about the farm, and went moodily on in the opposite direction, re-entering the park at its farther extremity. As soon as they approached the house, the Squire hastened to shut himself with his wife in full parental consultation; and Randal, seated upon a bench on the terrace, revolved the mischief he had done, and its chances of success.

While thus seated, and thus thinking, a footstep approached cautiously, and in a low voice said, in broken English, "Sare, sare, let me speak vid you."

Randal turned in surprise, and beheld a swarthy saturnine face, with grizzled hair and marked features. He recognized the figure that had joined Riccabocca in the Italian's garden.

"Speak-a you Italian?" resumed Jackeymo.

Randal, who had made himself an excellent linguist, nodded assent; and Jackeymo, rejoiced, begged him to withdraw into a more private part of the grounds.

Randal obeyed, and the two gained the shade of a stately chestnut avenue.

"Sir," then said Jackeymo, speaking in his native tongue, and expressing himself with a certain simple pathos, "I am but a poor man; my name is Giacomo. You have heard of me;—servant to the Signior whom you saw to-day—only a servant; but he honors me with his confidence. We have known danger together; and of all his friends and followers, I alone came with him to the stranger's land."

"Good, faithful fellow," said Randal, examining the man's face, "say on. Your master confides in you? He confided that which I told him this day?"

"He did. Ah, sir! the Padrone was too proud to ask you to explain more—too proud to show fear of another. But he does fear—he ought to fear—he shall fear" (continued Jackeymo, working himself up to passion)—"for the Padrone has a daughter, and his enemy is a villain. Oh, sir, tell me all that you did not tell to the Padrone. You hinted that this man might wish to marry the Signora. Marry her! I could cut his throat at the altar!"

"Indeed," said Randal, "I believe that such is his object."

"But why? He is rich—she is penniless; no not quite that, for we have saved—but penniless, compared to him."

"My good friend, I know not yet his motives, but I can easily learn them. If, however, this Count be your master's enemy, it is surely well to guard against him, whatever his designs; and, to do so, you should move into London or its neighborhood. I fear that while we speak, the Count may get upon his track."

"He had better not come here!" cried the servant, menacingly, and putting his hand where the knife was *not*.

"Beware of your own anger, Giacomo. One act of violence, and you would be transported from England, and your master would lose a friend."

Jackeymo seemed struck by this caution.

"And if the Padrone were to meet him, do you think the Padrone would meekly say, 'Come stà sa Signoria. The Padrone would strike him dead!"

"Hush—hush! You speak of what, in England, is called murder, and is punished by the gallows. If you really love your master, for heaven's sake, get him from this place—get him from all chance of such passion and peril. I go to town to-morrow; I will find him a house that shall be safe from all spies—all discovery. And there, too, my friend, I can do—what I can not at this distance—watch over him, and keep watch also on his enemy."

Jackeymo seized Randal's hand, and lifted it toward his lip; then, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, dropped the hand, and said bluntly: "Signior, I think you have seen the Padrone twice. Why do you take this interest in him?"

"Is it so uncommon to take interest even in a stranger who is menaced by some peril?"

Jackeymo, who believed little in general philanthropy, shook his head skeptically.

"Besides," continued Randal, suddenly bethinking himself of a more plausible reason: "besides, I am a friend and connection of Mr. Egerton; and Mr. Egerton's most intimate friend is Lord L'Estrange; and I have heard that Lord L'Estrange—"

"The good lord! Oh, now I understand," interrupted Jackeymo, and his brow cleared. "Ah, if *he* were in England! But you will let us know when he comes?"

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"Certainly. Now, tell me, Giacomo, is this Count really unprincipled and dangerous? Remember, I know him not personally."

"He has neither heart, head, nor conscience."

"That makes him dangerous to men; but to women, danger comes from other qualities. Could it be possible, if he obtained any interview with the Signora, that he could win her affections?"

Jackeymo crossed himself rapidly, and made no answer.

"I have heard that he is still very handsome."

Jackeymo groaned.

Randal resumed: "Enough; persuade the Padrone to come to town."

"But if the Count is in town?"

"That makes no difference; the safest place is always the largest city. Every where else a foreigner is in himself an object of attention and curiosity."

"True."

"Let your master, then, come to London. He can reside in one of the suburbs most remote from the Count's haunts. In two days I will have found him a lodging and write to him. You trust to me now?"

"I do indeed—I do, Excellency. Ah, if the Signorina were married, we would not care!"

"Married! But she looks so high!"

"Alas! not now—not here!"

Randal sighed heavily. Jackeymo's eyes sparkled. He thought he had detected a new motive for Randal's interest—a motive to an Italian the most natural, the most laudable of all.

"Find the house, Signior—write to the Padrone. He shall come. I'll talk to him. I can manage him. Holy San Giacomo, bestir thyself now—'tis long since I troubled thee!"

Jackeymo strode off through the fading trees, smiling and muttering as he went.

The first dinner-bell rang, and, on entering the drawing-room, Randal found Parson Dale and his wife, who had been invited in haste to meet the unexpected visitor.

The preliminary greetings over, Mr. Dale took the opportunity afforded by the Squire's absence to inquire after the health of Mr. Egerton.

"He is always well," said Randal, "I believe he is made of iron."

"His heart is of gold," said the Parson.

"Ah!" said Randal, inquisitively, "you told me you had come in contact with him once, respecting, I think, some of your old parishioners at Lansmere?"

The Parson nodded, and there was a moment's silence.

"Do you remember your battle by the Stocks, Mr. Leslie?" said Mr. Dale, with a good-humored laugh.

"Indeed, yes. By the way, now you speak of it, I met my old opponent in London the first year I went up to it."

"You did! where?"

"At a literary scamp's—a cleverish man called Burley."

"Burley! I have seen some burlesque verses in Greek by a Mr. Burley."

"No doubt, the same person. He has disappeared—gone to the dogs, I dare say. Burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present."

"Well, but Leonard Fairfield?—you have seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No!—have you?"

"Strange to say, not for a long time. But I have reason to believe that he must be doing well."

"You surprise me! Why?"

"Because, two years ago, he sent for his mother. She went to him."

"Is that all?"

"It is enough; for he would not have sent for her if he could not maintain her."

Here the Hazeldeans entered, arm-in-arm, and the fat butler announced dinner.

The Squire was unusually taciturn—Mrs. Hazeldean thoughtful—Mrs. Dale languid, and headachy. The Parson, who seldom enjoyed the luxury of converse with a scholar, save when he quarreled with Dr. Riccabocca, was animated, by Randal's repute for ability, into a great desire for argument.

"A glass of wine, Mr. Leslie. You were saying, before dinner, that burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present. Pray, sir, what knowledge is in power?"

RANDAL (laconically).—"Practical knowledge."

PARSON.—"What of?"

RANDAL.—"Men."

PARSON (candidly).—"Well, I suppose that is the most available sort of knowledge, in a worldly point of view. How does one learn it? Do books help?"

RANDAL.—"According as they are read, they help or injure."

PARSON.—"How should they be read in order to help?"

RANDAL.—"Read specially to apply to purposes that lead to power."

PARSON (very much struck with Randal's pithy and Spartan logic).—"Upon my word, sir, you express yourself very well. I must own that I began these questions in the hope of differing from you; for I like an argument."

"That he does," growled the Squire; "the most contradictory creature!"

PARSON.—"Argument is the salt of talk. But now I am afraid I must agree with you, which I was not at all prepared for."

Randal bowed, and answered—"No two men of our education can dispute upon the application of knowledge."

PARSON (pricking up his ears).—"Eh! what to?"

RANDAL.—"Power, of course"

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PARSON (overjoyed).—"Power!—the vulgarest application of it, or the loftiest? But you mean the loftiest?"

RANDAL (in his turn interested and interrogative).—"What do you call the loftiest, and what the vulgarest?"

PARSON.—"The vulgarest, self-interest; the loftiest, beneficence."

Randal suppressed the half disdainful smile that rose to his lip.

"You speak, sir, as a clergyman should do. I admire your sentiment, and adopt it; but I fear that the knowledge which aims only at beneficence very rarely in this world gets any power at all."

SQUIRE (seriously).—"That's true: I never get my own way when I want to do a kindness, and Stirn always gets his when he insists on something diabolically brutal and harsh."

PARSON.—"Pray, Mr. Leslie, what does intellectual power refined to the utmost, but entirely stripped of beneficence, most resemble?"

RANDAL.—"Resemble?—I can hardly say. some very great man—almost any very great man—who has baffled all his foes, and attained all his ends."

PARSON.—"I doubt if any man has ever become very great who has not meant to be beneficent, though he might err in the means. Cæsar was naturally beneficent, and so was Alexander. But intellectual power refined to the utmost, and wholly void of beneficence, resembles only one being, and that, sir, is the Principle of Evil."

RANDAL (startled).—"Do you mean the Devil?"

PARSON.—"Yes, sir—the Devil; and even he, sir, did not succeed! Even he, sir, is what your great men would call a most decided failure."

MRS. DALE.—"My dear—my dear."

PARSON.—"Our religion proves it, my love; he was an angel, and he fell."

There was a solemn pause. Randal was more impressed than he liked to own to himself. By this time the dinner was over, and the servants had retired. Harry glanced at Carry. Carry smoothed her gown and rose.

The gentlemen remained over their wine; and the Parson, satisfied with what he deemed a clencher upon his favorite subject of discussion, changed the subject to lighter topics, till happening to fall upon tithes, the Squire struck in, and by dint of loudness of voice, and truculence of brow, fairly overwhelmed both his guests, and proved to his own satisfaction that tithes were an unjust and unchristianlike usurpation on the part of the Church generally, and a most especial and iniquitous infliction upon the Hazeldean estates in particular.

CHAPTER IX.

On entering the drawing-room, Randal found the two ladies seated close together, in a position much more appropriate to the familiarity of their school-days than to the politeness of the friendship now existing between them. Mrs. Hazeldean's hand hung affectionately over Carry's shoulder, and both those fair English faces were bent over the same book. It was pretty to see these sober matrons, so different from each other in character and aspect, thus unconsciously restored to the intimacy of happy maiden youth by the golden link of some Magician from the still land of Truth or Fancy—brought together in heart, as each eye rested on the same thought;—closer and closer, as sympathy, lost in the actual world, grew out of that world which unites in one bond of feeling the readers of some gentle book.

"And what work interests you so much?" said Randal, pausing by the table.

"One you have read, of course," replied Mrs Dale, putting a bookmark embroidered by herself into the page, and handing the volume to Randal. "It has made a great sensation, I believe."

Randal glanced at the title of the work "True," said he, "I have heard much of it in London, but I have not yet had time to read it."

MRS. DALE.—"I can lend it to you, if you like to look over it to-night, and you can leave it for me with Mrs. Hazeldean."

PARSON (approaching).—"Oh! that book!—yes, you must read it. I do not know a work more instructive."

RANDAL.—"Instructive! Certainly I will read it then. But I thought it was a mere work of amusement—of fancy. It seems so, as I look over it."

PARSON.—"So is the *Vicar of Wakefield;* yet what book more instructive?"

RANDAL.—"I should not have said *that* of the *Vicar of Wakefield.* A pretty book enough, though the story is most improbable. But how is it instructive?"

PARSON.—"By its results: it leaves us happier and better. What can any instruction do more? Some works instruct through the head, some through the heart; the last reach the widest circle, and often produce the most genial influence on the character. This book belongs to the last. You will grant my proposition when you have read it."

Randal smiled and took the volume.

MRS. DALE.—"Is the author known yet?"

RANDAL.—"I have heard it ascribed to many writers, but I believe no one has claimed it."

PARSON.—"I think it must have been written by my old college friend, Professor Moss, the naturalist; its descriptions of scenery are so accurate."

MRS. DALE.—"La, Charles, dear! that snuffy, tiresome, prosy professor? How can you talk such nonsense? I am sure the author must be young; there is so much freshness of feeling."

MRS. HAZELDEAN (positively).—"Yes, certainly young."

PARSON (no less positively).—"I should say just the contrary. Its tone is too serene, and

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its style too simple for a young man. Besides, I don't know any young man who would send me his book, and this book has been sent me—very handsomely bound too, you see. Depend upon it, Moss is the man—quite his turn of mind."

MRS. DALE.—"You are too provoking, Charles dear! Mr. Moss is so remarkably plain, too."

RANDAL.—"Must an author be handsome?"

PARSON.—"Ha, ha! Answer that, if you can, Carry."

Carry remained mute and disdainful.

SQUIRE (with great *naïveté*).—"Well, I don't think there's much in the book, whoever wrote it; for I've read it myself, and understand every word of it."

MRS. DALE.—"I don't see why you should suppose it was written by a man at all. For my part, I think it must be a woman."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, there's a passage about maternal affection, which only a woman could have written."

PARSON.—"Pooh, pooh! I should like to see a woman who could have written that description of an August evening before a thunderstorm; every wildflower in the hedgerow exactly the flowers of August—every sign in the air exactly those of the month. Bless you! a woman would have filled the hedge with violets and cowslips. Nobody else but my friend Moss could have written that description."

SQUIRE.—"I don't know; there's a simile about the waste of corn-seed in hand-sowing, which makes me think he must be a farmer!"

MRS. DALE (scornfully).—A farmer! In hobnailed shoes, I suppose! I say it is a woman."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"A WOMAN, and A MOTHER!"

PARSON.—"A middle-aged man, and a naturalist."

SQUIRE.—"No, no, Parson; certainly a young man; for that love-scene puts me in mind of my own young days, when I would have given my ears to tell Harry how handsome I thought her; and all I could say was—'Fine weather for the crops, Miss.' Yes, a young man, and a farmer. I should not wonder if he had held the plow himself."

RANDAL (who had been turning over the pages).—"This sketch of night in London comes from a man who has lived the life of cities, and looked at wealth with the eyes of poverty. Not bad! I will read the book."

"Strange," said the Parson, smiling, "that this little work should so have entered our minds, suggested to all of us different ideas, yet equally charmed all—given a new and fresh current to our dull country life—animated us as with the sight of a world in our breasts we had never seen before, save in dreams;—a little work like this, by a man we don't know, and never may! Well, *that* knowledge *is* power, and a noble one!"

"A sort of power, certainly, sir," said Randal, candidly; and that night, when Randal retired to his own room, he suspended his schemes and projects, and read, as he rarely did, without an object to gain by the reading.

The work suprised him by the pleasure it gave Its charm lay in the writer's calm enjoyment of the Beautiful. It seemed like some happy soul sunning itself in the light of its own thoughts. Its power was so tranquil and even, that it was only a critic who could perceive how much force and vigor were necessary to sustain the wing that floated aloft with so imperceptible an effort. There was no one faculty predominating tyrannically over the others; all seemed proportioned in the felicitous symmetry of a nature rounded, integral, and complete. And when the work was closed, it left behind it a tender warmth that played round the heart of the reader, and vivified feelings that seemed unknown before. Randal laid down the book softly; and for five minutes the ignoble and base purposes to which his own knowledge was applied, stood before him, naked and unmasked.

"Tut," said he, wrenching himself violently away from the benign influence, "it was not to sympathize with Hector, but to conquer with Achilles, that Alexander of Macedon kept Homer under his pillow. Such would be the true use of books to him who has the practical world to subdue; let parsons and women construe it otherwise as they may?"

And the Principle of Evil descended again upon the intellect, from which the guide beneficence was gone.

CHAPTER X.

RANDAL rose at the sound of the first breakfast bell, and on the staircase met Mrs. Hazeldean. He gave her back the book; and as he was about to speak, she beckoned to him to follow her into a little morning-room appropriated to herself. No boudoir of white and gold, with pictures by Watteau, but lined with large walnut-tree presses that held the old heir-loom linen strewed with lavender—stores for the housekeeper, and medicines for the poor.

Seating herself on a large chair in this sanctum, Mrs. Hazeldean looked formidably at home.

"Pray," said the lady, coming at once to the point, with her usual straightforward candor, "what is all this you have been saying to my husband as to the possibility of Frank's marrying a foreigner?"

RANDAL.—"Would you be as averse to such a notion as Mr. Hazeldean is?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"You ask me a question, instead of answering mine."

Randal was greatly put out in his fence by these rude thrusts. For indeed he had a double purpose to serve—first thoroughly to know if Frank's marriage with a woman like Madame di Negra would irritate the Squire sufficiently to endanger the son's inheritance; and, secondly, to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean believing seriously that such a marriage was to be apprehended, lest they should prematurely address

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Frank on the subject, and frustrate the marriage itself. Yet, withal, he must so express himself, that he could not be afterward accused by the parents of disguising matters. In his talk to the Squire the preceding day, he had gone a little too far—farther than he would have done but for his desire of escaping the cattle-shed and short-horns. While he mused, Mrs. Hazeldean observed him with her honest, sensible eyes and finally exclaimed—

"Out with it, Mr. Leslie!"

"Out with what, my dear madam? The Squire has sadly exaggerated the importance of what was said mainly in jest. But I will own to you plainly, that Frank has appeared to me a little smitten with a certain fair Italian."

"Italian!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean. "Well, I said so from the first. Italian!—that's all, is it?" and she smiled.

Randal was more and more perplexed. The pupil of his eye contracted, as it does when we retreat into ourselves, and think, watch, and keep guard.

"And perhaps," resumed Mrs. Hazeldean, with a very sunny expression of countenance, "you have noticed this in Frank since he was here?"

"It is true," murmured Randal; "but I think his heart or his fancy was touched even before."

"Very natural," said Mrs. Hazeldean. "How could he help it?—such a beautiful creature! Well, I must not ask you to tell Frank's secrets; but I guess the object of attraction; and though she will have no fortune to speak of—and it is not such a match as he might form—still she is so amiable, and has been so well brought up, and is so little like one's general notions of a Roman Catholic, that I think I could persuade Hazeldean into giving his consent.

"Ah!" said Randal, drawing a long breath, and beginning with his practiced acuteness to detect Mrs. Hazeldean's error, "I am very much relieved and rejoiced to hear this; and I may venture to give Frank some hope, if I find him disheartened and desponding, poor fellow!"

"I think you may," replied Mrs. Hazeldean, laughing pleasantly. "But you should not have frightened poor William so, hinting that the lady knew very little English. She has an accent, to be sure; but she speaks our tongue very prettily. I always forget that she's not English born! Ha, ha, poor William!"

RANDAL.—"Ha, ha!"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"We had once thought of another match for Frank—a girl of good English family."

RANDAL.—"Miss Sticktorights?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"No; that's an old whim of Hazeldean's. But he knows very well that the Sticktorights would never merge their property in ours. Bless you, it would be all off the moment they came to settlements, and had to give up the right of way. We thought of a very different match; but there's no dictating to young hearts, Mr. Leslie."

RANDAL.—"Indeed no, Mrs. Hazeldean. But since we now understand each other so well, excuse me if I suggest that you had better leave things to themselves, and not write to Frank on the subject. Young hearts, you know, are often stimulated by apparent difficulties, and grow cool when the obstacle vanishes."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Very possibly; it was not so with Hazeldean and me. But I shall not write to Frank on the subject, for a different reason—though I would consent to the match, and so would William, yet we both would rather, after all, that Frank married an Englishwoman, and a Protestant. We will not, therefore, do any thing to encourage the idea. But if Frank's happiness becomes really at stake, *then* we will step in. In short, we would neither encourage nor oppose. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And, in the mean while, it is quite right that Frank should see the world, and try to distract his mind, or at least to know it. And I dare say it has been some thought of that kind which has prevented his coming here."

Randal, dreading a further and plainer *éclaircissement*, now rose, and saying, "Pardon me, but I must hurry over breakfast, and be back in time to catch the coach"—offered his arm to his hostess, and led her into the breakfast-parlor. Devouring his meal, as if in great haste, he then mounted his horse, and, taking cordial leave of his entertainers, trotted briskly away.

All things favored his project—even chance had befriended him in Mrs. Hazeldean's mistake. She had not unnaturally supposed Violante to have captivated Frank on his last visit to the Hall. Thus, while Randal had certified his own mind that nothing could more exasperate the Squire than an alliance with Madame di Negra, he could yet assure Frank that Mrs. Hazeldean was all on his side. And when the error was discovered, Mrs. Hazeldean would only have to blame herself for it. Still more successful had his diplomacy proved with the Riccabocca; he had ascertained the secret he had come to discover; he should induce the Italian to remove to the neighborhood of London; and if Violante were the great heiress he suspected her to prove, whom else of her own age would she see but him? And the old Leslie domains—to be sold in two years—a portion of the dowry might purchase them! Flushed by the triumph of his craft, all former vacillations of conscience ceased. In high and fervent spirits he passed the Casino, the garden of which was solitary and deserted. reached his home, and, telling Oliver to be studious, and Julie to be patient, walked thence to meet the coach and regain the capital.

CHAPTER XI.

VIOLANTE was seated in her own little room, and looking from the window on the terrace that stretched below. The day was warm for the time of year. The orange-trees had been removed under shelter for the approach of winter;

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but where they had stood sate Mrs. Riccabocca at work. In the Belvidere, Riccabocca himself was conversing with his favorite servant. But the casements and the door of the Belvidere were open; and where they sate, both wife and daughter could see the Padrone leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor; while Jackeymo, with one finger on his master's arm, was talking to him with visible earnestness. And the daughter from the window, and the wife from her work, directed tender, anxious eyes toward the still thoughtful form so dear to both. For the last day or two, Riccabocca had been peculiarly abstracted, even to gloom. Each felt there was something stirring at his heart—neither as yet knew what.

Violante's room silently revealed the nature of the education by which her character had been formed. Save a sketch book which lay open on a desk at hand, and which showed talent exquisitely taught (for in this Riccabocca had been her teacher), there was nothing that spoke of the ordinary female accomplishments. No piano stood open, no harp occupied yon nook, which seemed made for one; no broidery frame, nor implements of work, betrayed the usual and graceful resources of a girl; but ranged on shelves against the wall were the best writers in English, Italian, and French; and these betokened an extent of reading, that he who wishes for a companion to his mind in the sweet company of woman, which softens and refines all it gives and takes in interchange, will never condemn as masculine. You had but to look into Violante's face to see how noble was the intelligence that brought soul to those lovely features. Nothing hard, nothing dry and stern was there. Even as you detected knowledge, it was lost in the gentleness of grace. In fact, whatever she gained in the graver kinds of information, became transmuted, through her heart and her fancy, into spiritual golden stores. Give her some tedious and arid history, her imagination seized upon beauties other readers had passed by, and, like the eye of the artist, detected every where the Picturesque. Something in her mind seemed to reject all that was mean and common-place, and to bring out all that was rare and elevated in whatever it received. Living so apart from all companions of her age, she scarcely belonged to the Present time. She dwelt in the Past, as Sabrina in her crystal well. Images of chivalry—of the Beautiful and the Heroic—such as, in reading the silvery line of Tasso, rise before us, softening force and valor into love and song—haunted the reveries of the fair Italian maid.

Tell us not that the Past, examined by cold Philosophy, was no better and no loftier than the Present; it is not thus seen by pure and generous eyes. Let the Past perish, when it ceases to reflect on its magic mirror the beautiful Romance which is its noblest reality, though perchance but the shadow of Delusion.

Yet Violante was not merely the dreamer. In her, life was so puissant and rich, that action seemed necessary to its glorious development—action, but still in the woman's sphere—action to bless and to refine and to exalt all around her, and to pour whatever else of ambition was left unsatisfied into sympathy with the aspirations of man. Despite her father's fears of the bleak air of England, in that air she had strengthened the delicate health of her childhood. Her elastic step—her eyes full of sweetness and light—her bloom, at once soft and luxuriant—all spoke of the vital powers fit to sustain a mind of such exquisite mould, and the emotions of a heart that, once aroused, could ennoble the passions of the South with the purity and devotion of the North

Solitude makes some natures more timid, some more bold. Violante was fearless. When she spoke, her eyes frankly met your own; and she was so ignorant of evil, that as yet she seemed nearly unacquainted with shame. From this courage, combined with affluence of idea, came a delightful flow of happy converse. Though possessing so imperfectly the accomplishments ordinarily taught to young women, and which may be cultured to the utmost, and yet leave the thoughts so barren, and the talk so vapid—she had that accomplishment which most pleases the taste, and commands the love of the man of talent; especially if his talent be not so actively employed as to make him desire only relaxation where he seeks companionship—the accomplishment of facility in intellectual interchange—the charm that clothes in musical words beautiful womanly ideas.

"I hear him sigh at this distance," said Violante softly, as she still watched her father; "and methinks this is a new grief, and not for his country. He spoke twice yesterday of that dear English friend, and wished that he were here."

As she said this, unconsciously the virgin blushed, her hands drooped on her knee, and she fell herself into thought as profound as her father's, but less gloomy. From her arrival in England, Violante had been taught a grateful interest in the name of Harley L'Estrange. Her father, preserving a silence, that seemed disdain, of all his old Italian intimates, had been pleased to converse with open heart of the Englishman who had saved where countrymen had betrayed. He spoke of the soldier, then in the full bloom of youth, who, unconsoled by fame, had nursed the memory of some hidden sorrow amidst the pine-trees that cast their shadow over the sunny Italian lake; how Riccabocca, then honored and happy, had courted from his seclusion the English Signor, then the mourner and the voluntary exile; how they had grown friends amidst the landscapes in which her eyes had opened to the day; how Harley had vainly warned him from the rash schemes in which he had sought to reconstruct in an hour the ruins of weary ages; how, when abandoned, deserted, proscribed, pursued, he had fled for life—the infant Violante clasped to his bosom—the English soldier had

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given him refuge, baffled the pursuers, armed his servants, accompanied the fugitive at night toward the defile in the Apennines, and, when the emissaries of a perfidious enemy, hot in the chase, came near, he said, "You have your child to save! Fly on! Another league, and you are beyond the borders. We will delay the foes with parley; they will not harm us." And not till escape was gained did the father know that the English friend had delayed the foe, not by parley, but by the sword, holding the pass against numbers, with a breast as dauntless as Bayard's in the immortal bridge.

And since then, the same Englishman had never ceased to vindicate his name, to urge his cause, and if hope yet remained of restoration to land and honors, it was in that untiring zeal.

Hence, naturally and insensibly this secluded and musing girl had associated all that she read in tales of romance and chivalry with the image of the brave and loyal stranger. He it was who animated her dreams of the Past, and seemed born to be, in the destined hour, the deliverer of the Future. Around this image grouped all the charms that the fancy of virgin woman can raise from the enchanted lore of old Heroic Fable. Once in her early girlhood, her father (to satisfy her curiosity, eager for general description) had drawn from memory a sketch of the features of the Englishman—drawn Harley, as he was in that first youth, flattered and idealized, no doubt, by art and by partial gratitude—but still resembling him as he was then; while the deep mournfulness of recent sorrow yet shadowed and concentrated all the varying expression of his countenance; and to look on him was to say—"So sad, yet so young!" Never did Violante pause to remember that the same years which ripened herself from infancy into woman, were passing less gently over that smooth cheek and dreamy brow—that the world might be altering the nature, as time did the aspect. To her, the hero of the Ideal remained immortal in bloom and youth. Bright illusion, common to us all, where Poetry once hallows the human form! Who ever thinks of Petrarch as the old time-worn man? Who does not see him as when he first gazed on Laura?—

"Ogni altra cosa ogni pensier va fore;
E sol ivi con voi rimansi Amore!"

CHAPTER XII.

And Violante, thus absorbed in reverie, forgot to keep watch on the Belvidere. And the Belvidere was now deserted. The wife, who had no other ideal to distract *her* thoughts, saw Riccabocca pass into the house

The exile entered his daughter's room, and she started to feel his hand upon her locks and his kiss upon her brow.

"My child!" cried Riccabocca, seating himself, "I have resolved to leave for a time this retreat, and to seek the neighborhood of London."

"Ah, dear father, *that* then, was your thought? But what can be your reason? Do not turn away; you know how carefully I have obeyed your command and kept your secret. Ah, you will confide in me."

"I do, indeed," returned Riccabocca, with emotion. "I leave this place, in the fear lest my enemies discover me. I shall say to others that you are of an age to require teachers, not to be obtained here. But I should like none to know where we go."

The Italian said these last words through his teeth, and hanging his head. He said them in shame.

"My mother—(so Violante always called Jemima)—my mother, you have spoken to her?"

"Not yet. *There* is the difficulty."

"No difficulty, for she loves you so well," replied Violante, with soft reproach. "Ah, why not also confide in her? Who so true? so good?"

"Good—I grant it!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "What then? 'Da cattiva Donna guardati, ed alla buona non fidar niente,' (from the bad woman, guard thyself; to the good woman, trust nothing). And if you must trust," added the abominable man, "trust her with any thing but a secret!"

"Fie," said Violante, with arch reproach, for she knew her father's humors too well to interpret his horrible sentiments literally—"fie on your consistency, *Padre carissimo*. Do you not trust your secret to me?"

"You! A kitten is not a cat, and a girl is not a woman. Besides, the secret was already known to you, and I had no choice. Peace, Jemima will stay here for the present. See to what you wish to take with you; we shall leave to-night."

Not waiting for an answer, Riccabocca hurried away, and with a firm step strode the terrace and approached his wife.

"*Anima mia*," said the pupil of Machiavel, disguising in the tenderest words the cruelest intentions—for one of his most cherished Italian proverbs was to the effect, that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them—"*Anima mia*—soul of my being—you have already seen that Violante mopes herself to death here."

"She, poor child! Oh no!"

"She does, core of my heart, she does, and is as ignorant of music as I am of tent-stitch."

"She sings beautifully."

"Just as birds do, against all the rules, and in defiance of gamut. Therefore, to come to the point, O treasure of my soul! I am going to take her with me for a short time, perhaps to Cheltenham, or Brighton—we shall see."

"All places with you are the same to me, Alphonso. When shall we go?"

"*We* shall go to-night; but, terrible as it is to part from you—you—"

"Ah!" interrupted the wife, and covered her face with her hands.

Riccabocca, the wiliest and most relentless of men in his maxims, melted into absolute

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uxorial imbecility at the sight of that mute distress. He put his arm round his wife's waist, with genuine affection, and without a single proverb at his heart—"*Carissima*, do not grieve so; we shall be back soon, and traveling is expensive; rolling stones gather no moss, and there is so much to see to at home."

Mrs. Riccabocca gently escaped from her husband's arms. She withdrew her hands from her face, and brushed away the tears that stood in her eyes.

"Alphonso," she said touchingly, "hear me! What you think good, that shall ever be good to me. But do not think that I grieve solely because of our parting. No; I grieve to think that, despite all these years in which I have been the partner of your hearth and slept on your breast—all these years in which I have had no thought but, however humbly, to do my duty to you and yours, and could have wished that you had read my heart, and seen there but yourself and your child—I grieve to think that you still deem me as unworthy your trust as when you stood by my side at the altar."

"Trust!" repeated Riccabocca, startled and conscience-stricken; "why do you say 'trust?' In what have I distrusted you? I am sure," he continued, with the artful volubility of guilt, "that I never doubted your fidelity—hook-nosed, long-visaged foreigner though I be; never pried into your letters; never inquired into your solitary walks; never heeded your flirtations with that good-looking Parson Dale; never kept the money; and never looked into the account-books!" Mrs. Riccabocca refused even a smile of contempt at these revolting evasions; nay, she seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Can you think," she resumed, pressing her hand on her heart to still its struggles for relief in sobs—"can you think that I could have watched, and thought, and tasked my poor mind so constantly, to conjecture what might best soothe or please you, and not seen, long since, that you have secrets known to your daughter—your servant—not to me? Fear not—the secrets can not be evil, or you would not tell them to your innocent child. Besides, do I not know your nature? and do I not love you because I know it?—it is for something connected with these secrets that you leave your home. You think that I should be incautious—imprudent. You will not take me with you. Be it so. I go to prepare for your departure. Forgive me if I have displeased you, husband."

Mrs Riccabocca turned away; but a soft hand touched the Italian's arm.

"O father, can you resist this? Trust her!—trust her! I am a woman like her! I answer for her woman's faith. Be yourself—ever nobler than all others, my own father."

"*Diavolo!* Never one door shuts but another opens," groaned Riccabocca. "Are you a fool, child? Don't you see that it was for your sake only I feared—and would be cautious?"

"For mine! O then, do not make me deem myself mean, and the cause of meanness. For mine! Am I not your daughter—the descendant of men who never feared?"

Violante looked sublime while she spoke; and as she ended she led her father gently on toward the door, which his wife had now gained.

"Jemima—wife—mine!—pardon, pardon," cried the Italian, whose heart had been yearning to repay such tenderness and devotion—"come back to my breast—it has been long closed—it shall be open to you now and forever."

In another moment, the wife was in her right place—on her husband's bosom; and Violante, beautiful peace-maker, stood smiling awhile at both, and then lifted her eyes gratefully to heaven, and stole away.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Randal's return to town, he heard mixed and contradictory rumors in the streets, and at the clubs, of the probable downfall of the Government at the approaching session of Parliament. These rumors had sprung up suddenly, as if in an hour. True that, for some time, the sagacious had shaken their heads and said, "Ministers could not last." True that certain changes in policy, a year or two before, had divided the party on which the Government depended, and strengthened that which opposed it. But still its tenure in office had been so long, and there seemed so little power in the Opposition to form a cabinet of names familiar to official ears, that the general public had anticipated, at most, a few partial changes. Rumor now went far beyond this. Randal, whose whole prospects at present were but reflections from the greatness of his patron, was alarmed. He sought Egerton, but the minister was impenetrable, and seemed calm, confident, and imperturbed. Somewhat relieved, Randal then set himself to work to find a safe home for Riccabocca; for the greater need to succeed in obtaining fortune there, if he failed in getting it through Egerton. He found a quiet house, detached and secluded, in the neighborhood of Norwood. No vicinity more secure from espionage and remark. He wrote to Riccabocca, and communicated the address, adding fresh assurances of his own power to be of use. The next morning he was seated in his office, thinking very little of the details, that he mastered, however, with mechanical precision, when the minister who presided over that department of the public service sent for him into his private room, and begged him to take a letter to Egerton, with whom he wished to consult relative to a very important point to be decided in the cabinet that day. "I want you to take it," said the minister smiling (the minister was a frank, homely man), "because you are in Mr. Egerton's confidence, and he may give you some verbal message besides a written reply. Egerton is often *over* cautious and brief in the *litera scripta*."

Randal went first to Egerton's neighboring

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office—he had not been there that day. He then took a cabriolet and drove to Grosvenor Square. A quiet-looking chariot was at the door. Mr. Egerton was at home; but the servant said, "Dr. F. is with him, sir; and perhaps he may not like to be disturbed."

"What, is your master ill?"

"Not that I know of, sir. He never says he is ill. But he has looked poorly the last day or two."

Randal hesitated a moment; but his commission might be important, and Egerton was a man who so held the maxim, that health and all else must give way to business, that he resolved to enter; and, unannounced, and unceremoniously, as was his wont, he opened the door of the library. He started as he did so. Audley Egerton was leaning back on the sofa, and the doctor, on his knees before him, was applying the stethoscope to his breast. Egerton's eyes were partially closed as the door opened. But at the noise he sprang up, nearly oversetting the doctor. "Who's that?—How dare you!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great anger. Then recognizing Randal, he changed color, bit his lip, and muttered drily, "I beg pardon for my abruptness; what do you want, Mr. Leslie?"

"This letter from Lord ——; I was told to deliver it immediately into your own hands; I beg pardon—"

"There is no cause," said Egerton, coldly. "I have had a slight attack of bronchitis; and as Parliament meets so soon, I must take advice from my doctor, if I would be heard by the reporters. Lay the letter on the table, and be kind enough to wait for my reply."

Randal withdrew. He had never seen a physician in that house before, and it seemed surprising that Egerton should even take a medical opinion upon a slight attack. While waiting in the ante-room there was a knock at the street door, and presently a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed, was shown in, and honored Randal with an easy and half familiar bow. Randal remembered to have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr. Leslie," said he, arranging the camelia in his button-hole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd, inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust not: my time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow, Spendquick: and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

Randal smiled.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon "Baron Levy, No —, Bruton-street."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr. Levy had been a solicitor by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling; and not long since, in consequence of some services toward the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of the German kings. The wealth of Mr. Levy was said to be only equaled by his good nature to all who were in want of a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer-looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but looking younger: so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth! Despite his name and his dark complexion, he did not, however, resemble a Jew—at least externally; and, in fact, he was not a Jew on the father's side, but the natural son of a rich English *grand seigneur*, by a Hebrew lady of distinction—in the opera. After his birth, this lady had married a German trader of her own persuasion, and her husband had been prevailed upon, for the convenience of all parties, to adopt his wife's son, and accord to him his own Hebrew name. Mr. Levy senior was soon left a widower, and then the real father, though never actually owning the boy, had shown him great attention—had him frequently at his house—initiated him betimes into his own high-born society, for which the boy showed great taste. But when my lord died, and left but a moderate legacy to the younger Levy, who was then about eighteen, that ambiguous person was articled to an attorney by his putative sire, who shortly afterward returned to his native land, and was buried at Prague, where his tombstone may yet be seen. Young Levy, however, continued to do very well without him. His real birth was generally known, and rather advantageous to him in a social point of view. His legacy enabled him to become a partner where he had been a clerk, and his practice became great among the fashionable classes of society. Indeed he was so useful, so pleasant, so much a man of the world, that he grew intimate with his clients—chiefly young men of rank; was on good terms with both Jew and Christian; and being neither one nor the other, resembled (to use Sheridan's incomparable simile) the blank page between the Old and the New Testament.

Vulgar, some might call Mr. N. Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the *mauvais ton* of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get. When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is need-

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less to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the Baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with—admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the Baron—"Young Hazeldean. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world."

As this was last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The Baron went on—"I hear, Mr. Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazeldean. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relation of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honor his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else;' and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular usurer without conscience frightens you. 'Cent. per cent.,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill-brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rung, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr. F. walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—Baron's coronet on the dark brown panels—horse black, with such action!—harness just relieved with plating. The servant now entered, and requested Randal to step in; and addressing the Baron, respectfully assured him that he would not be detained a minute.

"Leslie," said the minister, sealing a note, "take this back to Lord ——, and say that I shall be with him in an hour."

"No other message?—he seemed to expect one."

"I dare say he did. Well, my letter is official, my message is not; beg him to see Mr. —— before we meet—he will understand—all rests upon that interview."

Egerton then, extending the letter, resumed gravely, "Of course you will not mention to any one that Dr. F. was with me: the health of public men is not to be suspected. Hum—were you in your own room or the ante-room?"

"The ante-room, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly.

"And Mr. Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the Baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his hack cab. The Baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Egerton had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that stateliness of port common to the austere legislator. The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said, "Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very devil. You can not go on thus much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy hailed Audley Egerton as "my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton, perhaps, saw nothing strange in the words, though his lip curled.

"I shall not want to go on thus much longer," answered Egerton, as the curl on his lip changed to a gloomy smile. "The estate must, meanwhile, bear £5000 more."

"A hard pull on it. You had really better sell."

"I can not afford to sell at present. I can not afford men to say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet!"

"Be yet! How?"

Baron Levy glanced toward the thick mahogany-doors—thick and impervious as should be the doors of statesmen. "Why, you know that, with three words from you, I could produce an effect upon the stocks of three nations, that might give us each a hundred thousand pounds. We would go shares."

"Levy," said Egerton coldly, though a deep blush overspread his face, "you are a scoundrel; that is your look out. I interfere with no man's tastes and consciences. I don't intend to be a scoundrel myself. I have told you that long ago."

The Baron laughed, without evincing the least displeasure.

"Well," said he, "you are neither wise nor complimentary; but you shall have the money. But yet, would it not be better," added Levy, with emphasis, "to borrow it, without interest, of your friend L'Estrange?"

Egerton started as if stung.

"You mean to taunt me, sir!" he exclaimed passionately. "I accept pecuniary favors from Lord L'Estrange! I!"

"Tut, my dear Egerton, I dare say my Lord would not think so ill now of that little act in your life which—"

"Hold, hold!" exclaimed Egerton, writhing. "Hold!"

He stopped, and paced the room, muttering in broken sentences, "To blush before this man! Chastisement, chastisement!"

Levy gazed on him with hard and sinister eyes. The minister turned abruptly.

"Look you, Levy," said he, with forced com-

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posure—"you hate me—why, I know not. I have never injured you—never avenged the inexpiable wrong you did me."

"Wrong!—you a man of the world! Wrong! Call it so if you will then," he added shrinkingly, for Audley's brow grew terrible. "But have I not atoned it? Would you ever have lived in this palace, and ruled this country as one of the most influential of its ministers, but for my management—my whispers to the wealthy Miss Leslie? Come, but for me what would you have been—perhaps a beggar?"

"What shall I be now if I live? *Then* I should not have been a beggar; poor perhaps in money, but rich—rich in all that now leaves my life bankrupt. Gold has not thriven with me; how should it. And this fortune—it has passed for the main part into your hands. Be patient, you will have it all ere long. But there is one man in the world who has loved me from a boy, and woe to you if ever he learn that he has the right to despise me!"

"Egerton, my good fellow," said Levy, with great composure, "you need not threaten me, for what interest can I possibly have in tale-telling to Lord L'Estrange? As to hating you—pooh! You snub me in private, you cut me in public, you refuse to come to my dinners, you'll not ask me to your own; still there is no man I like better, nor would more willingly serve. When do you want the £5000?"

"Perhaps in one month, perhaps not for three or four. Let it be ready when required."

"Enough; depend on it. Have you any other commands?"

"None."

"I will take my leave, then. By the by, what do you suppose the Hazeldean rental is worth—net?"

"I don't know nor care. You have no designs upon *that*, too?"

"Well, I like keeping up family connections. Mr. Frank seems a liberal young gentleman."

Before Egerton could answer, the baron had glided to the door, and, nodding pleasantly, vanished with that nod.

Egerton remained standing on his solitary hearth. A drear, single man's room it was, from wall to wall, despite its fretted ceilings and official pomp of Bramah escritoires and red boxes. Drear and cheerless—no trace of woman's habitation—no vestige of intruding, happy children. There stood the austere man alone. And then with a deep sigh he muttered, "Thank heaven, not for long—it will not last long."

Repeating those words, he mechanically locked up his papers, and pressed his hand to his heart for an instant, as if a spasm had shot through it.

"So—I must shun all emotion!" said he, shaking his head gently.

In five minutes more, Audley Egerton was in the streets, his mien erect, and his step firm as ever.

"That man is made of bronze," said a leader of the Opposition to a friend as they rode past the minister. "What would I give for his nerves!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON KEEPSAKE:

"DEAR P.—Not having any thing of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these hot busy days to get any thing ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular 'Conspectus of England,' lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here. His 'Conspectus,' a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Bunkum, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World and it will probably be printed entire in their 'Transactions' one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!"—T. C.]

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look, for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods and choicest benefactor to man.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times: and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men traveled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it: the judgments of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To "sing the praise of God," that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new

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things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him?

David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing!

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this:—Lustres, candelebras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees; as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvelous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling: perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catharine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it! . . . . .

Alas, and all of these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and every where in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and shew myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes use their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females; grinning there awhile, with dyed mustaches and

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macassar-oil graciosity, and then tripping out again: and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these Improper-Persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Colletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to 'the Melodies eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God s creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme and his Improper-Females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot! I lament for *you*, beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini— Oh Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket'—not up toward God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down toward Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. . . . . .

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you, It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. . . . . .

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion; —do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your 'amusements,' which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all. . . . . .

HIGH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

WE gain the following glimpse of the manners of the upper classes in England, four hundred years ago, from the journal of ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, subsequently Lady Grey, and finally Queen of Edward IV. Royalty *in petto* seems to have taken, with a most refreshing cordiality, to the avocations of baking and brewing, pig-tending, poultry-feeding, and pony-catching.

"*Monday morning.*—(Rose at 4 o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows. Rachel, the dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before; made a poultice, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"6 *o'clock.*—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little stale; (mem) to talk to the cook about the first fault, and to mend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel immediately.

"7 *o'clock.*—Went to walk with the lady my mother in the court-yard; fed 25 men and women: chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending usewith some broken meat.

"8 *o'clock.*—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself; rode a matter of ten miles without saddle or bridle.

"10 *o'clock.*—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? a virtuous maid should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender glances at me. Said women could never be handsome in his eyes, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly youth in our house. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are a pretty good color. I think my hair is as black as jet—tho' I say it; and John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

"11 *o'clock.*—Rose from the table—the company all desirous of walking in the field. John Grey lifted me over every stile, and twice squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I can not say I should have much objection, for he plays at prison bar as well as any of the country gentlemen; is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

"3 *o'clock.*—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. (Mem) never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

"4 *o'clock.*—Went to prayers.

"6 *o'clock.*—Fed hogs and poultry.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE arrival of M. KOSSUTH has been the chief event, so far as public interest is concerned, of the past month. The manifestations of popular regard and admiration of which he has been the object, have been most remarkable, and are entirely without example. That a foreigner, whose name, five years ago, was not known to a thousand people in the United States, and whose subsequent career has been upon a field so remote from general knowledge and interest as the plains of Hungary, should have aroused a degree of enthusiasm never equaled hitherto, is a phenomenon which finds its only explanation in his extraordinary ability, and the character of the heroic struggle in which he has been engaged. M. KOSSUTH and his suite arrived in the American steamer Humboldt, on the morning of Friday, December 4th. At the request of the Mayor of New York he remained for a day on Staten Island, at the residence of Dr. Doane, until the authorities of New York could prepare for his public reception in that city. He was immediately waited upon by numerous deputations, presenting addresses of congratulation and respect, to all of which he made pertinent replies. The citizens of Staten Island gave him a public reception on Friday, at which he spoke for half an hour;—he referred to the general objects of his visit to the United States, which were, to advance the interests of his own country; and repelled some of the slanders which have been put in circulation against him. On Saturday he entered the city of New York, amidst vast numbers of its people who had gathered to meet him, and whose enthusiasm exceeded all bounds. He made a brief address at Castle Garden, joined a great procession around the city, and reviewed the troops at the City Hall. His address was merely introductory to the purposes of his visit here. He expressed the warmest gratitude for the interference of the United States to release him from captivity, and for the reception with which he had been honored. He spoke of the condition of his country with the deepest feeling, and expressed a hope that the United States would extend their aid to prevent foreign powers from crushing Hungary. He said he desired some little time, not only to recruit his health, which had suffered somewhat from his voyage, but also to examine the ground upon which he must stand in his labors for his country.—The few days succeeding were passed in comparative retirement, though on every day numerous deputations from various parts of the country waited upon him to tender their congratulations, and to invite him to their respective sections.

On the evening of Thursday, the 12th ult., the Corporation of New York City entertained M. Kossuth at a splendid banquet, at which he made a very long and very able speech, explaining the purposes which had brought him to the United States, and the action which he desired should be taken by the people, and vindicating their propriety and necessity. He began by saying that Washington's alleged policy of non-interference in European affairs was the greatest obstacle which he encountered to the prosecution of his plans. Supposing even that such a doctrine had been bequeathed by Washington, he insisted that it could not possibly be applicable to the present greatly-changed condition of the country. But Washington, in his judgment, had never recommended such a policy. He only recommended neutrality: and there was a great difference between these two ideas. Neutrality relates to a state of war between belligerent powers: and in such contentions Washington wisely advised his countrymen to maintain a position of neutrality. But non-interference relates to the sovereign right of nations to dispose of themselves; this right is a public law of nations—common to all, and, therefore, put under the common guarantee of all. This law the citizens of the United States must recognize, because their own independence rests upon it. And they could not, therefore, remain indifferent to its violation. Washington never advised such indifference, as his instructions to our Minister in France, and his correspondence, show. But even neutrality was recommended by Washington, not as a Constitutional principle, of permanent obligation, but only as a *policy*—suited to temporary exigencies—which pass away. Washington himself declared, that his motive was to enable the country to gain *time*, to settle and mature its institutions to that degree of strength and consistency which would give it the command of its own fortunes. And in a letter to Lafayette, he said, that twenty years of peace would bring the country to that degree of power and wealth which would enable it, in a just cause, to defy whatever power on earth. M. Kossuth then proceeded to show, that in the history of this country this policy had been steadily developed. He referred to the declaration of the Government that they would not permit the interference of European powers with the revolted Spanish Colonies. True, this doctrine was restricted to this Continent, because it was so distant from Europe, and because the Atlantic separated us from European nations. Both these objections have been superseded. Europe is now nearer to us than many parts of our own country: and the Atlantic now *connects* Europe and America, instead of separating them. Commercial interest required the United States to prevent the overgrowth of Absolutism in Europe, because that growth is, and must be hostile to intercourse with a republican country. If these absolutist powers, moreover, should become victorious in Europe, and then united, they would aim a blow at Republicanism on this Continent. M. Kossuth proceeded to quote from Mr. Fillmore's late Message the declaration, that the deep interest we feel in every struggle for liberty, "forbids that we should be indifferent to a case, in which the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment, and repress the spirit of freedom in any country." He quoted also similar declarations from Washington and from Mr. Webster, and claimed that he had thus fully established, on American authority, that all nations are bound to interfere to prevent any one nation from interfering in the concerns of any other. He then considered the objections that may be urged against carrying this principle into effect. The objection that it is not our business, was met by the denial of any nation to live only for itself: every nation is bound to obey the Divine injunction—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The objection against such a step because it might lead to war, was answered by saying, that it would *prevent* war—that the union of the United States and of England, in a protest against the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, would be sufficient to stop it, and to prevent war. He wished, therefore, that the people of this country should adopt resolutions, requesting their Government to take such a step. He sketched briefly the history of the Hungarian struggle, and concluded by proposing three distinct measures which he de

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sined at the hands of the American people:—1st. A declaration, conjointly with England, against the interference of Russia in the affairs of Hungary; 2d. A declaration that the United States will maintain commerce with European nations, whether they are in a state of revolution or not; and 3d. That the people would recognize Hungary as an independent nation. These three steps, taken by the people and Government of the United States in concert with those of England, he was confident, would prevent Russian intervention, and enable Hungary to assert and maintain her position as one among the independent nations of the earth. He also appealed to the people for aid to Hungary, in gifts and loans of money. The speech was eminently argumentative and calm in its tone. It was heard with universal pleasure and admiration.

On the evening of Monday, Dec. 15th, the Members of the Press in the City of New York gave M. KOSSUTH a splendid banquet at the Astor House. The large hall was very elegantly decorated, and a company of nearly three hundred sat down at table. Mr. W. C. BRYANT presided. KOSSUTH commenced his speech by speaking of the power of the Press, and its freedom in the United States—the only country, in his opinion, where that freedom was truly practical and useful to the great mass of the people. The devotion of this country to the cause of Education he regarded as its greatest glory. And he desired to appeal to the people, thus fitted by their education and their press to form an intelligent and correct judgment, on behalf of his country's cause. He was proud to remember that he commenced his public career as a journalist; and he drew a graphic picture of the circumstances under which journalists in despotic countries, with fettered hands and a censor at their side, are compelled to perform their task. He then proceeded to correct some very remarkable misrepresentations of the Hungarian cause to which currency had been given. The United States had a national government, in spite of the great variety of languages spoken within their borders. Now, if the various races in the Union should refuse to receive the laws, the liberties, the protection, and the freedom of the general government, and sacrifice all these to language—each claiming to set up a government in which its own language should alone be used—we should have an example here of the manner in which the several races of Hungary had been excited to rebellion by the wiles of Austria. He dwelt at some length upon the superior numbers of those in Hungary speaking the Magyar tongue, over those speaking all others; and upon the *Panslavic* league, which professed to seek to unite all speaking Sclavic in a common cause, but which was really a trick of despots to destroy their freedom. The Hungarian Diet had not abolished any other tongue; it had only replaced the dead Latin by a living language. It was, therefore, untrue that the Hungarians had struggled for the dominion of their own race; they struggled for civil, political, social, and religious freedom, common to all, against Austrian despotism: the ruling principle of the nation was, to have Republican institutions, founded on universal suffrage—so that the majority of the people shall rule in every respect and in all departments. This was the principle for which they would live, and for which they were willing to die. He entreated the aid of the United States in that great struggle. The speech was heard with interest, and was followed by speeches from a large number of gentlemen connected with the City Press.

The Thirty-second Congress met, in its first session, on the 1st of December. A caucus of the Democratic members met on the Saturday evening previous:—at this meeting a resolution pledging the party to sustain the Compromise measures was laid upon the table by a vote of 50 to 30—mainly on the ground that it was not a proper occasion for action upon that subject. On Monday morning, a caucus of Whig members was held, and a similar resolution was passed. In the House of Representatives, Hon. Linn Boyd of Kentucky was elected Speaker, and John W. Forney of Pennsylvania, Clerk.

A resolution, offered by Mr. Seward of New York, declaring that, on behalf of the People of the United States, Congress extended to Kossuth a welcome to the Capital and to the Country, was passed, there being six nays in the Senate and sixteen in the House of Representatives. Some little debate was had upon the subject in the Senate,—but none in the House.—Senator Foote, of Mississippi, offered a series of resolutions declaring the Compromise measures of 1850 a final settlement of the questions to which they relate. They were under discussion in the Senate when our Record closed.

The President's Message was sent in on Tuesday. It presents in a clear and able manner the condition of the country, and the events of the past year. It congratulates Congress on the preservation of peace, and on the abatement of those sectional agitations which for a time threatened to disturb the harmony of the Union. A detailed narrative is given of the invasion of Cuba, and the events by which it was followed. The steamer Pampero, with about 400 men, left New Orleans for Cuba on the 3d of August, in spite of the precautions which had been taken to prevent it. The expedition was set on foot in palpable violation of the laws of the United States. The steamer landed those on board on the night of August 11th, at Playtas, twenty leagues from Havana, whence the main body of them marched to an inland village in the interior. The remainder were attacked on the 13th, by a body of Spanish troops, captured, taken to Havana and shot. The main body was dispersed August 24th, and their leader, Lopez, executed on the 1st of September. Of those taken prisoners several were pardoned, and about 160 sent to Spain. The Government will spare no proper efforts to procure their release; but its purpose is proclaimed to enforce rigidly the laws which prevent its citizens from interfering with the concerns of foreign nations. No individuals, it is declared, have a right to hazard the peace of the country or to violate its laws, upon vague notions of altering or reforming governments in other states; but every independent nation, it is added, must be able to defend its possessions against unauthorized individuals banded together to attack them. The Government of the United States will rigidly adhere to, and enforce its policy of neutrality, which they were among the first to proclaim and establish. Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with none, is declared to be our policy. "Our true mission is not to propagate our opinions, or impose upon other countries our form of government, by artifice or force; but to teach by example, and show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government, and the advantages of free institutions. Let every people choose for itself, and make and alter its political institutions to suit its own condition and convenience. But, while we avow and maintain this neutral policy ourselves, we are anxious to see the same forbearance on the part of other nations whose forms of government are different from our own. The deep interest which we feel in the spread of liberal principles, and the estab

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ishment of free governments, and the sympathy with which we witness every struggle against oppression, forbid that we should be indifferent to a case in which the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment, and repress the spirit of freedom in any country." The governments of France and Great Britain have issued orders to their commanders on the West India station to prevent, by force if necessary, the landing of invaders upon the coast of Cuba. Our government has taken proper precautions to prevent the execution of these orders from interfering with the maritime rights of the United States. The principle that in every regularly documented merchant vessel, the crew who navigate it, and those on board of it, will find their protection in the flag that is over them, will be rigidly enforced in all cases, and at all hazards. No American ship can be allowed to be visited and searched for the purpose of ascertaining the character of individuals on board, nor can there be allowed any watch by the vessels of any foreign nation over American vessels on the coasts of the United States or the seas adjacent thereto. The French government has given orders to its commanders to respect the flag of the United States wherever it might appear.—The outrages committed at New Orleans upon the Spanish Consul are recited and deeply deplored. The President considers the legislation of the country, for the protection or punishment of consuls, insufficient. The attention of Congress is asked to the question of reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States, and to the survey of the Oregon boundary. Louis Napoleon has accepted the post of arbiter in the dispute between Portugal and the United States, concerning the General Armstrong. The steps taken by Congress to procure the release of Kossuth are recited, and the President recommends to Congress to consider in what manner Governor Kossuth and his companions, brought hither by its authority, shall be received and treated.—It is hoped that the differences between France and the Sandwich Islands may be adjusted so as to secure the independence of those islands—which has been recognized by the United States, as well as by several European nations.—The disturbances in Mexico are deplored:—steps have been taken to prevent American citizens from aiding the rebellion in the northern departments. A convention has been entered into between Mexico and the United States, intended to impart a feeling of security to those citizens of the United States who have undertaken to construct a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec;—it has not yet, however, been ratified by the Congress and Executive of that country. The only object which our government has had in view, has been the construction of a passage from ocean to ocean, the shortest and best for travelers and merchandise, and equally open to all the world. It has sought neither territorial acquisition, nor any advantages peculiar to itself. It will therefore continue to exert all proper efforts to secure the co-operation of Mexico.—The republic of Nicaragua has been so much disturbed by internal convulsions, that nothing can be done as yet toward disposing of the questions pending between the two countries.—Inter-oceanic communication from the mouth of the St. John to the Pacific has been so far accomplished that passengers and merchandise have been transported over it. A considerable part of the railroad across the isthmus has been completed. Peace has been concluded between the contending parties in the island of St. Domingo. The office of Commissioner to China is not yet filled:—a higher salary is asked for it.

The aggregate receipts of the last fiscal year amounted to $52,312,979:—the total expenditures $48,005,878. The total imports of the year were $215,725,995, of which $4.967,901 was in specie. The total exports were $217,517,130, of which $29,231,880 was in specie. Since the 1st of December 1850, the payments on account of the principal of the public debt have amounted to $7,501,456, which includes $3,242,400 paid to Mexico and $2,591,253 awarded to American citizens under the Mexican treaty. The public debt on the 20th of November, exclusive of stock authorized to be issued to Texas, was $62,560,395. The receipts for the next fiscal year are estimated at $51,800,000. The total expenditures for the next year are estimated at $42,892,299, of which $33,343,198 will be needed for the ordinary expenses of the government, and $9,549,101 for payments of the public debt and expenses consequent on our territorial acquisitions. The value of our exports is $43,648,322 more than it was the year before last, but this is owing mainly to the increased price of cotton. The value of our exports of bread stuffs and provisions has fallen from $68,701,921 in 1847, to $26,051,373 in 1850, and to $21,948,653 in 1851, with a strong probability of a still farther reduction in the current year. In the exports of rice and tobacco there has also been a large decrease. These facts are cited as showing the fallacy of expecting increased exports from a reduced tariff. The production of gold in California, it is feared, will tend to increase our imports beyond a healthy demand. We have exported specie during the year to the amount of $24,263,979 beyond our imports. Of the stock due to Texas only five millions have been issued. The President recommends a change in the Tariff so as to convert *ad valorem* into specific duties, wherever it is possible, and also to discriminate in favor of American industry. The cash sales of the public lands exceed those of the previous year. Proper steps have been taken for a survey of the mineral lands of California. The establishment of an agricultural bureau is recommended. The President also recommends appropriations for internal improvements, and the more effectual protection of our frontiers from Indian incursions. The expenditures of the War Department for the year were $9,060,268: the estimates for the next year are $7,898,775. The return of the Arctic Expedition is noticed: the estimates for the navy during the ensuing year are $5,856,472. The length of mail routes at the end of the year was 196,290 miles: the annual transportation thereon 53,273,252 miles: and the total cost $3,421,754 The length of the foreign mail routes is estimated at 18,349 miles; and the annual transportation thereon at 615,206 miles. The annual cost of this service is $1,472,187, of which $448,937 is paid by the Post Office Department, and $1,023,250 is paid through the Navy Department. The annual transportation *within* the United States (excluding the service in California and Oregon), exceeds that of the preceding year 6,162,855 miles, at an increased cost of $547,110. The whole number of post offices in the United States, on the 30th day of June last, was 19,796. There were 1,698 post offices established, and 256 discontinued, during the year. The gross revenues of the Department for the fiscal year, including the appropriations for the franked matter of Congress, of the Departments, and officers of Government, and excluding the foreign postages, collected for and payable to the British post office, amounted to $6,727,866 78 The expenditures for the same period amounted to $6,024,566 79; leaving a balance of revenue over the

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proper expenditures of the year of $703,299 99. The receipts for postages during the year (excluding the foreign postages collected for and payable to the British post office) amounted to $6,345,747 21, being an increase of $997,610 79, or 18 65·100 per cent over the like receipts for the preceding year. No reliable estimate can as yet be formed of the effect of the reduction of postage: it is believed, however, that the receipts will be diminished. The postmaster general recommends adherence to the present rates of letter postage, and advises against a further reduction until it shall be justified by the revenues of the Department. He recommends a revision of the rates of postage on printed matter. The President urges the appointment of a commission to revise the public statutes of the United States. Measures have been taken, pursuant to law, for the extension of the Capitol. It is deeply regretted that the execution of the fugitive slave law should have been resisted in one or two instances: the purpose of the President is reiterated to secure its enforcement. The Message recommends that the Compromise measures of 1850 be regarded as a final settlement of the questions to which they relate.

Reports from several of the Departments were submitted with the Message: but as all their material statements are embodied in that document, further reference to them is not essential. It was also accompanied by a voluminous diplomatic correspondence with the representatives of Spain, England and France, on topics connected with the invasion of Cuba. On being informed that the French and English naval forces had been directed to aid Spain in preventing by force the invasion of Cuba, the Secretary of State wrote to the French minister pointing out the injurious consequences that might result from such an interference in a matter with which they had no direct concern. The government of the United States had shown its willingness and determination to prevent such invasions, and no hostile expedition could be fitted out against that province formidable enough to create any alarm for the safety of Cuba. The position of Cuba, moreover, in the line of direct commerce with Europe, rendered such an interposition especially objectionable. The government of France and those of other European nations, were long since informed that the United States could not see that island transferred by Spain to any other European state with indifference: and such a protectorate as these orders to their squadron implied, might lead to results equally objectionable. All experience proves, it was added, that the rights, interest, and peace of the continents of Europe and America will be best preserved by the forbearance of each to interfere in the affairs of the other. The French minister in his reply acknowledged the perfect propriety of the attitude of the American government, and repudiated the thought that France entertained doubts of the disposition of the United States to prevent the invasion of Cuba from their shores. America, he says, is now closely connected with Europe by the interest of commerce, and the nations of the two continents are so dependent upon each other, that the effects of any event on one side are immediately felt on the other. Full explanations were offered to the Spanish government in regard to the insults to which the Spanish consul was subjected in New Orleans, and the liberation of the American prisoners in Cuba was strongly urged.

A sad accident occurred in New York city on the 27th of November. In a large public school, in the Ninth Ward, one of the teachers was seized with paralysis. The circumstance alarmed her pupils, and their screams created a sudden panic throughout all the school. Immense numbers rushed to the stairs, the banisters of which gave way, and they fell one upon another, upon the stone floor below. *Forty-three* children were killed by this sad catastrophe. The Coroner's Inquest discovered nothing except that the stairs were improperly and insecurely constructed.

In Mississippi the Constitutional Convention adjourned on the 17th November, after adopting resolutions declaring the acquiescence of the State in the Compromise and the Union, but declaring that it would secede in case Congress should repeal the Fugitive Slave law, or in any way interfere with slavery in the States. The same Convention adopted by a vote of 72 to 17, a resolution declaring that the asserted right of secession is utterly unsanctioned by the Constitution, and that it can not, in fact, take place without a subversion of the Union and a civil revolution.

Mr. John S. Thrasher, the American in Havana, to whose case we alluded in our last Monthly Record, has had his trial (if the process to which he was subjected deserves such a name), and has been sentenced to imprisonment for eight years on the coast of Africa. He was thrown into prison and kept there for some weeks, until the 15th of November, when he was tried before a court martial. He was not allowed counsel, no witnesses were examined, and the proceeding was wholly a farce. The charges against him were of the most puerile kind, and not the slightest proof of their truth was offered. Yet he was convicted, sentenced, and sent from Havana in a Spanish ship of war. He has published a brief appeal to the government and people of the United States, in which he sets forth the gross illegality of the whole proceeding.

The official returns of the State election in New York have just been declared as follows:

Judge of Court of Appeals.	Johnson	(Dem.)	201,144	3,321 *Maj.*
	Foote	(Whig)	197,823	
Sec. of State.	Randal	(Dem.)	199,426	844 *Maj.*
	Forsyth	(Whig)	198,582	
Comptroller.	Wright	(Dem.)	200,790	258 *Maj.*
	Patterson	(Whig)	200,532	
Treasurer.	Welch	(Dem.)	200,465	
	Cook	(Whig)	200,693	228 *Maj.*
Canal Com.	Wheaton	(Dem.)	200,234	
	Fitzhugh	(Whig)	201,147	913 *Maj.*
State Engineer.	McAlpine	(Dem.)	203,032	3,728 *Maj.*
	Seymour	(Whig)	199,304	
Ins. State Pris.	Storms	(Dem.)	202,801	4,223 *Maj*
	Wells	(Whig)	198,578	

The aggregate vote in all the districts, for Senators and Members of Assembly, was as follows:

	Senators.	*Assembly.*
Whig ticket	199,556	199,367
Democratic	199,412	197,170
Whig majority	144	2,197

From CALIFORNIA we have news to the 1st of November. Over three millions of dollars in gold dust have been received during the month. The news is not of special interest. The success of the miners continued undiminished, and new deposits and veins of gold were discovered daily. From want of rain, however, washing the auriferous earth was attended with difficulty and delay. The capital has been removed back to San José. A Convention was held in the southern counties, on the 20th of October, to take steps for a division of the State. A declaration was adopted setting forth the reasons for this measure, which is ascribed mainly to the inequality of taxation, the distance of that section from the seat of government, and the inadequate protec-

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tion received from the State authorities. Nothing definite was accomplished at the Convention.—— The Indians have again proved to be troublesome on the southern frontier. Great fears were entertained for the safety of a company of twenty-three U. S. troops on the Gila River.——An expedition of about 125 men sailed from San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands, on the last of October: its object is not stated, though significant hints are thrown out that it is political. It was to be followed by another soon.

From Santa Fé we have news of fresh excitements growing out of alleged discoveries of gold on the Gila. Numerous parties had been formed and were going thither for the purpose of digging. The Indians in the neighborhood were comparatively quiet. Several battles, between the different tribes had occurred in the southern part of the territory.

In UTAH, among the Mormons, a spirit of resistance to the Government of the United States has been developed, and the Governor of the Territory, Brigham Young—one of the leading Mormons—has given indications of hostility, which will probably lead to his removal. We have not as yet received any definite details of the proceedings there.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England has been mainly occupied with the movements and speeches of M. KOSSUTH. On the 10th of November he visited Birmingham, where he was received by an immense crowd of people, who evinced the utmost enthusiasm on his behalf. Without making any address at that time, he left for Manchester on the 11th, where he was also received with the greatest conceivable *eclat*. He made an address to the people in the Town Hall mainly upon the commercial and political aspects of the cause to which he was devoted. He felt that the great contest of the age is between absolutism, the power of the few, and the rights and well-being of the many. The decisive struggle is close at hand, as the signs of the times, visible on every side, sufficiently indicate. It was folly to say that the nations of Europe are contented, and that it is only a few ambitious and unprincipled individuals who are disturbing the existing tranquillity. The people of Europe would embrace the first opportunity to strike another blow for their rights. And the cause of Hungary, in this connection, was the cause of Europe, because Hungary from her local position must always form the only effectual bulwark against the despotism of Russia. England and the United States, he urged, were both deeply interested as free nations, and as guardians of the law of nations, to prevent Russia from again interfering to crush Hungary. He appealed to the people of Manchester upon this subject, mainly upon the ground, in addition to political considerations, that their trade would be greatly extended and all their interests benefited by the establishment of freedom in Europe. He closed by urging the aid of the people, in urging their government to act in the matter, and in contributions of money.

On the next day, Wednesday, M. KOSSUTH returned to Birmingham, where he made two addresses, the first at a *dejeuner* at the house of Mr. Henry, in which he took occasion to disavow, in the most explicit terms, all or any participation in the views and purposes of Socialists or Communists. The other was at the Musical Fund Hall, where a banquet had been prepared. He there commenced with a sketch of the Hungarian struggle, and especially of the circumstances attending her declaration of independence. He said he had from his earliest youth been familiar with British history, and filled with the free spirit of her institutions, and he had longed to secure for his own country some of the rights which had made England so glorious and so happy a country. He spoke warmly in praise of the industry of Birmingham, and passed to a consideration of the character, condition, and hopes of Hungary. Henceforth, he said, monarchical institutions were impossible there. The treacheries of the House of Hapsburgh, had alienated the hearts of Hungarians from royalty, and henceforth republicanism must form the basis of their political institutions. The contest in Europe was not now for any single nation, or for any isolated interest;—it was a contest between despotism and freedom, for the dominion of the world. He called upon the people of England to prevent Russia from interfering against the struggling people of Hungary.

In London, M. KOSSUTH received addresses from numerous deputations, to all which he replied with great felicity—aiming steadily at his great object of receiving sympathy and aid for Hungary—denouncing alike Radicalism, Socialism, and despotism, asserting the political rights and advocating the civil freedom of the people, and impressing upon the public mind the fact that the struggle is at hand, which must decide which of the two great principles, despotism or freedom, shall dominate in Europe for many years to come. He attended the Polish and Hungarian ball in London on the 13th, and on the 15th went to Southampton to embark for the United States. He was met by the Mayor and Corporation and entertained at a farewell banquet. He there made a speech of an hour's length, in which he expressed his belief that England was the country which would have after all to decide the destinies of Europe. France was republican, and Russia must know, let it please her or not, that she must accept the necessity of fighting France on the field of Republicanism against Absolutism; but Russia must also learn that she would have to meet England and the force of her public opinion in opposition to despotism. He would not say that England would do so by going to war; but that she would exercise an influence of this kind by declaring her opinion against any interference in the domestic affairs of nations from foreign powers. Freedom and independence were but local self-government as opposed to centralization. He wished them to remember this, then they would see that the cause of Hungary was their cause too. His last request was, do not forget poor Hungary. On whatever question they met, let Englishmen, in their addresses to the House of Commons, in their petitions, and in their public resolutions, remember the cause of Hungary as involving their own interests. In the course of his speech he begged of them not to forget to agitate against secret diplomacy. It had been said that diplomacy should be kept secret, just as a merchant would keep his negotiations secret, till they were finished; but what merchant would allow business to be transacted in his counting-house the nature of which he did not know? In this case the people were the masters, and they should not allow any business to be conducted with the details of which they were not fully acquainted. The entertainment being over, M. Kossuth, Madame Kossuth, M. Pulzsky, and Madame Pulzsky, and suite, proceeded on board the American steamer Humboldt, which quickly started forth on her voyage across the Atlantic. Of his arrival and reception there we have already given an account.

FRANCE.

The political intelligence from France is of decided interest and importance. The Assembly has met—the President has demanded the restoration of

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universal suffrage, and the Assembly has refused to grant it. The appeal, of course, is to the people in the Presidential election of next May. What will be the result is, of course, matter of conjecture; but whatever it may be, it will exert a prodigious influence upon the politics of Europe.

The Assembly met on the 4th of November, six hundred and thirty-three members being present. On the next day the message of the President was sent in and read. It opens by proclaiming the continued preservation of peace, but utters warnings against being deceived by this apparent tranquillity. A vast demagogical conspiracy, the President says, has been organized in France and in Europe; secret societies have been formed extending their ramifications to the smallest communes; and all the most insensate and turbulent spirits, without being agreed on men or on things, have given themselves rendezvous for 1852. He relies on the patriotism of the Assembly to save France from these perils. The best means of doing this is by satisfying legitimate wants, and in putting down, on their first appearance, all attacks on religion, morality, and society.—The Message then proceeds, under different heads, to give a statement of the condition of the country. With the exception of the departments of Ardice, Cher, Nievre, and Lyons, the ordinary measures have been sufficient to preserve order. The receipts of taxes have been quite satisfactory. The progress of exportations continues unabated. Public roads and public buildings have received the attention of the government. Special care has also been given to the encouragement of agriculture. The superiority of French manufactures has been abundantly shown at the Great Exhibition in London. The number of common schools is 34,939; of girls' schools 10,542. —The number of the land forces on the 1st of October was 387,519 men and 84,306 horses. If circumstances permit, this will be reduced to 377,130 men and 83,435 horses. Out of 1145 tribes in Algeria, 1100 have recognized the rule of France. Various important naval works have been constructed. The relations of France to foreign powers are eminently satisfactory. Her situation at Rome continues unchanged, and the Pope still shows constant solicitude for the happiness of France and the welfare of her soldiers. Important measures are in progress at Rome, and active exertions are making for the formation of an army, which will render possible the withdrawal of the troops from the States of the Church. A proof has been given of the friendly disposition of France toward Spain, by offering her the aid of the French naval forces to oppose the audacious attempt against the island of Cuba.—In spite of all these satisfactory results, the President says a general feeling of uneasiness is daily increasing. "Every where employment is falling off, wretchedness is increasing, and anti-social hopes gain courage in proportion as the public powers, now weakened, are approaching their termination." The Government, in such a state of things, ought to seek out proper means of conjuring away the peril, and of assuring the best chances of safety. Resolutions must be adopted, which emanate from a decisive act of sovereign authority. "Well, then," proceeds the President, "I have asked myself whether, in presence of the madness of passions, the confusion of doctrines, the division of parties, when every thing is leaguing together to deprive justice, morality, and authority of their last prestige—whether, I say, we ought to allow the only principle to be shaken which, in the midst of the general chaos, Providence has left upstanding as our rallying point? When universal suffrage has again upraised the social edifice, when it has substituted a right for a revolutionary act, ought its base to be any longer narrowed? When new powers shall come to preside over the destinies of the country, is it not to compromise their stability in advance to leave a pretext for discussing their origin or doubting their legitimacy? No doubt on the subject can be entertained; and without for a moment departing from the policy of order which I have always pursued, I have seen myself, to my deep regret, obliged to separate myself from a Ministry which possessed my full confidence and esteem, to choose another, composed also of honorable men, known for their conservative opinions, but who are willing to admit the necessity of re-establishing universal suffrage on the largest possible base. In consequence, there will be presented to you a bill to restore that principle in all its plenitude, in preserving such parts of the law of May 31 as free universal suffrage from its impure elements, and render its application more moral and more regular." The law of May 31, he says, was originally passed as a measure of public safety, and of course now that the necessity for it has passed away, the law itself should be repealed. Its operation, moreover, has gone further than could have been foreseen. It has disfranchised three millions of electors, two-thirds of whom are peaceable inhabitants of the country. This immense exclusion has been made the basis and pretext of the anarchical party, which covers its detestable designs with the appearance of right torn from it, and requiring to be reconquered. The law also presents grave inconveniences, especially in its application to the election of a President. The constitution requires that two millions of votes should be given for the candidate before he is declared elected, and if no one receives that number then the Assembly shall elect. The law changes the proportion of votes from that originally established by the Constitution. The restoration of universal suffrage is urged, finally, on the ground that it will give an additional chance of securing the revision of the Constitution. —The President says he is aware that this proposition is inspired by his own personal interests, but he says his conduct for the last three years ought to be sufficient to put aside such an allegation. The good of his country will always be the motive of his conduct. He concludes by saying, that, "to restore universal suffrage is to deprive civil war of its flag, and the opposition of their last argument, it is to afford to France an opportunity of giving herself institutions which will insure her repose; it will be to bestow on the powers to come that moral repose which exists only when resting on a consecrated principle and an incontestable authority." Immediately after the reading of the Message, the Minister read the project of a law proposing the abrogation of the law of May 31, 1850, and re-establishing the electoral law of March 15, 1849, by which all citizens 21 years old, and having resided six months in the commune, are declared electors. The Minister, on presenting this law, demanded urgency for its consideration. A warm debate followed, and the urgency was rejected by a large majority. The bill was then referred to a committee, which reported on Tuesday of the succeeding week. The report was very explicit against universal suffrage, and closed by advising that the bill be rejected at once, without passing even to second reading. The matter was then postponed until the following Thursday. On that day, after an animated debate, in which, by agreement, the Republicans were represented by M. Michel de Bourges, the motion was carried by a vote

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of 355 to 348—a majority of *seven* against the government. During the debate M. de Bourges asked, "is it not probable that the disfranchised electors will present themselves at the hustings in May, 1852, and with the Message of the President in their hands, declare their determination to vote?" This has been regarded as a hint to the electors to go forward and claim their right to vote.—Another question of very great interest and importance, grew out of a demand of the Quæstors that the troops of the city should be put under their orders for the protection of the Assembly; the question whether the project should be brought under consideration or not, came up on the 10th of November. The project as presented by the Quæstors, M. Baze, Gen. Leflo, and one other, defined the right in such a manner as to make the power of the Assembly over the troops direct—without the intervention of the War Office or of the Executive. The question was discussed with great warmth, and for part of the time amidst the greatest confusion and clamor. The vote was finally taken, and the proposition of the Quæstors was rejected, 408 to 300.—A large number of officers of the army recently presented themselves at the Elyssée and were received by the President in a speech that created great excitement. He said he was sure he could depend upon their support, because he should demand nothing that did not accord with his right, recognized by the Constitution, with military honor, and with the interest of the country; because he had placed at their head officers who had his confidence, and who merited theirs; and because he should not do as other governments had done, ask them to march on and he would follow; but he would say, "I march, follow me." The speech created great commotion throughout all political parties.—General uneasiness is felt as to the result of the political struggle in France. The votes upon the propositions mentioned above were not party votes, but seemed to be the result of ever changing alliances and combinations. The hostility which burst out against the President upon the first publication of his Message, had in some degree subsided, or rather it had been directed against M. Thiers. It is universally felt that, whether peacefully solved or not, the election in May can not fail to have a most important influence upon European politics.

On the 25th of November, the President made a brief but significant speech, on distributing to the manufacturers the prizes they had won by the articles exhibited at the World's Exhibition. After expressing his satisfaction at the proofs of French genius and skill which had been afforded at the Exhibition, he proceeded to speak of the check upon industry which the continued machinations of evil men in France could not fail to create. On the one hand France was disturbed by demagogical ideas, and on the other by monarchist hallucinations. The former disseminate every where error and falsehood. "Disquietude goes before them, and deception follows them, while the resources employed in repressing them are so much loss to the most pressing ameliorations and to the relief of misery. The schemes of monarchists impede all progress, all serious labor, for in place of an advance the country is forced to have recourse to a struggle. The efforts of both, however, will be in vain." And the President exhorted the manufacturers to continue their labors. "Undertake them without fear, for they will prevent the want of occupation during the winter. Do not dread the future; tranquillity will be maintained, come what may. A Government which relies for support on the entire mass of the nation, which has no other motive of action than the public good, and which is animated by that ardent faith which is a sure guide even through a space in which there is no path traced, that Government, I say, will know how to fulfill its mission, for it has in it that right which comes from the people, and that force which comes from God." This speech created a profound sensation, and elicited general discussion.—The *Constitutionnel* created a universal excitement by an article proclaiming the existence of a Monarchical conspiracy, and menacing that section of the Assembly with instant seizure and imprisonment upon the first movement toward the accomplishment of their plans. The editor, A. Granier de Cassagnac, was denounced in very violent terms by M. Creton, an Orleanist deputy, who was challenged therefor. He refused, however, to take any notice of it, when he was posted as a coward by Cassagnac.

ERNEST, King of Hanover, died at his palace in Herrenhausen, on the 18th of November, at the age of 80, and after a reign of thirteen years. He was the fifth and last surviving son of George III., and was born at Kew, England, on the 5th of June, 1771. In 1790 he entered the army, and served in the European wars which followed. In 1799 he was created Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Armagh, and Duke of Teviotdale, with a Parliamentary grant of £12,000 per annum. He continued to live in England until the death of William IV., when he became King of Hanover. His reign has not been marked by any great events. He was always an ultra champion of privileged classes, and made himself very prominent in England as the enemy of Catholic emancipation, and reform measures of all sorts.

In SWITZERLAND, the recent election has resulted in the return of nearly all the members of the present Federal Assembly, especially in the German Cantons. The radicals have a decided majority—contrary to the expectations that had been very generally entertained. The new Assembly was to meet on the 1st of December in order to elect the federal government.

The character of the justice administered in Austria is strongly illustrated by a notification in a Venice gazette. Count Agostino Guerrieri, of Verona, lately of the Austrian Hussars, was convicted of having received an anonymous letter from revolutionary parties, and of not giving it up to the authorities; the verdict against him was that he was guilty of high treason, and for this he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress. Baron Lutti was convicted of having advised him to burn the letter, and for that offense he was sentenced to imprisonment for two years.

From SOUTHERN and EASTERN EUROPE there is no news of special interest. In Austria financial necessities are creating general anxiety. The credit of the country does not prove sufficient to effect needed loans. General dissatisfaction, moreover, still prevails in Hungary, and many of the Hungarian regiments evince a disposition to take sides with their country rather than their employers.—In ITALY the country is apparently quiet, but a very thorough and effective organization has been effected for a new revolutionary movement, whenever a proper opportunity shall be presented.—The peace of Europe is generally supposed to depend upon the French election in May next; but it is not easy to see by what result general peace can be preserved.

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Editor's Table.

THE YEAR comes round with such perfect uniformity that we find it hard to realize how there could ever have been any great difficulty in settling either its true boundaries or its internal divisions. Any body, it seems to us, could make an almanac, as far as the calendar is concerned. Such might be the first thought, even of persons who could not justly be charged with a lack of general intelligence. But let them think again, and they will rather find cause to wonder at the immense amount of observation involved in the process of gathering, age after age, the elements of a computation apparently so simple.

Had the seasons been so strikingly marked that the transition from one to the other had been instantaneous, or had the lesser sections of time been so contrived, in the Divine wisdom, as to be exact divisors of the greater, there would have been no difficulty whatever in the problem. But the Author of nature has not made it so easy for us. Twelve moons fall short of the year; thirteen exceed it. Any monthly division, therefore, founded on the revolutions of the satellite, must require, after the lapse of a few years, an addition, or a subtraction, of a certain period, to make the seasons come round again in harmony.

The first men, unquestionably, soon learned to note the general revolution by the return of the same seasons. The earliest agricultural operations would necessitate similar estimates, and thus a general notion of the year would be arrived at without an exact knowledge of the precise number of days contained. Hence, in all languages, some such idea has entered into the name. The year is that which comes, and *comes again*. In Greek (if our readers will pardon a little display of learning which we have picked up for the occasion) it is (ἔτι ΕΤΟΣ ἕτερος) *another* and YET *another*. In the Hebrew it is *repetition*. In our own, and the northern tongues generally, the word in all its forms (*year, gear, jahr, jaar*, &c.) ever denotes a *course* (*currus*) or *circle*.

Another mode was by rude astronomical observations, which must have been resorted to in the very earliest periods. For a good portion of the year, the sun was seen to come regularly north. Then he remained apparently stationary; and then, slowly *turning*, made his retreat again to the southern limit, there to perform the same movement—and so on without interruption or variation. Hence the word *tropic*, signifying the *turning*, and of which St. James makes so sublime and beautiful a use when he tells us (James i. 17) that the Unchangeable Spiritual Sun, or "Father of Lights," has no *parallax*,* and no "*shadow of turning*," or *tropical shadow*, as it should be rendered, referring to the mode of determining the period of *turning* by the shortest shadow cast by a perpendicular object. Still all this was merely an approximation to the length of the year, but with errors which only repeated observations could correct. By taking, however, a large number of these self-repeating phenomena for a divisor, and the whole number of carefully ascertained days for a dividend, the error in each case would be diminished in an inverse ratio; so that we should not wonder that the number of three hundred and sixty-five days was fixed upon at quite an early period.

Such estimates, too, were aided by collateral observations of the stars. Let any one look out upon the heavens some clear night at the commencement of the year, and he can not help being struck with the position as well as the brilliancy of certain constellations. Over head are the Pleiades, the lone Aldebaran, Perseus, and Capella. Coming up the eastern sky are Orion, Gemini, Sirius, the Lesser Dog. Descending in the western are Andromeda, Pegasus, Capricornus, the Southern Fish. While low down toward the setting horizon are the Harp, the Eagle, and the Swan. Two weeks later, at the same time in the evening, he will find them all farther westward. In a month the change will be still more marked. After three months, those that before were just rising are on the meridian, and those that were then on the meridian are now setting. In six months, an entirely new host of stars will adorn the firmament, and at the end of a year, all the same phenomena will be found to have come round again. Our minuteness of detail may seem like trifling in an age so scientific as this; but it is astonishing how much our science is the science of books, and how little, after all, especially in astronomy, there is of personal acquaintance with the objects whose laws we know so well in theory. How many understand thoroughly the doctrine of transits and parallaxes, and even the more difficult laws of celestial influences, as laid down in scientific treatises, and yet, to save their lives, could not tell us what stars are now overhead, or what planets are now visible in our nightly heavens. They have read of Jupiter, they know the dimensions of Jupiter, and have even calculated the movements of Jupiter, it may be, but Jupiter himself they never saw. They would be surprised, perhaps, to discover, by actual sight, how much, in respect to position and appearance, our wintry constellations differ from those that are visible in summer; although night after night, for years and years, the brilliant phenomena have been passing over their heads, and silently, yet most eloquently, inviting their observation. This should not be so. The names and locations of the stars should ever be a part of astronomical instruction. We should learn them, if only for their classical reminiscences—for the sublime pleasure of having such a theme for contemplation in our evening walks. How easy, in this way, to fill the heavens with life, when we are led to regard them no longer as an unmeaning collection of glittering points, or what is scarcely better, a mere diagram for the illustration of scientific abstractions, but stored with remembrances of the older days of our world—the old religion, the old mythology, the old philosophy pictured on the sky—the old heroes, and heroines, and heroic events, transferred to the stars, and still shining in immortal splendor above us.

But to return from our digression—any one may see how such an observation of the stars furnished a second mode of ascertaining the length of the year. The men of the olden time were driven to this earnest watching of the heavens by an interest, of which, in these days of almanacs, and clocks, and compasses

* The word parallax, or "*parallage*," here must refer to the sun's declination north and south of the equator. We have no reason for supposing that the ideas connected with the term in modern astronomical science were at all known to the Apostle. It may, however, be taken generally, for any deviation from one unchangeable position, and, in such a sense, preserve all the beauty and sublimity of the metaphor

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we can form but an inadequate conception. The period of the year was named after the principal star that rose just before, or set just after the sun. For example, when Sirius rose and set with or near the time of the sun, it was called the "dog days"—the only one of these old sidereal measures of time that has come down to us. Another season was under the sway of Orion. It was called the "stormy constellation," and at its heliacal rising, or when, as Hesiod expresses it,

> The gentle Pleiads, shunning his fierce pursuit,
> Sank late in the Ocean wave—

then was the ship to be drawn up into the well-secured harbor, and the sailor for a season to shun the dangerous deep. In the same way the periods of different agricultural operations were assigned to different constellations—some to Arcturus, others to the humid Hyades, and others, again, to the Bull, who "opened the year with his golden horns." From the observed fact of simultaneousness arose, also, the notion of some secret causative influence between the concurrent events. Hence those views of astrology, so early and so widely held among mankind, and which assigned to each event its celestial concomitants, and to each individual man his natal star. Exploded it may have been by the modern progress, but there was nevertheless at bottom an *idea* of more value than any science, however accurate, that does not give it the first and highest place. It was the thought of the absolute unity of nature, and of the unbroken relation of every part of the universe to every other part—in other words, the sublime idea which the oldest philosophy strove to express by that grand word, Kosmos.

The length of the year, as a whole number, was early known. It was some time, however, before the disturbance created by the fraction began to be distinctly perceived, and still longer before it was reduced to any thing like satisfactory measurement. In the division of the 365 days into monthly periods, lay at first the greatest difficulty. The lunar number was in general employed, not only as the nearest marked divisor, but because the new and full moons were so generally connected with religious festivals whether this arose from convenience of arrangement, or from the idea of some deep religious meaning symbolized by the ever dying and reviving phases of this mysterious planet. We can not, however, help being struck with the superior accuracy of the Jewish, when compared with the confusion and change that prevailed in the Greek and Roman calendar.

No reader of the Bible can avoid remarking its extreme particularity of date. The oldest and, on this account, the most striking instance is in the narration of the flood: "In the 600th year of Noah, in the second month, and on the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." And so also in respect to its close. There is the same particularity, too, in the date of the Passover, of the Exodus, of the arrival at Sinai, of various events in the wilderness, of the wars and settlement of Canaan, of the building and dedication of the temple, and of the messages of the later prophets. The first would seem to present the most unanswerable proof that the Jewish computation had been derived from an antediluvian science that must have been of a higher kind than we are generally disposed to acknowledge. With all their mathematics, and with some attainments in astronomy to which the Jew could make no pretension, the calendar of the Greeks presents the appearance of far more confusion. Herodotus, after saying that the Egyptians first *found out* the year, and divided it into twelve parts by *means of the stars*, praises their arrangement (which was probably the same with, or derived from, that of the Patriarchical times) as being much more easy and correct than the division of the Greeks. "The Egyptians," he says, "divide the year into twelve months of thirty days each; and then, by adding five days to each year, they have a uniform revolution of time; whereas the Greeks, for the sake of adjusting the seasons accurately, add every third year an intercalary month" (Herod. ii. 4). By this, however, they seem only to have made "confusion worse confounded." The great difficulty of the Greeks arose from the attempt to do what the wiser Egyptians and Hebrews seem to have abandoned—namely, to divide the year solely by lunar months. By arbitrary intercalations, it is true, they could bring the solar and lunar years to a tolerable agreement, but then, their effect was continually to change the places of the months relatively to the seasons. The periods of intercalation were at first every two years, then three, and lastly four, and eight. In the two latter they seem to have been governed by some respect to the quadrennial return of the great Olympic games, and the Olympiads corresponding thereto. The computation of the year was afterward brought to a still greater degree of accuracy by what was called the cycle of Melon, which, by embracing a period of nineteen years brought the times of the new and full moon to fall again, very nearly, on the same days of each month.

With the Romans it was still worse. Nothing shows how much better they understood fighting than astronomy, than the way they managed their year. Under Romulus it was said to have consisted of only ten months. It is not easy to see how this could be adjusted on any mode of computation, and yet the numerical names, some of which have come down to our own calendar, would seem to present some proof of it. The last month in the year is yet called *December*, or the *Tenth*. In the days of Numa it consisted of twelve lunar months, with a system of intercalation something like that of the Greeks. The two added months were January and February, which, in numerical order would have been Undecember, and Duodecember, or the Eleventh and Twelfth. The year, however, by the clumsiness of these methods, and by the whole matter being left in the hands of the Pontifices who seem to have had little science, and still less honesty, became turned so completely topsy-turvy, that instead of being put at the end, these two new months were finally arranged at the beginning. The first was called January from the great (some say the greatest) Latin deity, Janus, whose original name was Djanus or Di-annus, *The God of the Year* (similar to the Greek Kronos or Time), and who was most expressively represented with two faces, one ever looking back upon the past, and the other forward to the coming period.

In the hands of the Pontifices the Roman year had again been getting more and more out of order, until, in the days of Julius Cæsar, the first of January had retrograded nearly to the autumnal equinox. This very useful despot determined to take the matter in his own hands, and make a thorough reform; but, as a preliminary, was obliged to have an extraordinary year of 445 days, which was called the *year of confusion*. Before this, there had been, too, a continual neglect of the fraction of a day, although its existence seems to have been known at a much earlier period. Cæsar arranged the months as they now stand, and made provision for the fraction by ordering a day to be added to February every fourth year. This seemed to answer every purpose, until, after the lapse of more than fourteen centuries, it was found that the seasons

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began to disagree with the almanac, and the religious festivals to fall somewhat out of place. The error was estimated to amount to eleven days; the correction of which was assumed by the Roman Pontifex. but with the aid of a science far more accurate than had been possessed by the Pontifices of the older time. The modes now adopted, for preserving accuracy in future, are known to most well-informed readers, so hat we shall not dwell upon them farther than to say, that they consist generally in such omissions of the leap year, from time to time, as will correct the very small excess by which a quarter of a day exceeds the actual fraction of the tropical year.

"And God said—Let there be lights in the firmament of Heaven, and let them be for days, and for years, and for times, and for seasons." It requires some thought before we can fully realize how much we are indebted, morally and mentally, as well as physically, to these time-measuring arrangements. We must place ourselves in the condition of the savage before we can know how much of our civilization comes from the almanac, or, in other words, our exact divisions of time aiding the idea and the memory—thus shaping our knowledge, or thinking, and even our emotions, so as to make them very different from what they might have been, had we not possessed these regulators of our inner as well as our outer man. How unlike, in all this, must be the life of the untaught children of the forest! Let us endeavor to fancy men living from age to age without any known length or divisions of the year—no lesser or greater periods to serve as landmarks, or, rather, sky-marks, in their history—and, therefore, without any possibility of really having any history. Summer and winter come and go, but to the savage all the future is a chaos, and all the past is

With the years beyond the flood,

unmarked by any intervals which may give it a hold upon the thoughts or the memory. The heavenly bodies make their monthly, and annual, and cyclical revolutions, but their eternal order finds no correspondence in his chaotic experience. The stars roll nightly over his head, but only to direct his steps in the wilderness, without shedding a ray of light upon the denser wilderness of his dark and sensual mind. The old man knows not how many years he has lived. He knows not the ages of his children. He has heard, indeed, of the acts of his fathers; but all are equally remote. They belong to the past, and the past is all alike—a dark back-ground of tradition, without any of that chronological perspective through which former ages look down upon us with an aspect as life-like and as truthful as the present. The phenomena of the physical world have been ever flitting like shadows before his sense, but the understanding has never *connected* them with their causes, never followed them to their sources, never seen in them any ground of coherence or relation, simply because time, the great *connective* medium of all inductive comparison, has been to him an undivided, unarranged, and, therefore, unremembered vacancy. Hence it is, he never truly learns to think, and, on this account, never makes progress—never rises of himself from that low animal state to which he may once have fallen, in his ever downward course from the primitive light and truth. Æschylus, in the Prometheus, makes such to have been the first condition of mankind. But, however false his theory in this respect—opposed as it is to the sure teachings of revelation—nothing can be truer to the life than the fancy picture he has given us—

No sure foreknowing sign had they of winter,
Nor of flowery spring, or summer with its fruits.
Unmarked the years rolled ever on; and hence
Seeing, they saw not; hearing, they heard in vain.
Like one wild dream their waste unmeasured life,
Until I taught them how to note *the year*
By signal stars, and gave them *Memory*,
The active mother of all human science.

THE PULPIT and the PRESS—the past and the present, the rising and the waning power, would be to some minds the first idea suggested by such a collocation of terms. But we trust the time has not yet come for the actual verification of any such contrast. Far be it from us to underrate the value of the very instrument through which we seek to instruct and reform the public mind; but woe to the land and to the age in which such an antagonism shall ever be realized. The Press is man's boasted means for enlightening the world. The Pulpit is Heaven's ordinance; and sad will it be for the Church, and sadder still for the State, when any other power on earth challenges a superiority, either in rank or influence. The clergy can safely occupy no inferior place; and such is their position, unless they are ever in advance of the age, not in the common cant of a superficial doctrine of progress, but as champions of the eternal and *immovable* truths, while they are, at the same time, contending in all the fields, whether of theology, or science, or literature, or philosophy, in which there may be an enemy to be subdued, or a victory won for Christ. Such rank, we believe, may still be claimed for the Church. In former centuries she had neither antagonist nor rival. Now has she hosts of both. Yet are her servants still in the "fore-front of the hottest battle." Philosophy and science are swelling loud and long the note of triumph, and yet it is still true, even in a period the most thoroughly secular the world has ever known since the days of the Apostles, that the highest efforts of mind are connected, as ever, with the domain of theology. Science, literature, and even politics, find their most profound interest for the human soul when the questions they raise lie nearest to her sacred confines, and connect themselves with that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." What true worth in any problem in philosophy, in any discovery in science, the moment it is once conclusively settled, beyond a peradventure, that man has no hereafter? What becomes of art, and poetry? What meaning in "progress," and "ideas," and the "*rights of man?*" But it is this dread though all-conservative idea of a hereafter, which it is the office of the Pulpit ever to keep before the human soul, not as a lifeless dogma for the understanding, but in all those stern relations to a higher positive law, which shall ever prevent its coalescing with a frivolous creed in theology, or any boasting philosophy of mere secular reform. In doing this, there is needed for the Pulpit, first of all, and above all, the most intense seriousness of spirit, secondly the most thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and thirdly, learning, science, and philosophy, fully equal to any thing that may be brought to cope with it in its unyielding strife for the dominion of the world.

In urging this, however, we should never forget, that while the power of the periodical Press is often unduly enhanced by a falsely coloring medium of estimation, the glory and influence of the Pulpit are diminished by a similar cause. Apparent variety of topic, an apparent freshness in the mode of treatment, a skillful adaptation to the ever varying excitements of the hour, all aided by the ceaseless craving in the human soul for mere intellectual novelty, give to the one an appearance of superiority it does not really possess, while, in respect to the other, the necessary

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repetition of the same great truths, from age to age, has produced just the contrary effect.

There is no way, therefore, in which we can better employ the imagination than in helping us to get away from such a false and blinding influence. How would the mightiest minds of the ancient world now estimate the two prime powers of which we are speaking. Let us imagine Cicero, or Aristotle, to be permitted to revisit the earth, and study its new modes of thought as they would strike them from their old and, therefore, unbiased point of observation. Lay before them all the wonders of the modern newspaper press. They would doubtless be startled with many things it would reveal to them in the discoveries of modern physical science. But take them in those wide fields of thought in which mere physical discovery avails not to give superiority, and we may well doubt whether they would yield to us that triumph we so loudly claim. There is nothing in any modern declamation on the rights of men, or rights of women, that would make Aristotle ashamed of his *Politica*. Cicero might hear discussed our closest questions of social casuistry, yet think as proudly of his *Offices*, and his *Republic*, as he ever did while a resident upon earth. No modern political correspondence would make him blush for his Letters to Brutus and to Atticus. The ablest leader in any of our daily journals, would not strike them as very superior, either in thought or style, to what might have been expected from a Pericles, a Cleon, an Isocrates, or a Sallust. Our profoundest arguments for and against foreign intervention might, perhaps, only remind him of the times when democratic Athens was so disinterestedly striving to extend her "liberal institutions," and aristocratic Sparta, with just about equal honesty, was gathering the other Hellenic cities to a crusade in favor of a sound conservatism. Modern Europe, with its politics, would be only Greece on a larger scale; and our own boasts of universal annexation might only call up some sad reminiscences of the olden time, when "the masses" did their thinking through the sophist and the rhetorician, instead of the lecturer and the press.

But now let fancy change the scene from the reading room to the ministrations of the Christian temple. To present the contrast in its strongest light, let it be the humblest church, with the humblest worshipers, and the humblest preacher of our great city—some obscure corner which the literary and editorial lights of the age might regard as the last place in which there could be expected any thing original or profound. Yes—the poorest sermon of the poorest preacher in New York could hardly fail to strike the great Roman, and the greater Greek, with an awe which nothing of any other kind in the modern world could ever inspire. What wondrous truths are these, and whence came they! Whence this doctrine of eternal life, so far beyond what we ever dared to think—this preaching of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," so far transcending all the ancient moralists had ever taught! Whence these new and startling words, these superhuman ideas of grace, of prayer, of redemption, of a new and heavenly birth! And then again, the sublimity of that invocation—the heavenly thought, and heavenly harmony, of that song of praise and love! All is redolent of a philosophy to which our most rapt contemplations never ventured to ascend. Even the despised hymn-book may be soberly supposed to fill their souls with an admiration that Dryden and Shakspeare might fail to inspire. How transcendent the conceptions on every page! How far beyond all ancient or modern poetry that is alien to its spirit, or claims no kindred with its celestial origin. Here, indeed, is progress. But we must close our sketch. Is the picture over drawn? Or have we truthfully presented the highest although, in spirit, the least acknowledged aspect of the real superiority of the modern mind—even the humblest modern mind—over the proudest intellects of the ancient world?

Editor's Easy Chair.

BETWEEN CONGRESS, KOSSUTH, and CHRISTMAS—an alliterative trio of topic—we hardly know where to find the handle of a single other moving hammer of gossip. The hunt for chit-chat is after all a very philosophical employ; and we do not know another *colaborateur*, in the whole editorial fraternity, who has smacked the turbulence of congressional debaters, the enthusiasm of the Hungarian Patrick Henry, and the *cadeaux* of our *Noel*, with more equanimity and composure than ourselves.

Our chair, as we have hinted, is an easy one; and throwing ourselves back into its luxurious embrace, we have raced through the swift paragraphs of morning journalism, or lingered, as is our wont, upon the piquancy of occasional romance, with all the gravity of a stoic, and all the glow of Epicurus. We are writing now, while the street and the salon are lighted up with the full flush of the Hungarian enthusiasm. It amounts to a frenzy; and may well give to the quiet observer a text on which to preach of our national characteristics.

And *firstly*, we are prone to enthusiastic outbursts, we love to admire with an ecstasy; and when we do admire, we have a pride to eclipse all rivals in our admiration. We doubt if ever at Pesth, in the best days that are gone, or that are to come, of Hungarian nationality, the chief of the nation could receive more hearty and zealous plaudits than have welcomed him upon our sunny Bay of New York. A fine person, an honest eye, and an eloquent tongue—pleading for liberty and against oppression—stir our street-folk—and we hope in Heaven may always stir them—to such enthusiasm as no Paris mob can match.

But, *secondly*—since we are speaking sermonwise—our enthusiasm is only too apt to fall away into reaction. We do not so much grow into a steady and healthful consciousness of what we count worthy, as we leap to the embrace of what wears the air of worthiness; and the very excess of our emotion is only too often followed by a lethargy, which is not so much the result of a changed opinion, as of a fatigue of sentiment. Whether this counter-action is to follow upon the enthusiasm that greets the great Guest, we dare not say. We hope—for the sake of Hungary, for the sake of Liberty, and for the sake of all that ennobles manhood—that it may not!

Thirdly, and finally, as sermonizers are wont to say, we are, at bottom, with all our exciting moments, and all our fevers of admiration, a very matter-of-fact people. We could honor Mr. Dickens with such adulation, and such attention as he never found at home; but when it came to the point of any definite action for the protection of his rights as an author, we said to Mr. Dickens, with our heart in his books, but with our hands away from our pockets, "we are our own law-makers, and must pay you only in—honor!"

How will our matter-of-fact tendencies answer to the calls of Kossuth? We are not advocates or partisans—least of all—in our EASY CHAIR: we only seek to chisel out of the rough block of every day

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talk, that image of thought which gives it soul and intent.

That the enlarged ideas of Kossuth—independent of their eloquent exposition from his lips—will meet with the largest and profoundest sympathy from the whole American people, we can not have a doubt. Nor can we doubt that that sympathy will lend such material aid, as was never before lent to any cause, not our own. But the question arises, how far such sympathy and individual aid will help forward a poor, down-trodden, and distant nation, toward the vigor of health and power. Sympathies and favoring opinion may do much toward alleviating the pains of wounded hearts and pride; they may, by urgency of expression, spread, and new leaven the whole thought of the world; but he is a fast thinker who does not know that this must be the action of time.

We can not but believe that the strongest sympathy, and the most generous proffers of individual aid will, after all, help very little toward practical issues, in any new endeavor of Hungary to be itself again. Poor Poland is a mournful monument of the truth of what we say. How then is our great Guest to derive really tangible aid in the furtherance of what lies so near his heart?

We pose the question, not for political discussion, but as the question which is giving a slant to all the talk of the town. To break peace with Austria and with Russia, and openly to take ground, as a government, with the subdued Hungarians, is what very few presume to hint—much less to think soberly of. The great Hungarian, himself, would hardly seem to have entertained such a possibility. We suppose his efforts rather to be directed toward the enkindling of such a large love of liberty, and such international sympathy among all people who are really free, as shall make a giant league of opinion, whose thunders shall mutter their anathemas against oppression, in every parliament and every congress; and by congruity of action, as well as congruity of impulse, fix the bounds to oppression, and fright every tyrant from advance—if not from security.

In all this we only sketch the color of the Hungarian talk.

WINTER gayeties, meantime, have taken up their march toward the fatigues of spring. Furs, and velvet mantillas float along the streets, as so many pleasant decoys to graver thought. The opera, they say, has held its old predominance, with a stronger lift than ever, in the fashion of the town. Poor Lola Montes, shadowed under the folds of the Hungarian banner, has hardly pointed the talk of an hour. We can not learn that any triumphal arch graced the entry of the Spanish Aspasia, or that her coming is celebrated in any more signal way, than by the uncorking of a few extra bottles of Bavarian beer. That many will see her if she dances, there can hardly be a doubt; but that many will boast the seeing her, is far more doubtful. We can wink at occasional lewdness at home, but when Europe sends us the queen of its lewdness to worship, we forswear the issue, and like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia—hide our faces in our mantles.

We observe that our usually staid friend M. GAILLARDET, of the *Courrier*, records in one of his later letters, an interview with the witching LOLA; and it would seem that he had been wrought upon to speak for her an apologetic word. With all respect, however, for the French Republican, we think it will need far more than his casual encouragement, to lift the Bavarian countess into the range of American esteem.

SPEAKING of the French Republic, we can not forbear putting in record a little episode of its nice care for itself. M. DUMAS, the favorite dramatist, publishes a letter in one of the Paris journals, in way of consolation for the imprisoned editor of the *Avenement*.

"My dear Vacquerie," he says, "while I am on the lookout for sundry notices of what may touch the honorable institution of our Press censorship, I send you this fact, which is worthy to stand beside the official condemnation of the verses of VICTOR HUGO. M. GUIZARD, the director in such matters, has refused me, personally, the request to reproduce my *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge;* and the reason is, that my poor play has contributed to the accession of the Republic! Ever yours,

"A. DUMAS."

We are only surprised at the audacity of M. DUMAS, in giving publicity to such a note.

As a curious and not unnatural issue, growing out of the free appropriation of Italian treasure, by the French Republicans of the last century, we notice the fact, that a certain Signor BRASCHI, whose father, or grandfather, was a near connection of Pope Pius VI., has recently laid claim to some of the most valuable pictures in the Louvre. It appears from his representations—supported by voluminous documentary evidence—that these objects pertained to a certain villa near Rome, occupied at the time of the French invasion by the Braschi family.

Signor BRASCHI, in quality of heir, now claims the spoils, including some of the most brilliant works of the Paris gallery. He avows his willingness, however, to waive his rights, in consideration of a few millions of francs, to be paid within the year. We have a fear that the only reparation the Republic will bestow, will be the offer of an airy apartment in the *Maison des Fous*.

KEEPING to Paris gossip, for want of any thing special in that way belonging to our own capital, we find this little half-incident chronicled in the French papers.

Ladies, it is known (or if not known may hence forth be known) traffic in the funds at the Paris Exchange, in a way that would utterly amaze our princesses of the salon. You do not indeed see them upon the marble floor of the stately *Bourse* itself, but at the hour of "the board," you are very sure to see a great many luxurious-looking little carriages drawn up in the neighborhood, and a great many ladies, at that special hour, are particularly zealous in their admiration of the old paintings which the dealers behind the Exchange, offer "at a bargain." Very quick-running footmen are also stirring, and report sales and offers to their mistresses with most commendable activity.

Among these outsiders, some Paris romancist has remarked lately a very elegantly-dressed lady, who, three times a week, drew up her phaeton opposite the doors of the Vaudeville Theatre (which all *habitués* will remember, is just opposite the Bourse). Chance passers imagined her to be some actress of the boards, and gazed at her accordingly. But it was observed that an "agent de change" made repeated visits to her little phaeton, and at the closing of the board our lady disappeared down the Rue Vivienne.

Upon a certain day—no matter when—the bystanders were startled by piercing shrieks issuing from the phaeton of "my lady," and all ran, to prevent, as they supposed, some terrible crime. Sympathy proved vain; and to the inquiries of the police

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the "man of business" only made phlegmatic reply, that the funds had fallen some ten per cent., and "my lady" was ruined.

Three days after, and the phaeton was a *voiture de remise* in the Rue Lepelletier. The coachman had negotiated the sale, but all tidings of "my lady" were lost.

GUINOT, to whom we have been indebted again and again, has twisted out of his brain (we can not doubt it) this little happening of Paris life, which, if not true, is yet as characteristic of France as a revolution.

Two funerals, he says, on a certain day wended their course toward the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. One bier bore the body of a man; the other, the body of a woman. The day was a sour November day—with the half-mist and half-frostiness that sometimes ushers in the Paris winter. The mourners were few—as mourners at Paris are generally few. Arrived within the gates, one *cortège* took the path leading to the right; the other turned to the left. The ceremonies being over, a single mourner only remained at each tomb.

At the grave of the lady lingered a man, apparently overcome with grief; at the grave of the man—a lady, who seemed equally overcome. Their adieus were lengthened at the graves until all the attendants had disappeared. By chance, the grief of the two parties seemed to show the same amount of persistent sorrow, and of lingering regard: thus it happened that in retracing their slow and saddened steps toward the main entrance, they met in the grand alley face to face. They exchanged a look of sorrow, and an exclamation of surprise.

"You, madame?"

"*Vous, monsieur?*"

"But this is very strange," continued the gentleman, "is it not? We have met so rarely, since we broke our marriage contract ten years ago!"

"The chance which has led me here is a very sad one, monsieur," and madame says it in very dolorous tones.

"It is as much for me; I have followed to the grave a person very dear to me."

"Ah," returns madame, "she is dead! I, too, have lost my dearest friend," and she sobs.

"I beg you would accept, madame, my sincerest sympathy."

"And you too, sir; believe me, my heart bleeds for you."

Upon thus much of mournful interchange of grief, supervenes a silence—only broken by the low steps of the parties, and by occasional sobs of lament.

GUINOT opens their conversation again thus:

Gentleman.—"Alas, existence seems to me very worthless—all is dark!"

Lady.—"Ah, what must it be for me, then?"

Gentleman.—"How can I ever replace her fondness?"

Lady.—"To whom can I confide my griefs?"

Gentleman.—"What home will now receive me?"

Lady.—"Upon whose arm can I lean?"

In such humor our racy *feuilletonist* traces their walk and conversation along the parterres of that Paris garden of death; at the gate he dismisses one of the two carriages which attend them; he crowns their mutual offices of consolation with a happy reunion—never to be broken—till one shall be again a mourner, and the other a tenant of the tomb.

Thus, says he, grief moralizes; and wise resolutions ride at an easy gallop, into broken hearts!

And thus, we say, French ingenuity makes every hearse the carrier of a romance; and seasons the deepest woe with the piquancy of an intrigue!

YET another story is swimming in our ink-stand; and with a gracious lift of the pen, we shall stretch it upon our sheet.

At Viterbo, which, as every one ought to know, lies within the Italian confines, lived once a poor peasant, with a poor, but pretty daughter, whose name was MARIANNE. She had not the silks of our ladies, or the refinements, so called, of fashion. She wore a rough peasant robe, and watched her father's kids as they wandered upon the olive-shaded slopes of Viterbo.

At Viterbo lived a youth whose name was CARLO. Carlo was prone to ramble; and albeit of higher family than the peasant's daughter, he saw and loved, and wooed and won the pretty Marianne. They were betrothed in the hearing only of the drowsy tinkle of the bells that hung upon the necks of the kids, over which Marianne was shepherdess. To marry they were afraid. He feared the anger of his father; and she feared to desert the cottage of her mother.

Carlo, swearing devotion, went away to Rome and became an advocate. The revolution stirred the stolid Romans, and Carlo enlisted under Garibaldi. After a series of fights and of escapes, Carlo found himself in five years from his parting with the pretty peasantess of Viterbo, a refugee, in the *Café de France*, which stands behind the Palais Royal at Paris. Lamenting over his broken fortunes, and mourning for his poor Italy, he sauntered, upon a certain day, into the Garden of Plants, upon the further side of the Seine. It is a place where the neighboring world go to breathe the air of woods, and to relieve the stifling atmosphere of the city, with the openness and freedom of Nature. (In parenthesis, let us ask, when shall New York civilization reach such a kind provision for life?)

Carlo wandered, dejected, sad, musing of bitterness, when his eye fell upon a face that seemed familiar. It was the face of a lady—in Parisian costume, with a Parisian air—but very like to the pretty peasantess of Viterbo. He followed her—met her—accosted her; there was no mistaking her frighted look of recognition. She was distant and cool—for the fates had bound her fortunes to those of a Parisian *bourgeois*, and she was the wife of the very respectable Monsieur Bovin. Carlo was neither cool nor distant: for grief had cast him down, and now first, hope blessed him with a shadow of the joys that were gone. Madame Bovin's distance wore off under the impassioned addresses of the poor refugee, and again and again Carlo found his way to the *Jardin des Plantes*.

Finally (alas for Paris virtue!) the household of the respectable Monsieur Bovin, was, upon a certain morning, deserted; only a little note of poor French told the disconsolate husband, that the pretty Marianne could no longer subdue her new kindled love for her Italian home, and had gone back to the hills of Viterbo.

The sorrowing husband, though he could not purchase content, could yet purchase the services of the police. Through them, he tracked the runaway lovers to the borders of France. Thereafter the search was vain.

But, alas, for poor Carlo, he was recognized by the myrmidons of the powers that be, thrown into a dungeon, and report tells a story of his death.

As for the pretty peasant, Marianne, she wandered forlorn to her father's home; but the father's home was gone; and now, for menial hire—in her peasant dress (in place of the Paris robes) and with a saddened heart—she watches the kids, upon the olive-shaded slopes of Viterbo!

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Editor's Drawer.

WE are at the beginning of another year; a season in which all pause, and "take note of time"—time, the vehicle that carries every thing into nothing. "We talk," says a quaint English author, "of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas, we are all living upon our capital; and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered:

'Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away!'"

It is well to think of these things, standing upon the verge of a new year. But let us not trouble the reader with a prolonged homily.

EVERY body will remember the missionary at one of the Cannibal Islands, who asked one of the natives if he had ever known a certain predecessor of his upon the island, who had labored in the moral vineyard there? "Yes, we know him well—we *ate* a part of him." Now, the "piece of a cold missionary on the sideboard for a morning lunch," of which the witty Sydney Smith made mention, is scarcely a less objectionable dish, on the score of the material, than the chief feature of a repast, held, according to a French journal, not a thousand miles from the Ascot race-course, in England:

"At the recent races at Ascot the famous horse Tiberius broke his leg, by bounding against one of the posts of the barrier, while preparing for the race. His owner, the Lord Millbank, lost ten thousand pounds in betting upon his noble steed, besides his value, and others also lost very heavily: the law, of course, being that all bets should be paid whether the failure to win came from the less speed or from accident.

"Three days afterward, Lord Millbank gave a very sumptuous dinner. The most distinguished of the English peerage were present, and the conviviality ran exceedingly high. Toward the close, the noble host rose in his place, and proposed an oblation to the health of the departed Tiberius.

"The toast was clamorously received, but the speaker remained standing with his glass in his hand.

"'We drink to Tiberius,' said Milord Millbank, when the shouts had subsided; 'to Tiberius the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most spirited courser whose hoofs ever trod upon our glorious British turf!'

"Shouts again resounded to the roof in vehement peals.

"'You know,' continued his lordship, 'the achievements of this horse. His deeds belong to history. Fame has taken charge of his glory. But it belongs to me, and to you, my lords and gentlemen, to do honor to his mortal remains! I wished that this lofty courser should have a burial worthy of his great, his immortal deservings. He has *had* it, my lords and gentlemen, he has HAD it! My cook has fitly prepared him, and you have feasted upon him to-day! Yes, my lords and gentlemen, this repast which you have relished so keenly—these dishes which awakened the so frequent inquiry, 'What animal could be so delicious?'—that animal, my lords and gentlemen, was Tiberius! It is that noble courser whose mortal remains now repose in your stomachs! May your digestions be light!'

"At these words the enthusiasm concentrated for a moment—possibly with some vague thought of an immediate resurrection—but with a sudden outburst of 'Hurrahs!' the sentiment took the turn of sublimity, and another glowing bumper was sent to join the departed courser in his metempsychosis."

The English papers sometimes get off telling jokes against their neighbors across the Channel, but seldom any thing better than this. Besides, how thoroughly *French* it is, both in the conception and execution! Its origin could never be mistaken.

WE put on record, in these holiday-times of *imbibition*, these warning stanzas, to guard the reader alike against *cause* and *effect*:

"My head with ceaseless pain is torn,
Fast flow the tear-drops from my eye
I curse the day I e'er was born,
And wish to lay me down and die;
Bursts from my heart the frequent sigh,
It checks the utterance of my tongue;
But why complain of silence?—why,
When all I speak is rash and wrong?

"The untasted cup before me lies—
What care I for its sparkle now?
Before me other objects rise,
I know not why—I know not how.
My weary limbs beneath me bow.
All useless is my unstrung hand:
Why does this weight o'ershade my brow?
Why doth my every vein expand?

"What rends my head with racking pain?
Why through my heart do sorrows pass?
Why flow my tears like scalding rain?
Why look my eyes like molten brass?
And why from yonder brimming glass
Of wine untasted have I shrunk?
'Cause I can't lift it—for, alas!
I'm so pre-pos-ter-ous-ly drunk!"

THE vagaries of the insane are sometimes amusing to witness; and not unfrequently there is a "method in their madness" that would not be amiss in those who are on the *outside* of lunatic asylums. Many years ago in Philadelphia, a patient in the insane asylum of that city fancied himself to be the REDEEMER of the world; and his talk and actions were always in keeping with the character, save that he exacted a rigid deference to his person and his divinely-derived power. But one day another patient arrived, whose idiosyncrasy it was, that he was the SUPREME BEING. A little while after his entrance into the institution, he met in one of the halls, as he was passing, the imagined representative of the SON; who, not liking his bearing, reminded him who he was: "Yes, you are the SON, but know from this time henceforth, that you have seen the FATHER, and must obey him!" "And strange enough," said the keeper of the institution to the friend who gives us the particulars, "from that day forward, all power was given unto the latter; and at length the fancied SON'S 'air-drawn' vision melted away, and he left the establishment a perfectly sane man."

Some twelve or fifteen years ago there was in the lunatic asylum at Worcester, Massuchusetts, a kind of crazy DAVID CROCKETT, who fancied that he could do any thing that *could* be done, and a little more. One day a good many visitors were walking slowly through the halls, examining them, and occasionally saying a word or two to the patients. After a very courteous reception of a gentleman, who mentioned that he had come from South Carolina, the crazy man interrupted him abruptly with:

"Have you felt any of my earthquakes down there lately?"

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One of the visitors replied: "No, we've had nothing of the kind, where *I* live."

"I thought so! I knew it!" returned the patient, frowning. "I have an enemy. Ice! Ice! Why, I ordered one of my very best earthquakes for your part of the country! It was to have ripped up the earth, and sent the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. Look here!" he continued, pointing to a crack in the plastering, "*that's* one of my earthquakes! What do you think of *that?* I've got more orders for earthquakes than I can attend to in a year. I've got four coming off up north this afternoon—two in Vermont!"

THAT was a good story that was told of an occurrence which took place in a stage-coach one morning many years ago in the western part of this State. A young, conceited fellow, who had been monopolizing almost all the conversation of the company, consisting of some sixteen passengers, had been narrating the wonderful exploits he had performed, the prodigies of valor of which he had been the hero, and the wonderful escapes of which he had been the subject. At least he related *one* adventure in which he was the principal actor, which was so perfectly astounding, that a low whistle of incredulity was a simultaneous demonstration on the part of the passengers. An old gentleman, with a solemn visage, and an ivory-headed cane, sitting in the back corner of the stage, here observed:

"That last adventure of yours, my young friend, is a very extraordinary one—*very* extraordinary. One could hardly believe it without having *seen* it. I didn't see it; but I can relate a circumstance which happened in my family, and in which I was for a time deeply interested, which is almost as remarkable, and I believe quite as true. Will you hear it?"

"Certainly," said our braggadocio; "I should be very *glad* to hear it."

"Give it to us! give it to us!" echoed the whole company, getting an inkling, from the solemn phiz of the old gentleman, that something rich was in the wind.

"Well, sir," continued the narrator, "the circumstance to which I alluded is this: My father had three children. He had an only brother, who had also three children. My grandfather had left to my father and my uncle a large estate, in the executorship of which a quarrel broke out, which grew more and more bitter, until at length the aid of the law was invoked, and many years of violent litigation ensued, during all which time the costs of the proceedings were gradually eating up the estate. My father and uncle saw this, and though bitter enemies, they had too much sense to bite each his own nose off. They were chivalrous and brave men, almost as much, probably, as yourself, sir (addressing the daring young gentleman aforesaid), and they determined to 'fight it out among themselves,' as the saying is, and thus keep the money in the family. Well, sir, my father made this proposition to my uncle; to wit: that the three sons of each, in the order of their age, should settle the disputed question on the field of honor; the majority of the survivors to decide the affirmative. It was readily acceded to. My eldest brother went out, on the appointed day, and at the first fire he fell dead upon the turf. My next eldest brother took his station at once, and at the second fire, shot my next eldest cousin through the lungs, and he never drew a whole breath afterward."

Here the old gentleman's emotion was so great that he paused a moment, as if to collect himself. Presently he proceeded:

"It now became *my* turn to take the stand; and upon *me* rested the hopes of my family. I can truly say, that it was not so much fear that made my hand tremble and my pistol to waver: it was the deep sense of *responsibility* that rested upon me. We took our places—a simultaneous discharge was a moment after heard—and, and——"

Here the narrator put his handkerchief to his face, and seemed to shake with irrepressible agitation.

"Well, sir," exclaimed our young Munchausen who had listened to the narrative with almost breathless attention, "well, sir—well?—what was the result? How did it end?"

"*I was shot dead the first fire!*" replied the old gentleman; the property passed into the hands of my uncle and his family; and my surviving brother has been poor as a rat ever since!"

An uproarious laugh, that fairly shook the coach, told "Braggadocio" that he had been slightly "taken in and done for" after a manner entirely his own.

This anecdote will not be lost upon bored listeners to those who shoot with the long bow, or in other words, stretch a fact until they have made it as long as they want it. We have somewhere heard of a man at a dinner-party who was determined not to be outdone in this but too common species of archery. Some one present had been engaged in attracting the attention of the company to an account of a pike that he had caught the day before that weighed nineteen pounds! "Pooh!" exclaimed a gentleman sitting near him, "that is nothing to the one *I* caught last week, which weighed twenty-six pounds." "Confound it!" whispered the first fisherman to his neighbor, "I wish I could catch my pike again; I'd add ten pounds to him directly!"

THERE is something more than mere good measures in the following lines. There is a satire upon Love and Mammon, when the deep affections of the heart reach a greater depth in the pocket:

"Dear friend, I'm glad to meet you here,
But scarce know what to say,
For such an angel I have seen
At your mamma's to-day!
Of fairer form than Venus, when
She trod the Grecian shore;
And then such splendid hair and eyes
I never saw before.

"Her air and manners were divine,
Above all petty arts;
Oh, surely she was formed to reign
The peerless Queen of Hearts.
Dear Bob, we have been college friends,
And friendship's still the same;
Now only tell me who she is—
Oblige me with her name.

"'Fine hair and eyes!'—'the Queen of Hearts"
Who can she be?—oh, yes!
I know her now—why, Frederick, that's
My sister's governess!'
Your sister's governess!!—Indeed
I *thought* it might be so;
She looks genteel—but still there is
About her something low!"

IT is not a little amusing, or it *would* be if it were not rather a serious matter oftentimes, to hear a surgeon who loves his profession talk with another of the "splendid fungus" which he had recently removed, or the "beautiful case of amputation of both arms at the shoulder," which he had just witnessed. A fair travesty of this is afforded in the letter purporting to come from an apothecary in the country to a friend in London, wherein, among other things, he wrote: "My patients are rather select than numer

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ous, but I think the red lamp and brass plate may attract a few. I had a glorious case of dislocation of the shoulder last week, and nearly pulled the fellow in half with the assistance of two or three bricklayers who were building next door. The other doctor tried first, and couldn't reduce it, because he had no bricklayers at hand. This has got my name up, rather. They are terrible Goths down here though. You can scarcely conceive the extent of their ignorance. Not one in twenty can read or write; and so all my dispensing-labels which I tie on the bottles are quite thrown away. A small female toddled into the surgery the other day, and horrified me by drawling out:

"'If you please, sir, mother's took the lotion, and rubbed her leg with the mixture!'

"This might have been serious, for the lotion contained a trifle of poison; but Jack and I started off directly; and as it happened very luckily to be washing-day, we drenched the stupefied woman with soap-suds and pearl-ash, until every thing was thrown off from the stomach, including, I suspect, a quantity of the lining membrane. This taught me the lesson, that a medical man should always have his instruments in order; for if Jack had not borrowed my stomach-pump to squirt at the cats with, a good deal of bother might have been avoided. But he is a clever fellow at heart, and would do any thing for me. He quite lived on the ice during the frost, tripping every body up he came near; and whether he injured them seriously or not, I know the will was good, and was therefore much obliged to him!"

IT would be a curious thing, if they could be traced out, to ascertain the origin of half the quaint old sayings and maxims that have come down to the present time from unknown generations. Who, for example, was "DICK," who had the odd-looking "hat-band," and who has so long been the synonym or representative of oddly-acting people? Who knows any thing authentic of the leanness of "Job's turkey," who has so many followers in the ranks of humanity? Scores of other sayings there are, concerning which the same, or similar questions might be asked. Who ever knew, until comparatively late years, what was the origin of the cautionary saying, "Mind your P's and Q's?" A modern antiquarian, however, has put the world right in relation to *that* saying: In ale-houses, in the olden time, when chalk "scores" were marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put the initials "P" and "Q" at the head of every man's account, to show the number of "pints" and "quarts" for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the chalk-score, "Mind your P's and Q's, man! mind your P's and Q's!" The same writer, from whom we glean this information, mentions an amusing anecdote in connection with it, which had its origin in London, at the time a "Learned Pig" was attracting the attention of half the town. A theatrical wag, who attended the porcine performances, maliciously set before the four-legged actor some *peas*—a temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose the "cue" given him by the showman. The pig-exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief, on the unfairness of what he had done; to which he replied: "I only wanted to ascertain whether the pig knew his "peas" from his "cues!"

SYMPATHY, we find described on a slip in our "Drawer" to be "A *sensibility* of which its *objects* are oftentimes *in*sensible." It may be considered wrong to discourage a feeling of which there is no great superabundance is this selfish and hard-hearted world; but even of the little that *exists*, a portion is frequently thrown away; a fact sufficiently illustrated by two amusing instances, cited by the writer in question:

"A city damsel, whose ideas had been *Arcadianized* by the perusal of pastorals, having once made an excursion to a distance of twenty miles from London, wandered into the fields, in the hope of discovering a *bonâ-fide* live 'shepherd.' To her great delight, she at length encountered one, under a green hedge, with his dog by his side, his 'crook' in his hand, and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modeled in China for a chimney-ornament. To be sure, he did not exhibit the blue jacket, jessamine vest, pink inexpressibles, and peach-colored stockings of those faithful portraitures. This was mortifying: still more so was it, that he was neither particularly young nor cleanly; but most of all, that he wanted the indispensable accompaniment of a pastoral reed, in order that he might beguile his solitude with the charms of music. Touched with pity at this privation, and lapsing unconsciously into poetical language, the damsel exclaimed:

"'Ah, gentle shepherd! tell me, where's your pipe?'

"'I left it at home, miss,' replied the clown, scratching his head, 'cause I haint got no 'baccy!'"

The "sentiment" was satisfied at once in this case, as it was in the other, which is thus presented

"A benevolent committee-man of the Society for superseding the necessity of climbing chimney-sweep boys, seeing a sooty urchin weeping bitterly at the corner of a street, asked him the cause of his distress; to which the boy replied:

"'Master has been using me shamefully: he has been letting Jim Hudson go up the chimney at Number Nine, when it was *my* turn. He said it was too high and too dangerous for me; but I'll go up a chimney with Jim Hudson any day in the year; that's what I will; and he knows it, and master knows it too!'"

Sympathy *was* rather thrown away in *this* case, that's quite certain.

WINTER is upon us; the biting winds rattle our window-shutters and howl down our chimneys. "Poor naked wretches" tremble in the fierce cold; and homeless, houseless women and children huddle in the alleys and hiding-places of the city. GOD help the poor! Now is the time to remember them. Let the rich recall "poor old Lear," when deprived of his kingdom, and reduced to want, the cold rains beat pitilessly upon his white head, he was forced to exclaim, remembering what he *might* have done when he had the power, "We have ta'en too little care of this!" Let no disappointment, such as is most forcibly expressed in these lines, add an additional drop to the cup of bitterness which is commended to the lips of the poor of our city:

REJOICE! hope dawns upon the poor;
The rich man 's heard our prayer;
He 'll open wide the garner door,
And bid us come and share.
He feels the bread-seed was not given
Alone to swell his pride;
But that GOD sent it down from heaven,
For all the world beside.
Wail! wail! the rich man's word has proved
A syren sound alone!

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He looked upon the wealth he loved;
And then his heart was stone!

Oh, would the dull, insensate clod
Give forth its yearly store,
If our great FATHER and our GOD
Had thought not of the poor?

A STORY has been for many years current, that an eccentric gentleman, of some scientific aspirations, residing on Long Island, not a thousand miles from New York, once induced a thick-set and very green Hibernian to ascend a very remarkably high and spreading tree, near his residence, accompanied by a curious nondescript flying-machine, by the aid of which he was to soar off, and float very softly down upon the bosom of mother Earth! All being ready, the aeronaut started from a platform which had been built in the topmost branches. He "*slode*" over the branches, and then "toppled down headlong" to the ground, covered with the wrecks of his scientific master's flying-machine, and making another wreck of himself. He "heard something drop," and it was a foolish Irishman! When taken up, it was found that he had broken both his arms, a leg, dislocated a shoulder, and otherwise seriously injured himself. Being long ill, at his employer's cost and charges, the "flying-machine," so signally destroyed, was considered a "*permanent* investment." This incident, which is really true, reminds us of the story of "*The Flying Cobbler*," an old Irish story, of which we find a record preserved in "The Drawer:"

"When Felix showed himself on the top battlement of the tower from which he was to jump, opening and shutting a great pair of black wings that were fastened to his shoulders, every face in the great crowd was turned up to gaze at him. I thought myself that the tower never looked such a murdering height from the ground as when I looked at the poor devil standing on the tip-top stone, as unconcerned as an old cormorant on a rock, flapping his wings for a flight. At length, by his motions we saw that he was preparing to be off in earnest. The men held their breath hard, and the women began to tremble and cry; and then, all of a sudden, he made a jump off the battlement, and sailed away 'most illigant.' A wild shout of delight arose from the people, but before it had ceased the glory of poor Felix was 'done up.' After two or three flutters, his wings fell flat to his sides, his heels went up, and down he came tumbling like a wild-goose with a shot through his gizzard, plump to the ground! Every body thought that it was all over with him; but when we ran to pick him up, we found him lying on his back, not dead, but groaning most pitifully. We took him up as tenderly as we could, and carried him home, and laid him on his bed. When the doctor came he found that both his legs were smashed. Not a word nor a groan escaped him. After he came to his senses, he lay with his eyes open near an hour; and then, when the doctor was setting one of the broken bones, he tried to raise himself up in the bed, and with the fire dancing in his eyes, he said:

"'Doctor, dear, how long will it be before I'm cured again?'

"'Really,' says the doctor, 'I can't possibly take upon me to say, precisely. 'Tis a bad case, and I don't apprehend that you can be perfectly recovered under three months.'

"'Three months! Oh the devil! what am I to do? Three months!—when I had just found it out!'

"'Found *what* out, jewel?' said his mother, who was sitting by his bedside.

"'The cause of my failing to-day, mother. The wings were right, but I forgot *one* thing.'

"'And what was that, Felix?'

"'The *tail*, mother! If I'd not forgot me *tail*, could have flew to Ameriky and back again!'"

Now that what is called, or miscalled the "Code of Honor," is falling into desuetude in regions of the country where it was once considered binding, the following laughable burlesque upon the manner in which modern duels are sometimes brought about, and conducted, will doubtless, as the newspapers say, be "read with interest:"

"William Singsmall, Esquire, thought proper to say something very severe about somebody abroad, when the expression was taken up by Mr. Flea, a friend of the insulted party, who happened to be within reach of William Singsmall, Esquire. Mr. Flea waited on Mr. Singsmall, who refused to retract. Ulterior measures were hinted at, and the following series of hostile notes and messages ensued:

I.

"SIR: Understanding you have imputed cowardice to my friend William Singsmall, Esquire, I call on you either to retract, or refer me to a friend. As the matter presses, I beg, on the part of William Singsmall, Esquire, that you will answer this when I return from Paris, where I am going for three weeks.

"Yours obediently, PETER SKULLTHICK.

"*To James Flea, Esquire.*"

II.

"SIR: I received your note, and went immediately into the country; but on my return to town you shall hear from me with the least possible delay.

"Yours obediently, JAMES FLEA."

III.

"SIR: I have got your note, and will see about it.

"Yours obediently, PETER SKULLTHICK."

IV.

"SIR: I have waited every day at the club, from ten in the morning until twelve at night, for the last month, hoping to hear from you.

"Yours obediently, JAMES FLEA."

V.

"SIR: My object in writing to you was not on my own account, but on behalf of William Singsmall, Esquire, to whom you have most offensively imputed cowardice, and alleged that you threatened to cane him, while he was hidden in the larder of the club-house.

"You will see that as a man of honor he must take some notice of this. I am going out of town for a few weeks, and as soon as convenient after my return shall be glad to hear from you.

"Yours obediently, PETER SKULLTHICK."

VI.

"SIR: I *did* go to the club-house with a cane under my coat, for the purpose of pitching into Singsmall. I had the solemn assurance of the porter that Singsmall had entered the club and had not left it; but on searching the house he was not to be found. I can only presume that your friend was under the sink or in the larder, and I therefore can not consider him entitled to any'thing better than the severe drubbing I mean to inflict upon him whenever I shall be so fortunate as meet him.

"Yours obediently, JAMES FLEA."

VII.

"SIR: I expected you would have referred me to a friend, and shall wait at the club until I hear from you again—unless I am called away by other engagements.

"Yours obediently, PETER SKULLTHICK."

After this correspondence, Flea sent a friend to Skullthick, who declared he had no quarrel with any one, but only wished his friend Singsmall to have the opportunity of being shot through the body by Flea, whose friend insisted that he (Flea) should fight no one but him (Skullthick). Skullthick, on the contrary, had no quarrel with Flea; but although a married man, was ready to fight Flea's friend, who threw himself into the hands of somebody else, who would have nothing to do with *any* of them. And there the matter ended!

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Literary Notices.

Wesley and Methodism, by ISAAC TAYLOR (published by Harper and Brothers), is one of the most characteristic productions of the author, and on account of its deep reflective spirit, its comprehensive breadth of view, its subtle analysis of psychological manifestations, its acute and independent criticisms of great popular movements, its unmistakable earnestness of tone, and its catholic freedom from sectarian limitations, may be regarded as possessing a greater significance than most of the theological publications of the day. Mr. Taylor's favorite theme of discussion is the philosophical import of the historical developments of religion. Deeply imbued with the spirit of contemplation, he is not a dogmatist, nor a partisan. His own religious convictions are too prominent to allow any hesitation as to their character; but he has divested his mind, to a singular degree, of the influence of personal tendencies, in pronouncing judgment on the object of his investigations. He evidently intends to be impartial—and this is no slight praise—to obtain an uncolored view of the facts which he is considering, to do justice to every trait of excellence, wherever discovered, and to abstain from all indulgence of needless censure, even when compelled to express an unfavorable opinion.

In the present work Mr. Taylor discusses the origin, the progress, the actual condition, and the future application of Wesleyan Methodism, as an instrument, under Providence, for the spiritual elevation of mankind. Regarding Methodism as a divinely-appointed development of the Gospel, acknowledging the hand of God in its rise and progress, holding the character and labors of its early founders in affectionate veneration, and deeming it fraught with momentous ulterior consequences, although temporary in its import, he presents a series of consecutive sketches of its history, depicting the wonderful events which attended its energetic progress, analyzing the causes which impeded its universal triumph, and tracing the conditions of its wide success to the elementary principles in the religious nature of man.

The first, and by far the most interesting portion of the volume, is occupied with a description of the founders of Methodism, including the two Wesleys, John and Charles, Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, and Lady Huntingdon. Without entering into the minute details of biography, which have been anticipated by Watson, Southey, and other writers, Mr. Taylor gives a discriminating critical estimate of the devoted apostles, to whose zeal and intrepidity England was indebted for the revival of the religious life, at a time when she had far lapsed from the warmth and vitality of spiritual Christianity. John Wesley, in the opinion of the author, has never been surpassed by any general, statesman, or churchman, in administrative skill—in the faculty of adapting himself to the circumstances of the moment, without compromise of his authority or personal dignity. For more than half a century he passed through the most difficult conjunctures with admirable success. His simplicity and integrity of purpose were in perfect harmony with the simplicity of his institution, enabling him to manage with ability what had been devised by skill.

Nor was his personal character less worthy of affection and homage. If he had moved in a private sphere, that of a parish priest for example, his flock would not have been able to find a single fault in their minister. The love and admiration of his intimate friends would only have been a more emphatic expression of the feeling of the little world whose happiness it was to live within sight and hearing of him. His personal virtue was not merely unblemished; it was luminously bright. His countenance shone with goodness, truth, purity, benevolence; a sanctity belonged to him, which was felt by every one in his presence, as if it were a power with which the atmosphere was fraught. It was Wesley's virtue and piety that gave form and tone to his teaching, and his teaching has embodied itself in the Christian-like behavior of tens of thousands of his people on both sides the Atlantic.

Of Whitefield, Mr. Taylor remarks, that the secret of his power over the vast multitudes that he moulded like wax, was a vivid perception of the reality of spiritual things, and the concentrated force with which he brought them to bear on the conscience and imagination of his hearers. His singular gifts as a speaker rested on the conceptive faculty as related to those objects that are purely spiritual, both abstract and concrete; and with him this faculty had a compass, a depth, and an intensity of sensitiveness, never, perhaps, equaled. While he spoke the visible world seemed to melt away into thin mist, and the real, the eternal world to come out from among shadows, and stand forth in awful demonstration. This faculty was by no means that of the poet or the painter, which is sensuous in its material. If it had been of this sort, he would have left us monuments of his genius, like a Divina Commedia, or a Paradise Lost, or a series of Michael Angelo cartoons. The history of Whitefield's ministry is simply this: The Gospel he proclaimed drew around him dense masses of men as soon as he commenced his course; it was the power of religious truth, not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his graceful action, not his fire as an orator, that gained him power over congregations to the last.

In the remainder of the volume, Mr. Taylor considers the primary elements of Methodism, its relations to society, and its position in the future. These topics are discussed with sagacity, and with perfect candor, although not in a manner to command universal assent. Whatever opinion may be formed as to his conclusions, no one can doubt the suggestiveness of his comments, nor the earnestness of his inquiries The style of this work, which we do not admire, betrays the same intellectual habits as the former treatises of the author. He writes like a man more addicted to reflection than to utterance. He simply records his own musings as they succeed each other in the solitude of the closet, without aiming, at the force, point, and effective brevity of expression, which is necessary to obtain a mastery over the minds of others. He seems to regard language as an aid to his own meditations, rather than a medium of intercourse with his fellow-men. His writings are far more like a monologue than an address. He aims to clear up his own convictions, to reduce them to order, and to give them an outward embodiment, by their visible expression, rather than to enforce them on the attention of his readers. Hence, he is often diffuse, even to languor; and nothing but the vigor of his thought could prevent a wearisome monotony

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No one, however, can call in question the originality and genuine earnestness of his speculations; and accordingly, it is impossible to follow their track, without a profound interest, in spite of the defects of his style.

Charles Scribner has published a new edition of *Young's Night Thoughts*, edited by JAMES ROBERT BOYD, with critical and explanatory notes, a memoir of the author, and an estimate of his writings. The editor has performed his task with evident industry and love of his author. His notes are generally brief, and well-adapted to their purpose. In some instances, they dwell on minute and comparatively unimportant points, which might safely be left to the sagacity of the reader. The edition, however, is designed as a text-book in schools, for the study of grammatical analysis and rhetorical criticism, and, in this respect, justifies an attention to trifling verbal difficulties, which would be out of place in a work prepared merely for the library of the adult. As a poet, Young can never become a general favorite. His day, we believe, is past. The prevailing taste demands a more genial, human, healthy expression of feeling—certainly, not of less religious fervor—but one breathing the spirit of serene trust, rather than of morbid gloom. Still, the lovers of his sombre meditations will find this edition convenient and ample.

Florence, by ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE, is a story of singular sweetness and grace, recounting the history of a Parish Orphan, and filled with charming pictures of domestic life in the interior of New England. "A sketch of the Village in the last Century," is added to the volume, presenting a succession of rural descriptions in a series of familiar letters. Mrs. Lee is distinguished as a writer, for her exquisite taste, her power of graphic portraiture, her love of home-scenes and incidents, and her deep vein of cordial, kindly feeling. These qualities run through the present little work with a mild, silvery brightness, which gives it an irresistible charm. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

Under the title of *Words in Earnest*, a collection of valuable essays from the pens of several eminent clergymen, has been issued by E. H. Fletcher. The work includes two able discourses on "The Moral Influence of Cities," and an essay on "The Theatre," by Rev. W. W. EVERTS; an admirable appeal to the young men of cities on the importance of "Mental Improvement," by Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER; a sound and instructive article on "The Duties of Employers to the Employed," by Rev. WILLIAM HAGUE; an argumentative essay, maintaining the retributive character of "Punishment," by Prof. ANDERSON; and an eloquent plea for "Children," and for "The Sabbath," by Rev. GEO. B. CHEEVER. The work abounds in salutary counsels, expressed with pungency and force.

The Captains of the Old World, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT (published by Charles Scribner), is an original and erudite description of several of the chief battles recorded in ancient history, with an estimate of the character and position of the most celebrated commanders. Mr. Herbert is a decided adherent of the modern critical school of history, the principles of which have been applied to Roman antiquities with such admirable effect by the German Niebuhr and the English Arnold. He is no slavish copyist, however, of those authorities, nor of any others, however eminent. His work is the fruit of independent personal research and reflection. A classical scholar of rare attainments, familiar with the language and style of the ancient masters, fortified with learning which embraces a much wider sphere than the subject of the present inquiries, and endowed with an instinctive sagacity of no common order, Mr. Herbert is singularly qualified for the task he has attempted, and has performed it in a manner highly creditable to the soundness of his judgment and the depth of his researches. His comparison of the ancient strategy with the modern science of warfare is so clearly illustrated, and so forcibly reasoned, as to possess a profound interest not only for professional military men, but for all readers who delight in the removal of learned dust from the records of antiquity. He describes the battles which come under his consideration, not rhetorically, but with the paramount desire of accurate statement, though without the sacrifice of picturesque effect. In many cases, where the facts are covered with obscurity, and none but the most cautious inquirer can hope for the attainment of truth, Mr. Herbert displays a nice critical judgment in the sifting of evidence, never seduced into the love of paradox, and if compelled to have recourse to theories, always sustaining them by arguments that are no less powerful than ingenious.

His conclusions in regard to the character of several ancient heroes, differ from the prevailing opinions. His discussions on this point are among the most interesting portions of his volume. He thus summarily disposes of the hero of Marathon: "Much obloquy has been heaped on Athens on his account; much ink has been spilt, and much fine writing wasted thereanent, concerning the ingratitude of that state in particular, and of democracies in general. . . . . But all the outcry in this cause is futile, unjust, and absurd. Miltiades was a successful and victorious soldier: he was rewarded according to the laws of his state to the utmost—he was the first man in Athens. He was a bad citizen, almost a traitor, and all the severity and disgrace of his punishment was remitted in memory of his great deeds past. . . . . As a man, it must be said, he was flawed. Wholly unfitted to be a citizen of a free state, he might command others. But he could not command himself."

Nor does the Great Alexander fare better at the hands of our merciless iconoclast: "If we consider calmly the atrocities committed by his orders and under his authority at Thebes, at Tyre, at Gaza, and the barbarous torments inflicted in cold-blooded policy, alike on the good and gallant Britis and on the brutal and blood-thirsty Bressos—if we remember the unrelenting, if not undeserved slaughter of the high-spirited and brave Parmenion, the ruthless slaughter of the hardy Klutos, who had saved his own life in the desperate melée of Issos—if we recount the woes inflicted on the brave population of a loyal country, fighting in defense of their own liberties, the fearful waste of blood in his reckless and fruitless battles, we shall have no reason to doubt the correctness of the verdict which condemns him as the rashest of conquerors, and the cruelest of all who have laid claim to the much-misapplied title of hero."

We recommend this volume as an admirable specimen of the method of investigating history with the lights of modern criticism. If we can not accept all the author's conclusions, we never cease to admire his frankness, candor, and manliness as a writer. His style is in perfect keeping with his subject, though occasionally careless, and now and then sliding into unauthorized expressions, which can not be excused on the ground of defective culture or taste.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of *A Lady's Voyage round the World*, by the renowned female traveler, IDA PFEIFFER. The translation from the German by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT is executed with spirit and with apparent fidelity. Ida

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Pfeiffer was born with an innate passion for travel. From earliest childhood, her great longing was to see the world. The sight of a traveling carriage brought tears to her eyes. When a mere girl of ten or twelve, she devoured every book of travels on which she could lay her hands. Subsequently, she made numerous tours with her parents, and at a later period with her husband. Nothing could detain her at home, but the care of her children. When their education was completed, her youthful dreams and visions began to haunt her imagination. Distant lands and strange customs seemed to open upon her a new heaven and a new earth. Her age made it not inconvenient to travel alone. Defying danger and privation, she resumed her travels, and has since left scarce a spot of peculiar interest on the globe unvisited. In the volume now published, she describes a voyage to Brazil, with excursions into the interior, a voyage to Canton by way of Tahiti, a residence in China, Hindostan, Persia, Turkey, and other countries of most importance to the intelligent traveler. She possesses a happy talent of portraying incidents and facts in an agreeable manner. Her work is replete with valuable information, while its perpetual good humor, sagacious observation, and sound common sense, sustain an unflagging interest in its perusal.

Charles Scribner has published a beautiful edition of IK. MARVEL'S *Reveries of a Bachelor*, with several admirable illustrations by Darley. Welcome to our quaint, genial, "bachelor," in his holiday costume, destined to shed a new gladness over the new year by his delicious whimsicalities, and his quaint, sparkling, mosaic of fun, frolic, and melting pathos! Welcome with his most fantastic dreams, so cheery and bright, in the midst of the bustling, heartless utilities of the day! We can recommend Ik. Marvel's lifesome, soul-ful pages to all whose spirits are chafed with the wear and tear of this working-day world.

Aims and Obstacles by G. P. R. JAMES. Another production of the most indefatigable of English novelists, whose powers seem to have received a new impulse from his recent change of residence. The scene of this work is laid in England, and like all its predecessors, abounds in lively sketches of character, and charming descriptions of nature. For boldness of invention, variety of incident, and freshness of feeling, it is not surpassed by any recent production of its eminent author.

Norman Maurice, by W. GILMORE SIMMS, is the title of a new drama, which can not fail to add to the high literary reputation of its distinguished author. The materials are derived from American professional and political life; not a very promising source, one would suppose, for a work of art; but in the plastic hands of the present writer, they are wrought into a dramatic composition of admirable skill and thrilling interest. The plot is one of great simplicity. A noble-minded and brilliantly-gifted person becomes the object of jealousy and hatred to a crafty, unscrupulous villain. The drama consists in the development of his infernal machinations for the ruin of his enemy, and the ultimate triumph of the latter over his foul and cunning conspiracies. The denouement is effected by an heroic instance of self-devotion on the part of a woman, whose character exhibits a rare combination of feminine loveliness and strength. Mr. Simms has succeeded in portraying some of the darker passions of humanity with uncommon power. His language is terse and vigorous—intense, but not extravagant, and often marked by an idiomatic simplicity that reminds one of the golden age of dramatic writing. We rejoice to notice such an instance of decided success in a branch of literary creation where triumphs are so much less frequent than defeats. (Richmond. Published by John R. Thompson.)

The Claims of Science, by WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, is an Anniversary Discourse before the Literary Societies of Erskine College, South Carolina. It sets forth the value and importance of the physical sciences, both as the means of a generous intellectual culture, and the condition of great practical discoveries. The argument of the speaker is sustained with great vigor of statement, and a rich profusion of illustration. Familiar with the varied field of nature, he expatiates on her majesty and loveliness with the enthusiasm of a favored votary. The style of the discourse is chaste and polished throughout, and often rises into earnest and impressive eloquence.

A second series of *Greenwood Leaves*, being a collection of letters and sketches by GRACE GREENWOOD, has just been published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. A sincere, genial, thoroughly individualistic production—overflowing with exuberant gayety—though dashed with frequent touches of bitter sadness—often wildly impulsive, but always kindly, human, and hopeful—with occasional specimens of sharp-shooting, though the polished, nimble arrows are never dipped in poison. It will be widely read for its spicy humor, its fine, frolicsome naïveté, its gushing good-nature, and its genuine nobleness of tone, even by those who may now and then wish that she would leave political and social questions to the sterner sex. The same publishers have issued another work by GRACE GREENWOOD, entitled *Recollections of my Childhood*, intended for juvenile readers, and abounding in beautiful appeals to the best feelings of the young heart, illustrated by the reminiscences of personal experience.

M. W. Dodd has published a translation from the German of HILDEBRANDT, of *Winter in Spitzbergen*, by E. GOODRICH SMITH, depicting the frozen horrors of that savage clime. It is a narrative of great interest, and will be read eagerly by young people, for whom it is intended. It is equally rich in attractiveness and in information.

A collection of stories by CAROLINE CHESEBRO', entitled *Dream-Land by Daylight*, has been issued by Redfield in a style of uncommon typographical neatness. The writings of this lady are not unknown to the public, in the isolated form in which many of them have already made their appearance. We are glad that she has been induced to embody them in this pleasant volume, which, we think, will occupy no inferior place in American fictitious literature. We find in it the unmistakable evidences of originality of mind, an almost superfluous depth of reflection for the department of composition to which it is devoted, a rare facility in seizing the multiform aspects of nature, and a still rarer power of giving them the form and hue of imagination, without destroying their identity. The writer has not yet attained the mastery of expression, corresponding to the liveliness of her fancy and the intensity of her thought. Her style suffers from the want of proportion, of harmony, of artistic modulation, and though frequently showing an almost masculine energy, is destitute of the sweet and graceful fluency which would finely attemper her bold and striking conceptions. We do not allude to this in any spirit of carping censure; but to account for the want of popular effect which, we apprehend, will not be so decided in this volume as in future productions of the author. She shas not yet exhausted the golden placers of her genius; but the products will obtain a more active currency when they come refined and

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brilliant from the mint, with a familiar legible stamp, which can be read by all without an effort.—The fantastic, alliterative title of this volume does no justice to the genuine value of its contents, and we hope Miss Chesebro' will hereafter avoid such poverty-struck devices of ambitious second-rate writers.

Memoir of Mary Lyon, compiled by EDWARD HITCHCOCK, President of Amherst College, has passed to a third edition from the press of Hopkins, Bridgman, and Co., Northampton. It is a record of a life devoted to a great work of Christian benevolence. Inspired by a lofty sense of duty, possessing an energy of purpose and a power of execution seldom equaled in any walk of life, and endowed with intellectual gifts of a robust, practical character, Miss Lyon was a highly successful agent in the cause of popular and religious education. The narrative of her labors is no less interesting than it is useful and instructive. Her name is held in grateful remembrance in New England by numerous pupils to whose character she gave a powerful impulse for good. The present volume is prepared with the ability of which the name attached to it is a promise. It is an excellent piece of biography, in all respects, and will long hold an honored place in New England households.

Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings, by DANIEL B. WOODS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The peculiar value of this work consists in its being an authentic record of the experience of an intelligent and trustworthy writer. In this respect, we have seen no publication on California that is its equa. Mr. Woods is a man of high character and learned education, who was led by ill health to exchange the duties of professional life for the rude toils of the gold-digger. He engaged in his new business with unflinching energy. Becoming a miner among the miners, he had the most ample opportunities to learn their condition, their prospects, their sufferings, and their rewards. He describes plainly what he saw. He borrows no colors from the fancy. His book is a record of hard facts. It introduces us behind the scenes. Eminently free from exaggeration, it shows the hardships by which the gold of California was procured on the first discovery of the placers. Its tendency is to discourage emigration. He would advise those who are tolerably well off at home to be content. At the same time, the California adventurer, who is tempted by the hope of a golden harvest to leave the blessings of Atlantic civilization, will find a guide and counselor in this volume, which can hardly fail to be of essential service. We recommend all prospective gold-diggers to take it with them across the Isthmus or around the Cape.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued an elegant volume of Oriental travels, entitled *The Land of Bondage*, by the Rev. J. M. WAINWRIGHT. It contains the journal of a tour in Egypt, with a description of its ancient monuments and present condition, illustrated by a variety of well-executed appropriate engravings. The work is intended to present an accurate record of the observations made by the intelligent author, without aiming at the brilliant vivacity which has been so much affected by recent travelers in the East. It is a simple, faithful narrative, and makes no pretensions to being a romance or prose-poem. The scenes visited by Dr. Wainwright, comprising the valley of the Nile from Cairo to Thebes, are full of interest. He describes them minutely, and with excellent taste. Uniting a fresh susceptibility to the romantic impressions of the "morning land," with a style of polished classic elegance, Dr. Wainwright has produced a standard book of travels, which merits a cordial reception by the public, both for the extent and accuracy of its information, and the beauty and good taste of its execution.

The Evening Book, by Mrs. KIRKLAND (published by Charles Scribner), is a collection of popular essays on morals and manners, with sketches of Western Life, including many of the most agreeable productions of the favorite authoress. Several of them have a sober, didactic aim, but all are marked with Mrs. Kirkland's habitual brilliancy and point. Her discussions of various topics of social ethics are admirable. She exhibits the acute tact of a woman in her perceptions of character, while she presents the fruits of tranquil reflection in a tone of masculine vigor. The spirit of these essays is one of mild, contemplative wisdom, gracefully blended with a love of the humorous, and a spice of perfectly good-natured satire.—A number of beautiful illustrations greatly enhances the interest of the volume.

The Tutor's Ward (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of one of the most powerful English novels of the season. It is intended to illustrate the great moral truth that the soul's repose is not found in human love; that the immortal spirit can live in love alone; but that human love is only the type of that which can never die. The story turns on two female characters—one a brilliant, gifted, fascinating, bewildering creature, whose heart has been wholly steeped in selfishness, but whose artful nature has called forth the most impassioned love—the other, a being of rare and beautiful endowments, with an intense, loving, devoted soul, in whom passion takes the form of a sublime, almost inconceivable disinterestedness, presenting the most striking contrast to her rival and evil genius. The plot is a heart-rending tragedy; the scenes are skillfully shaded off till they present the sullen blackness of midnight; the whole winding up with terrible retributions and despair. While we do not think the developments of this story are true to nature, we can not deny its strange, irresistible fascinations. It paints an ideal of heartless egotism on the one side, and of generous self-sacrifice on the other, which is psychologically impossible; but this ideal is set forth with so much subtlety of invention, such tragic pathos, and such artistic word-painting, that we forgive the defects of the plot, in our admiration of the skill with which it is conducted.

M. W. Dodd has issued a little volume by Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, entitled *Hints to Employers*. The substance of it was originally delivered in lectures at the Broadway Tabernacle, but the importance of its suggestions eminently deserves a more permanent form. Mr. Thompson handles the subject without gloves, and shows himself as well acquainted with the customs of trade as with the usages of the Church. His strictures on the prevailing methods of business are forcibly put, and have the merit of being directed against systems rather than against individuals. It is far better, for instance, to point out the evils of employing "drummers" to gain custom, than to inveigh against those who can not deviate from established habits without great sacrifice. Abolish an evil system, and the whole community is benefited; while abstaining from it in single cases is only an individual advantage. Mr. Thompson discusses the whole subject with decision and earnestness, but does not deal in wholesale denunciation.

The Collected Edition of DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Writings*, is carrying on in weekly numbers and monthly parts. Jerrold's writing is very unequal, the story

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and the style sometimes limping tiresomely; but even then detached thoughts and expressions keep up interest, and few pages pass without presenting a good idea or a good joke.

In announcing a new novel by BULWER, the *London Critic* remarks: "Certainly, whatever the faults of 'our own wayward BULWER' (as Miss MARTINEAU fondly calls him), a want of industry can not be laid to his charge. What with novels, dramas, epics, Byronics, editorships, pamphlets, parliamenteering, electioneering, and even agitating, when the interests of the drama and literature seem to require it, BULWER is as hard-working a man as any pale or ruddy-bustling compiler in the reading-room of the British Museum. Close beside him in the advertisement columns (though not in life) is Lady BULWER, who also announces a new novel, "Molière's Tragedy: his Life and Times," another of those "literary novels" which Mr. GRAVE lately predicted would soon be rife. Lady BULWER has taken the idea directly from GEORGE SAND, who recently produced, with considerable success on the Paris stage, a drama of "Molière," in which the poet was made the dupe of a heartless coquette. Our English authoress's title is rather lachrymose for the subject; since MOLIERE'S life was by no means a tragic, but, on the whole, a pleasant and successful one."

We find a curious anecdote of Chevalier BUNSEN in connection with the recently-published Life of NIEBUHR, issued in London, under the superintendence of the Chevalier: The portly and hearty representative of Prussia at the Court of St. James, NIEBUHR, the Roman historian—every body has heard and knows something of him. But every body does *not* know the special claim that his memory has on BUNSEN; for the latter, though he has risen to be the Minister of Public Instruction and Foreign Representative of a great kingdom, was once (how strangely it sounds in English ears)—not even a calico-printer or a cotton-spinner—but a poor student, NIEBUHR'S humble amanuensis! A prodigy of learning, as unknown then as Mr. THOMAS WATTS of the British Museum Library, in comparison with his deserts, is unknown now. BUNSEN, the story runs, was in attendance on his employer, at that time Prussian Minister at Rome, when the King of Prussia, then Crown Prince, paid NIEBUHR a visit. The conversation turned upon literary matters, and the Crown Prince made a statement which the humble amanuensis, bursting into the talk, took upon him flatly to contradict. Most Crown Princes (and some British commoners) would have flown into a passion. Not so our FREDERICK WILLIAM the Fourth of Prussia. He inquired into the character and history of the plain-spoken youth; found that he knew every language and literature under heaven, from Chinese and Coptic to Welsh and Icelandic; kept his eye on him, and gradually promoted him to be what he is. NIEBUHR'S letters have been published, and some years ago a biography of him, founded on them, was attempted in *Tait's Magazine*, and broke down; but BUNSEN'S will be *the* life. NIEBUHR was foolish enough to die of the Three Days of July, 1830, being a staunch conservative. As the French would say: *Tant pis pour lui!*

The Winter Session of the New College, Edinburgh, has been opened, with an introductory address, by the Rev. Dr. CUNNINGHAM, successor of Dr. CHALMERS, as Principal of the College. The institution is chiefly intended as a Theological School, connected with the Free Church of Scotland, but has other Chairs attached, one of which, on Natural History, is held by Dr. FLEMING, the zoologist. On November 11th the Philosophical Institution of the same city was opened for the session by Sir DAVID BREWSTER, who gave an able address. Among the lecturers announced for the season are some distinguished names, and the institution seems to be conducted in a higher tone than is usual in similar places of popular instruction and amusement. HUGH MILLER, the geologist, and ISAAC TAYLOR, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," are to deliver courses of lectures. In the University of Edinburgh, Principal LEE is reading a course of Moral Philosophy Lectures, in room of Professor WILSON, whose illness precludes him from any public duty.

Madame PFEIFFER'S account of her voyage round the world, says a London journal, a translation of which has just been published by Messrs Longman, is exceedingly interesting, and as full of adventure as the production of the awful Cumming Gordon, of rhinoceros-riding notoriety. When in Brazil, she undertook a long and hazardous journey into the interior, to visit the Puri Indians. She states that many of these singular people have been baptized, and, indeed, "they are at all times willing, for the consideration of a little brandy, to go through the ceremony again, and only regret that they have not more frequent opportunities, especially as it does not last long." Their language is extremely poor, and they have no method of expressing number but by repeating one, two—one, two, as many times as may be required. For yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by "pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and over the head for the passing day." We have noticed Harper's edition of this work in another place.

The late work of Sir JOHN RICHARDSON on *The Arctic Searching Expedition*, now in press by Harper and Brothers, is spoken of with unqualified praise by the London press. We quote a notice from *The Literary Gazette:* "This work affords a glorious instance of genuine, hearty philanthropy. With a self-devotion seldom equaled, and certainly never surpassed, the author of these volumes, at a time of life when most men think seriously of exchanging the cares and anxieties of an arduous profession, or of an official occupation, for repose, adventured forth to the terrible regions of Arctic America, to seek, and, if possible, to rescue a cherished friend. And this was done with no other incentive than friendship, hallowed by former companionship in the same regions, and the social intercourse of many years. With becoming modesty, Sir John Richardson is entirely silent respecting his official and domestic position at the time of his departure on his humane mission; but it is due to him to say, that he left a valuable government appointment, and sacrificed pecuniary advantages, when, taking leave of an affectionate wife and family, he left England in search of his old traveling companion; and though he has been happily restored to his country in unimpaired health and vigor, it must not be forgotten that the journey which he proposed taking, was not only arduous but hazardous, and might have been accompanied by a repetition of the frightful sufferings which befell him during his adventurous and memorable expedition with Franklin in the same country he was about to visit."

A new play by Mr. JERROLD, and one by Mr

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MARSTON, are in the hands of Mr. KEAN, for early representation.

Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S *Lectures on the History of France*, republished by Harper and Brothers, are thus characterized by a recent journal: "The distinguishing characteristics of these lectures are an independent criticism, uninfluenced by previous authority, a religious philosophy which traces the effect of moral causes, the knowledge of a man of affairs rather than of a statesman, and a pellucid pleasantry of manner."

HILDRETH'S *History of the United States* is now attracting the attention of London readers, and has given occasion to some able criticisms. His imperturbable coolness in the narration of events, excites no little surprise, and most of his judges would prefer a more impassioned tone. Nor, in the opinion of the *London Athenæum*, has he done justice to the character of Jefferson. The merits of the work as an authentic collection of facts, appear to be highly appreciated. The journal just alluded to, says: "On this point, we have to object that JEFFERSON—a man of remarkable powers, and whose spirit has more intimately transferred itself into the heart and hereditary sentiment of the American people than that of perhaps any other American, not perhaps excepting even Washington—does not seem to have received a full enough measure of that appreciation which even Mr. Hildreth might have been able to give him. Jefferson we regard as the type and father of much that is now most characteristic in the American mind; and in any history of the United States he ought to figure largely. We have to repeat that Mr. Hildreth's work is, in its kind, a most conscientious and laborious undertaking—as an accumulation of particulars and a register of debates unrivaled—and therefore extremely valuable to all who wish to prosecute minute researches into the history of the Union, or of the several States composing it."

HERMAN MELVILLE'S last work, *Moby Dick*, or *The Whale*, has excited a general interest among the critical journals of London. The bold and impulsive style of some portions of the book, seems to shock John Bull's fastidious sense of propriety. One of the most discriminating reviewals we have seen is from the *London Atlas*: "In some respects we hold it to be his (Mr. Melville's) greatest effort. In none of his previous works are finer or more highly-soaring imaginative powers put forth. In none of them are so many profound and fertile and thoroughly original veins of philosophic speculation, or rather, perhaps, philosophic fancy struck. . . . . Upon the whale, its mysteries, and its terrors, he revels as if the subject had enchantment for him. He pours into multitudinous chapters a mass of knowledge touching the whale—its habits and its history—the minutest details of its feeding or sporting, or swimming, strangely mixed with ingenious and daring speculations on the mysterious habits and peculiarities of the great brute—the whole written in a tone of exaltation and poetic sentiment, which has a strange effect upon the reader's mind, in refining and elevating the subject of discourse, and, at last, making him look upon the whale as a sort of awful and unsoluble mystery—the most strange and the most terrible of the wonders of the deep. That Herman Melville knows more about whales than any man from Jonah down, we do really believe."

DOUGLAS JERROLD has written a letter, containing the suggestion, that a penny subscription shall be commenced to present KOSSUTH with a copy of SHAKSPEARE'S Works, in a suitable casket. Mr. Jerrold remarks: "It is written in the brief history made known to us of Kossuth, that in an Austrian prison he was taught English by the words of the teacher Shakspeare. An Englishman's blood glows with the thought that, from the quiver of the immortal Saxon, Kossuth has furnished himself with those arrowy words that kindle as they fly—words that are weapons, as Austria will know. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would rejoice thus to endeavor to manifest their gratitude to Kossuth for the glorious words he has uttered among us, words that have been as pulses to the nation." To this excellent proposal a response has already been made in many quarters. An incident, not mentioned in the daily papers, is worth recording: that among other deputations to the Hungarian President in London, one was to present him with a copy of the Sacred Scriptures, for which many had subscribed. In his reply, Kossuth said how much he had owed, both of counsel and comfort, to the Bible, and that this present he would treasure as the choicest memorial of England. He took occasion at the same time to thank an honorable working-man, unknown to him, who, on his entering Winchester, had come up to his carriage and presented a Bible to Madame Kossuth.

An address to the Hungarian ex-president, from the citizens of Bath, was headed by the signature of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. His letter, in reply to KOSSUTH'S acknowledgment, is worth recording, as a memorial of one so well known in the world of letters: "Sir—The chief glory of my life is, that I was the first in subscribing for the assistance of the Hungarians at the commencement of their struggle; the next is, that I have received the approbation of their illustrious chief. I, who have held the hand of KOSCIUSKO, now kiss with veneration the signature of KOSSUTH. No other man alive could confer an hon or I would accept."

In a notice of SPRINGER'S *Forest Life and Forest Trees* (published by Harper and Brothers), the *London Spectator* suggests a singular comparison between the population of England and the United States, as afforded by the social position of the respective countries: "The volume will be found interesting from its pictures of hardship, exertion, skill, and adventure, in a country little known to the English reader even from books. It has also an interest of a deeper kind. It is impossible to look at the willing labors of these men, and to consider them as only a portion of the rural population of the United States, without seeing what a raw material they possess for war or enterprise. It is the tendency of a dense population and a high civilization to dwarf the physical powers and energies of men in two ways—by congregating large numbers of men in cities, and engaging them in pursuits which if not absolutely injurious to health, are destructive to hardihood; and by removing from the face of a country those natural obstacles which call forth energy and readiness of resource. In England, the working agriculturist is the most helpless of men out of his routine, from his having nothing to contend with: the 'navvies,' miners, and mariners, are almost the only classes trained to endurance and great physical exertion in their regular business, except the navy and perhaps the army, as special vocations."

The London Examiner pronounces LAYARD'S abridged edition of *Nineveh* (just re-published by

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Harper and Brothers), "A charming volume, to which we may safely promise a circulation without limit, and as unbounded popularity. The great feature of the Abridgement is, the introduction of the principal biblical and historical illustrations (forming a separate section of the original work) into the narrative, which, without sacrificing any matter of importance, *makes the story more compact, useful, and, indeed, complete in its abridged, than it was in its original form.*"

Sheriff ALISON, the historian, has been re-elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

In a recent synodical letter of the Bishop of Luçon, among the books denounced as immoral and dangerous, are Anquetil's "History of France," Thiers's "History of the French Revolution," Lemaistre de Sacy's "Translation of the New Testament," "Le Bonhomme Richard," and, lastly, "Robinson Crusoe!" Facts like these require no comment.

The French papers state that Lord BROUGHAM, in his retreat at Cannes, is preparing for publication a work entitled, "France and England before Europe in 1851."

The extraordinary popularity of WALTER SCOTT in France, is illustrated by the announcement of the publication of another volume of the *twentieth* edition of DEFAUCONPRET'S translation of his novels, and the announcement of the publication of an entirely new translation of the said novels. If Defauconpret had been the only translator, *twenty* editions would have been an immense success; but there are besides, at the very least, twenty different translations of the complete works (many of which have had two, three, or four editions) and innumerable translations of particular novels, especially of "Quentin Durward." In fact, in France as in England, Scott dazzles every imagination and touches every heart—whatever be his reader's degree of education, or whatever his social position. His popularity amongst the lower orders, in particular, is so extraordinarily great, that it forms one of the most striking literary events of the present century.

The Leader announces a new work from GUIZOT, with the promising title of *Méditations et Etudes morales;* a novel by the Countess D'ORSAY, called *L'Ombre du Bonheur;* and an important work by GIOBERTI, *Di rinovamento civile d'Italia*, the first part being devoted to the Errors and Schemes of the day: the second to Remedies and Hopes. To those who love pure literature, we know not what more agreeable volume to recommend than the one just issued of SAINT BEUVE'S *Causeries du Lundi.* It contains some of the best portraits he has ever drawn; and a charming gallery they make. We pass from RABELAIS to VAUVENARGUES, from the Duc de SAINT SIMON to FREDERICK THE GREAT, from DIDEROT to the Duchesse de MAINE, from CAMILLE DESMOULINS to Madame EMILIE DE GIRARDIN. The necessity of limiting his articles to the exigencies of a newspaper, has forced SAINT-BEUVE into a concision both of style and exposition, which greatly improves his sketches; and we know not which to admire most, the variety of his attainments or the skill of his pencil.

In History and Biography, European Continental literature has not been doing very much lately. There is a new or newer volume, the eleventh, of THIERS'S *Consulate and Empire*, and a Paris journalist of high repute, M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE commences a promised series of *Portraits Politiques Contemporains* ("Portraits of Political Contemporaries"), with a monograph of that "nephew of his uncle," the Prince-President of the French Republic. A M. LEONARD GALLOIS publishes in four volumes, with illustrations, a *Histoire de la Révolution de* 1848 ("History of the Revolution of 1848"), written from a republican-of-the-morrow point of view. SAINT-BEUVE contributes to *The Constitutionnel* graceful sketches of the lately-deceased Duchess of ANGOULEME, and of RIVAROL, the Royalist pamphleteer and man-of-all-work in the first revolution, famed for the plaintive epigram, "MIRABEAU is paid, not sold; I am sold but not paid," one of the saddest predicaments that poor humanity can find itself in. A M. COINDET has compressed WARBURTON'S *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers* into a handy *Histoire de Prince Rupert* ("History of Prince Rupert"). The Germans send us the *Leben and Reden Sir Robert Peel's* ("Life and Speeches of Sir Robert Peel"), tolerably compiled by one KUNZEL, and Italy has produced a new *Life of Paganini.* Worthy of more extensive notice is EDOUARD FLEURY'S *Saint-Just et la Terreur* ("Saint Just and the Reign of Terror"), a biography of the "great Saint of the Mountain," the fellow-triumvir of ROBESPIERRE, and partaker of his fate, though not five-and-twenty; the fanatic young man who, scarcely beginning life, declared, "for revolutionists there is no rest but in the tomb!" FLEURY is a clever and active young journalist in the department of the Aisne, SAINT-JUST'S birth-country—the same who lately brought out the very interesting "Memoir of Camille Desmoulins," and an equally interesting historical study, "Babœuf and Socialism in 1796." FLEURY has gone about his biographical task in the proper way; roamed up and down the country side, sketching the scenery in which his subject spent "a sulky adolescence," and collecting anecdotes and reminiscences. One of these is worth retailing. An old woman who knew SAINT-JUST well when a boy, pointed out "an alley of old trees" where he used to stalk and spout: when he came into the house, after one of these soliloquies, quoth the old woman, "he would say terrible things to us!"

First in the list of recent French novels is the far-famed JULES JANIN'S *Gaieties Champêtres* ("Rural Gaieties"), which all Paris is eagerly devouring. The scene is laid in the era of LOUIS XV., and the story (alas!) is worthy of the period, and must not be recited here. More innocent are *Les Derniers Paysans* ("The Last Peasants"), by EMILE SOUVESTRE, a cycle of graphic, and, for the most part, gloomy stories, meant to embalm the superstitions which still linger among the peasantry of Brittany, soon to be dispelled by the march of civilization. ARMAND BARTHET'S *Henriette*, though a touching tale, is not to be recommended. ALPHONSE KARR, a writer scarcely so well known out of France as he deserves to be, promises *Recits sur la Plage* ("Stories from the Sea Shore"). KARR is the only living French novelist who reminds one at all of THACKERAY, of whom he has some of the caustic bitterness, but none of the light playfulness. He first became known by his *Guêpes* ("Wasps"), a periodical consisting of little, sharp, sarcastic, and isolated sentences, aimed at the quacks and quackeries of the day. With all this, he has a true feeling for nature, which is sometimes, however, carried to an absurd length.

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A recent number of the official *Moniteur* contains a long report to the Minister of Public Instruction, by M. VATTEMARE, on the "literary exchanges" which have recently been effected between France and the United States. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the governments, universities, colleges, scientific societies, literary establishments, medical and legal bodies, borough municipalities, and commercial associations of the two countries, have for years past been in the habit of making exchanges of books. They have thus got rid of duplicate copies which were rotting on their shelves, and have received in return works which it would have cost vast sums to purchase. A more useful arrangement could not possibly be conceived; and at the same time it has the advantage of spreading knowledge, and of increasing the friendly relations between the two peoples.

M. Ch. Pieters has published the "*Annales de l'Imprimerie Elzevirienne*," giving copious details on the life and exertions of the famous printers, the ELZEVIRS. This book is the result of very extensive researches on this subject, as there were fourteen members of that family who were printers and publishers during a period of 120 years. M. Pieters's book contains quite new data obtained from authentic sources; to which he has added a list of all the works issued from the Elzevir presses, followed by one of those which have been erroneously attributed to them, and another of such as are the continuation of works published at that celebrated establishment.

The Paris papers state that the Free Society of Fine Arts in that capital are subscribing for a monument to the Late M. DAGUERRE—who was a member of their body—to be erected at Petit-Brie, where the distinguished artist lies buried.

HENRY HEINE, the German poet, whom his countrymen insist on comparing with Lord Byron, has published a collection of the poems of his later years, under the title of "Romances." The book, which all the German papers concur in eulogizing, and a large edition of which was sold within a few days after its publication, is divided into three parts, Histories, Lamentations, and Hebrew Melodies. A brief prose notice prefixed announces that the skeptic has become a believer, and hurls defiance at the Hegelians refusing (to use his own words) "to herd swine with them any longer." This celebrated poet, and perhaps the only man who has succeeded in uniting German solidity and grandeur to French elegance and wit, is now languishing on his death-bed. Recovery is impossible, and his state is such that death would be almost a blessing, though in him the world would lose one of the most remarkable geniuses of modern times. In the intervals between the paroxysms of his malady he composes verses, and (being deprived of the use of his limbs and of his eyesight) dictates them to his friends. He also occupies himself at times in inditing memoirs of his life, and as he has seen a good deal of French society, and was a shrewd and intelligent observer, he has much to say. One consequence of his long and lamentable sickness has been to effect a complete change in his religious views—the mocking Voltairian skeptic has become a devout believer.

We see it stated that in the short space of time between the Easter fair and the 30th of September there were published in Germany no less than 3860 new works, and there were on the latter date 1130 new works in the press. Nearly five thousand new works in one country of Europe in one half year! Of the 3860 works already published, more than half treat of various matters connected with science and its concerns. That is to say—descending to particulars—106 works treat of Protestant theology; 62 of Catholic theology; 36 of philosophy; 205 of history and biography; 102 of languages; 194 of natural sciences; 168 of military tactics; 108 of medicine; 169 of jurisprudence; 101 of politics; 184 of political economy; 83 of industry and commerce; 87 of agriculture and forest administration; 69 of public instruction; 92 of classical philology; 80 of living languages; 64 of the theory of music and the arts of design; 168 of the fine arts in general; 48 of popular writings; 28 of mixed sciences; and 18 of bibliography. It is satisfactory to see, after their recent comparative neglect, that science and the arts begin to resume their old sway over the German mind.

The Frankfort journals state that, in consequence of the rigor displayed by the Saxon Government with respect to the press, the booksellers of Leipzig seriously intend to remove the general book fair to Berlin or Brunswick.

In Germany, Austria excluded, appear 746 newspapers; of which 646 are printed in German, 5 in French, 1 in English, 15 in Polish, 3 in Wendish (the Wenden are a Slavonic people in the midst of Germany), 7 in the Lutheran language. In all Europe, according to official statements, 1356 news papers are published, of which 169 are issued at Paris, 97 at London, 79 at Berlin, 68 at Leipzig, 36 at St. Petersburg, 24 at Vienna.

Dr. AUGUSTUS PFIZMAIER, of Vienna, has published the first part, in ninety-two pages folio, of a Dictionary of the Japanese language.

Baron ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT has announced the discovery at Athens of the edifice in which the Council of Four Hundred was in the habit of assembling in ancient times. Few particulars of the alleged discovery are given; but it is added, that more than a hundred inscriptions have been found by the excavators—and that a number of columns, statues, and other relics have been already dug up.

Dr. HEFELE'S German work on *Cardinal Ximenes* and the *Ecclesiastical Affairs of Spain* in the 15th and 16th century, has just reached a second edition.

One of the principal literary men of Spain, Don Juan Hartzenbusch, assisted by the publisher, Senor Rivadencyra, has commenced a reprint of the works of her most distinguished authors, from the earliest ages to the present time. This reprint is entitled "Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles," and it is a more difficult undertaking than things of the kind in western and northern Europe. For as very many of the works of the principal authors never having been printed at all, the compiler has to hunt after them in libraries, in convents, and in out-of-the-way places; while others, having been negligently printed, or "improved" by friends, or disfigured by enemies, have to be revised line by line. Some idea of the importance of this gentleman's labors may be formed from the fact, that he has brought to light not fewer than *fourteen* comedies of Calderon de la Barca, which previous editors were unable to discover. The total number of Calderon's pieces the world now

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possesses is therefore 122; and there is every reason to believe that they are all he wrote, with the exception of two or three, which there is not the slightest hope of recovering. In addition to this, M. Hartzenbusch has carefully corrected the text from the original manuscripts in the Theatre del Principe, or authentic copies deposited elsewhere; and he has added notes, which throw great light on the most obscure passages. Moreover, he has given a chronological table of the order in which Calderon produced his plays. But what, perhaps, is the most curious thing of all is, that he demonstrates that "le grand Corneille" of France actually borrowed, not plots alone, but whole passages from Calderon. His play of *Heraclius*, for instance, has evidently been taken from Calderon's comedy called *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo mentira*. Some of the passages are literal translations.

Daily, about noon, writes the *Weser Zeitung*, the loungers "Under the Linden" at Berlin, are startled by the extraordinary appearance of a tall, lanky woman, whose thin limbs are wrapped up in a long black robe or coarse cloth. An old crumpled bonnet covers her head, which, continually moving, turns restlessly in all directions. Her hollow cheeks are flushed with a morbid coppery glow; one of her eyes is immovable, for it is of glass, but her other eye shines with a feverish brilliancy, and a strange and almost awful smile hovers constantly about her thin lips. This woman moves with an unsteady, quick step, and whenever her black mantilla is flung back by the violence of her movements, a small rope of hair, with a crucifix at the end, is plainly seen to bind her waist. This black, ungainly woman is the quondam authoress, Countess IDA HAHN-HAHN, who has turned a Catholic, and is now preparing for a pilgrimage to Rome, to crave the Pope's absolution for her literary trespasses.

Professor NUYLZ, whose work on canon law has but recently been condemned by the Holy See, resumed his lectures at Turin, on the 6th. The lecture-room was crowded, and the learned professor was received with loud applause. In the course of his lecture he adverted to the hostility of the clergy, and to the Papal censures of his work, which censures he declared to be in direct opposition to the rights of the civil power. He expressed his thanks to the ministry for having refused to deprive him of his chair.

We hear from Rome that the library of the Vatican is to receive the valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts made by the late Monsignor Molsa—Laureani's successor.

Two curious instances of the favor that Literature and Art are to receive from the Ultra-montane party on the continent of Europe, have recently occurred. From Paris we learn that a relative of Mr. Gladstone has been excluded from a *cercle*, or club, in that city by the priestly party, because his uncle, the member for Oxford, had the courage to denounce the senseless tyranny of the Neapolitan government! The other instance amounts to the grotesque. It is the case of a young Roman artist, who is banished from Rome for the crime of being called Giovanni Mazzini! The very name of the late Triumvir—it would seem—is about to be proscribed in the Roman States, as that of Macgregor was, in time gone by, in Scotland. To the question "What's in a name?" the Roman government gives a very significant and practica reply.

We learn from Münster, Westphalia, that some fresco paintings of the 13th century have been lately discovered in the church at Seremhorst, near that town, and that a curious specimen of painted glass has been found at Legenwinden. In the chief aisle of Patroklus Church, at Soest, Romanic frescos and statuettes of the 12th century have been discovered, and measures taken to remove from them the coatings of lime and plaster which the fanaticism or the ignorance of former years has heaped on them. It has also been discovered that the Nicolai Chapel, in Soest Cathedral, is entirely covered with very curious paintings of the 12th century.

On the 29th October, died at Brighton, Mr. WILLIAM WYON, a medal engraver of admirable skill, and probably more widely known by his works than any other living artist. Mr. Wyon was the engraver of the later coins of King George the Fourth, and of all the coins of William the Fourth and of her present Majesty. Mr. Wyon's medals include the recent war medals of the Peninsula, Trafalgar, Jellalabad, and Cabul—the civic medals of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Geological Society, the Geographical Society, the Bengal Asiatic Society, and indeed of almost every learned society, home and colonial. Mr. Wyon was in his 57th year. Much of his genius is inherited by his son Leonard—known by his medals of Wordsworth and others, and honorably distinguished in the recent awards at the Great Exhibition.

The London journals announce the decease of the Rev. J. Hobart Caunter. Eighteen years ago this gentleman's appearances in the world of ephemeral literature were frequent—and fairly successful. He was the author of "The Island Bride," a poem of some length, and editor of "The Oriental Annual." Besides these, Mr. Caunter produced translations, and one or two graver works on historical and Biblical subjects.

The foreign papers report the death of the Chevalier Lavy, Member of the Council of Mines in Sardinia, and of the Academy of Sciences in Turin—and described as being one of the most learned of Italian numismatists. He had created at great cost a Museum of Medals, which he presented to his country, and which bears his name.

The French papers report the death, at Moscow, of M. de Saint Priest—a member of the French Academy, formerly a Peer of France—and the author of several historical works.

Dr. PAUL ERMAN, the Nestor of Prussian *savans*, died recently at Berlin, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. In addition to innumerable articles on different subjects in scientific periodicals, he published important works on electricity, galvanism, magnetism, physiology, and optics.

The Continental papers report the death, at Jena, of Professor WOLFF.—Professor HUMBERT, of the Academy of Geneva, a distinguished Orientalist, and author of many learned works, is also reported to have died, on the 19th of last month.

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MR. POTTS MAKES HIS TOILET.

MR. POTTS'S NEW YEAR'S.

MR. T. PEMBERTON POTTS—thus he always wrote his name, though the "Family Record" which sets forth the genesis of the house of Potts, does not contain the sonorous tri syllable which follows the modest initial T., which is all that he ever acknowledges of his baptismal appellation of TIMOTHY—Mr. Potts had been in great tribulation all day, in the apprehension that hatter, or tailor, or bootmaker would fail to send home the articles of their craft in which he proposed to make a sensation in his to-morrow's "New-Year's Calls." But his apprehensions were groundless. For a wonder, all these artists kept their word; and the last installment arrived fully two hours before the Old Year had taken its place in the silent and irrevocable Past. As one by one came in the brilliant beaver, the exquisite paletot, the unimpeachable swallow-tail, the snowy vest, the delicate, pearl-gray "continuations," and the resplendent boots, which Cinderella might have assumed, had she lived in the days of "Bloomerism," Mr. Potts displayed them scientifically over a chair, and gazed upon the picture they presented, as fondly as painter ever gazed upon the canvas upon which he had flung his whole burning soul.

When Mr. Potts awoke on the following morning, he was half afraid to open his eyes, for fear that the whole should prove a dream, too blissful to be true. After he had mustered courage to look, and found it to be all real, he lay for a while in lazy rapture, feeding his eyes upon the picture, which seemed more beautiful by daylight than it had appeared by the midnight camphene, of the preceding night.

Having performed the initial rites of the toilet, Mr. Potts attempted to assume the admired boots; but found to his cost that the disciple of St. Crispin had too literally obeyed his injunctions to give him a "snug fit." In vain he tugged and pulled, excoriating his fingers against the unyielding straps—his dressing apparatus did not comprise a pair of boot-hooks—his foot would no more *in* than Lady Macbeth's blood-fleck would *out*. At last, by dispensing with his "lambs-wools," diligently lubricating the leather, and introducing a handkerchief into one strap, and a towel into the other, so as to gain a firmer hold, he succeeded in insinuating his naked feet into their places. "It is the first step that costs," says the French proverb, and Mr. Potts's first step in his new boots cost him an agonizing thrill in his toes, which threatened to put a veto upon his hopes of wearing them that day. Having fully arrayed himself, Mr. Potts mounted a chair, so as to bring the lower part of his figure within the range of his somewhat diminutive dressing-glass, and finding that the image which met his view fully equaled his anticipations, he bestowed upon it a farewell smile of approbation, and set off upon his rounds.



MR. POTTS SUFFERS—INEXPRESSIBLY.

He was soon at the door of the up-town mansion whither Mr. Briggs had retired from the "dry-salted," "roans," and "skivers" of the "Swamp," with a plum in his pocket, and one fair daughter whom Mr. Potts loved well if not wisely. Just as he was about to ascend the marble steps, an omnibus dashed by, and, to the infinite horror of the wearer, deposited several large mud-blotches upon the delicate pearl-gray inexpressibles, in which were encased the nether limbs of the unfortunate Mr. Potts. With a muttered malediction between his teeth, he rang the bell, and was ushered into the hall. As he had come somewhat early, with the hope of finding the fair Mary Briggs alone, in which case he determined to make more than a passing call, he was in the act of laying aside his paletot, when a shrill cry and a simultaneous pang, made him aware that the tail of a monstrous cat was crushed under his boot, while the claws of the agonized animal were firmly fixed in his leg. Mr. Potts could not at once free himself from the hold of the enraged beast, for his arms were pinioned behind him by his upper garment, of which he was disencumbering himself. This circumstance nowise tended to restore his mental equilibrium, which had been disturbed by the previous occurrences.



MR. POTTS IS DISCOMPOSED.

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MR. POTTS FINDS HIMSELF IN THE WRONG APARTMENT

Bewildered and confused, instead of passing through the door of the drawing-room, which was held open for him by the sable attendant, Mr. Potts rushed up the broad staircase, and burst into the first door he saw. Here he encountered a spectacle which sent the perspiration to his forehead faster than the most vigorous application of his handkerchief could remove it. He found himself in the presence of a matronly dame, robed in the loosest possible of dressing-gowns, her hair hanging down her neck, while a heap of articles which had fallen from her lap as she hastily rose, and lay at her feet, showed that, mindful of the economics of her "below Bleecker-street" days, the stately Mrs. Briggs had been engaged in repairing certain portions of her husband's wardrobe. A rustling sound, which met his ears, though at first he could not tell whence it came, was explained, when the eyes of Mr. Potts fell upon a glass so placed as to reflect objects behind a screen. There he saw the rubicund visage of the worthy ex-leather-dealer peeping out from the folds of a cloak, which hung against the wall, while the portion of his figure appearing below its bottom, showed that he was in a state as remote as could well be conceived from full dress.

Had Mr. Potts been writing his own biography, the next few minutes must have been a blank, so far as any definite reminiscences on his own part were concerned. He has a dim recollection of stammering out something about "mistaking the room," the "industry of Penelope," and "begging pardon;" then he remembers somebody, he hardly knows whether himself or not, rushing down-stairs, and passing through a door held open before him. Then he said, or heard somebody say something about "compliments of the season," "many returns," "fine day," "the gentlemen are favored," "make many calls?" At last, when he fully came to himself, he found that he was sitting in a drawing-room, his hat between his knees, and a cup of coffee in his hand. Near him was a table upon which, instead of a vulgar eating-house display of all the "delicacies of the season," was simply a massive coffee-urn, and two or three articles of plate. Before the table stood a lovely figure dressed in the purest white, her countenance lit up with the most enchanting smile in the world.

Mr. Potts found himself in the very situation in which he had hoped to be. He had been the first to make his appearance that morning, and he thought himself sure of a long *tête-à-tête* with the fair Mary Briggs. In anticipation of this he had conned over in his own mind a variety of brilliant remarks, with which he purposed to enliven the conversation, and which he fully intended should impress upon her mind the conviction that he was an extremely agreeable young man. But things never turn out in such cases precisely as one has arranged them. The gentleman himself was not over-gifted with extempore conversational powers, and the adventures of the morning had not tended to remedy the deficiency. He quite forgot the criticisms which—*à propos* of the Opera—he had intended to make upon Truffi and Parodi, Benedetti and Beneventano, for the getting-up of which he had almost learned by heart the cant of the musical critics. Even his raptures about Jenny Lind came coldly off. But the liveliness of the lady made amends for his deficiencies; the more silent and embarrassed he became, the more brilliant and charming she grew, and the more earnestly

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were his eyes fixed upon the charming countenance that beamed down upon him.

"How she did talk!" said Mr. Potts to us, one day, not long after the occurrence. He had invited us to dine with him at Delmonico's, when he would tell us how we could "do him a great favor—that's a good fellow." As we were sure of a good dinner and a capital Regalia afterward; and knew, moreover, that Mr. Potts never wanted to borrow money, we of course accepted the invitation. He wanted us to go and "put things right with old Briggs about that confounded New Year's scrape," and so unburdened his whole soul to us.—"How she did talk!" said Mr. Potts; "she knows every thing! Had I heard this Opera, and that? and didn't I admire this passage and that? and then she would go off into her Italian lingo, which I couldn't understand a word of. I didn't know she understood Italian. However, I'm glad I found it out—I know what to make of that handsome, dark-complexioned fellow, with black eyes and hair, and such a mustache, that I used to see coming out of old Briggs's every day or two—he was her Italian teacher. And then about Jenny Lind, and there was more Italian, and I don't know what. And then had I visited the Dusseldorff Gallery? and wasn't I in love with those little Fairies? and didn't the tears start to my eyes when I saw the Silesian Weavers? and what did I think of the Nativity? and did I ever see any thing so comical as the Student? and wasn't the Wine-Tasters admirable? and wasn't it wonderful that a man could put so much soul upon a bit of canvas, not larger than one's nail, with no materials except a few red, and yellow, and blue, and brown colors, and a few bristles fastened into the end of a stick? and—" But we forbear: Mr. Potts's confidences are sacred. We inferred, from his embarrassment and her volubility, that he was in love, and she wasn't—with him.



MR. POTTS ENCHANTED.



MR. POTTS ASSUMES A STRIKING ATTITUDE.



A SENSATION.

Mr. Potts gazed up into her face with his heart in his mouth:—it had been better for him, just then to have had his coffee there. A scalding sensation made him look down, when to his horror he found that he had been quietly emptying his cup into his hat, and had finished by depositing the last of its scalding contents upon his knees. He gave a start of agony and horror, when the treacherous chair, upon the edge of which he had been perched, slid out from under him, and he found himself seated upon the floor. The fragile china, which he held in his hand, was shattered into a score of fragments, while his hat, in falling, came in contact with the lady, who was standing before him, and bestowed its contents in the most liberal manner upon her snowy dress.

Mary Briggs was as sweet a girl as the city held on that New Year's Day, but even she could not prevent a look, half of vexation, and half of amusement, from passing over her countenance. The frown was but transient, and soon passed off into an expression of sympathy for the condition of the luckless gentleman at her feet. Mr. Potts, however, did not perceive the change. With a sudden spring he made for the door of the room. Two strides more brought him to the street door, which the servant was just then closing behind a new visitor. He rushed through like a whirlwind, without noticing their astonished looks, and shut the door after him with a report like a thunder-clap.

He had taken only a single step from the threshold when he found himself suddenly detained by an irresistible power, while at the same instant a sudden darkness came over his vision, as though a black curtain had been drawn between his eyes and the world without. He leaned against the door for support, with a terrible apprehension that his overwrought nervous system had yielded to the shock, and that he had been struck with sudden paralysis and blindness. But finding, in the course of a few moments, that the weakness did not increase, he proceeded to investigate his situation. Seeing a faint glimmer of light, like the narrow line shining under the door of an illuminated apartment, he put his hand to his eyes, and found that the obscuration was caused by the hat, which had slipped down from his forehead, and was now resting on

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the tip of his nose. He took it off, and beheld the well-known broad-brim which was wont to cover the capacious head of Mr. Briggs, instead of his own resplendent beaver. Mr. Potts then proceeded to examine into the cause of his detention, and found that the skirt of his coat had caught in the door. The whole matter was now plain. In his exodus through the hall, he had snatched up the only hat he saw, forgetting that his own was lying in the drawing-room beside the broken china; his hasty flight had projected his skirts horizontally as he passed through the door, which had closed upon them. The shock occasioned by the sudden check upon his progress, had brought the hat, too large for his head, over his eyes. The whole extent of his misfortune dawned gradually upon him. The keen January air reminded him that he had left his upper garment in the hall, while his benumbed fingers admonished him that the primrose kids, which he had so carefully selected, were ornamental rather than useful. He hesitated whether he should ring to be released from his durance, and to recover the missing articles of his apparel; but a sound within warned him that the visitor whom he had met was just taking his departure; and he felt that he could not encounter him. With a desperate tug at his coat, he tore himself away, leaving a fragment of the skirt behind him, and rushed down the steps.



MR POTTS TEARS HIMSELF AWAY.

Mr. Potts was in no mood or condition to pursue his intended rounds. His only thought was how to bestow himself for the remainder of the day, till he could creep home unobserved, under cover of night. He made his way to one of the obscure streets running parallel with Broadway, down which he went till he reached Florence's. He rushed through the whole length of the long saloon, and took possession of the box most remote from the door. The waiter was astonished by the multiplicity and singular character of the orders which kept coming all that afternoon from No. 19, in which cigars and potables largely figured.

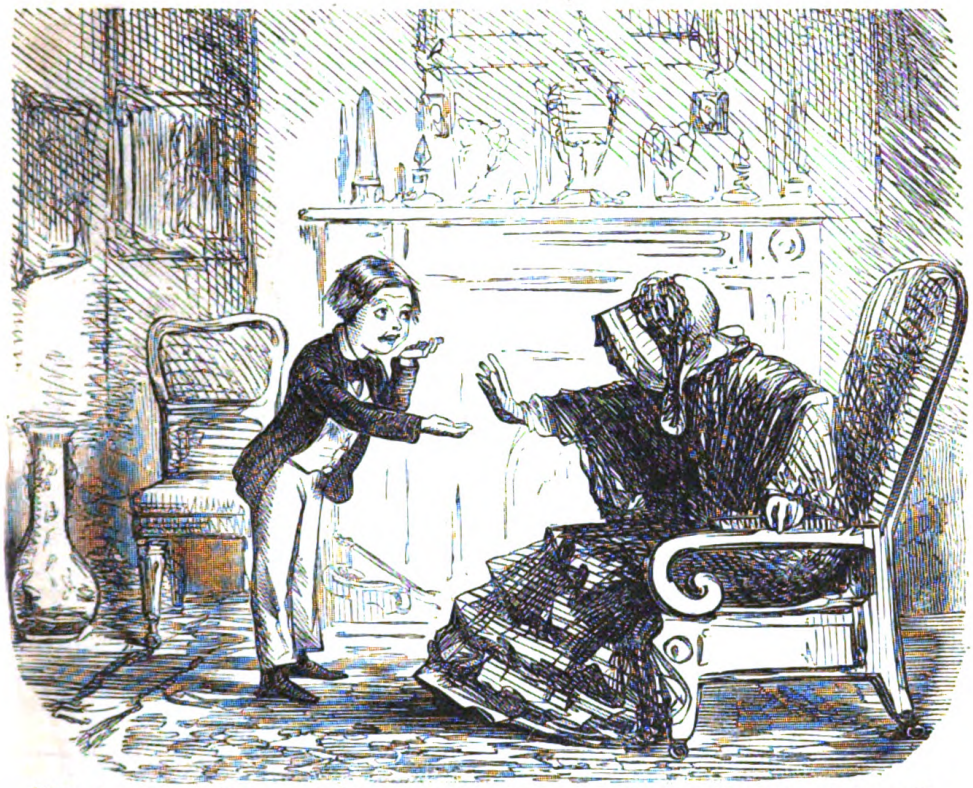
Toward ten o'clock, Mr. Potts might have been seen making his way down Broadway, with a peculiarly oscillating motion. He had just reached the corner of Murray-street, and was felicitating himself that the troubles of the day were over, when he found his progress checked by a strong hand fastened upon his collar. He looked up with a stupid stare, and was half sobered by the sight of Mr. Briggs, in his well-known fur-trimmed wrapper. That worthy gentleman's special hobby was Temperance, and he never failed to trot it out on all available occasions. Mr. Potts clearly furnished such an occasion. In vain he protested that he had drunk only a single glass "o' bran'y-'n-wa-r-r." Mr. Briggs had an infallible test of a man's sobriety: If he could say "*Nacional Intelligencer*," he was sober: if not, not. Mr. Potts's nearest approach to these sounds was, "*Na-s-nl'ntl-n'sr.*" From the fact of his present condition, Mr. Briggs leaped to the conclusion that his conduct in the morning was owing to the same cause, and proceeded to set forth the enormity and danger of such a course, to the great edification of a group who soon gathered around. After being kept for half an hour shivering in the cold, Mr. Potts was suffered to escape. He saw that he was under a cloud, and was at a loss what to do, till the lucky thought struck him, of securing our intervention to "set the matter straight with old Briggs:" whence our acquaintance with all the facts of the case, of which so many contradictory accounts have been circulated about town.



MR. POTTS RECEIVES A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE

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A Leaf from Punch.



"Now, then, Granny, I've eaten the Plums, and if you don't give me Sixpence, I'll swallow the Stones!"

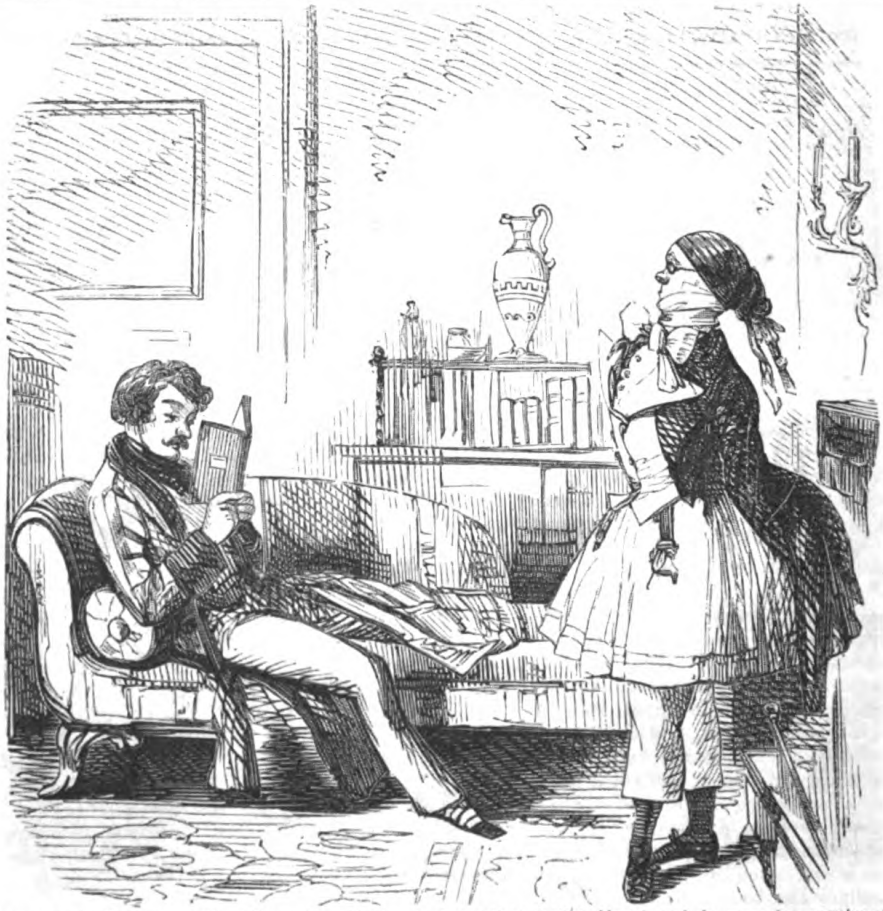


Mr. Booby delivering his Lecture in and upon the New Costume for Males.

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A "BLOOMER" (in *Leap Year*).—"Say! oh, say, Dearest, will you be mine!"



STRONG-MINDED "BLOOMER."—"Now, do, Alfred, put down that foolish Novel, and do something rational. Go and play something. You never practice, now you're married"

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Winter Fashions.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—HOME AND WALKING DRESSES.

SHORT cloaks and mantillas, with dark figured dresses, compose the most fashionable walking costume for this season. They are recommended for their elegance, comfort, and convenience.

Figure 1 represents a HOME or DINNER DRESS.—No cap, and hair arranged in puffed bands, ornamented with two tufts of taffeta ribbons, intermixed with a few small loops of No. 2 velvet; then, quite behind, these loops become longer; lastly, on each side hang long loose ends of taffeta ribbon, and others of velvet not so long. The dress is quite a new model; it is *à disposition;* that is to say, the designs are so arranged as to fall in certain parts of the dress. The material is very thick, dark silk, a sort of *lampas.* The top of the skirt is worked with very light, black designs, which do not reach quite up to the waist. The stripes are obtained in the stuff by imitations of velvet, which simulate the appearance of velvet ribbons of graduated widths. The black lace is also woven in the stuff, and imitates real lace very naturally. The body and sleeves are plain, except at the edge of the lapel and the sleeves, where some light designs are combined in the fabric in the same style as the lace in the skirt; the lapel and sleeves are trimmed with real black lace. Two large velvet rosettes ornament the body; and a similar one holds up each sleeve, just above the bend of the arm. These special patterns woven in the fabric may be replaced by the application of ornaments of velvet ribbon and real lace on the skirt.—Mittens of black silk embroidered: these mittens are indispensable with the sleeves now worn. They come up the arm and accompany the trimming of the pagodas; the flounces on the arm have an excellent effect. Between the black lace of the sleeve and the trimmings of the mitten, there is some white lace trimming, which gives an air of lightness to the whole.—There is another very pretty style of Dinner Costume. It consists of a jupe of pale buff satin, with deep volant, headed by a narrow rûche of the same; *loin de feu* of crimson velvet, low in the neck: the jacket being *à la Hongroie;* wide pagoda sleeves, finished by a

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very broad silk trimming, the jacket edged to correspond. A scarf of black lace is tied negligently round the neck, falling over the top of the corsage.

Figure 2 represents a WALKING COSTUME. Bonnet of satin velvet; the front satin, the crown velvet. The edge of the front is trimmed with two small satin *bouillonnés*; the *bouillonnés* of the band and crown are velvet.—Dress of black lampas, figured: the patterns form wreaths one over the other, with a large flower and pointed leaves detaching themselves through difference of shade in the worked figures on the plain ground.—Cloak, of black velvet. This cloak, very full, has a large flat collar, pointed in front, rounded behind. From the points hang very long black silk tassels, with broad ornaments over them. Behind, the cloak is continued in a round shape, but longer than in front. The fore parts lap over and drape one on the other; the right side clasps almost behind, on the left shoulder, under the collar; from this place hangs a long tassel, as well as at the bottom of the side that laps over. All around the edge of the cloak and collar is silk galloon, from three to four inches wide, sewed on flat; each side of this galloon is satined for about half an inch in width, and the middle is worked dead. The edge is finished off with a narrow fringe, little more than half an inch wide. In the draped part, when the arm is raised, the lining is seen; its color contrasts with the stuff.



FIG. 3.—WALKING COSTUME.

Figure 3 represents a full winter costume, for a pleasant day, when furs are not indispensable. Bonnet, satin and blond. The brim is transparent, of white blond, gathered; it comes forward on the forehead, and opens off at the sides; the crown is rather square; it is made of white satin, gathered so as to form a shell without stiffness. The sides of the crown are composed of two small puffed rolls and a large *bouillonné*, all of white satin. The top of the crown is covered with a piece of blond which comes down and forms the curtain. Three white feathers at the side; the bottom one comes forward against the cheek, and covers the edge of the brim with its curls. The cheeks are trimmed with tufts of blue primroses. The strings are No. 22; they are edged with dead stripes crossed with small bars. Dress of black velvet. Winter mantelet of black velvet and blue satin, lined with blue satin, and trimmed with blue loose fringe, mixed with ends of black twisted *chenille*. This mantelet, round behind, has the stole shape in front; it is composed of bands of black velvet, from three to four inches wide, and bands of blue satin. Both velvet and satin are drawn in the middle and gathered like a bonnet; nothing can be rounder, softer, more luxuriously warm than this garment. The fringes at the edge are about seven inches deep where the arm comes, and deepen gradually toward the back, where they are ten inches deep



FIGS. 4 AND 5.—HOOD AND HEAD-DRESS.

Figure 4 represents the hood of a new and graceful mantle for promenading in the open air, for a short distance. The appearance of the hood is very graceful. When the mantle is worn in walking in private grounds, or going to a place of amusement, the hair can be arranged in any style, without danger of being disturbed, or with a bonnet. A mantle of blue silk, the hood and body trimmed with deep black lace, headed with a *ruché* of silk, is a pretty style. The bottom edge of the hood, and the part which draws over the head, should be thus trimmed, the latter having a fulling of lace.

Figure 5 shows a portion of a very chaste costume for a young married lady. Hair ornamented with broad velvet ribbons rolled in the torsade and with ends floating at each side. Plain silk dress with the body very open in front, and the trimming composed of a worked band, four inches wide, sewed flat on another of eight or ten inches broad; this trimming, which is not gathered, forms a kind of double *berthe*, and gets less toward the bottom so as to round off gracefully, and not mark the waist too decidedly. Three bows of black velvet decorate the front of the body. The sleeves are short, and have two rows of gathered trimming; the skirt which is very ample, is smooth at top, and trimmed below with six figured flounces, a small one over a larger one, three times its width. When this figured stuff is not at hand, it may be replaced by embroidery or a simple festoon. The figures are worked in white. The habit shirt is made of silk-net, is high and square in front, where it is finished off with two rows of lace standing up. The body is rich open-work insertions and small plaits. The under-sleeves have a silk-net *bouillon*, with handsome lace raised in front, by a black velvet bow.

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PUBLIC LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN entered upon his career as a public man when very near the middle of the active portion of his life. His history, therefore, naturally divides itself into two equal portions, each entirely distinct from the other. Until the age of about thirty-five he was simply a Philadelphia mechanic, discharging his duties, however, in that capacity so gracefully and with such brilliant success, as to invest industry, and frugality, and all the other plain and unpretending virtues of humble life with a sort of poetic charm which has been the means of commending them in the most effectual manner, to millions of his countrymen. At length, having accomplished in this field a work equal to the labor of any ordinary life-time, he was by a sudden shifting of the scene in the drama of his life, as it were, withdrawn from it, at once and entirely, and ushered into a wholly different sphere. During all the latter half of his life he was almost exclusively a public man. He was brought forward by a peculiar combination of circumstances into a most conspicuous position; a position, which not only made him the object of interest and attention to the whole civilized world, but which also invested him with a controlling power in respect to some of the most important events and transactions of modern times. Thus there lived, as it were, two Benjamin Franklins, Benjamin Franklin the honest Philadelphia printer, who quietly prosecuted his trade during the first part of the eighteenth century, setting an example of industry and thrift which was destined afterward to exert an influence over half the world—and Benjamin Franklin the great American statesman, who flourished in the last part of the same century, and occupied himself in building and securing the foundations of what will perhaps prove the greatest political power that any human combination has ever formed. It is this latter history which is to form the subject of the present article.

It is remarkable that the first functions which Franklin fulfilled in public life were of a military character. When he found that his thrift and prosperity as a citizen, and the integrity and good sense which were so conspicuous in his personal character, were giving him a great ascendency among his fellow men, he naturally began to take an interest in the welfare of the community; and when he first began to turn his attention in earnest to this subject, which was about the year 1743, there were two points which seemed to him to demand attention. One was, the want of a college in Philadelphia; the other, the necessity of some means of defense against foreign invasion. Spain had been for some time at war with England, and now France had joined with Spain in prosecuting the war. The English colonies in America were in imminent danger of being attacked by the French forces. The influence of the Friends was, however, predominant in the colonial legislature, and no vote could be obtained there for any military purposes; though the governor, and a very considerable part of the population, were extremely desirous that suitable preparations for defending the city should be made.

There was thus much diversity of sentiment in the public mind, and many conflicting opinions were expressed in private conversation; but every thing was unsettled, and no one could tell what it was best to undertake to do.

Under these circumstances Franklin wrote and published a pamphlet entitled Plain Truth, placing the defenseless condition of the colony in a strong light, and calling upon the people to take measures for averting the danger. This pamphlet produced a great sensation. A meeting of the citizens was convened. An enrollment of the citizens in voluntary companies was proposed and carried by acclamation. Papers were circulated and large numbers of signatures were

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obtained. The ladies prepared silken banners, embroidering them with suitable devices and



presented these banners to the companies that were formed. In a word, the whole city was filled with military enthusiasm. The number of men that were enrolled as the result of this movement was ten thousand.

Such a case as this is probably wholly without a parallel in the history of the world, when the legislative government of a state being held back by conscientious scruples from adopting military measures for the public defense in a case of imminent danger, the whole community rise voluntarily at the call of a private citizen, to organize and arm themselves under the executive power. There was, it is true, very much in the peculiar circumstances of the occasion to give efficiency to the measures which Franklin adopted, but there are very few men who, even in such circumstances, would have conceived of such a design, or could have accomplished it, if they had made the attempt.

The officers of the Philadelphia regiment, organized from these volunteers, chose Franklin their colonel. He however declined the appointment, considering himself, as he said, not qualified for it. They then appointed another man. Franklin, however, continued to be foremost in all the movements and plans for maturing and carrying into effect the military arrangements that were required.

Among other things, he conceived the idea of constructing a battery on the bank of the river below the town, to defend it from ships that might attempt to come up the river. To construct this battery, and to provide cannon for it, would require a considerable amount of money; and in order to raise the necessary funds, Franklin proposed a public lottery. He considered the emergency of the crisis, as it would seem, a sufficient justification for a resort to such a measure. The lottery was arranged, and the tickets offered for sale. They were taken very fast, for the whole community were deeply interested in the success of the enterprise. The money was thus raised and the battery was erected. The walls of it were made of logs framed together, the space between being filled with earth.

The great difficulty, however, was to obtain cannon for the armament of the battery. The associates succeeded at length in finding a few pieces of old ordnance in Boston which they could buy. These they procured and mounted in their places on the battery. They then sent to England to obtain more; and in the mean time Franklin was dispatched as a commissioner to New York, to attempt to borrow some cannon there, to be used until those which they expected to receive from England should arrive. His application was in the end successful, though the consent of Governor Clinton, to whom the application was made, was gained in a somewhat singular way. "At first," says Franklin, "he refused us peremptorily; but at dinner with his council, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, as the custom of the place then was, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend us *six*. After a few more bumpers he advanced to *ten;* and at length he very good-naturedly conceded *eighteen*."

The pieces thus borrowed were eighteen pounders, all in excellent order and well mounted on suitable carriages. They were soon transported to Philadelphia and set up in their places on the battery, where they remained while the war lasted. A company was organized to mount guard there by day and night. Franklin himself was



one of this guard, and he regularly performed his duty as a common soldier, in rotation with the rest. In fact, one secret of the great ascendency which he acquired at this time over all those who were in any way connected with him, was the unassuming and unpretending spirit which he manifested. He never sought to appropriate to himself the credit of what he did, but always voluntarily assumed his full share of all labors and sacrifices that were required.

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The members of the society of Friends were very numerous in Philadelphia at this time, and they held a controlling influence in the legislature. And inasmuch as the tenets of their society expressly forbade them to engage in war or warlike operations of any kind, no vote could be obtained in the legislature to provide for any military preparations. The Friends, however, were not disposed to insist so tenaciously upon their views as to be unwilling that others should act as they saw fit. It was even thought that many of them were willing to encourage and promote the measures which Franklin was pursuing for the defense of the province, so far as they could do so without directly violating their professed principles by acting personally in furtherance of them.

Various instances occurred of this tacit acquiescence on the part of the Friends in the defensive preparations which were going forward. It was proposed for example that the fire-company which has already been alluded to, should invest their surplus funds in lottery tickets, for the battery. The Friends would not *vote* for this measure, but a sufficient number of them absented themselves from the meeting to allow the others to carry it. In the legislature moreover, they would sometimes grant money "*for the king's use*," the tacit understanding being that the funds were to be employed for military purposes. At one time, before the question of appropriating the surplus funds of the fire company was disposed of, Franklin had an idea —which he proposed to one of his friends—of



introducing a resolution at a meeting of the company, for purchasing a *fire-engine* with the money. "And then," said he, "we will buy a *cannon* with it, for no one can deny that that is a *fire-engine*."

Soon after this Franklin went as a commissioner from the government, to make a treaty with a tribe of Indians at Carlisle, in the interior of Pensylvania. On the night after the treaty was concluded, a great uproar was heard in the Indian camp, just without the town. The commissioners went to see what was the matter They found that the Indians had made a great



bonfire in the middle of the square around which their tents were pitched, and that all the company, men and women, were around it, shouting, quarreling and fighting. The spectacle of their dark colored bodies, half naked, and seen only by the gloomy light of the fire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by the most unearthly yellings, presented a dreadful scene. The frenzy of the people was so great that there was no possibility of restraining it, and the commissioners were obliged to retire and leave the savages to themselves.

After this Franklin returned to Philadelphia and devoted his attention to a variety of plans for the improvement of the city, in all of which his characteristic ingenuity in devising means for the accomplishment of his plans, and his calm and quiet, but efficient energy in carrying them into effect, were as conspicuous as ever. One of the first enterprises in which he engaged was the founding of a hospital for the reception and cure of sick persons. The institution which he was the means of establishing has since become one of the most prominent and useful institutions of the country. He caused a petition to be prepared and presented to the Assembly, asking for a grant from the public funds in aid of this undertaking. The country members were at first opposed to the plan, thinking that it would mainly benefit the city. In order to di-

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minish this opposition, Franklin framed the petition so as not to ask for a direct and absolute grant of the money that was required, but caused a resolve to be drawn up granting the sum of two thousand pounds from the public treasury on condition that the same sum should previously be raised by private subscription. Many of the members were willing to vote for this, who would not have voted for an unconditional donation; and so the vote was passed without much opposition.

After this the private subscriptions went on very prosperously; for each person who was applied to considered the conditional promise of the Assembly as an additional motive to give, since every man's donation would be doubled by the public grant, if the required amount was made up. This consideration had so powerful an influence that the subscriptions soon exceeded the requisite sum. Thus the hospital was founded.

Franklin interested himself also in introducing plans for paving, sweeping and lighting the streets of the city. Before this time the streets had been kept in very bad condition. This was the case, in fact, at that period, in almost all cities—in those of Europe as well as those of America. In connection with this subject Franklin relates an incident that occurred when he was in London, which illustrates very strikingly both the condition of the cities in those days, and the peculiar traits of Franklin's character. It seems that he found one morning at the door of his lodgings a poor woman sweeping the pavement with a birch broom. She appeared very pale and feeble, as if just recovering from a fit of sickness. "I asked her," says Franklin, "who employed her to sweep there." "Nobody," said she, "but I am poor and in distress, and I sweeps before



gentlefolks' doors and hopes they will give me something."

Instead of driving the poor woman away, Franklin set her at work to sweep the whole street clean, saying that when she had done it he would pay her a shilling. She worked diligently all the morning upon the task which Franklin had assigned her, and at noon came for her shilling. This incident, trifling as it might seem, led Franklin to a long train of reflections and calculations in respect to the sweeping of the streets of cities, and to the formation of plans which were afterward adopted with much success.

In the year 1755, Franklin became connected with the famous expedition of General Braddock in the western part of Pennsylvania, which ended so disastrously. A new war had broken out between the French and the English, and the French, who had long held possession of Canada, and had gradually been extending their posts down into the valley of the Mississippi, at length took possession of the point of confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where Pittsburg now stands. Here they built a fort, which they called Fort Du Quesne. From this fort, as the English allege, the French organized bands of Indians from the tribes which lived in the neighborhood, and made predatory incursions into the English colonies, especially into Pennsylvania. The English government accordingly sent General Braddock at the head of a large force, with instructions to march through the woods, take the fort, and thus put an end to these incursions.

General Braddock landed with his troops at a port in Virginia, and thence marched into Maryland on his way to Pennsylvania. He soon found himself in very serious difficulty, however, from being unable to procure wagons for the transportation of the military stores and other baggage which it was necessary to take with the army in going through such a wilderness as lay between him and fort Du Quesne. He had sent all about the country to procure wagons, but few could be obtained.

In the mean time the Assembly at Philadelphia made arrangements for Franklin to go to Maryland to meet General Braddock on his way, and give him any aid which it might be in his power to render. They were the more inclined to do this from the fact that for some time there had been a good deal of disagreement and contention between the colony of Pennsylvania and the government in England, and they had heard that General Braddock was much prejudiced against the Assembly on that account. They accordingly dispatched Franklin as their agent, to proceed to the camp and assure General Braddock of the desire of the Assembly to co-operate with him by every means in their power.

Franklin found when he reached the camp, that the general was in great trouble and perplexity for want of wagons, and he immediately undertook to procure them for him. He accordingly took a commission from the general for this purpose, and went at once to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and there issued circulars which he sent to all the farmers in the country, inviting

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them to bring their wagons to Lancaster, and offering them advantageous terms for the hire of them. These measures were perfectly successful. The wagons came in, in great numbers, and an abundant supply was speedily obtained. This success was owing partly to Franklin's sagacity in knowing exactly where to send for wagons, and what sort of inducements to offer to the farmers to make them willing to bring them out, and partly to the universal respect and confidence that was felt toward him personally, which led the farmers to come forward readily at *his* call and on *his* promise, when they would have been suspicious and distrustful of any offers which Braddock could have made them through any of the English officers under his command. A train of one hundred and fifty wagons, and two hundred and fifty carrying horses were very soon on their way to the camp.



Encouraged by the success of these measures, Franklin conceived of another plan to promote the comfort and welfare of Braddock's army. He procured a grant of money from the Assembly to be applied to purchasing stores for the subaltern officers, who, as he had learned, were very scantily supplied with the articles necessary for their comfort. With this money he purchased a supply of such commodities as he judged would be most useful in camp, such as coffee, tea, sugar, biscuit, butter, cheese, hams, &c., and dividing these stores into parcels, so as to make one for each officer in the army, he placed the parcels upon as many horses, and sent them to the camp. The supply intended for each officer



made a load for one horse.

Notwithstanding all these efforts, however, to promote the success of Braddock's expedition, it was destined, as is well known, to come to a very disastrous end. Braddock allowed himself to fall into an ambuscade. Here he was attacked by the Indians with terrible fury. The men stood their ground as long as possible, but finally were seized with a panic and fled in all directions. The wagoners—men who had come from the Philadelphia farms in charge of the wagons that had been furnished in answer to Franklin's call—in making their escape, took each a horse out of his team, and galloped away, and thus the wagons themselves and all the provisions, ammunition, and military stores of every kind, fell into the hands of the enemy. Braddock himself was wounded, nearly half of the troops were killed, and the whole object of the expedition was completely frustrated. The wounded general was conveyed back about forty miles to the rear, and there, a few days afterward, he died.

Of course a feeling of great alarm was awakened throughout Pennsylvania as the tidings of this disaster were spread abroad. Every one was convinced that some efficient measures must at once be adopted to defend the country from the incursions of the French and Indians on the frontier. There was, however, a very serious difficulty in the way of taking such measures.

This difficulty was, an obstinate quarrel which had existed for a long time between the governor and the Assembly. The governor was appointed in England, and he represented the views and the interests of the English proprietors of the colony. The Assembly were elected by the people of the colony, and of course represented their interests and views. Now the proprietors had instructed the governor to insist that *their* property should not be subject to taxation; and to refuse his assent to all bills for raising money unless the property of the proprietors should be exempted. On the other hand the colonists maintained that the land belonging to the proprietors was as justly subject to taxation as any other property; and they refused to pass any bills for raising money unless the property of the proprietors was included. Thus nothing could be done.

This dispute had already been long protracted and both parties had become somewhat obstinate in their determination to maintain the ground which they had respectively taken. Even now

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when the country was in this imminent danger, it was some time before either side would yield, while each charged upon the other the responsibility of refusing to provide the means for the defense of the country.

At length, however, a sort of compromise was made. The proprietors offered to contribute a certain sum toward the public defense, and the Assembly consented to receive the contribution in lieu of a tax, and passed a law for raising money, exempting the proprietors' land from being taxed. The sum of sixty thousand pounds was thus raised, and Franklin was appointed one of the commissioners for disposing of the money.

A law was also enacted for organizing and arming a volunteer militia; and while the companies were forming, the governor persuaded Franklin to take command of the force, and proceed at the head of it to the frontier. Franklin was reluctant to undertake this military business, as his whole life had been devoted to entirely different pursuits. He, however, accepted the appointment, and undertook the defense of the frontier.

There was a settlement of Moravians about fifty or sixty miles from Philadelphia, at Bethlehem, which was then upon the frontier. Bethlehem was the principal settlement of the Moravians, but they had several villages besides. One of these villages, named Gnadenhütten, had just been destroyed by the Indians, and the whole settlement was in great alarm. Franklin proceeded to Bethlehem with his force, and having made such arrangements and preparations as seemed necessary there, he obtained some wagons for his stores, and set off on a march to Gnadenhütten. His object was to erect a fort and establish a garrison there.

It was in the dead of winter, and before the column had proceeded many miles a violent storm



of rain came on, but there were no habitations along the road, and no places of shelter; so the party were obliged to proceed. They went on toiling heavily through the mud and snow.

They were of course in constant danger of an attack from the Indians, and were the more apprehensive of this from the fact that on such a march they were necessarily in a very defenseless condition. Besides, the rain fell so continually and so abundantly that the men could not keep the locks of their muskets dry. They went on, however, in this way for many hours, but at last they came to the house of a solitary German settler, and here they determined to stop for the night. The whole troop crowded into the house and into the barn, where they lay that night huddled together, and "as wet," Franklin says, "as water could make them." The next day, however, was fair, and they proceeded on their march in a somewhat more comfortable manner.

They arrived at length at Gnadenhütten, where a most melancholy spectacle awaited them. The village was in ruins. The country people of the neighborhood had attempted to give the bodies of the murdered inhabitants a hurried burial; but they had only half performed their work, and the first duty which devolved on Franklin's soldiers was to complete the interment in a proper manner. The next thing to be thought of was to provide some sort of shelter for the soldiers; for they had no tents, and all the houses had been destroyed.

There was a mill near by, around which were several piles of pine boards which the Indians had not destroyed. Franklin set his troops at work to make huts of these boards, and thus in a short time his whole army was comfortably sheltered. All this was done on the day and evening of their arrival, and on the following morning the whole force was employed in commencing operations upon the fort.

The fort was to be built of palisades, and it was marked out of such a size that the circumference was four hundred and fifty-five feet. This would require four hundred and fifty-five palisades; for the palisades were to be formed of logs, of a foot in diameter upon an average, and eighteen feet long. The palisades were to be obtained from the trees in the neighborhood, and these trees were so tall that each tree would make three palisades. The men had seventy axes in all, and the most skillful and able woodmen in the company were immediately set at work to fell the trees. Franklin says that he was surprised to observe how fast these axmen would cut the trees down; and at length he had the curiosity to look at his watch when two men began to cut at a pine. They brought it down in six minutes; and on measuring it, where they had cut it off, Franklin found the diameter of the tree to be fourteen inches.

While the woodmen were cutting the palisades a large number of other laborers were employed in digging a trench all around the circumference

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of the fort to receive them. This trench was made about three feet deep, and wide enough to receive the large ends of the palisades. As fast as the palisades were cut they were brought to the spot, by means of the wagon wheels which had been separated from the wagon bodies for this purpose. The palisades were set up, close together, in the trench, and the earth was rammed in around them; thus the inclosure of the fort was soon completed.

A platform was then built all around on the inside, for the men to stand upon to fire through the loop holes which were left in the palisades above. There was one swivel gun, which the men had brought with them in one of the wagons. This gun they mounted in one corner of the fort, and as soon as they had mounted it they fired it, in order, as Franklin said, to let the Indians know, if any were within hearing, that they had such artillery.

There *were* Indians within hearing it seems; several bands were lurking in the neighborhood, secretly watching the movements of Franklin's command. This was found to be the case a short time after the fort was completed, for when Franklin found his army securely posted he sent out a party of scouts to explore the surrounding country to see if any traces of Indians could be found. These men saw no Indians, but they found certain places on the neighboring hills where it was evident that Indians had been lurking to watch the proceedings of the soldiers in building the fort. Franklin's men were much struck with the ingenious contrivance which the Indians had resorted to, in order to escape being observed while thus watching. As it was in the depth of the winter it was absolutely necessary for them to have a fire, and without some special precaution a fire would have betrayed them, by the light which it would emit at night, or the smoke which would rise from it by day. To avoid this, the Indians, they found, had dug holes in the ground, and made their fires in the bottoms of the holes, using charcoal only for fuel, for this would emit no smoke. They obtained the charcoal from the embers, and brands, and burnt ends of logs, which they found in the woods near by. The soldiers found by the marks on the grass around these holes that the Indians had been accustomed to sit around them upon the edges, with their feet below, near the fire.

The building and arming of such a fort, and the other military arrangements which Franklin made on the frontier produced such an impression upon the Indians that they gradually withdrew, leaving that part of the country in a tolerably secure condition. Soon after this Franklin was summoned by the governor to return to Philadelphia, as his presence and counsel were required there. He found on his arrival that he had acquired great fame by the success of his military operations. In fact quite a distinguished honor was paid to him, soon after this time, on the occasion of his going to Virginia on some public business. The officers of the regiment resolved to escort him out of the town, on the morning when he was to commence his journey. He knew nothing of this project until just as he was coming forth, when he found the officers at the door, all mounted and dressed in their uniforms. Franklin says that he was a good deal chagrined at their appearing, as he could not avoid their accompanying him, though if he had known it beforehand he should have prevented it.



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While Franklin was thus acquiring some considerable military renown in America, he was becoming quite celebrated as a philosopher on the continent of Europe. It seems that some years before, the library society of Philadelphia had received some articles of electrical apparatus from England, and Franklin had performed certain experiments with them which led him to believe, what had not been known before, that lightning was an electrical phenomenon. He wrote some account of his experiments, and of the views which they had led him to entertain, and sent it to the person from whom the library society had received the apparatus. These papers attracted much attention, and were at length laid before the Royal Society of London, and soon afterward published in the transactions of the Society. In this form they were seen by a distinguished



French philosopher, the Count de Buffon, who caused them to be be translated into the French language and published at Paris. By this means the attention of the whole scientific world was called to Franklin's speculations, and as the correctness of his views was fully established by subsequent investigations and experiments, he acquired great renown. He was elected a member of the various scientific societies, and the Royal Society of London sent him a magnificent gold medal.

This medal was brought to America to be delivered to Franklin by a new Governor, Captain Denny, who was about this time appointed over the colony of Pennsylvania. The course of public business had often brought Franklin and the former governor into conflict with each other; for the governor, as has already been said, represented the interests of the English proprietors of the colony, while Franklin espoused very warmly the cause of the people. The governor often sent messages and addresses to the Assembly censuring them for the course of proceeding which they had followed in reference to taxing the proprietors' lands, and the Assembly often appointed Franklin to draw up suitable replies. The new governor seems to have been pleased with having the medal intrusted to his charge, as he intended in commencing his administration, to do all in his power to propitiate Franklin, so as to secure the great influence which the philosopher had now begun to wield in the province, in his favor.

When Governor Denny arrived at Philadelphia and entered upon the duties of his office, he determined on giving a great entertainment to the people of Philadelphia, and to take that occasion for presenting Franklin with his medal. This he accordingly did; and he accompanied the presentation with an appropriate speech, in which he complimented Franklin in a very handsome manner for his scientific attainments, and spoke in flattering terms of the renown which he was acquiring in Europe. After the dinner, he took Franklin aside into a small room, leaving the general company still at the table, and entered into conversation with him in respect to the affairs of the province and the contemplated measures of his administration. He had been advised, he said, by his friends in England, to cultivate a good understanding with Franklin, as a man capable of giving him the best advice, and of contributing most effectually to making his administration easy. He said a great deal about the friendly feeling toward the colony which was entertained by the proprietors, and about the advantage which it would be to all concerned, and to Franklin in particular, if the opposition which had been made to the proprietor's views should be discontinued, and harmony restored between them and the people of the colony.

During all this time while the governor was plying his guest with these flatteries and promises, he was offering him wine and drinking his

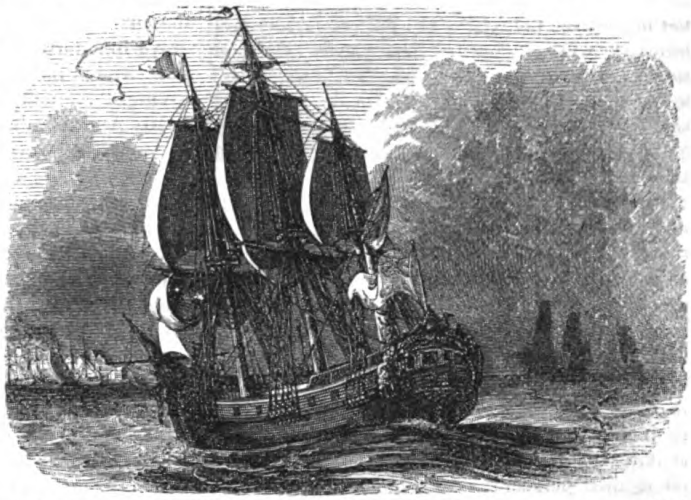


health; for the people at the dinner table, when they found that the governor did not re-

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turn, sent a decanter of Madeira and some glasses into the room where he and Franklin were sitting. All these civilities and blandishments, however, on the part of the governor seem to have been thrown away. Franklin replied with politeness, but yet in such a manner as to evince a full determination to adhere faithfully to the cause of the colonists, in case any farther encroachments on their rights should be attempted.

In fact the breach between the people of the colony and the proprietors in England soon began to grow wider, under the administration of the new governor, than they had ever been before, until at length it was decided to send Franklin to England to lay a remonstrance and petition against the proceedings of the proprietors, before the king. Franklin accordingly took passage on board of a packet which was to sail from New York.



A great many embarrassments and delays, however, supervened before he finally set sail. In the first place, he was detained by certain negotiations which were entered into between Governors Loudoun of New York, and Denny of Philadelphia on the one part, and the Philadelphia Assembly on the other, in a vain attempt to compromise the difficulty, until the packet in which he had taken passage had sailed, carrying with her all the stores which he had laid in for the voyage. Next, he found himself detained week after week in New York by the dilatoriness and perpetual procrastination of Governor Loudoun, who kept back the packets as they came in, one after another, in order to get his dispatches prepared. He was always busy writing letters and dispatches, but they seemed never to be ready; so that it was said of him by some wags that he was like the figure of St. George upon the tavern signs, "who though always on horseback never rides on."



After being detained in this way several weeks, it was announced that the packets were about to sail, and the passengers were all ordered to go on board. The packets proceeded to Sandy Hook, and there anchored to wait for the governor's final dispatches. Here they were kept waiting day after day for about six weeks, so that at last the passengers' stores were consumed, and they had to obtain a fresh supply; and one of the vessels became so foul with the incrustation of shells and barnacles upon her hull, that she required to be taken into dock and cleaned. At length, however, the fleet sailed, and Franklin, after various adventures, arrived safely one foggy morning at Falmouth in England.

The vessel narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Scilly Islands as they were approaching the town of Falmouth. Although the wind was not violent, the weather was very thick and hazy, and there was a treacherous current drifting them toward the rocks as they attempted to pass by the island and gain the shore. There was a watchman stationed at the bow, whose duty it was to keep a vigilant look-out. This watchman was called to from time to time by an officer on the deck, "Look out well before there," and he as often answered "Ay, ay;" but he neglected his duty, notwithstanding, being probably half asleep at his station; for suddenly all on deck were alarmed by an outcry, and looking forward they saw the light-house which stood upon the rocks, looming up close before them. The ship was immediately brought round by a kind of manœuvre considered very dangerous in such circumstances, but it was successful in this case, and thus they escaped the impending danger. The passengers were all aware of the peril they were in, and many of them were exceedingly alarmed. In fact, the shipmaster and the seamen considered it a very narrow escape. If the ship had gone upon the rocks, the whole company would probably have perished.

It was Sunday morning and the bells were ringing for church when the passengers landed. Franklin with the others went to church immediately, with hearts full of gratitude to God, as he says, for the deliverance which they had experienced. He then went to his inn and wrote

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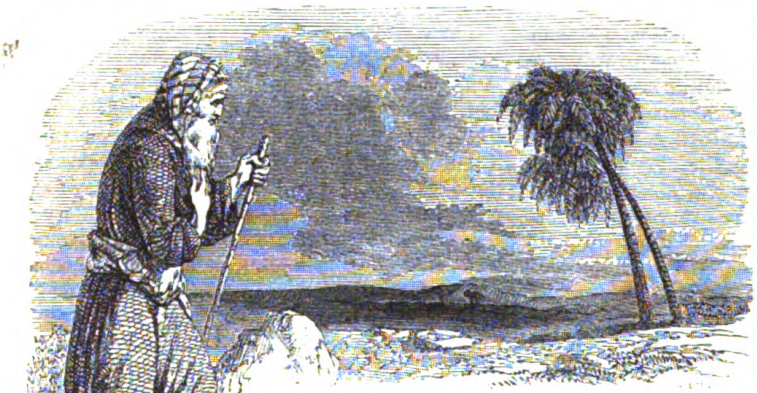
a letter to his family giving them an account of his voyage.



A few days after this he went up to London, and began to devote himself to the business of his agency.

He found, however, that he made very slow progress in accomplishing his object, for the ministry were so much engaged with other affairs, that for a long time he could not obtain a hearing. He however was not idle. He wrote pamphlets and articles in the newspapers; and every thing that he wrote was of so original a character, and so apposite, and was moreover expressed with so much terseness and point, that it attracted great attention and acquired great influence.

In fact, Franklin was distinguished all his life for the genius and originality which he displayed in expressing any sentiments which he wished to inculcate upon mankind. One of the most striking examples of this is the celebrated Parable against persecution of which he is generally considered the author; it is as follows:



AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold, a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

This parable, the idea of which Franklin probably obtained from some ancient Persian books he wrote out and committed to memory, and he used to amuse himself sometimes by opening the Bible, and repeating the parable as if he were reading it from that book; and he found, he said, that very few auditors were sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the sacred volume to suspect the deception.

He often expressed the sentiments which he wished to inculcate, in some unusual and striking form, as in this instance. His conversation assumed somewhat the same character, so that wherever he was, his sayings and doings always attracted great attention.

In respect to this parable on persecution, although it is generally considered as the production of Franklin, it was never really claimed as such by him. In fact, Franklin himself did not publish it. It was published without his knowledge, by a friend of his in Scotland, the celebrated Lord Kames, who inserted it in a volume of his writings, saying it was "furnished to him" by Franklin. Lord Kames resided in Scotland, and Franklin became acquainted with him during a visit which he made to that country in the summer of 1759. Lord Kames became very greatly interested in Franklin's character, and a warm friendship and constant correspondence was kept up between the two philosophers for many years, as long, in fact, as Lord Kames lived; for Franklin was the survivor.

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Franklin's residence while he was in London was in Craven-street, near the Strand, at the house of a Mrs. Stevenson. This house is still commemorated in the London Guide Books, among other places of historical interest in the metropolis, on account of its having been the home of the distinguished philosopher so long. Franklin lived on very friendly terms with Mrs. Stevenson and her family, while he remained in her house, and he interested himself in the studies and instruction of her daughter. At the same time he kept up a constant and familiar correspondence with his wife and family at home. One of his sons was with him during his residence in England having accompanied him when he came over. His friends were very desirous that he should send for his wife to come to England too, and more especially his daughter Sally, who was a very attractive and agreeable young lady, just arrived to years of womanhood. One of Franklin's most intimate friends, Mr. Strahan, a member of Parliament, wrote to Mrs. Franklin very urgently requesting her to come to England with her daughter. Franklin himself, however, seems not to have seconded this proposition very strongly. He knew, in the first place, that his wife had an irresistible repugnance to undertaking a sea voyage, and then he was continually hoping that the long and weary negotiations in which he was engaged would be brought soon to an end, so that he could return himself to his native land.



At length, after an infinite variety of difficulties and delays, the object for which Franklin had been sent to England was in the main accomplished. It was decided that the lands of the proprietors should be taxed as well as the property of the colonists. There were several other measures which he had been desirous of securing, which he found then impracticable. Still his object in the main was accomplished, and the Assembly were well satisfied with what he had done. He accordingly concluded to return to America.

He left England about the end of August, in 1762, in company with ten sail of merchant ships under convoy of a man-of-war. They touched at Madeira on the passage, where they were very kindly received by the inhabitants, and Franklin was very much interested in the observations which he made on the island and its productions. After remaining on the island for a few days, and furnishing the ships with provisions and refreshments of all kinds, the ships sailed again. They proceeded southward until they reached the trade winds, and then westward toward the coast of America. All this time the weather was so favorable, and the water was so smooth, that there were very few days when the passengers could

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not visit from ship to ship, dining with each other on board the different vessels, which made the time pass very agreeably; "much more so," as Franklin said, "than when one goes in a single ship, as this was like traveling in a moving village with all one's neighbors about one."

He arrived at home on the 1st of November, after an absence of between five and six years. He found his wife and daughter well—the latter, as he says, grown to quite a woman, and with many amiable accomplishments, acquired during his absence. He was received too with great distinction by the public authorities and by the people of Philadelphia. The Assembly voted him twelve thousand pounds for his services, and also passed a vote of thanks, to be presented to him in public by the Speaker. His friends came in great numbers to see him and congratulate him on his safe return, so that his house for many days was filled with them. Besides these public and private honors bestowed upon himself, Franklin experienced an additional satisfaction also at this time on account of the distinction to which his son was attaining. His son had been appointed Governor of New Jersey just before his father left England, and he remained behind when his father sailed, in order to be married to a very agreeable West India lady to whom he had proposed himself, with his father's consent and approbation. The young governor and his bride arrived in Philadelphia a few months after Franklin himself came home. Franklin accompanied his son to New Jersey, where he had the pleasure of seeing him warmly welcomed by people of all ranks, and then left him happily established in his government there.

Soon after this Franklin, who still held the office of postmaster for the colonies, turned his attention to the condition of the post-office, and concluded to make a tour of inspection with reference to this business in all the colonies north of Philadelphia. He took his daughter with him on this journey, although it was likely to be a



very long and fatiguing one. He traveled in a wagon, accompanied by a saddle horse. His daughter rode on this horse for a considerable part of the journey. At the beginning of it she rode on the horse only occasionally; but, as she became accustomed to the exercise, she found it more and more agreeable, and on the journey home she traveled in this manner nearly all the way from Rhode Island to Philadelphia.

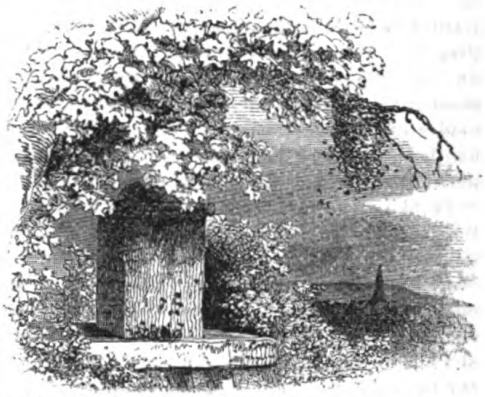
Not long after this time new Indian difficulties occurred on the frontiers, which called for the raising of a new military force to suppress them. A law was accordingly proposed in the Assembly for providing the necessary funds for this purpose by a tax. And now it was found that the question which Franklin had been sent to Europe to arrange, namely, the question of taxing the proprietary lands had not, after all, been so definitely settled as was supposed. The language of the law was this: "The uncultivated lands of the proprietaries shall not be assessed higher than the lowest rate at which any uncultivated lands belonging to the inhabitants shall be assessed;" and on attempting to determine the practical application of this language, it was found to be susceptible of two interpretations. The Assembly understood it to mean that the land of the proprietaries should not be taxed higher than that of any of the inhabitants, *of the same quality*. Whereas the governor insisted that the meaning must be that none of the proprietaries' land should be taxed any higher than the lowest and poorest belonging to any of the inhabitants. The language of the enactment is, perhaps, susceptible of either construction. It will certainly bear the one which the governor put upon it, and as he insisted, in the most absolute and determined manner, upon his view of the question, the Assembly were at length compelled to yield; for the terrible danger which impended over the colony from the Indians on the frontier would not admit of delay.

The people of the colony, though thus beaten in the contest and forced to submit, were by no means disposed to submit peaceably. On the contrary a very general feeling of indignation and resentment took possession of the community, and at length it was determined to send a petition to the King of Great Britain, praying him to dispossess the proprietaries of the power which they were so obstinately determined on abusing, and to assume the government of the colonies himself, as a prerogative of the crown. The coming to this determination on the part of the colony was not effected without a great deal of debate, and political animosity and contention, for the governor of course had a party on his side, and they exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent the adoption of the petition. It was, however, carried against all opposition. The Speaker of the Assembly

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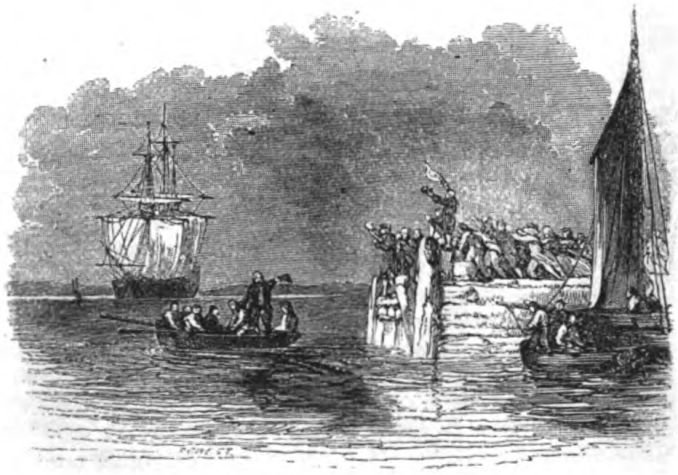
however, refused to sign the bill when it was passed, and he resigned his office to avoid the performance of this duty, an act which would of course greatly please the proprietary party. The majority of the Assembly then elected Franklin Speaker, and he at once signed the bill. This proceeding made Franklin specially obnoxious to the proprietary party, and at the next election of members of the Assembly they made every possible effort in Franklin's district to prevent his being chosen. They succeeded. Franklin lost his election by about twenty-five votes out of four thousand. But though the proprietary interest was thus the strongest in Franklin's district, it was found when the new Assembly came together that the party that was opposed to them was in a majority of two-thirds; and in order to rebuke their opponents for the efforts which they had made to defeat Franklin in his district, they immediately passed a vote to send him to England again, as a special messenger, to present the petition which they had voted, to the king.

The animosity and excitement which attended this contest was of course extreme, and the character and the whole political course of Franklin, were assailed by his enemies with all the violence and pertinacity that characterize political contests of this kind at the present day. Franklin, however, bore it all very good-naturedly. Just before he sailed, after he had left Philadelphia to repair to the ship, which was lying some distance down the river, he wrote a very affectionate letter to his daughter to bid her farewell and give her his parting counsels. "You know," said he, in this letter, "that I have many enemies, all, indeed, on the public account (for I can not recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever), yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones; and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is, therefore, the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior that no advantage may be given to their malevolence." Then followed various counsels relating to her duty to her mother, her general deportment, her studies, and her obligations to the church. The church with which Franklin was connected was of the Episcopal denomination, and he took a great interest in its prosperity; though he manifested the same liberality and public spirit here as in all the other relations that he sustained. At one time, for example, it was proposed by certain members of the congregation to form a sort of colony, and build a new church in another place. A portion of the people opposed this plan as tending to weaken the mother church, but Franklin favored it, thinking that in the end the measure would have a contrary effect from the one they apprehended. He compared it to the swarming of bees, by which, he said, the comfort



and prosperity of the old hive was increased, and a new and flourishing colony established to keep the parent stock in countenance. Very few persons, at that period, would have seen either the expediency or the duty of pursuing such a course in respect to the colonization of a portion of a church: though now such views are very extensively entertained by all liberal minded men, and many such colonies are now formed from thriving churches, with the concurrence of all concerned.

But to return to the voyage. Franklin was to embark on board his ship at Chester, a port situated down the river from Philadelphia, on the confines of the State of Delaware. A cavalcade of three hundred people from Philadelphia accompanied him to Chester, and a great company assembled upon the wharf, when the vessel was about to sail, to take leave of their distinguished countryman and wish him a prosperous voyage The crowd thus assembled saluted Franklin with

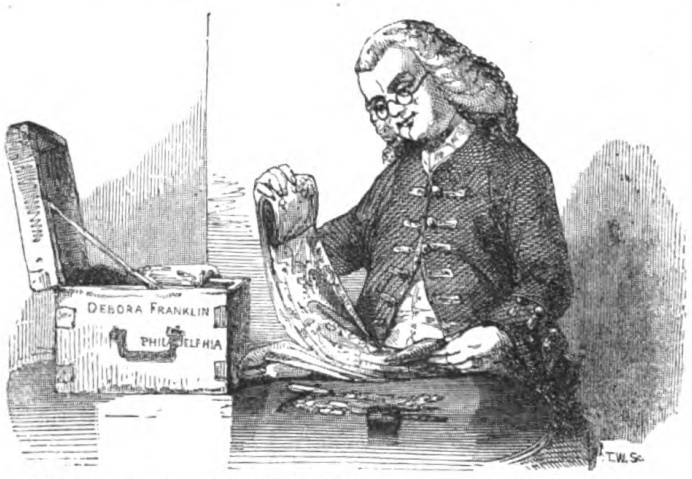


acclamations and cheers, as the boat which was to convey him to the vessel slowly moved away from the shore. The day of his sailing was the 7th of November, 1764, about two years after his return from his former visit.

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The voyage across the Atlantic was a prosperous one, notwithstanding that it was so late in the season. Franklin wrote a letter home to give his wife and daughter an account of his voyage, before he left the vessel. On landing he proceeded to London, and went directly to his old landlady's, at Mrs. Stevenson's, in Craven-street, Strand. When the news of his safe arrival reached Philadelphia, the people of the city celebrated the event by ringing the bells, and other modes of public rejoicing. The hostility which had been manifested toward him had operated to make him a greater favorite than ever.

Franklin now began to turn his attention toward the business of his agency. He had not been long in England, however, before difficulties grew up between the colonies and the mother country, which proved to be of a far more serious character than those which had been discussed at Philadelphia. Parliament claimed the right to tax the colonies. The colonies maintained that their own legislatures alone had this right, and a long and obstinate dispute ensued. The English government devised all sorts of expedients to assess the taxes in such a way that the Americans should be compelled to pay them; and the Americans on their part met these attempts by equally ingenious and far more effectual contrivances for evading the payment. For a time the Americans refused to use any British commodities, in order that the people of England might see that by the persisting of the government in their determination to tax the colonies, they would lose a very valuable trade. Franklin joined in this effort, insomuch that for a long time he would not make purchases in England of any articles to send home to his family. At length the difficulty was in some measure compromised. One of the most obnoxious of the acts of Parliament for taxing America was repealed, and then for the first time Franklin purchased and sent home to his wife



and daughter quite a trunk full of dresses—silks, satins, and brocade—with gloves, and bottles of lavender water, and other such niceties to fill the corners. He told her, in the letter which he sent with this trunk, that, as the Stamp Act was repealed, he was now willing that she should have a new gown.

In fact the great philosopher's attention was attracted at this time in some degree to the effect of dress upon his own personal appearance, for on making a visit to Paris, which he did toward the close of 1767, he says that the French tailor and perruquier so transformed him as to make



him appear twenty years younger than he really was.

Franklin received a great deal of attention while he was in Paris, and he seems to have enjoyed his visit there very highly. The most distinguished men in the walks of literature and science sought his society, for they all knew well his reputation as a philosopher; and many of them had read his writings and had repeated the experiments which he had made, and which had awakened so deep an interest throughout the whole learned world. Franklin received too many marks of distinction and honor from the public men of France—especially from those who were connected with the government. It was supposed that they had been watching the progress of the disputes between England and her colonies, and secretly hoping that these disputes might end in an open rupture; for such a rupture they thought would end in weakening the power of their ancient rival. Sympathizing thus with the party in this contest which Franklin represented, they naturally felt a special interest in him. Franklin was presented at court, and received into the most distinguished society in the metropolis.

After a time he returned again to England, but he found when he arrived there that the state of things between the English government and the

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American colonies was growing worse instead of better. Parliament insisted on its right "to bind the colonies," as their resolve expressed it, "in all cases whatsoever." The Americans, on the other hand, were more and more determined to resist such a claim. Parliament adopted measures more and more stringent every day, to compel the colonies to submit. They passed coercive laws; they devised ingenious modes of levying taxes; they sent out troops, and in every possible way strengthened the military position of the government in America. The colonists, on the other hand, began to evince the most determined spirit of hostility to the measures of the mother country. They held great public assemblages; they passed violent resolves; they began to form extensive and formidable combinations for resisting or evading the laws. Thus every thing portended an approaching conflict.

Franklin exerted all his power and influence for a long time in attempting to heal the breach. He wrote pamphlets and articles in the newspapers in England defending, though in a tone of great candor and moderation, the rights of America, and urging the ministry and people of England not to persist in their attempts at coercion. At the same time he wrote letters to America, endeavoring to diminish the violence of the agitation there, in hopes that by keeping back the tide of excitement and passion which was so rapidly rising, some mode of adjustment might be found to terminate the difficulty. All these efforts were, however, in vain. The quarrel grew wider and more hopeless every day.



About this time the administration of the colonial affairs for the English government was committed to a new officer, Lord Hillsborough, who was now made Secretary of State for America; and immediately new negotiations were entered into, and new schemes formed, for settling the dispute. Two or three years thus passed away, but nothing was done. At length Lord Hillsborough seems to have conceived the idea of winning over Franklin's influence to the side of the English government by compliments and flattering attentions. He met him one morning in Dublin, at the house of the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, where he paid him special civilities, and invited him in the most cordial manner to visit him at his country mansion at Hillsborough, in the north of England. Franklin was then contemplating a journey northward, and in the course of this journey he stopped at Hillsborough. He and his party were received with the greatest attention by his lordship, and detained four days, during which time Franklin was loaded with civilities.

If these attentions were really designed to make Franklin more manageable, as the representative of the colonies in the contest that was going on, they wholly failed of their object; for in the negotiations which followed, Franklin continued as firm and intractable as ever. In fact, not long after this, he came directly into conflict with Lord Hillsborough before the Board of Trade, when a certain measure relating to the colony—one which Lord Hillsborough strongly opposed, and Franklin as strenuously advocated—was in debate. At last after a long contest Franklin gained the day; and this result so changed his lordship's sentiments toward Franklin that for some time he treated him with marked rudeness. At one time Franklin called to pay his respects to Lord Hillsborough on a day when his lordship was holding a levee, and when there were a number of carriages at the door. Franklin's coachman drove up, alighted, and was opening the carriage for Franklin to dismount, when the porter came out, and in the most supercilious and surly manner rebuked the coachman for opening the door of the carriage before he had inquired whether his lordship was at home; and then turning to Franklin he said, "My lord is *not* at home."

Lord Hillsborough, however, recovered from his resentment after this, in the course of a year; and at length on one occasion his lordship called upon Franklin in his room, and accosted him in a very cordial and friendly manner, as if no difficulty between them had ever occurred.

In the mean time the determination in America to resist the principle of the supremacy of Parliament over the colonies, became more and more extended. A disposition was manifested by the several colonies to combine their efforts for this end, and one after another of them sent out commissions to Franklin to act as their agent, as well as agent for Pennsylvania. Things went on in this way until a certain tragical affair occurred in Boston, known generally in American accounts of these events as the Boston massacre, which greatly increased the popular excitement among the people of the colonies.

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This massacre, as it was called, was the shooting of some persons in a crowd in State-street in Boston, by the British soldiers. It originated thus: A company of boys one day undertook to burn effigies of certain merchants who persisted in importing British goods and secretly selling them, thus taking sides as it were against their countrymen in the contest that was going on. While doing this a man whom they considered a spy and informer came by; and the boys, in some way or other, became involved in a quarrel with him. The man retreated to his house; the boys followed him and threw snow-balls and pieces of ice at the house when he had gone in. The man brought a gun to the window and shot one of the boys dead on the spot.

This of course produced a very intense excitement throughout the city. The soldiers naturally took part with those supposed to favor British interests; this exasperated the populace against them, and finally, after various collisons, a case occurred in which the British officer deemed it his duty to order the troops to fire upon a crowd



of people that were assembled to taunt and threaten them, and pelt them with ice and snow. They had been led to assemble thus, through some quarrel that had sprung up between a sentinel and one of the young men of the town. In the firing three men were killed outright, and two more were mortally wounded. The killing of these men was called a massacre, and the tidings of it produced a universal and uncontrollable excitement throughout the provinces.

In proportion, however, as the spirit of resistance to British rule manifested itself in America, the determination became more and more firm and decided on the part of the British government not to yield. It is a point of honor with all governments, and especially with monarchical governments, not to give way in the slightest degree to what they call rebellion. There were, however, a few among the British statesmen who foresaw the impossibility of subduing the spirit which was manifesting itself in America, by any force which could be brought to bear upon so



distant and determined a population. Lord Chatham was one of these; and he actually brought forward in Parliament, in 1775, just before the revolution broke out, a bill for withdrawing the troops from Boston as the first step toward a conciliatory course of measures. Franklin was present in Parliament, by Chatham's particular request, at the time when this motion was brought forward. In the speech which Lord Chatham made on this occasion, he alluded to Franklin, and spoke of him in the highest terms. The motion was advocated too, by Lord Camden, another of the British peers.



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who made an able speech in favor of it. On the other hand it was most violently opposed by other speakers, and Franklin himself was assailed by one of them in very severe terms. When the vote came to be taken, it was lost by a large majority; and thus all hope of any thing like a reconciliation disappeared.

A great variety of ingenious devices were resorted to from time to time to propitiate Franklin, and to secure his influence in America, in favor of some mode of settling the difficulty, which would involve submission on the part of the colonies. He was for example quite celebrated for his skill in playing chess, and at one time he was informed that a certain lady of high rank desired to play chess with him, thinking that she



could beat him. He of course acceded to this request, and played several games with her. The lady was a sister of Lord Howe, a nobleman who subsequently took a very active and important part in the events of the revolution. It turned out in the end that this plan of playing chess was only a manœuvre to open the way for Franklin's visiting at Mrs. Howe's house, in order that Lord Howe himself might there have the opportunity of conferring with him on American affairs without attracting attention. Various conferences were accordingly held between Franklin and Lord Howe, at this lady's house, and many other similar negotiations were carried on with various other prominent men about this time, but they led to nothing satisfactory. In fact, the object of them all was to bring over Franklin to the British side of the question, and to induce him to exert his almost unlimited influence with the colonies to bring them over. But nothing of this sort could be done.

Ten years had now passed away since Franklin went to England, and it began to appear very obvious that the difficulties in which his mission had originated, could not be settled, but would soon lead to an open rupture between the colonies and the mother country. Franklin of course concluded that for him to remain any longer in England would be of no avail. He had hitherto exerted all his power to promote a settlement of the dispute, and had endeavored to calm the excitement of the people at home, and restrain them from the adoption of any rash or hasty measures. He now, however, gave up all hope of a peaceable settlement of the question, and returned to America prepared to do what lay in his power to aid his countrymen in the approaching struggle.

It was in May, 1775, that Franklin arrived in Philadelphia, just about the time that open hostilities were commenced between the colonies and the mother country. Though he was now quite advanced in age, being about seventy years old, he found himself called to the discharge of the most responsible and arduous duties. A Continental Congress had been summoned—to consist of delegates from all the colonies. Franklin was elected, on the next day after his arrival, as a member of this body, and he entered at once upon the discharge of the duties which his position brought upon him, and prosecuted them in the most efficient manner. In all the measures which were adopted by Congress for organizing and arming the country, he took a very prominent and conspicuous part. In fact so high was the estimation in which he was held, on account of his wisdom and experience, and the far-reaching sagacity which characterized all his doings, that men were not willing to allow any important business to be transacted without his concurrence; and at length, notwithstanding his advanced age, for he was now, as has been said, about seventy years old, they proposed to send him as a commissioner into Canada.

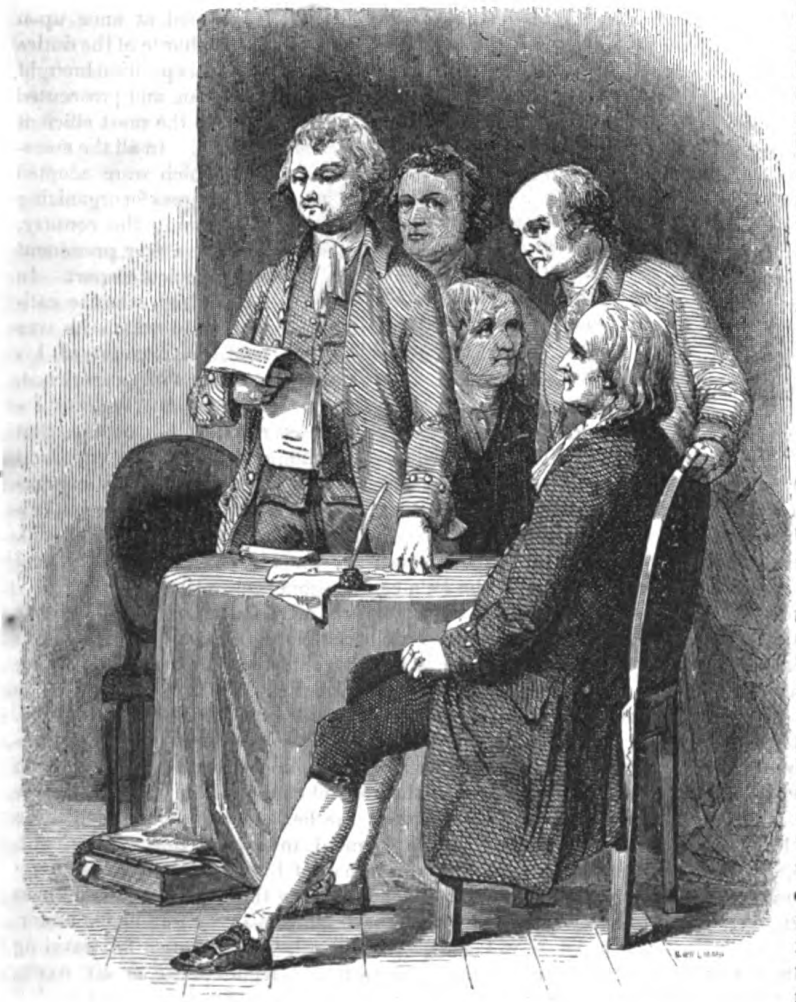
The province of Canada had not hitherto evinced a disposition to take part with the other colonies in the contest which had been coming on, and now Congress, thinking it desirable to secure the co-operation of that colony if possible, decided on sending a commission there to confer with the people, and endeavor to induce them to join the general confederation. Franklin was appointed at the head of this commission. He readily consented to accept the appointment, though for a man of his years the journey, long as it was, and leading through such a wilderness as then intervened, was a very formidable undertaking. So few were the facilities for traveling in those days that it required five or six weeks to make the journey. The commissioners left Philadelphia on the 20th of March, and did not reach Montreal until near the end of April. In fact after commencing the journey, and finding how fatiguing and how protracted it was likely to be, Franklin felt some doubt whether he should ever live to return; and when he reached Sara

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toga he wrote to a friend, saying that he began to apprehend that he had undertaken a fatigue which at his time of life might prove too much for him; and so he had taken paper, he said, to write to a few friends by way of farewell.

He did, however, safely return, after a time, though unfortunately the mission proved unsuccessful. The Canadians were not disposed to join the confederation.

At length early in the spring of 1776 the leading statesmen of America came to the conclusion that the end of the contest in which they were engaged must be the absolute and final separation of the colonies from the mother country, and the establishment of an independent government for America. When this was resolved upon, a committee of five members of Congress, namely



Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, were appointed a committee to prepare a declaration of independence. The original resolution, on the basis of which the appointment of this committee was made, was as follows:

"Resolved, That these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and of right ought to be totally dissolved."

This resolution was first proposed and debated on the 8th of June. Some of the provinces were however found to be not quite prepared for such a measure, and so the debate was adjourned. The vote was finally taken on the 1st of July, and carrried by a majority of nine out of thirteen colonies. Pennsylvania and South Carolina were against it; Delaware was divided; and New York did not vote, on account of some informality in the instructions of her delegates.

In the mean time the committee had proceeded to the work of drawing up the declaration of independence. Jefferson was appointed to write the document, and he, when he had prepared his draft, read it in committee meeting for the consideration of the other members. The committee approved the draft substantially as Jefferson had written it, and it was accordingly reported to Congress and was adopted by the vote of all the colonies.

For by the time that the final and decisive vote was to be taken, the delegates from all the colonies had received fresh instructions from their constituents, or fresh intelligence in respect to the state of public sentiment in the communities which they represented, so that at last the concurrence of the colonies was unanimous in the act of separation; and all the members present on the 4th of July, the day on which the declaration was passed, excepting one, signed the paper; thus making themselves individually and personally responsible for it, under the awful pains and penalties of treason

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In connection with these discussions in relations to the declaration of independence, a curious instance is preserved of the tone of good humor and pleasantry which always marked the intercourse which Franklin held with others, even in cases where interests of the most momentous importance were concerned. When Jefferson had read his draft in the presence of the committee, the several members had various suggestions to make, and amendments to propose, as is usual in such cases; while the author, as is also equally usual, was very sensitive to these criticisms, and was unwilling to consent to any changing of his work. At length Jefferson appearing to be quite annoyed by the changes proposed, Franklin consoled him by saying that his case was not quite so bad, after all, as that of John Thompson, the hatter. "He wrote a sign," said Franklin, "to be put up over his door, which read thus, '*John Thompson makes and sells hats for ready money.*' On showing his work to his friends they one and all began to amend it. The first proposed to strike out 'for ready money,' since it was obvious, he said, that if a hatter sold hats at all he would be glad to sell them for ready money. Another thought the words 'makes and sells hats,' superfluous—that idea being conveyed in the word 'hatter;' and finally a third proposed to expunge the 'hatter,' and put the figure of a hat after the name, instead, which he said would be equally well understood, and be more striking. Thus the composition was reduced from 'John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' to simply 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat subjoined." The whole story was perhaps fabricated by Franklin on the spot, for the occasion. It answered its purpose, however, perfectly. Jefferson laughed, and his good-humor was restored.

In the mean time during the summer of 1776 the hostile operations which had been commenced between the new government and the parent state were prosecuted on both sides with great vigor. Great Britain however did not yet give up all hope of persuading the revolted provinces to return. The English government sent out Lord Howe with instructions to communicate with the leading men in America and endeavor to effect some accommodation of the difficulty. When Lord Howe arrived in this country he attempted to open communications with the Americans through Franklin, but insuperable difficulties were encountered at the outset. Lord Howe could only treat with the American authorities as private persons in a state of rebellion, and the offers he made were offers of *pardon*. The American government indignantly rejected all such propositions. In a letter which he wrote in reply to Lord Howe Franklin says, "Directing pardons to be offered to the colonies, who are the very parties injured, expresses indeed that opinion of our ignorance, baseness, and insensibility, which your uninformed and proud nation has long been pleased to entertain of us: but it can have no other effect than that of increasing our resentment." Of course all hope of an accommodation was soon abandoned, and both parties began to give their whole attention to the means for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

The American government soon turned their thoughts to the subject of forming some foreign alliance to help them in the impending struggle; and they presently proposed to send Franklin to France to attempt to open a negotiation for this purpose with the government of that country. Franklin was now very far advanced in life and his



age and infirmities would naturally have prompted him to desire repose—but he did not decline the duty to which he was thus called; and all aged men should learn from his example that they are not to consider the work of life as ended, so long as any available health and strength remain.

Franklin arrived in Paris in the middle of winter in 1776. He traveled on this expedition wholly as a private person, his appointment as commissioner to the court of France having been kept a profound secret, for obvious reasons. He however, immediately entered into private negotiations with the French ministry, and though he found the French government disposed to afford the Americans such indirect aid as could be secretly rendered, they were not yet willing to form any alliance with them, or to take any open ground in their favor. While this state of things continued, Franklin, of course, and his brother commissioners could not be admitted to the French court; but though they were all the time in secret communication with the government, they assumed the position at Paris of private gentlemen residing at the great capital for their pleasure.

Notwithstanding his being thus apparently in private life, Franklin was a very conspicuous object of public attention at Paris. His name and fame had been so long before the world, and his character and manners were invested with so singular a charm, that he was universally known and admired; all ranks and classes of people were full of enthusiasm for the venerable American philosopher. Pictures, busts, and medallions of the illustrious Franklin were met on every hand. He was received into the very highest

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society, being welcomed by all circles with the greatest cordiality and interest.

At length, after the lapse of about a year, the progress of the Americans in making good their defense against the armies of the mother country was so decided, that it began to appear very probable that the independence of the country would be maintained, and the French government deemed that it would be safe for them to enter into treaties of commerce and friendship with the new state. This was accordingly done in February, 1778, though it necessarily involved the consequence of a war with England.

When these treaties were at length signed, Franklin and the two other commissioners were formally presented at court, where they were received by the French monarch as the acknowledged representatives of an independent and sovereign power, now for the first time taking her place among the nations of the earth. This was an event in the life of Franklin of the highest interest and importance, since the open negotiations of the American government by France made the success of the country, in its effort to achieve its independence, almost certain, and thus it was the seal and consummation of all that he had been so laboriously toiling to accomplish for fifty years. For we may safely say that the great end and aim of Franklin's life, the one object which he kept constantly in view, and to which all his efforts tended from the beginning to the end of his public career, was the security of popular rights and popular liberty against the encroachments of aristocratic prerogative and power; and the establishment of the independence of these United States, which he saw thus happily settled at last, sealed and secured this object for half the world.



As soon as the event of the acknowledgment of the independence f the United States of America, by the French government transpired, the whole subject of the conflict between the late colonies and the mother country assumed a new aspect before mankind The British government became now more desirous than ever to contrive some means of settling the dispute without entirely losing so important a portion of their ancient dominion. A great many applications were made to Franklin, by the secret agents of the British government, with a view of drawing off the Americans from their alliance with the French, and making a separate peace with them. Franklin, however, would listen to no such proposals, but on the contrary, made them all known to the French government.

Another consequence of the recognition of American independence was that a large number of young French gentlemen desired to proceed to America and join the army there. Many of them applied to Franklin for commissions—more in fact than could possibly be received. Among

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those who were successful was the Marquis de



La Fayette, then a young man, who came to this country with letters of recommendation from Franklin, and who afterward distinguished himself so highly in the war

After this, Franklin remained in France for several years, at first as commissioner, and afterward as minister plenipotentiary of the government at the French court, during all which time the most arduous and the most responsible public duties devolved upon him. He concluded most important negotiations with other foreign powers. He received of the French government and transmitted to America vast sums of money to be used in the prosecution of the war. He conferred with various other commissioners and embassadors who were sent out from time to time from the government at home. In a word, there devolved upon him day by day, an uninterrupted succession of duties of the most arduous and responsible character.

It is a curious illustration of the manner in which the tastes and habits of early life come back in old age, that Franklin was accustomed at this time, for recreation, to amuse himself with a little printing office, which he caused to



be arranged at his lodgings—on a small scale it is true—but sufficiently complete to enable him to live his youth over again, as it were, in bringing back old associations and thoughts to his mind by giving himself up to his ancient occupations. The things that he printed in this little office were all trifles, as he called them, and were only intended for the amusement of his friends; but the work of producing them gave him great pleasure.

The time at length arrived when England began to conclude that it would be best for her to give up the attempt to reduce her revolted colonies to subjection again; and negotiations for peace were commenced at Paris, at first indirectly and informally, and afterward in a more open and decided manner. In these negotiations Franklin of course took a very prominent part In fact the conclusion and signing of the great treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, by which the independence of this nation was finally and fully acknowledged, was the last crowning act of Franklin's official career. The treaty was signed in 1783, and thus the work of the great statesman's life was ended. His public life, in fact, began and ended with the beginning and the end of that great protracted struggle by which the American nation was ushered into being. His history is then simply the history of the establishment of American independence; and when this work was achieved his duty was done.

Soon after the peace was made, Franklin prepared to take leave of France, in order to return to his native land. He had contemplated a tour over the continent before going back to America, but the increasing infirmities of age prevented the realization of this plan. When the time arrived for leaving Paris, almost all the rank, fashion, and wealth of the city gathered around him to bid him farewell. He was borne in the queen's palanquin to Havre, and accompanied on the journey by numerous friends. From Havre he crossed the channel to Southampton, and there took passage in the London packet for Philadelphia.

The voyage occupied a period of forty-eight days, at the end of which time the ship anchored just below Philadelphia. The health-officer of the port went on board, and finding no sickness gave the passengers leave to land. The passengers accordingly left the ship in a boat, and landed at the Market-street wharf, where crowds of people were assembled, who received Franklin with loud acclamations, and accompanied him through the streets, with cheers and rejoicings, to his door.

In a word, the great philosopher and statesman, on his return to his native land, received the welcome he deserved, and spent the short period that still remained to him on earth, surrounded by his countrymen and friends, the object of universal respect and veneration. But great as was the veneration which was felt for his name and memory then, it is greater now, and it will be greater and greater still, at the end of every succeeding century, as long as any written records of our country's early history remain.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

THOUGH, after the Battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon was the undisputed master of Egypt, still much was to be accomplished in pursuing the desperate remnants of the Mamelukes, and in preparing to resist the overwhelming forces which it was to be expected that England and Turkey would send against him. Mourad Bey had retreated with a few thousand of his horsemen into Upper Egypt. Napoleon dispatched General Desaix, with two thousand men, to pursue him. After several terribly bloody conflicts, Desaix took possession of all of Upper Egypt as far as the cataracts. Imbibing the humane and politic sentiments of Napoleon, he became widely renowned and beloved for his justice and his clemency. A large party of scientific men accompanied the military division, examining every object of interest, and taking accurate drawings of those sphinxes, obelisks, temples, and sepulchral monuments, which, in solitary grandeur, have withstood the ravages of four thousand years. To the present hour, the Egyptians remember with affection, the mild and merciful, yet efficient government of Desaix. They were never weary with contrasting it with the despotism of the Turks.

In the mean time Napoleon, in person, made an expedition to Suez, to inspect the proposed route of a canal to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. With indefatigable activity of mind he gave orders for the construction of new works to fortify the harbor of Suez, and commenced the formation of an infant marine. One day, with quite a retinue, he made an excursion to that identical point of the Red Sea which, as tradition reports, the children of Israel crossed three thousand years ago. The tide was out, and he passed over to the Asiatic shore upon extended flats. Various objects of interest engrossed his attention until late in the afternoon, when he commenced his return. The twilight faded away, and darkness came rapidly on. The party lost their path, and, as they were wandering, bewildered among the sands, the rapidly returning tide surrounded them. The darkness of the night increased, and the horses floundered deeper and deeper in the rising waves The water reached the girths of the saddles, and dashed upon the feet of the riders, and destruction seemed inevitable. From this perilous position Napoleon extricated himself, by that presence of mind, and promptness of decision, which seemed never to fail him. It was an awful hour and an awful scene. And yet, amidst the darkness and the rising waves of apparently a shoreless ocean, the spirit of Napoleon was as unperturbed as if he were reposing in slippered ease upon his sofa. He collected his escort around him, in concentric circles, each horseman facing outward, and ranged in several rows. He then ordered them to advance, each in a straight line. When the horse of the leader of one of these columns lost his foothold, and began to swim, the column drew back, and followed in the direction of another column, which had not yet



THE ESCAPE FROM THE RED SEA.

lost the firm ground. The radii, thus thrown out in every direction, were thus successively withdrawn, till all were following in the direction of one column, which had a stable footing. Thus escape was effected. The horses did not reach the shore until midnight, when they were wading breast deep in the swelling waves. The tide

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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rises on that part of the coast to the height of twenty-two feet. "Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers of Christendom with a magnificent text against me."

England, animated in the highest degree by the great victory of Aboukir, now redoubled her exertions to concentrate all the armies of Europe upon Republican France. Napoleon had been very solicitous to avoid a rupture with the Grand Seignor at Constantinople. The Mamelukes who had revolted against his authority had soothed the pride of the Ottoman Porte, and purchased peace by paying tribute. Napoleon proposed to continue the tribute, that the revenues of the Turkish Empire might not be diminished by the transfer of the sovereignty of Egypt from the oppressive Mamelukes to better hands. The Sultan was not sorry to see the Mamelukes punished, but he looked with much jealousy upon the movements of a victorious European army so near his throne. The destruction of the French fleet deprived Napoleon of his ascendency in the Levant, and gave the preponderance to England. The agents of the British government succeeded in rousing Turkey to arms, to recover a province which the Mamelukes had wrested from her, before Napoleon took it from the Mamelukes. Russia also, with her barbaric legions, was roused by the eloquence of England, to rush upon the French Republic in this day of disaster. Her troops crowded down from the north to ally themselves with the turbaned Turk, for the extermination of the French in Egypt. Old enmities were forgotten, as Christians and Mussulmans grasped hands in friendship, forgetting all other animosities in their common hatred and dread of Republicanism. The Russian fleet crowded down from the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, to the Golden Horn, where, amidst the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the hundreds of thousands who throng the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, it was received into the embrace of the Turkish squadron. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle as, beneath the unclouded splendor of a September sun, this majestic armament swept through the beautiful scenery of the Hellespont. The shores of Europe and Asia, separated by this classic strait, were lined with admiring spectators, as the crescent and the cross, in friendly blending, fluttered together in the breeze. The combined squadron emerged into the Mediterranean, to co-operate with the victorious fleet of England, which was now the undisputed mistress of the sea. Religious animosities the most inveterate, and national antipathies the most violent were reconciled by the pressure of a still stronger hostility to those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overthrow the despotism both of the Sultan and the Czar. The Grand Seignor had assembled an army of twenty thousand men at Rhodes. They were to be conveyed by the combined fleet to the shores of Egypt, and there effect a landing under cover of its guns. Another vast army was assembled in Syria, to march down upon the French by way of the desert, and attack them simultaneously with the forces sent by the fleet. England, and the emissaries of the Bourbons, with vast sums of money accumulated from the European monarchies, were actively co-operating upon the Syrian coast, by landing munitions of war, and by supplying able military engineers. The British Government was also accumulating a vast army in India, to be conveyed by transports up the Red Sea, and to fall upon the French in their rear. England also succeeded in forming a new coalition with Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and other minor European states to drive the French out of Italy, and with countless numbers to invade the territory of France. Thus it would be in vain for the Directory to attempt even to send succors to their absent general. And it was not doubted that Napoleon, thus assailed in diverse quarters by overpowering numbers, would fall an easy prey to his foes. Thus suddenly and portentously peril frowned upon France from every quarter.

Mourad Bey, animated by this prospect of the overthrow of his victorious foes, formed a widespread conspiracy, embracing all the friends of the Mamelukes and of the Turks. Every Frenchman was doomed to death, as in one hour, all over the land, the conspirators, with scimitar and poniard, should fall upon their unsuspecting foes. In this dark day of accumulating disaster the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with new and terrible brilliance.

But few troops were at the time in Cairo, for no apprehension of danger was cherished, and the French were scattered over Egypt, engaged in all plans of utility. At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, Napoleon was awoke from sleep by the announcement that the city was in revolt, that mounted Bedouin Arabs were crowding in at the gates, that several officers and many soldiers were already assassinated. He ordered an aid immediately to take a number of the Guard, and quell the insurrection. But a few moments passed ere one of them returned covered with blood, and informed him that all the rest were slain. It was an hour of fearful peril. Calmly, fearlessly, mercilessly did Napoleon encounter it. Immediately mounting his horse, accompanied by a body of his faithful Guards, he proceeded to every threatened point. Instantly the presence of Napoleon was felt. A perfect storm of grape-shot, cannon-balls, and bomb-shells swept the streets with unintermitted and terrible destruction. Blood flowed in torrents. The insurgents, in dismay, fled to the most populous quarter of the city. Napoleon followed them with their doom, as calm as destiny. From the windows and the roofs the insurgents fought with desperation. The buildings were immediately enveloped in flames. They fled into the streets only to be hewn down with sabres and mown down with grape-shot. Multitudes, bleeding and breathless with consternation, sought refuge in the mosques. The mosques were battered down and set on fire, and the

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wretched inmates perished miserably. The calm yet terrible energy with which Napoleon annihilated "the murderers of the French," sent a thrill of dismay through Egypt. A large body of Turks, who had surprised and assassinated a party of the French, intrenched themselves in a small village. Their doom was sealed. The next day a long line of asses, heavily laden with sacks, was seen entering the gates of Cairo. The mysterious procession proceeded to the public square. The sacks were opened, and the ghastly, gory heads of the assassins were rolled upon the pavements. The city gazed upon the spectacle with horror. "Such," said Napoleon, sternly, "is the doom of murderers." This language of energetic action was awfully eloquent. It was heard and heeded. It accomplished the purpose for which it was uttered. Neither Turk nor Arab ventured again to raise the dagger against Napoleon. Egypt felt the spell of the mighty conqueror, and stood still, while he gathered his strength to encounter England, and Russia, and Turkey in their combined power. What comment shall be made upon this horrible transaction. It was the stern necessity of diabolical war. "My soldiers," said Napoleon, "are my children." The lives of thirty thousand Frenchmen were in his keeping. Mercy to the barbaric and insurgent Turks would have been counted weakness, and the bones of Napoleon and of his army would soon have whitened the sands of the desert. War is a wholesale system of brutality and carnage. The most revolting, execrable details are essential to its vigorous execution. Bomb-shells can not be thrown affectionately. Charges of cavalry can not be made with a meek and lowly spirit. Red-hot shot, falling into the beleagured city, will not turn from the cradle of the infant, or from the couch of the dying maiden. These horrible scenes must continue to be enacted till the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

Early in January, Napoleon received intelligence that the vanguard of the Syrian army, with a formidable artillery train, and vast military stores, which had been furnished from the English ships, had invaded Egypt, on the borders of the great Syrian desert, and had captured El Arish. He immediately resolved to anticipate the movement of his enemies, to cross the desert with the rapidity of the wind, to fall upon the enemy unawares, and thus to cut up this formidable army before it could be strengthened by the co-operation of the host assembled at Rhodes.

Napoleon intended to rally around his standard the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and all the Christian tribes of Syria, who were anxiously awaiting his approach, and having established friendly relations with the Ottoman Porte, to march, with an army of an hundred thousand auxiliaries, upon the Indus, and drive the English out of India. As England was the undisputed mistress of the sea, this was the only point where Republican France could assail its unrelenting foe. The imagination of Napoleon was lost in contemplating the visions of power and of empire thus rising before him.

For such an enterprise the ambitious general, with an army of but ten thousand men, commenced his march over the desert, one hundred and fifty miles broad, which separates Africa from Asia. The Pacha of Syria, called Achmet the *Butcher*, from his merciless ferocity, was execrated by the Syrians. Napoleon had received delegations from the Christian tribes entreating him to come for their deliverance from the most intolerable oppression, and assuring him of their readiness to join his standard. The English, to divert the attention of Napoleon from his project upon Syria, commenced the bombardment of Alexandria. He understood the object of the unavailing attack, and treated it with disdain. He raised a regiment of entirely a new



THE DROMEDARY REGIMENT.

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kind, called the dromedary regiment. Two men, seated back to back, were mounted on each dromedary; and such was the strength and endurance of these animals, that they could thus travel ninety miles without food, water, or rest. This regiment was formed to give chase to the Arab robbers who, in fierce banditti bands, were he scourge of Egypt. The marauders were held in terror by the destruction with which they were overwhelmed by these swift avengers. Napoleon himself rode upon a dromedary. The conveyance of an army of ten thousand men, with horses and artillery, across such an apparently interminable waste of shifting sand, was attended with inconceivable suffering. To allay the despair of the soldiers, Napoleon, ever calm and unagitated in the contemplation of any catastrophe however dreadful, soon dismounted, and waded through the burning sands by the side of the soldiers, sharing the deprivations and the toils of the humblest private in the ranks. Five days were occupied in traversing this forlorn waste. Water was carried for the troops in skins. At times portions of the army, almost perishing with thirst, surrendered themselves to despair. The presence of Napoleon, however, invariably reanimated hope and courage. The soldiers were ashamed to complain when they saw their youthful leader, pale and slender, and with health seriously impaired, toiling along by their side, sharing cheerfully all their privations and fatigues. The heat of these glowing deserts, beneath the fierce glare of a cloudless sun, was almost intolerable. At one time, when nearly suffocated by the intense heat, while passing by some ruins, a common soldier yielded to Napoleon the fragments of a pillar, in whose refreshing shadow he contrived, for a few moments, to shield his head. "And this," said Napoleon, "was no trifling concession." At another time a party of the troops got lost among the sand hills and nearly perished. Napoleon took some Arabs on dromedaries, and hastened in pursuit of them. When found they were nearly dead from thirst, fatigue, and despair. Some of the younger soldiers, in their frenzy, had broken their muskets and thrown them away. The sight of their beloved general revived their hopes, and inspired them with new life. Napoleon informed them that provisions and water were at hand. "But," said he, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmurings and loss of courage! No! soldiers, learn to die with honor."

After a march of five days they arrived before El Arish, one of those small, strongly fortified military towns, deformed by every aspect of poverty and wretchedness, with which iron despotism has filled the once fertile plains of Syria. El Arish was within the boundaries of Egypt. It had been captured by the Turks, and they had accumulated there immense magazines of military stores. It was the hour of midnight when Napoleon arrived beneath its walls. The Turks, not dreaming that a foe was near, were roused from sleep by the storm of balls and shells, shaking the walls and crushing down through the roofs of their dwellings. They sprang to their guns, and, behind the ramparts of stone, fought with their accustomed bravery. But after a short and bloody conflict, they were compelled to retire, and effected a disorderly retreat. The garrison, in the citadel, consisting of nearly two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Napoleon was not a little embarrassed in deciding what to do with these men. He had but ten thousand soldiers with whom to encounter the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, aided by the fleets of England and Russia. Famine was in his camp, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain daily rations for his troops. He could not keep these prisoners with him. They would eat the bread for which his army was hungering; they would demand a strong guard to keep them from insurrection; and the French army was already so disproportionate to the number of its foes, that not an individual could be spared from active service. They would surely take occasion, in the perilous moments of the day of battle, to rise in revolt, and thus, perhaps, effect the total destruction of the French army. Consequently, to retain them in the camp was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. To disarm them, and dismiss them upon their word of honor no longer to serve against the French, appeared almost equally perilous. There was no sense of honor in the heart of the barbarian Turk. The very idea of keeping faith with infidels they laughed to scorn. They would immediately join the nearest division of the Turkish army, and thus swell the already multitudinous ranks of the foe, and even if they did not secure the final defeat of Napoleon, they would certainly cost him the lives of many of his soldiers. He could not supply them with food, neither could he spare an escort to conduct them across the desert to Egypt. To shoot them in cold blood was revolting to humanity. Napoleon, however, generously resolved to give them their liberty, taking their pledge that they would no longer serve against him; and in order to help them keep their word, he sent a division of the army to escort them, one day's march, toward Bagdad, whither they promised to go. But no sooner had the escort commenced its return to the army, than these men, between one and two thousand in number, turned also, and made a straight path for their feet to the fortress of Jaffa, laughing at the simplicity of their outwitted foe. But Napoleon was not a man to be laughed at. This merriment soon died away in fearful wailings. Here they joined the marshaled hosts of Achmet the Butcher. The bloody pacha armed them anew, and placed them in his foremost ranks, again to pour a shower of bullets upon the little band headed by Napoleon. El Arish is in Egypt, eighteen miles from the granite pillars which mark the confines of Asia and Africa. Napoleon now continued his march through a dry, barren, and thirsty land. After having traversed a dreary desert of an hundred and fifty miles, the whole aspect of the country began rapidly to change. The soldiers were delighted to see the wreaths of vapor gathering in

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the hitherto glowing and cloudless skies. Green and flowery valleys, groves of olive-trees, and wood-covered hills, rose, like a vision of enchantment, before the eye, so long weary of gazing upon shifting sands and barren rocks. Napoleon often alluded to his passage across the desert, remarking that the scene was ever peculiarly gratifying to his mind. "I never passed the desert," said he, "without experiencing very powerful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It displayed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man." As they approached the mountains of Syria, clouds began to darken the sky, and when a few drops of rain descended, a phenomenon which they had not witnessed for many months, the joy of the soldiers was exuberant. A murmur of delight ran through the army, and a curious spectacle was presented, as, with shouts of joy and peals of laughter, the soldiers, in a body, threw back their heads and opened their mouths, to catch the grateful drops upon their dry and thirsty lips.

But when dark night came on, and, with saturated clothing, they threw themselves down, in the drenching rain, for their night's bivouac, they remembered with pleasure the star-spangled firmament and the dry sands of cloudless, rainless Egypt. The march of a few days brought them to Gaza. Here they encountered another division of the Turkish army. Though headed by the ferocious Achmet himself, the Turks were, in an hour, dispersed before the resistless onset of the French, and all the military stores, which had been collected in the place, fell into the hands of the conqueror. But perils were now rapidly accumulating around the adventurous band. England, with her invincible fleet, was landing men, and munitions of war and artillery, and European engineers, to arrest the progress of the audacious and indefatigable victor. The combined squadrons of Turkey and Russia, also, were hovering along the coast, to prevent any possible supplies from being forwarded to Napoleon from Alexandria. Thirty thousand Turks, infantry and horsemen, were marshaled at Damascus. Twenty thousand were at Rhodes. Through all the ravines of Syria, the turbaned Musselmans, with gleaming sabres, were crowding down to swell the hostile ranks, already sufficiently numerous to render Napoleon's destruction apparently certain. Still unintimidated, Napoleon pressed on, with the utmost celerity, into the midst of his foes. On the 3d of March, twenty-three days after leaving Cairo, he arrived at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. This place, strongly garrisoned, was surrounded by a massive wall flanked by towers. Napoleon had no heavy battering train, for such ponderous machines could not be dragged across the desert. He had ordered some pieces to be forwarded to him from Alexandria, by small vessels, which could coast near the shore. But they had been intercepted and taken by the vigilance of the English cruisers. Not an hour, however, was to be lost. From every point in the circumference of the circle, of which his little band was the centre, the foe was hurrying to meet him. The sea was whitened with their fleets, and the tramp of their dense columns shook the land. His only hope was, by rapidity of action, to defeat the separate divisions before all should unite. With his light artillery he battered a breach in the walls, and then, to save the effusion of blood, sent a summons to the commander to surrender. The barbarian Turk, regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, cut off the head of the unfortunate messenger, and raised the ghastly, gory trophy, upon a pole, from one of the towers. This was his bloody defiance and his threat. The enraged soldiers, with extraordinary intrepidity, rushed in at the breach and took sanguinary vengeance. The French suffered very severely, and the carnage, on both sides, was awful. Nothing could restrain the fury of the assailants, enraged at the wanton murder of their comrade. For many hours a scene of horror was exhibited in the streets of Jaffa, which could hardly have been surpassed had the conflict raged between fiends in the world of woe. Earth has never presented a spectacle more horrible than that of a city taken by assault. The vilest and the most abandoned of mankind invariably crowd into the ranks of an army. Imagination shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the rush of ten thousand demons, infuriated and inflamed, into the dwellings of a crowded city.

Napoleon, shocked at the outrages which were perpetrated, sent two of his aids to appease the fury of the soldiers, and to stop the massacre. Proceeding upon this message of mercy, they advanced to a large building where a portion of the garrison had taken refuge. The soldiers were shooting them as they appeared at the windows, battering the doors with cannon-balls, and setting fire to the edifice, that all might be consumed together. The Turks fought with the energies of despair. These were the men who had capitulated at El Arish, and who had violated their parole. They now offered to surrender again, if their lives might be spared. The aids, with much difficulty, rescued them from the rage of the maddened soldiers, and they were conducted, some two thousand in number, as prisoners into the French camp. Napoleon was walking in front of his tent, when he saw this multitude of men approaching. The whole dreadfulness of the dilemma in which he was placed flashed upon him instantaneously. His countenance fell, and in tones of deep grief he exclaimed, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why have they served me thus?" The aids excused themselves for taking them prisoners, by pleading that he had ordered them to go and stop the carnage. "Yes!" Napoleon replied sadly, "as to women, children, and old men, all the peaceable inhabitants, but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?"

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A council of war was immediately held in the tent of Napoleon, to decide upon their fate. Long did the council deliberate, and, finally, it adjourned without coming to any conclusion. The next day the council was again convened. All the generals of division were summoned to attend. For many anxious hours they deliberated, sincerely desirous of discovering any measures by which they might save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners. The murmurs of the French soldiers were loud and threatening. They complained bitterly of having their scanty rations given to the prisoners; of having men again liberated who had already broken their pledge of honor, and had caused the death of many of their comrades. General Bon represented that the discontent was so deep and general, that unless something were expeditiously done, a serious revolt in the army was to be apprehended. Still the council adjourned, and the third day arrived without their being able to come to any conclusion favorable to the lives of these unfortunate men. Napoleon watched the ocean with intense solicitude, hoping against hope that some French vessel might appear, to relieve him of the fearful burden. But the evil went on increasing. The murmurs grew louder. The peril of the army was real and imminent, and, by the delay, was already seriously magnified. It was impossible longer to keep the prisoners in the camp. If set at liberty, it was only contributing so many more troops to swell the ranks of Achmet the Butcher, and thus, perhaps, to insure the total discomfiture and destruction of the French army. The Turks spared no prisoners. All who fell into their hands perished by horrible torture. The council at last unanimously decided that the men must be put to death. Napoleon, with extreme reluctance, signed the fatal order. The melancholy troop, in the silence of despair, were led, firmly fettered, to the sand hills, on the sea-coast, where they were divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry. The dreadful scene was soon over, and they were all silent in death. The pyramid of their bones still remains in the desert, a frightful memorial of the horrors of war.

As this transaction has ever been deemed the darkest blot upon the character of Napoleon, it seems but fair to give his defense in his own words: "I ordered," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot. Among the garrison at Jaffa a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El Arish, and sent to Bagdad, on their parole not to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted thirty-six miles, on their way to Bagdad, by a division of my army. But, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, they threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me the lives of many of my brave troops. Moreover, before I attacked the town I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away on their parole, they would directly have gone to Acre, and have played over, for the second time, the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already reduced in number in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I, therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances." Whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb-shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself and his army to the tender mercies of the Turk; and to allow England, and Austria, and Russia, to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France, to compel a proud nation to re-enthrone a discarded and hated king. The French, in self-defense, were endeavoring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely, the responsibility of this war rests with the assailants, and not with the assailed. There was a powerful party in the British Parliament and throughout the nation, the friends of reform and of popular liberty, who sympathized entirely with the French in this conflict, and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust. But the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. "Nothing was easier," says Alison, "than to have disarmed the captives and sent them away." The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said, "Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own

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form of government." But had this been done, the throne of England's king, and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Alas, for man!

Bourrienne, the rejected secretary of Napoleon, who became the enemy of his former benefactor, and who, as the minister and flatterer of Louis XVIII., recorded with caustic bitterness the career of the great rival of the European kings, thus closes his narrative of this transaction: "I have related the truth; the whole truth. I assisted at all the conferences and deliberations, though, of course, without possessing any deliberative voice. But I must in candor declare, that had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of the army, would have constrained me to this. War, unfortunately, offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law, of all times and common to all nations, has decreed that private interests shall succumb to the paramount good of the public, and that humanity itself shall be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have a firm conviction that it was. And this is strengthened by the fact, that the opinion of the members of the council was unanimous upon the subject, and that the order was issued upon their decision. I owe it also to truth to state, that Napoleon yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps, one of those who witnessed the massacre with the deepest sorrow." Even Sir Walter Scott, who, unfortunately, allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that "this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," is constrained to admit, "yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice; and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane."

Napoleon now prepared to march upon Acre, the most important military post in Syria. Behind its strong ramparts Achmet the Butcher had gathered all his troops and military stores, determined upon the most desperate resistance. Colonel Philippeaux, an emissary of the Bourbons, and a former school-mate of Napoleon, contributed all the skill of an accomplished French engineer in arming the fortifications and conducting the defense. Achmet immediately sent intelligence of the approaching attack to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet. He immediately sailed for Acre, with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels, and proudly entered the harbor two days before the French made their appearance, strengthening Achmet with an abundant supply of engineers, artillerymen, and ammunition. Most unfortunately for Napoleon, Sir Sydney, just before he entered the harbor, captured the flotilla, dispatched from Alexandria with the siege equipage, as it was cautiously creeping around the headlands of Carmel. The whole battering train, amounting to forty-four heavy guns, he immediately mounted upon the ramparts, and manned them with English soldiers. This was an irreparable loss to Napoleon, but with undiminished zeal the besiegers, with very slender means, advanced their works. Napoleon now sent an officer with a letter to Achmet, offering to treat for peace. "Why," said he, in this, "should I deprive an old man, whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more, added to the countries I have conquered? Since God has given victory into my hands, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only toward the people, but toward their rulers also." The barbarian Turk, regardless of the flag of truce, cut off the head of this messenger, though Napoleon had taken the precaution to send a Turkish prisoner with the flag, and raised the ghastly trophy upon a pole, over his battlements, in savage defiance. The decapitated body he sewed up in a sack, and threw it into the sea. Napoleon then issued a proclamation to the people of Syria: "I am come into Syria," said he, "to drive out the Mamelukes and the army of the Pacha. What right had Achmet to send his troops to attack me in Egypt? He has provoked me to war. I have brought it to him. But it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors. Remain quiet in your homes. Let those who have abandoned them through fear return again. I will grant to every one the property which he possesses. It is my wish that the Cadis continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion, in particular, be protected and revered, and that the mosques should continue to be frequented by all faithful Mussulmans. It is from God that all good things come; it is he who gives the victory. The example of what has occurred at Gaza and Jaffa ought to teach you that if I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor."

The plague, that most dreadful scourge of the East, now broke out in the army. It was a new form of danger, and created a fearful panic. The soldiers refused to approach their sick comrades, and even the physicians, terrified in view of the fearful contagion, abandoned the sufferers to die unaided. Napoleon immediately entered the hospitals, sat down by the cots of the sick soldiers, took their fevered hands in his own, even pressed their bleeding tumors, and spoke to them words of encouragement and hope. The dying soldiers looked upon their heroic and sympathizing friend with eyes moistened with gratitude, and blessed him. Their courage was reanimated and thus they gained new strength to throw off the dreadful disease. "You are right," said a grenadier, upon whom the plague had made such ravages, that he could hardly move a limb; "your grenadiers were not made to die in a hospital." The physicians, shamed by the heroism of Napoleon, returned to their duty. The soldiers, animated by the example of their chief, no longer refused to administer to the wants of their suffering comrades, and thus the progress of the infection in

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the army was materially arrested. One of the physicians reproached Napoleon for his imprudence, in exposing himself to such fearful peril. He coolly replied, "It is but my duty. I am the commander-in-chief."

Napoleon now pressed the siege of Acre. It



THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL.

was the only fortress in Syria which could stop him. Its subjugation would make him the undisputed master of Syria. Napoleon had already formed an alliance with the Druses and other Christian tribes, who had taken refuge from the extortions of the Turks, among the mountains of Lebanon, and they only awaited the capture of Acre to join his standard in a body, and to throw off the intolerable yoke of Moslem despotism. Delegations of their leading men frequently appeared in the tent of Napoleon, and their prayers were fervently ascending for the success of the French arms. That in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism, is undeniable. The Turks were not idle. By vast exertions they had roused the whole Mussulman population to march, in the name of the Prophet, for the destruction of the "Christian dogs." An enormous army was marshaled, and was on its way for the relief of the beleagured city. Damascus had furnished its thousands. The scattered remnants of the fierce Mamelukes, and the mounted Bedouins of the desert, had congregated, to rush, with resistless numbers, upon their bold antagonist.

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty

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thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best-trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre, and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the siege, he boldly advanced with but six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance-guard of three thousand men. Napoleon followed soon after, with three thousand more. As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the sixteenth of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East was reflected by the rays of the brilliant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curveting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks, as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility; and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock. It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point, but if the bayonet remains firm he will rear and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horse and riders rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming citadel, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy plowed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon formed around them a rampart of dead men and horses. Behind this horrible abattis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies Seven long hours passed away while the battle raged with unabated ferocity The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives most dearly.

Matters were in this state, when at one o'clock Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamor and confusion. They were canopied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon could only distinguish the French by the regular and unintermitted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot, incessantly emitting lightning flashes, in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen. Cautiously and silently the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach, till they were just ready to plunge upon the plains. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled with joyful surprise the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks, "It is Bonaparte! It is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scarred and bleeding veterans, as, disdaining longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled. The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in refluent surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage, was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet of flame. Peal after peal, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly-drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the

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Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there, with his proud cavalry—Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng. It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, "In the hottest of this terrible fight, I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with ten-fold courage and strength." The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes, is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. "How can you," exclaimed a French officer, to the human tiger, "in your condition, be guilty of such an act?" "You speak much at your ease," the man replied, "you who are unhurt; but I, while I am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can."

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered, it was destroyed. As that day's sun, vailed in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array, assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were "innumerable as the sands of the sea or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history can not record without amazement. The ostensible and avowed object of Napoleon's march into Syria was now accomplished. Napoleon returned again to Acre, to prosecute with new vigor its siege, for, though the great army, marshaled for his destruction, was annihilated, he had other plans, infinitely more majestic, revolving in his capacious mind. One evening he was standing with his secretary upon the mount which still bears the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, contemplating the smouldering scene of blood and ruin around him, when, after a few moments of silent thought, he exclaimed, "Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has cost me dear. But matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will then raise and arm the whole population of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of Achmet, and for whose fall all classes daily supplicate Heaven. I shall advance on Damascus and Aleppo. I will recruit my army, as I advance, by enlisting all the discontented. I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains and the abolition of the tyrannical governments of the Pachas. The Druses wait but for the fall of Acre, to declare themselves. I am already offered the keys of Damascus. My armed masses will penetrate to Constantinople, and the Mussulman dominion will be overturned. I shall found in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity."

With these visions animating his mind, and having fully persuaded himself that he was the child of destiny, he prosecuted, with all possible vigor, the siege of Acre. But English and Russian and Turkish fleets were in that harbor. English generals, and French engineers, and European and Turkish soldiers, stood, side by side, behind those formidable ramparts, to resist the utmost endeavors of their assailants, with equal vigor, science, and fearlessness. No pen can describe the desperate conflicts and the scenes of carnage which ensued. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, the horrible slaughter, without intermission, continued. The French succeeded in transporting, by means of their cruisers, from Alexandria, a few pieces of heavy artillery, and the walls of Acre were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins. The streets were plowed up, and the houses blown down by bomb-shells. Bleeding forms, blackened with smoke, and with clothing burnt and tattered, rushed upon each other, with dripping sabres and bayonets, and with hideous yells which rose even above the incessant thunders of the cannonade. The noise, the uproar, the flash of guns, the enveloping cloud of sulphurous smoke converting the day into hideous night, and the unintermitted flashes of musketry and artillery, transforming night into lurid and portentous day, the forms of the combatants, gliding like spectres, with demoniacal fury through the darkness, the blast of trumpets, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, presented a scene which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive. There was no time to bury the dead, and the putrefaction of hundreds of corpses under that burning sun added appalling horrors. To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked, that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

There were occasional lulls in this awful storm, during which each party would be rousing its

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energies for more terrible collision. The besiegers burrowed mines deep under the foundations of walls and towers, and with the explosion of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, opened volcanic craters, blowing men and rocks into hideous ruin. In the midst of the shower of destruction darkening the skies, the assailants rushed, with sabres and dripping bayonets, to the assault. The onset, on the part of the French, was as furious and desperate as mortal man is capable of making. The repulse was equally determined and fearless.

Sir Sydney Smith conducted the defense, with the combined English and Turkish troops. He displayed consummate skill, and unconquerable firmness, and availed himself of every weapon of effective warfare. Conscious of the earnest desire of the French soldiers to return to France, and of the despair with which the army had been oppressed when the fleet was destroyed, and thus all hope of return was cut off, he circulated a proclamation among them, offering to convey safely to France every soldier who would desert from the standard of Napoleon. This proclamation, in large numbers, was thrown from the ramparts to the French troops. A more tempting offer could not have been presented, and yet so strong was the attachment of the soldiers for their chief, that it is not known that a single individual availed himself of the privilege. Napoleon issued a counter proclamation to his army, in which he asserted that the English commodore had actually gone mad. This so provoked Sir Sydney, that he sent a challenge to Napoleon to meet him in single combat. The young general proudly replied, "If Sir Sydney will send Marlborough from his grave, to meet me, I will think of it. In the mean time, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

In the progress of the siege, Gen. Caffarelli was struck by a ball and mortally wounded. For eighteen days he lingered in extreme pain, and then died. Napoleon was strongly attached to him, and during all the period, twice every day, made a visit to his couch of suffering. So great was his influence over the patient, that though the wounded general was frequently delirious, no sooner was the name of Napoleon announced, than he became perfectly collected, and conversed coherently.

The most affecting proofs were frequently given of the entire devotion of the troops to Napoleon. One day, while giving some directions in the trenches, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, perceiving his danger, instantly rushed toward him.



THE BOMB-SHELL.

encircled him in their arms, and completely shielded every part of his body with their own. The shell exploded, blowing a hole in the earth sufficiently large to bury a cart and two horses. All three were tumbled into the excavation, and covered with stones and sand. One of the men was rather severely wounded; Napoleon escaped with but a few slight bruises. He immediately elevated both of these heroes to the rank of officers.

"Never yet, I believe," said Napoleon, "has there been such devotion shown by soldiers to their general, as mine have manifested for me. At Arcola, Colonel Muiron threw himself before me, covered my body with his own, and received the

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blow which was intended for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier been wanting in fidelity—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive Napoleon.*"

The siege had now continued for sixty days. Napoleon had lost nearly three thousand men, by the sword and the plague. The hospitals were full of the sick and the wounded. Still, Napoleon remitted not his efforts. "Victory," said he, "belongs to the most persevering." Napoleon had now expended all his cannon-balls. By a singular expedient he obtained a fresh supply. A party of soldiers was sent upon the beach, and set to work, apparently throwing up a rampart for the erection of a battery. Sir Sydney immediately approached with the English ships, and poured in upon them broadside after broadside from all his tiers. The soldiers, who perfectly comprehended the joke, convulsed with laughter, ran and collected the balls as they rolled over the sand. Napoleon ordered a dollar to be paid to the soldiers for each ball thus obtained. When this supply was exhausted, a few horsemen or wagons were sent out upon the beach, as if engaged in some important movement, when the English commodore would again approach and present them, from his plethoric magazines, with another liberal supply. Thus for a long time Napoleon replenished his exhausted stores.

One afternoon in May, a fleet of thirty sail of the line was descried in the distant horizon, approaching Acre. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. The sight awakened intense anxiety in the hearts of both besiegers and besieged. The French hoped that they were French ships conveying to them succors from Alexandria or from France. The besieged flattered themselves that they were friendly sails, bringing to them such aid as would enable them effectually to repulse their terrible foes. The English cruisers immediately stood out of the bay to reconnoitre the unknown fleet. Great was the disappointment of the French when they saw the two squadrons unite, and the crescent of the Turk, and the pennant of England, in friendly blending, approach the bay together. The Turkish fleet brought a reinforcement of twelve thousand men, with an abundant supply of military stores. Napoleon's only hope was to capture the place before the disembarkation of these reinforcements. Calculating that the landing could not be effected in less than six hours, he resolved upon an immediate assault. In the deepening twilight, a black and massy column issued from the trenches, and advanced, with the firm and silent steps of utter desperation, to the breach. The besieged knowing that, if they could hold out but a few hours longer, deliverance was certain, were animated to the most determined resistance. A horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The troops, from the ships, in the utmost haste, were embarked in the boats, and were pulling, as rapidly as possible, across the bay, to aid their failing friends. Sir Sydney himself headed the crews of the ships, and led them armed with pikes to the breach. The assailants gained the summit of the heap of stones into which the wall had been battered, and even forced their way into the garden of the pacha. But a perfect swarm of janizaries suddenly poured in upon them, with the keen sabre in one hand, and the dagger in the other, and in a few moments they were all reduced to headless trunks. The Turks gave no quarter. The remorseless Butcher sat in the court-yard of his palace, paying a liberal reward for the gory head of every infidel which was laid at his feet. He smiled upon the ghastly trophies heaped up in piles around him. The chivalric Sir Sydney must at times have felt not a little abashed in contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting to arrest the progress of free institutions, and the scimitar of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service. In promotion of the same object, but a few years before, the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage" had been called into requisition, to deluge the borders of our own land with blood. Napoleon was contending to wrest from the hand of Achmet the Butcher, his bloody scimitar. Sir Sydney, with the united despots of Turkey and of Russia, was struggling to help him retain it.

Sir Sydney also issued a proclamation to the Druses, and other Christian tribes of Syria, urging them to trust to the faith of a "Christian knight," rather than to that of an "unprincipled renegado." But the "Christian knight," in the hour of victory, forgot the poor Druses, and they were left, without even one word of sympathy, to bleed, during ages whose limits can not yet be seen, beneath the dripping yataghan of the Moslem. Column after column of the French advanced to the assault, but all were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Every hour the strength of the enemy was increasing. Every hour the forces of Napoleon were melting away, before the awful storm sweeping from the battlements. In these terrific conflicts, where immense masses were contending hand to hand, it was found that the scimitar of the Turk was a far more efficient weapon of destruction than the bayonet of the European.

Success was now hopeless. Sadly Napoleon made preparations to relinquish the enterprise. He knew that a formidable Turkish army, aided by the fleets of England and Russia, was soon to be conveyed from Rhodes to Egypt. Not an hour longer could he delay his return to meet it. Had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without any difficulty. The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results which might have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage, and energy of Sir Sydney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the Butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations

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of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia, in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire such as earth had never before seen, which should develop all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man.

History can record with unerring truth the *deeds* of man and his *avowed designs*. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives*, which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal, are hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known! This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane, with his mounted hordes, to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavors to bless mankind. Even Washington, who though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love for his country. That absence of regard for self can not be so distinctly seen in Napoleon. He wished to be the great benefactor of the world, elevating the condition and rousing the energies of man, not that he might obtain wealth and live in splendor, not that he might revel in voluptuous indulgences, but apparently that his own name might be embalmed in glory. This is not a holy motive. Neither is it degrading and dishonorable. We hate the mercenary despot. We despise the voluptuary. But history can not justly consign Napoleon either to hatred or to contempt. Had Christian motives impelled him, making all due allowance for human frailty, he might have been regarded as a saint. Now he is but a hero.

The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimetar, and the bastinado, consigning the millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we can not with equal severity condemn the ambition of him, who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, and to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty. But far more lofty is that ambition of which Christ is the great exemplar, which can bury self entirely in oblivion.

Twenty years after the discomfiture at Acre, Napoleon, when imprisoned upon the Rock of St. Helena, alluded to these dreams of his early life. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus. In the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it. The whole population of the East would have been agitated." Some one said, he would have soon been reinforced by one hundred thousand men. "Say rather, six hundred thousand," Napoleon replied. "Who can calculate what would have happened! I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

The manner in which Napoleon bore this disappointment most strikingly illustrates the truth of his own remarkable assertion. "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along." Even his most intimate friends could discern no indications of discontent. He seemed to feel that it was not his destiny to found an empire in the East, and, acquiescing without a murmur, he turned his attention to other enterprises. "That man," said he, with perfect good-nature, speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, "made me miss my destiny." Napoleon ever manifested the most singular magnanimity in recognizing the good qualities of his enemies. He indulged in no feelings of exasperation toward Sir Sydney, notwithstanding his agency in frustrating the most cherished plan of his life.—Wurmser, with whom he engaged in such terrible conflicts in Italy, he declared to be a brave and magnanimous foe; and, in the hour of triumph, treated him with a degree of delicacy and generosity which could not have been surpassed had his vanquished antagonist been his intimate friend. Of Prince Charles, with whom he fought repeated and most desperate battles in his march upon Vienna, he remarked, "He is a *good man*, which includes every thing when said of a prince. He is incapable of a dishonorable action." And even of his eccentric and versatile antagonist at Acre, Napoleon says, with great impartiality and accuracy of judgment, "Sir Sydney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He also manifested great honor in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army. If he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army would have been obliged to surrender to the English.

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He also displayed great humanity and honor in all his proceedings toward the French who fell into his hands. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is half crazy. The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board several small vessels. Had it not been for that I should have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely. He sent me, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or midshipman, with a letter containing a challenge to me, to meet him in some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man. He has certain good qualities, and, as an old enemy, I should like to see him."

A minute dissector of human nature may discern, in this singular candor, a destitution of earnestness of principle. The heart is incapable of this indifference, when it cherishes a profound conviction of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon encountered his foes upon the field of battle, with very much the same feeling with which he would meet an opponent in a game of chess. These wars were fierce conflicts between the kings and the people; and Napoleon was not angry with the kings for defending strongly their own cause. There were of course moments of irritation, but his prevailing feeling was that his foes were to be conquered, not condemned. At one time he expressed much surprise in perceiving that Alexander of Russia had allowed feelings of personal hostility to enter into the conflict. A chess-player could not have manifested more unaffected wonder, in finding his opponent in a rage at the check of his king. Napoleon does not appear often to have acted from a deep sense of moral obligation. His justice, generosity, and magnanimity were rather the instinctive impulses of a noble nature, than the result of a profound conviction of duty. We see but few indications, in the life of Napoleon, of tenderness of conscience. That faculty needs a kind of culture which Napoleon never enjoyed.

He also cherished the conviction that his opponents were urged on by the same destiny by which he believed himself to be impelled. "I am well taught," said Dryfesdale, "and strong in the belief, that man does naught of himself. He is but the foam upon the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by its own efforts, but by the mightier impulse of fate, which urges him." The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestley, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the most heroic and virtuous endeavors, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

Napoleon was an inveterate enemy to dueling, and strongly prohibited it in the army. One evening in Egypt, at a convivial party, General Lannsse spoke sarcastically respecting the condition of the army. Junot, understanding his remarks to reflect upon Napoleon, whom he almost worshiped, was instantly in a flame, and stigmatized Lanusse as a traitor. Lanusse retorted by calling Junot a scoundrel. Instantly swords were drawn, and all were upon their feet, for such words demanded blood. "Hearken," said Junot, sternly, "I called you a traitor; I do not think that you are one. You called me a scoundrel; you know that I am not such. But we must fight. One of us must die. I hate you, for you have abused the man whom I love and admire, as much as I do God, if not more." It was a dark night. The whole party, by the light of torches, proceeded to the bottom of the garden which sloped to the Nile, when the two half inebriated generals cut at each other with their swords, until the head of Lanusse was laid open, and the bowels of Junot almost protruded from a frightful wound. When Napoleon, the next morning, heard of the occurrence, he was exceedingly indignant. "What!" exclaimed he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats! Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to dispute it with the crocodiles! Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes! You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as if his aid were present before him, "you richly deserve, as soon as you get well, to be put under arrest for a month."

In preparation for abandoning the siege of Acre, Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his troops. "Soldiers! You have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa, with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army, which was on its march to invade Egypt, is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts, which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed, at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands, collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships, which, twelve days since, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months, in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the Pacha in his palace. But at this season the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential services. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

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On the 20th of May, Napoleon, for the first time in his life, relinquished an enterprise unaccomplished. An incessant fire was kept up in the trenches till the last moment, while the baggage, the sick, and the field artillery were silently defiling to the rear, so that the Turks had no suspicion that the besiegers were about to abandon their works. Napoleon left three thousand of his troops, slain or dead of the plague, buried in the sands of Acre. He had accomplished the ostensible and avowed object of his expedition. He had utterly destroyed the vast assemblages formed in Syria for the invasion of Egypt, and had rendered the enemy, in that quarter, incapable of acting against him. Acre had been overwhelmed by his fire, and was now reduced to a heap of ruins. Those vague and brilliant dreams of conquest in the East, which he secretly cherished, had not been revealed to the soldiers. They simply knew that they had triumphantly accomplished the object announced to them, in the destruction of the great Turkish army. Elated with the pride of conquerors, they prepared to return, with the utmost celerity, to encounter another army, assembled at Rhodes, which was soon to be landed, by the hostile fleet, upon some part of the shores of Egypt. Thus, while Napoleon was frustrated in the accomplishment of his undivulged but most majestic plans, he still appeared to the world an invincible conqueror.

There were, in the hospitals, twelve hundred sick and wounded. These were to be conveyed on horses and on litters. Napoleon relinquished his own horse for the wounded, and toiled along through the burning sands with the humblest soldiers on foot. The Druses and other tribes, hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retiring. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the Butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail, which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers and mothers and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them, from the hands of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings.

At Jaffa, among the multitude of the sick, there were seven found near to death. They were dying of the plague, and could not be removed. Napoleon himself fearlessly went into the plague hospital, passed through all its wards, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement to the sufferers. The eyes of the dying were turned to him, and followed his steps, with indescribable affection, as he passed from cot to cot. The seven who were in such a condition that their removal was impossible, Napoleon for some time contemplated with most tender solicitude. He could not endure the thought of leaving them to be taken by the Turks; for the Turks tortured to death every prisoner who fell into their hands. He at last suggested to the physician the expediency of administering to them an opium pill, which would expedite, by a few hours, their death, and thus save them from the hands of their cruel foe. The physician gave the highly admired reply, "My profession is to cure, not to kill." Napoleon reflected a moment in silence, and said no more upon the subject, but left a rear-guard of five hundred men to protect them, until the last should have expired. For this suggestion Napoleon has been most severely censured. However much it may indicate mistaken views of Christian duty, it certainly does not indicate a cruel disposition. It was his tenderness of heart, and his love for his soldiers, which led to the proposal. An unfeeling monster would not have troubled himself about these few valueless and dying men; but, without a thought, would have left them to their fate. In reference to the severity with which this transaction has been condemned, Napoleon remarked at St. Helena, "I do not think that it would have been a crime had opium been administered to them. On the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few unfortunate men, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. A general ought to act with his soldiers, as he would wish should be done to himself. Now would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily, a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the tortures of those barbarians? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation with these men, I would advise it to be done. And if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough and strength enough to demand it. However, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. Do you think, if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime, or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel? No, no! I never should have done so a second time. Some would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger, would have dispatched me. I never committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live. I have, however, often thought since on this point of morals, and, I believe, if thoroughly considered, it is always better to suffer a man to terminate his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterward in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when

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his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. I said to him 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no remedy, it is necessary to suffer to the last.'"

Sir Robert Wilson recorded, that the merciless and blood-thirsty monster Napoleon, poisoned at Jaffa five hundred and eighty of his sick and wounded soldiers, merely to relieve himself of the encumbrance of taking care of them. The statement was circulated, and believed throughout Europe and America. And thousands still judge of Napoleon through the influence of such assertions. Sir Robert was afterward convinced of his error, and became the friend of Napoleon. When some one was speaking, in terms of indignation, of the author of the atrocious libel, Napoleon replied, "You know but little of men and of the passions by which they are actuated. What leads you to imagine that Sir Robert is not a man of enthusiasm and of violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? He may have been misinformed and deceived, and may now be sorry for it. He may be as sincere now in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us." Again he said, "The fact is that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men. In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever respecting my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I am not uneasy as to the result."

Baron Larrey was the chief of the medical staff. "Larrey," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier whom I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, he was seen on the field of battle, immediately after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavoring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. He scarcely allowed a moment of repose to his assistants, and kept them ever at their posts. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them out of their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodations or assistance for the sick or wounded. They were all afraid of him, as they knew that if his wishes were not complied with, he would immediately come and make a complaint to me." Larrey, on his return to Europe, published a medical work, which he dedicated to Napoleon as a tribute due to him for the care which he always took of the sick and wounded soldiers. Assulini, another eminent physician, records, "Napoleon, great in every emergence, braved on several occasions the danger of contagion. I have seen him in the hospitals at Jaffa, inspecting the wards, and talking familiarly with the soldiers attacked by the plague. This heroic example allayed the fears of the army, cheered the spirits of the sick, and encouraged the hospital attendants, whom the progress of the disease and the fear of contagion had considerably alarmed."

The march over the burning desert was long and painful, and many of the sick and wounded perished. The sufferings of the army were inconceivable. Twelve hundred persons, faint with disease, or agonized with broken bones or ghastly wounds, were borne along, over the rough and weary way, on horseback. Many were so exhausted with debility and pain that they were tied to the saddles, and were thus hurried onward, with limbs freshly amputated and with bones shivered to splinters. The path of the army was marked by the bodies of the dead, which were dropped by the way-side. There were not horses enough for the sick and the wounded, though Napoleon and all his generals marched on foot. The artillery pieces were left among the sand hills, that the horses might be used for the relief of the sufferers. Many of the wounded were necessarily abandoned to perish by the way-side. Many who could not obtain a horse, knowing the horrible death by torture which awaited them, should they fall into the hands of the Turks, hobbled along with bleeding wounds in intolerable agony. With most affecting earnestness, though unavailingly, they implored their comrades to help them. Misery destroys humanity. Each one thought only of himself. Seldom have the demoralizing influences and the horrors of war been more signally displayed than in this march of twenty-five days. Napoleon was deeply moved by the spectacle of misery around him. One day as he was toiling along through the sands, at the head of a column, with the blazing sun of Syria pouring down upon his unprotected head, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, all around him, he saw an officer, in perfect health, riding on horseback, refusing to surrender his saddle to the sick. The indignation of Napoleon was so aroused, that by one blow from the hilt of his sword he laid the officer prostrate upon the earth, and then helped a wounded soldier into his saddle. The deed was greeted with a shout of acclamation from the ranks. The "recording angel in heaven's chancery" will blot out the record of such violence with a tear.

The historian has no right to draw the vail over the revolting horrors of war. Though he may wish to preserve his pages from the repulsive recital, justice to humanity demands that the barbarism, the crime, and the cruelty of war should be faithfully portrayed. The soldiers refused to render the slightest assistance to the sick or the wounded. They feared that every one who was not well was attacked by the plague. These poor dying sufferers were not only objects of horror, but also of derision. The soldiers burst into immoderate fits of laughter in looking upon the convulsive efforts which the dying made to rise from the sands upon which they had fallen. "He has made up his account," said one. "He will not get on far," said another. And when the exhausted wretch fell to rise no more, they exclaimed, with perfect indifference, "His lodging is secured." The troops were harassed upon their march by hordes of mounted

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Arabs, ever prowling around them. To protect themselves from assault, and to avenge attacks, they fired villages, and burned the fields of grain, and with bestial fury pursued shrieking maids and matrons. Such deeds almost invariably attend the progress of an army, for an army is ever the resort and the congenial home of the moral dregs of creation. Napoleon must at times have been horror-stricken in contemplating the infernal instrumentality which he was using for the accomplishment of his purposes. The only excuse which can be offered for him is, that it was then as now, the prevalent conviction of the world that war, with all its inevitable abominations, is a necessary evil. The soldiers were glad to be fired upon from a house, for it furnished them with an excuse for rushing in, and perpetrating deeds of atrocious violence in its secret chambers.

Those infected by the plague accompanied the army at some distance from the main body. Their encampment was always separated from the bivouacs of the troops, and was with terror avoided by those soldiers who, without the tremor of a nerve, could storm a battery. Napoleon, however, always pitched his tent by their side. Every night he visited them to see if their wants were attended to. And every morning he was present, with parental kindness, to see them file off at the moment of departure. Such tenderness, at the hands of one who was filling the world with his renown, won the hearts of the soldiers. He merited their love. Even to the present day the scarred and mutilated victims of these wars, still lingering in the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, will flame with enthusiastic admiration at the very mention of the name of Napoleon. There is no man, living or dead, who at the present moment is the object of such enthusiastic love as Napoleon Bonaparte. And they who knew him the best love him the most.

One day, on their return, an Arab tribe came to meet him, to show their respect and to offer their services as guides. The son of the chief of the tribe, a little boy about twelve years of age, was mounted on a dromedary, riding by the side of Napoleon, and chatting with great familiarity. "Sultan Kebir," said the young Arab to Napoleon, "I could give you good advice, now that you are returning to Cairo." "Well! speak, my friend," said Napoleon; "if your advice is good I will follow it." "I will tell you what I would do, were I in your place," the young chief rejoined. "As soon as I got to Cairo, I would send for the richest slave-merchant in the market, and I would choose twenty of the prettiest women for myself. I would then send for the richest jewelers, and would make them give me up a good share of their stock. I would then do the same with all the other merchants. For what is the use of reigning, or being powerful, if not to acquire riches?" "But, my friend," replied Napoleon, "suppose it were more noble to preserve these things for others?" The young barbarian was quite perplexed in endeavoring to comprehend ambition so lofty, intellectual, and refined. "He was, however," said Napoleon, "very promising for an Arab. He was lively and courageous, and led his troops with dignity and order. He is perhaps destined one day or other, to carry his advice into execution in the market-place of Cairo."

At length Napoleon arrived at Cairo, after an absence of three months. With great pomp and triumph he entered the city. He found, on his return to Egypt, that deep discontent pervaded the army. The soldiers had now been absent from France for a year. For six months they had heard no news whatever from home, as not



ARRIVAL OF THE COURIER.

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a single French vessel had been able to cross the Mediterranean. Napoleon, finding his plans frustrated for establishing an empire which should overshadow all the East, began to turn his thoughts again to France. He knew, however, that there was another Turkish army collected at Rhodes, prepared, in co-operation with the fleets of Russia and England, to make a descent on Egypt. He could not think of leaving the army until that formidable foe was disposed of. He knew not when or where the landing would be attempted, and could only wait.

One evening, in July, he was walking with a friend in the environs of Cairo, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, when an Arab horseman was seen, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rapidly approaching him over the desert. He brought dispatches from Alexandria, informing Napoleon that a powerful fleet had appeared in the Bay of Aboukir, that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, fierce and fearless soldiers, each armed with musket, pistol, and sabre; that their artillery was numerous, and well served by British officers; that the combined English, Russian, and Turkish fleets supported the armament in the bay; that Mourad Bey, with a numerous body of Mameluke cavalry, was crossing the desert from Upper Egypt to join the invaders; that the village of Aboukir had been taken by the Turks, the garrison cut to pieces, and the citadel compelled to capitulate. Thus the storm burst upon Egypt.

Napoleon immediately retired to his tent, where he remained till 3 o'clock the next morning, dictating orders for the instant advance of the troops, and for the conduct of those who were to remain in Cairo, and at the other military stations. At 4 o'clock in the morning he was on horseback, and the army in full march. The French troops were necessarily so scattered—some in Upper Egypt, eight hundred miles above Cairo, some upon the borders of the desert to prevent incursions from Syria, some at Alexandria—that Napoleon could take with him but eight thousand men. By night and by day, through smothering dust and burning sands, and beneath the rays of an almost blistering sun, his troops, hungry and thirsty, with iron sinews, almost rushed along, accomplishing one of those extraordinary marches which filled the world with wonder. In seven days he reached the Bay of Aboukir.

It was the hour of midnight, on the 25th of July, 1799, when Napoleon, with six thousand men, arrived within sight of the strongly intrenched camp of the Turks. They had thrown up intrenchments among the sand-hills on the shore of the bay. He ascended an eminence and carefully examined the position of his sleeping foes. By the bright moonlight he saw the vast fleet of the allies riding at anchor in the offing, and his practiced eye could count the mighty host, of infantry and artillery and horsemen, slumbering before him. He knew that the Turks were awaiting the arrival of the formidable Mameluke cavalry from Egypt, and for still greater reinforcements, of men and munitions of war, from Acre, and other parts of Syria. Kleber, with a division of two thousand of the army, had not yet arrived. Napoleon resolved immediately to attack his foes, though they were eighteen thousand strong. It was indeed an unequal conflict. These janizaries were the most fierce, merciless, and indomitable of men; and their energies were directed by English officers and by French engineers. Just one year before, Napoleon with his army had landed upon that beach. Where the allied fleet now rode so proudly, the French fleet had been utterly destroyed. The bosom of Napoleon burned with the desire to avenge this disaster. As Napoleon stood silently contemplating the scene, Murat by his side, he foresaw the long results depending upon the issue of the conflict. Utter defeat would be to him utter ruin. A partial victory would but prolong the conflict, and render it impossible for him, without dishonor, to abandon Egypt and return to France. The entire destruction of his foes would enable him, with the renown of an invincible conqueror, to leave the army in safety and embark for Paris, where he doubted not that, in the tumult of the unsettled times, avenues of glory would be opened before him. So strongly was he impressed with the great destinies for which he believed himself to be created, that, turning to Murat, he said, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." The distinguished cavalry commander, unable to appreciate the grandeur of Napoleon's thoughts, replied, "At least of this army. But every French soldier feels now that he must conquer or die. And be assured, if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Turks shall be to-morrow so charged by mine."

The first gray of the morning was just appearing in the East, when the Turkish army was aroused by the tramp of the French columns, and by a shower of bomb-shells falling in the midst of their intrenchments. One of the most terrible battles recorded in history then ensued. The awful genius of Napoleon never shone forth more fearfully than on that bloody day. He stood upon a gentle eminence, calm, silent, unperturbed, pitiless, and guided, with resistless skill, the carnage. The onslaught of the French was like that of wolves. The Turks were driven like deer before them. Every man remembered that in that bay the proud fleet of France had perished. Every man felt that the kings of Europe had banded for the destruction of the French Republic. Every man exulted in the thought that there were but six thousand French Republicans to hurl themselves upon England, Russia, and Turkey combined, nearly twenty thousand strong. The Turks, perplexed and confounded by the skill and fury of the assault, were driven in upon each other in horrible confusion. The French, trained to load and fire with a rapidity which seemed miraculous, poured in upon them a perfect hurricane of bullets, balls, and shells. They were torn to pieces, mown down, bayoneted, and trampled under iron hoofs. In utter consternation, thousands of them plunged into

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the sea, horsemen and footmen, and struggled in the waves, in the insane attempt to swim to the ships, three miles distant from the shore. With terrible calmness of energy Napoleon opened upon the drowning host the tornado of his batteries, and the water was swept with grape-shot as by a hail-storm. The Turks were on the point of a peninsula. Escape by land was impossible. They would not ask for quarter. The silent and proud spirit of Napoleon was inflamed with the resolve to achieve a victory which should reclaim the name of Aboukir to the arms of France. Murat redeemed his pledge. Plunging with his cavalry into the densest throng of the enemy, he spurred his fiery steed, reckless of peril, to the very centre of the Turkish camp, where stood Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by his staff. The proud Turk had barely time to discharge a pistol at his audacious foe, which slightly wounded Murat, ere the dripping sabre of the French general severed half of his hand from the wrist. Thus wounded, the leader of the Turkish army was immediately captured, and sent in triumph to Napoleon. As Napoleon received his illustrious prisoner, magnanimously desiring to soothe the bitterness of his utter discomfiture, he courteously said, "I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage you have displayed in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it." "Thou mayst save thyself that trouble," the proud Turk haughtily replied. "My master knows me better than thou canst."

Before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the whole Turkish army was destroyed. Hardly an individual escaped. About two thousand prisoners were taken in the fort. All the rest perished, either drowned in the sea, or slain upon the land. Sir Sydney Smith, who had chosen the position occupied by the Turkish army, with the utmost



NAPOLEON AND KLEBER.

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difficulty avoided capture. In the midst of the terrible scene of tumult and death, the Commodore succeeded in getting on board a boat, and was rowed to his ships. More than twelve thousand corpses of the turbaned Turks were floating in the bay of Aboukir, beneath whose crimsoned waves, but a few months before, almost an equal number of the French had sunk in death. Such utter destruction of an army is perhaps unexampled in the annals of war. If God frowned upon France in the naval battle of Aboukir, He as signally frowned upon her foes in this terrific conflict on the land.

The cloudless sun descended peacefully, in the evening, beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Napoleon stood at the door of his tent, calmly contemplating the scene, from whence all his foes had thus suddenly and utterly vanished. Just then Kleber arrived, with his division of two thousand men, for whom Napoleon had not waited. The distinguished soldier, who had long been an ardent admirer of Napoleon, was overwhelmed with amazement in contemplating the magnitude of the victory. In his enthusiasm he threw his arms around the neck of his adored chieftain, exclaiming, "Let me embrace you, my General, you are great as the universe."

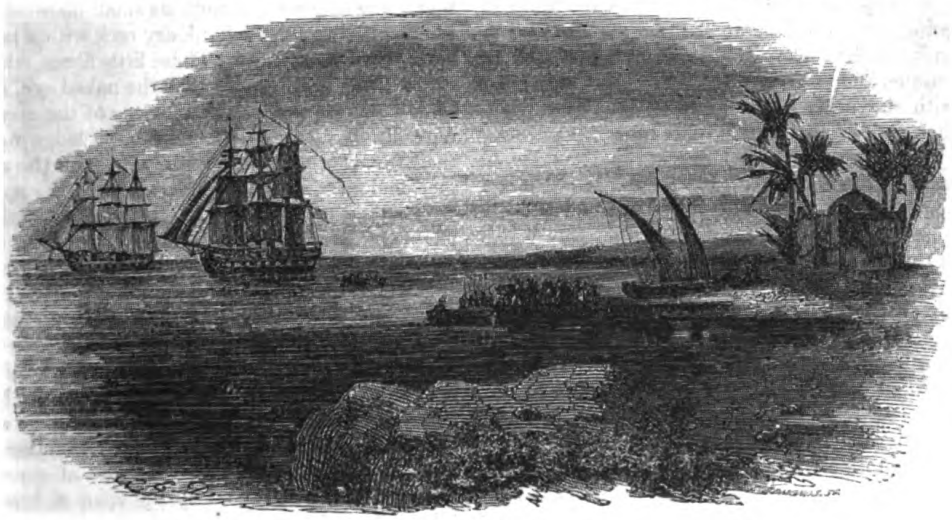
Egypt was now quiet. Not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack, from any quarter, was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the administration of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor.

It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained, at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off, by the destruction of its fleet, from all intercourse with Europe, to think of the invasion of India. The French troops had exactly "caught the Tartar." Egypt was of no possible avail as a colony, with the Mediterranean crowded with hostile English, and Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason, it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French, in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an Empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an Empire in the West.

For ten months Napoleon had now received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of the spirit of gentlemanly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men, buried in the sands, or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared.

Napoleon spent the whole night, with intense interest, examining those papers. He learned that France was in a state of indescribable confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded; that plots and counter-plots, conspiracies and assassinations filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted republic. "Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourrienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

It was a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon that his decisions appeared to be instinct-



THE RETURN.

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ive rather than deliberative. With the rapidity of the lightning's flash his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question, and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty. Thus in the midst of the innumerable combinations of the field of battle, he never suffered from a moment of perplexity; he never hesitated between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously, and without the slightest misgivings, decided upon that very course, to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him. This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equaled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days.

Thus, in the present case, he decided, upon the moment, to return to France. The details of his return, as to the disposition to be made of the army, the manner in which he would attempt to evade the British cruisers, and the individuals he would take with him, were all immediately settled in his mind. He called Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume before him, and informed them of his decision, enjoining upon them the most perfect secrecy, lest intelligence of his preparations should be communicated to the allied fleet. He ordered Gantheaume immediately to get ready for sea two frigates from the harbor of Alexandria, and two small vessels, with provisions for four hundred men for two months. Napoleon then returned with the army to Cairo. He arrived there on the 10th of August, and again, as a resistless conqueror, entered the city. He prevented any suspicion of his projected departure, from arising among the soldiers, by planning an expedition to explore Upper Egypt.

One morning he announced his intention of going down the Nile, to spend a few days in examining the Delta. He took with him a small retinue, and striking across the desert, proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22d of August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town, with eight selected companions, and escorted by a few of his faithful guards. Silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the bay, the party wondering what this movement could mean. Here they discovered, dimly in the distance, two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing-boats near the shore, apparently waiting to receive them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable. The horses were left upon the beach, to find their way back to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats, and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. The sails were immediately spread, and before the light of morning dawned, the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea.

GREAT OBJECTS ATTAINED BY LITTLE THINGS.

THERE is nothing, however small, in nature that has not its appropriate use—nothing, however insignificant it may appear to us, that has not some important mission to fulfill. The living dust that swarms in clusters about our cheese—the mildew casting its emerald tint over our preserves—the lichen and the moss wearing away the words of grief and honor engraved upon the tombs of our forefathers, have each their appropriate work, and are all important in the great economy of nature. The little moss which so effectually aroused the emotions of Mungo Park when far away from his friends and kin, and when his spirits were almost failing, may teach a moral lesson to us all, and serve to inspire us with some of that perseverance and energy to travel through life, that it did Mungo Park in his journey through the African desert. By the steady and long-continued efforts of this fragile little plant, high mountains have been leveled, which no human power could have brought from their towering heights. Adamantine rocks have been reduced to pebbles; cliffs have mouldered in heaps upon the shore; and castles and strongholds raised by the hand of man have proved weak and powerless under the ravages of this tiny agent, and become scenes of ruin and desolation—the habitations of the owl and the bat. Yet who, to look upon the lichen, would think it could do all this!—so modest that we might almost take it for a part of the ground upon which we tread. Can this, we exclaim, be a leveler of mountains and mausoleums! Contemplate its unobtrusive, humble course; endowed by nature with an organization capable of vegetating in the most unpropitious circumstances—requiring indeed little more than the mere moisture of the atmosphere to sustain it, the lichen sends forth its small filamentous roots and clings to the hard, dry rock with a most determined pertinacity. These little fibres, which can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye, find their way into the minute crevices of the stone; now, firmly attached, the rain-drops lodge upon their fronds or membranaceous scales on the surface, and filtering to their roots, moisten the space which they occupy, and the little plant is then enabled to work itself further into the rock; the dimensions of the aperture become enlarged, and the water runs in in greater quantities. This work, carried on by a legion ten thousand strong, soon pierces the stony cliff with innumerable fissures, which being filled with rain, the frost causes it to split, and large pieces roll down to the levels beneath, reduced to sand, or to become soil for the growth of a more exalted vegetation.—This, of course, is a work of time—of generations, perhaps, measured by the span of human life; but, undaunted, the mission of the humble lichen goes on and prospers. Is not this a les-

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seen worth learning from the book of nature? Does it not contain much that we might profit by, and set us an example that we should do well to imitate? "Persevere, and despise not little things," is the lesson we draw from it ourselves, and the poorest and humblest reader of this page will be able to accomplish great things, if he will take the precept to himself, engrave it upon his heart, or hold it constantly before him; depend upon it, you will gain more inspiration from these words than from half the wise sayings of the philosophers of old.

But nature is full of examples to stimulate us to perseverance, and beautiful illustrations of how much can be achieved by little things—trifles unheeded by the multitude. The worms that we tread in the dust beneath our feet, are the choicest friends of the husbandman. A tract of land rendered barren by the incrustation of stones upon its surface, becomes by their labors a rich and fertile plain; they loosen and throw up in nutritious mealy hillocks the hardest and most unprofitable soil—the stones disappear, and where all was sterility and worthlessness, is soon rich with a luxurious vegetation. We may call to mind, too, the worm upon the mulberry-tree, and its miles of fine-spun glistening silk; we may watch the process of its transformation till the choice fabric which its patient industry had produced is dyed by an infusion gained from another little insect (the Cochineal), and then, endowed with the glory of tint and softness of texture, it is cut into robes to deck the beauty of our English wives and daughters. Yet, those ignorant of their usefulness would despise these little laborers, as they do others equally valuable. The bee and the ant, again, are instances which we may all observe—but how few will spare five minutes to contemplate them. Yet, where is the man, sluggard though he be, who would not shake off his slothfulness on observing the patient industry and frugal economy of the little ant? or where is the drunkard and spendthrift who could watch the bee, so busy in garnering up a rich store for the coming winter—laboring while the sun shone, to sustain them when the frost and rain, and the flowerless plants shut out all means of gaining their daily bread; and not put his shoulder to the wheel, and think of old age, and the clouds that are gathering in the heavens? The worth of all the delicious sweets we have derived from the industry of the little bee, is nothing, when compared with the value of this moral which they teach us.

If we turn from the book of Nature and open the annals of discovery and science, many instances of the importance of little things will start up and crowd around us—of events which appear in the lowest degree insignificant, being the cause of vast and stupendous discoveries. "The smallest thing becomes respectable," says Foster, "when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers is an interesting object to the traveler, who is apprised as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and gradually swells into so immense a flood." By the accidental mixing of a little nitre and potash, gunpowder was discovered. In ancient times, before the days of Pliny, some merchants traveling across a sandy desert, could find no rock at hand on which to kindle a fire to prepare their food; as a substitute, they took a block of alkali from among their heaps of merchandise, and lit a fire thereon. The merchants stared with surprise when they saw the huge block melting beneath the heat, and running down in a glistening stream as it mingled with the sand, and still more so, when they discovered into what a hard and shining substance it had been transformed. From this, says Pliny, originated the making of glass. The sunbeams dazzling on a crystal prism unfolded the whole theory of colors. A few rude types carved from a wooden block have been the means of revolutionizing nations, overthrowing dynasties, and rooting out the most hardened despotisms—of driving away a multitude of imps of superstition, which for ages had been the terror of the learned, and of spreading the light of truth and knowledge from the frontiers of civilization to the coasts of darkness and barbarism. "We must destroy the Press, exclaimed the furious Wolsey, "or the Press will destroy us." The battle was fought, the Press was triumphant, and Popery banished from the shores of Britain. The swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling led Galileo to search into the laws of oscillation of the pendulum; and by the fall of an apple the great Newton was led to unfold what had hitherto been deemed one of the secrets of the Deity—a mystery over which God had thrown a vail, which it would be presumption for man to lift or dare to pry beneath. Had Newton disregarded little things, and failed to profit by gentle hints, we should perhaps have thought so still, and our minds would not have been so filled with the glory of Him who made the heavens; but with these great truths revealed to our understandings, we exclaim from our hearts, "Manifold, O God! are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

When the heart of the woolspinner of Genoa was sickening with "hope deferred," and his men, who had long been straining their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of land, were about to burst into open mutiny, and were shouting fearfully to their leader to steer the vessel back again, Columbus picked up a piece of wood which he found floating upon the waters. The shore must be nigh, he thought, from whence this branch has wafted, and the inference inspired the fainting hearts of his crew to persevere and gain the hoped-for land; had it not been for this trifling occurrence, Columbus would perhaps have returned to Spain an unsuccessful adventurer. But such trifles have often befriended genius. Accidentally observing a red-hot iron become elon

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gated by passing between iron cylinders, suggested the improvements effected by Arkwright in the spinning machinery. A piece of thread and a few small beads were means sufficient in the hands of Ferguson, to ascertain the situation of the stars in the heavens. The discovery of Galvani was made by a trifling occurrence; a knife happened to be brought in contact with a dead frog which was lying upon the board of the chemist's laboratory, the muscles of the reptile were observed to be severely convulsed—experiments soon unfolded the whole theory of Galvanism. The history of the gas-light is curious, and illustrates our subject. Dr. Clayton distilled some coal in a retort, and confining the vapor in a bladder, amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole; little did the worthy doctor think to what purposes the principle of that experiment was capable of being applied. It was left for Murdoch to suggest its adoption as a means of illuminating our streets and adding to the splendor of our shops. Had Clayton not made known his humble experiment, we probably should still be depending on the mercy of a jovial watchman for a light to guide us through the dark thoroughfares of the city, or to the dim glimmer of an oil lamp to display the luxury of our merchandise.

These facts, which we have gleaned from the fields of nature and from the annals of science, may be useful to us all. If God has instilled the instinct of frugality into the ant, and told us, in his written word, to go learn her ways and be wise, think you he will be displeased to observe the same habits of economy in us, or deny us the favor of his countenance, because we use with care the talents he has intrusted to our keeping, or the wealth he has placed within our reach! Let not instances of the abuse of this feeling, which spendthrifts in derision will be sure to point out to you, deter you from saving, in times of plenty, a little for a time of need. Avarice is always despicable—the crime of the miser is greater than that of the spendthrift; both are extremes, both abuse the legitimate purposes of wealth. It is equally revolting to read of two avaricious souls, whose coffers could have disgorged ten times ten thousand guineas, growing angry over a penny, or fretting at the loss of a farthing rushlight; but it is a sight quite as sad and painful to observe the spendthrift squandering in the mire the last shilling of an ample fortune, and reducing his wife and children to beggary for ever. Save, then, a little, although the thoughtless and the gay may sneer. Throw nothing away, for there is nothing that is purely worthless; the refuse from your table is worth its price, and if you are not wanting it yourself, remember there are hundreds of your kind, your brethren by the laws of God, who are groaning under a poverty which it would help to mitigate, and pale with a hunger which it might help to satisfy. Where can you find your prescriptive right to squander that which would fill the belly of a hungry brother? A gentleman, some years ago, married the daughter of a public contractor, whose carts carried away the dust from our habitations; he was promised a portion with his bride, and on his nuptial day was referred to a large heap of dust and offal as the promised dowry. He little thought, as he received it with some reluctance, that it would put two thousand pounds into his pocket.

To achieve independence, then, you must practise an habitual frugality, and while enjoying the present, look forward to old age, and think now and then of the possibility of a rainy day. Do not fancy, because you can only save an occasional penny now, that you will never become the possessor of pounds. Small things increase by union. Recollect, too, the precepts and life of Franklin, and a thousand others who rose to wealth and honor by looking after little things: be resolute, persevere, and prosper. Do not wait for the assistance of others in your progress through life; you will grow hungry, depend upon it, if you look to the charity or kindness of friends for your daily bread. It is far more noble to gird up your loins, and meet the difficulties and troubles of human life with a dauntless courage. The wheel of fortune turns as swiftly as that of a mill, and the rich friend who has the power, you think, to help you to-day, may become poor to-morrow—many such instances of the mutability of fortune must occur to every reader. If he be rich, let him take the inference to himself. If he has plenty, let him save a little, lest the wheel should turn against him; and if he be poor and penniless, let him draw from such cases consolation and hope.

You are desirous of promotion in your worldly position—you are ambitious of rising from indigence to affluence?—resist, then, every temptation that may allure you to indolence or every fascination that may lead to prodigality. Think not that the path to wealth or knowledge is all sunshine and honey; look for it only by long years of vigorous and well-directed activity; let no opportunity pass for self-improvement. Keep your mind a total stranger to the *ennui* of the slothful. The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt? Persevere, and above all, despise not little things; for, you see, they sometimes lead to great matters in the end.

THE SUBLIME PORTE.

IN offering a few remarks upon the government of Turkey, which, by common accord, is known in Europe and the United States as "The Sublime Porte," it is not intended to quote history, but rather to speak of it only in reference to the present period. It is nevertheless necessary to state that the Turks themselves call the Turkish Empire *Mémáliki-Othmanieh*, or the "Ottoman States" (kingdoms), in consequence of their having been founded by Othman, the great ancestor of the present reigning sovereign, Abd-ul-Mejid. They are no better pleased with the name of *Turk* than the people of the United

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States are, generally, with that of *Yankee:* it bears with it a meaning signifying a gross and rude man—something indeed very much like our own definition of it, when we say any one is "no better than a Turk;" and they greatly prefer being known as Ottomans. They call their language the "Ottoman tongue"—*Othmanli dilee*—though some do speak of it as the *Turkish*.

As regards the title, "The Sublime Porte," this has a different origin. In the earlier days of Ottoman rule, the reigning sovereign, as is still the case in some parts of the East, held courts of justice and levees at the entrance of his residence. The palace of the Sultan is always surrounded by a high wall, and not unfrequently defended by lofty towers and bastions. The chief entrance is an elevated portal, with some pretensions to magnificence and showy architecture. It is guarded by soldiers or door-keepers well armed; it may also contain some apartments for certain officers, or even for the Sultan himself; its covering or roof, projecting beyond the walls, offers an agreeable shade, and in its external alcoves are sofas more or less rich or gaudy. Numerous loiterers are usually found lingering about the portal, applicants for justice; and there, in former times, when the Ottomans were indeed *Turks*, scenes of injustice and cruelty were not unfrequently witnessed by the passer-by.

This lofty portal generally bears a distinct title. At Constantinople it has even grown into one which has given a name to the whole government of the Sultan. I am not aware, however, that the custom here alluded to was ever in force in that capital, though it certainly was in other parts of the empire of Othman. It is not improbable that it was usual with all the Sultans, who, at the head of their armies, seldom had any permanent fixed residence worthy of the name of *palace*. Mahomet the Second, who conquered Constantinople from the degenerate Greeks, may, for some time after his entrance into the city of Constantine—still called in all the official documents, such as "*Firmans*," or "Royal Orders," *Kostantinieh*—have held his courts of justice and transacted business at the elevated portal of his temporary residence. The term "Sublime Porte," in Turkish, is *Deri Alieh*, or the elevated and lofty door; the Saxon word door being derived from the Persian *der*, or *dor*, in common use in the Ottoman language, which is a strange mixture of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic. The French, or rather the Franks, in their earlier intercourse with Turkey, translated the title literally "La Sublime Porte," and this in English has been called, with similar inaccuracy, "The Sublime Porte."

Long since, the Ottoman Sultans have ceased administering justice before their palaces, or indeed any where else, in person. The office is delegated to a deputy, who presides over the whole Ottoman government, with the title of Grand Vezir, or in Turkish, *Véziri Azam*, the Chief Vezir, whose official residence or place of business, once no doubt at the portal of his sovereign, is now in a splendid edifice in the midst of the capital. At Constantinople the Ottoman government is also called the "Sublime Government," *Devleti Alieh*, a word closely bordering on that of superiority and pre-eminence claimed by the "Heavenly Government" of the empire of China. The Sultan, in speaking of his government, calls it "My Sublime Porte." The Grand Vezir being an officer of the highest rank in the empire—a Pacha, of course, in fine, *the* Pacha—his official residence is known in Constantinople as that of the Pacha, *Pacha Kapousee*, i.e. the "Gate of the Pacha." The chief entrance to the "seraglio" of the former Sultans, erected on the tongue of land where once stood the republican city of Byzantium, called the "Imperial Gate," or the *Babi Humayoon*, is supposed by some to have given rise to the title of "The Sublime Porte;" but this is not correct. It may have once been used as a court of justice, certainly as a place where justice was wont to be executed, for not unfrequently criminals were decapitated there; and among others, the head of the brave but unfortunate Aáli Pacha, of Yanina in Albania, the friend of Lord Byron, was exposed there for some days previous to its interment beyond the walls of the city.

The title of *porte*, or door, is used in Constantinople to designate other departments of the government. The bureau of the Minister of War is called the *Seraskier Kapousee*, or the Gate of the *Serasker* (head of the army); and those of the Ministers of Commerce and Police are called, the one *Tijaret Kapousee*, and the other *Zabtieh Kapousee*. These, however are sufficient, without mentioning any other facts, to explain the origin and nature of the title of the Ottoman government, known as "The Sublime Porte."

The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is known by his subjects under the title of *Sultán*, which word signifies a ruler; and generally as *Shevketlu Padischah Effendimiz*, "His Majesty the Emperor our Lord;" and all foreign governments now recognize him as an Emperor, and call him by the title of "Imperial Majesty." The definition of the word *Padischah* is supposed to be "Father of Kings," and originally was *Peder Schah*, the first part of it (Peder) being the origin of our Saxon word *Fáder*, or father. In his own tongue he is called *Khan*, in Persian *Shah*, and in Arabic *Sultan*, all meaning, *in extensu*, the same, viz. King, Sovereign, or Prince. He reigns over one of the most extensive empires of the world, all possessed or acquired by inheritance from his ancestors, who obtained it by conquest.

Until the reign of the late Sultan, Mahmoud the Second, the Ottoman sovereigns had their residence in *the* "Seraglio" before alluded to, in the city of Constantinople. Its high walls were not, however, sufficiently strong to protect them against the violence of the Janizaries, and after their destruction the remembrance of the scenes of their cruelty induced the late and present Sultan to forsake it for the safer and more agreeable banks of the Bosphorus. The extensive and very picturesque buildings of the Seraglio are now left to decay; they offer only the spectacle of

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the "dark ages" of Turkey, gloomy in their aspect, as in their history, and yet occupying one of the most favored spots in the world, on which the eyes of the traveler are fixed as by a charm in approaching the great capital of the East, and on which they dwell with a parting feeling of regret as he bids the magnificent "City of the Sultan" farewell.

On the Bosphorus are two splendid palaces, one on the Asiatic and the other on the European shore. The first is called *Beylerbey*, "Prince of Princes," the latter *Tcheragián*, "The Lights." Both are beautiful edifices, in excellent taste; and, as architecture has done in all ages, they serve to show the advance of the people who erected them in the noblest of the arts.

The Turkish Sultan, in theory, is a despotic sovereign, while in practice he is a very paternal one. As the supreme head of the government, he may exercise unlimited power; few checks exist to preserve the lives and property of his subjects against an influence which he *might* exercise over them. His ancestors conquered the country, and subjugated its inhabitants to *his* rule with *his* troops; consequently it all belonged to him, and could only be possessed by *his* gift: thus, in fact, the empire is his, and the concessions made by him to his subjects are free-will offerings, which are not drawn from him by compulsion on their part, but are grants on his, in behalf of reform and civilization. The feudal system of land-tenure was abolished by his father, and there is now scarcely a feature of it remaining. It is several years since the present Sultan spontaneously renounced all the arbitrary power hitherto possessed and frequently exercised by his predecessors; at the same time he granted all his subjects a "Charter of Rights," called the *Hatti Sherif of Gulkhaneh*, or imperial sacred rescript of *Gulkhaneh*, named after a summer-house or *Kioseckk* within the precincts of the Seraglio, where it was read before him by the present Grand Vezir, Rechid Pacha, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, and all the ministers and other high officers of the Ottoman government. In this charter the Sultan conceded all the rights and privileges which could be expected from a sovereign prince not reigning with a constitutional form of government. He has never withdrawn any of these privileges, or resumed the power which he then renounced. Moreover, this charter limited the power of all his officers. The only punishments which they can now exercise are fines and imprisonments of limited extent. None can any longer inflict the "bastinado," nor capital punishment for crimes of a graver nature; these are reserved for the Councils or Boards at the capital and the chief towns of each province. The sentences of the latter are, in all cases, subject to the confirmation of the former, and the decrees of the Council of State, held at the Sublime Porte, are laid before the Sultan previous to their adoption as laws.

The present Sultan, Abd-ul-Mejid, which name is Arabic, and signifies "Servant of the Glorious" (God), is now in his twenty-ninth year: he succeeded his late illustrious father, Mahmoud II., in 1839, when he was but seventeen years of age. His father had inspired him with the desire to improve his empire and promote the welfare of his people by salutary reforms, and frequently carried him with him to observe the result of the new system which he had introduced into the different branches of the public service. Previous to his accession to the throne, but little is known of his life, or the way in which he was brought up. It may be supposed to have been much like that of all Oriental princes. Except when he attended his parent, he seldom left the palace. He had several sisters and one brother, all by other mothers than his own. The former have, since his accession, died, with the exception of one, the wife of the present Minister of War. His brother still lives, and resides with the Sultan in his palace. The mother of the Sultan, who was a Circassian slave of his father, is said to be a woman of a strong mind and an excellent judgment. She exercised much influence over her son when he ascended the throne, and her counsels were greatly to his benefit. He entertains for her feelings of the deepest respect, and has always evinced the warmest concern for her health and happiness. She is a large, portly lady, yet in the prime of life; and although she possesses a fine palace of her own, near to that of her son, she mostly resides with him. Her revenues are derived from the islands of Chio and Samos.

In person the Sultan is of middle stature, slender, and of a delicate frame. In his youth he suffered from illness, and it was thought that his constitution had been severely affected by it. His features are slightly marked with the small pox. His countenance denotes great benevolence and goodness of heart, and the frankness and earnestness of character which are its chief traits. He does not possess the dignified and commanding figure which eminently characterized his father, and in conduct is simple and diffident. His address, when unrestrained by official forms and ceremony, is gentle and kind in the extreme—more affable and engaging than that of his Pachas; and no one can approach him without being won by the goodness of heart which his demeanor indicates. He has never been known to commit an act of severity or injustice; his purse and his hand have always been open for the indigent and the unfortunate, and he takes a peculiar pride in bestowing his honors upon men of science and talent. Among his own subjects he is very popular and much beloved; they perceive and acknowledge the benefit of the reforms which he has instituted, and he no longer need apprehend any opposition on their part. In some of the more distant portions of his empire, such as Albania, where perhaps foreign influence is exerted to thwart his plans, his new system of military rule has not yet been carried out; but it evidently soon will be, especially when its advantage over the old is felt by the inhabitants.

The palaces of the Sultan, on both banks of the Bosphorus, though externally showy, are

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very plain and simple in their interior arrangement. They are surrounded by high walls, and guarded by soldiery. The first block of buildings which the traveler approaches on visiting them, up the Bosphorus, are the apartments of the eunuchs; the second his *harem*, or female apartments; and the third those of the Sultan. Beyond this are the offices of his secretaries, guard, and band of music, all beyond the walls of the palace. The number of eunuchs is some sixty or eighty, and the females in the harem about 300 to 400. The Sultan never marries; all the occupants of his harem are slaves, and he generally selects from four to six ladies as his favorites, who bear children to him, and who succeed to his throne. The remainder of the females are employed as maids of honor, who attend upon his mother, his favorites, his brother's mother, favorite, if he has one, and upon his children. Many hold offices in the palace, and are charged with the maintenance of good order and regularity. Many of them are aged females, who have been servants to his father, his mother, and sisters, and brother, and have thus claims upon his kindness and protection. The only males who have the right of entrance to the imperial harem are the eunuchs, all of whom are black, and come mutilated from Egypt. The chief of their corps is an aged "gentleman of color," possessing the Sultan's confidence in an eminent degree, and in official rank is higher than any other individual connected with the imperial palace. The eunuchs are assigned to the service of the different ladies of the harem, do their shopping in the bazaars, carry their messages, and accompany them on their visits. Indeed, their duties are much like those of well-bred gallants in our country, without any of the ambitious feelings which animate the latter, and certainly they never aspire to the possession of their affections. Some of them grow wealthy, possess much property, and slaves of both sexes, but as they can have no families, the Sultan is their legal heir. Eunuchs are possessed by many of the pachas and other officers of rank, for the purpose of serving their wives, sisters, and daughters: they cost four or five times as much as an ordinary black slave, and the highest officers seldom possess more than ten of them at once. From them much interesting information can at times be procured relative to the most sacred and least known of the Mussulman family system. They are generally of mild disposition, gentle and amiable; though this is not always the case, for they sometimes are petulant, cross, and confoundedly non-communicative.

The Sultan's palace is peculiarly his private home, and no officers of high rank occupy it with him. He has four private secretaries and as many chamberlains. He has also two aids-de-camp, who are generally in command of the body-guard, which has its quarters in the vicinity of the palace. He seldom, however, commands their attendance; their duties are to keep watch at the principal entrances, and to salute him or any of the higher officers who may arrive at or leave the royal residence. The secretaries write out his orders, and the chief of their number receives all foreign functionaries or Turkish dignitaries who visit the palace on business. One of them is the Sultan's interpreter, and translates articles for his perusal from the many foreign papers received from Europe and America by the Sultan. All official documents are sent to the chief secretary by the different ministers of the Sublime Porte, and those received from the foreign embassies and legations are translated there, previous to being transmitted to the Sultan. No foreign legation ever transacts any official business directly with the Sultan, or through the chief (private) secretary; but the latter may be visited on matters relating to the sovereign personally. Documents from the Sublime Porte are always communicated through the Grand Vezir, who has a number of portfolios in which these are placed, and he sends them to the palace by certain functionaries charged especially with their conveyance. Of these the Vezir possesses one key, and the Sultan, or his chief secretary, another. The sultan passes several hours of the day, from eleven till three, in perusing these papers, and in hearing their perusal by the private secretary before him; and his imperial commands are traced on their broad margin, either by his own hand in red ink (as is customary in China), or he directs his secretary to do it for him. So very sacred are all manuscripts coming from his pen, that these papers seldom ever leave the bureaux to which they belong, except after his decease. It is only on such documents that the autograph of the Sultan is ever seen.

At about three o'clock the Sultan generally leaves the palace in a *caique* or barge, which, being smaller than that used for official purposes, is called the *incognito* (*tebdil*), and visits the edifices that he may be erecting, calls upon his sisters, or spends the remainder of the day at one of the many delightful nooks on the Bosphorus or Golden Horn, where he possesses *kiosks*, or summer-houses. Sometimes he takes with him his brother or his sons; and he is strongly attached to them. It is said that he is having the latter instructed in the French language, in geography and mathematics. The elder is some ten years of age, but will not succeed his father to the throne until after the death of his uncle, who, by Mussulman law, is next in right to the reigning Sultan. Inheritance, in Islam lands, runs through all the brothers before it reverts to the children of the eldest son. Females can not succeed to the throne, and the house of Othman would consequently become extinct with its last male representative.

THE CURSE OF GOLD

A DREAM.

MORDANT LINDSAY threw off the long black crape scarf and hat-band which, in the character of chief mourner, he had that day worn at the funeral of his wife, as he entered one of the apartments at Langford, and moodily sought a seat. The room was spacious, and filled with

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every luxury which wealth could procure or ingenuity invent to add to its comfort or its ornament. Pictures, mirrors, silken curtains, and warm carpets; statues in marble and bronze were scattered about in rich profusion in the saloon, and its owner, in the deep mourning of a widower, sat there—grieving truly—thinking deeply; but not, as might have been supposed, of the lady who had that day been laid in the vault of his ancestors—no, he was regretting the loss of a much brighter spirit than ever lived in her pale proud face, or in the coldness of her calm blue eye. Mordant Lindsay was apparently a man of past fifty; his hair was streaked with gray, though its dark locks still curled thickly round his head; he bore on his face the marks of more than common beauty, but time had left its traces there, in the furrows on his brow; and even more deeply than time, care. As a young man, he had been very handsome, richly endowed by nature with all those graces which too often make captive only to kill; but fortune, less generous, had gifted him but with the heritage of a good name—nothing more—and his early life had been passed in an attempt, by his own means, to remedy the slight she had put upon him at his birth. The object of his ambition was gained—had been now for some years: he was wealthy, the possessor of all the fair lands stretched out before him as far as his eye could reach, and a rent-roll not unworthy of one in a higher station in life. Looked up to by the poor of Langford as the lord of the manor, courted by his equals as a man of some consequence. Was he happy? See the lines so deeply marked on his countenance, and listen to the sigh which seems to break from the bottom of his heart. You will find in them an answer.

How brightly the sun shines in through the windows of the room, gilding all around with its own radiance, and giving life and light to the very statues! It shines even on his head, but fails in warming his bosom; it annoys him, uncongenial as it is with his sad thoughts, and he rises and pulls down the blind, and then restlessly wanders forth into the open air. The day is close, for summer is still at its height, and Mordant Lindsay seeks the shade of a group of trees and lies down, and presently he sleeps, and the sun (as it declines) throws its shadows on nearer objects; and now it rests on him, and as it hovers there, takes the form of that companion of his childhood, who for long, with a pertinacity he could not account for, seemed ever avoiding his path, and flying from him when most anxiously pursued; and he sees again those scenes of his past life before him dimly pictured through the vista of many years, and his dream runs thus:

He is a child at play, young and innocent, as yet untainted by worldly ambition, and standing by him is a beautiful figure, with long golden hair, very bright, and shining like spun glass or the rays of the summer sun. Her eyes seem born for laughter, so clear, so mirthful, so full of joy, and her spotless robe flows around her, making every thing it comes in contact with graceful as itself; and she has wings, for Happiness is fickle and flies away, so soon as man proves false to himself and unworthy of her. She joins the child in his gambols, and hand in hand with him sports beside him, gathering the same flowers that he gathers, looking through his smiling eyes as she echoes his happy laughter; and then over meadow, past ditches, and through tangled bushes, in full chase after a butterfly. In the eagerness of the sport he falls, and the gaudy insect (all unconscious of being the originator of so many conflicting hopes and fears) flutters onward in full enjoyment of the sun and the light, and soon it is too far off to renew the chase. Tears, like dewdrops, fill the child's eyes, and he looks around in vain for his companion of the day. The grass is not so green without her; even the bird's song is discordant, and, tired, he sadly wends his way toward home. "Oh, dear mamma!" he exclaims, brightening up, as he sees his mother coming toward him, and running to her finds a ready sympathy in his disappointment as she clasps her boy to her bosom and dries his little tearful face, closely pressing him to a heart whose best hopes are centred in his well-being. Happiness is in her arms, and he feels her warm breath upon his cheek as she kisses and fondles him; and anon he is as cheerful as he was, for his playmate of the day, now returned with his own good-humor, accompanies him for all the hours he will encourage her to remain; sometimes hiding within the purple flower of the scented violet, or nodding from beneath the yellow cups of the cowslip, as the breeze sends her laden with perfume back to him again. And in such childish play and innocent enjoyment time rolls on, until the child has reached his ninth year, and becomes the subject and lawful slave of all the rules in Murray's Grammar, and those who instill them into the youthful mind. And then the boy finds his early friend (although ready at all times to share his hours of relaxation) very shy and distant; when studies are difficult or lessons long, keeping away until the task is accomplished; but cricket and bat and ball invariably summon her, and then she is bright and kind as of yore, content to forget old quarrels in present enjoyment; and as Mordant dreamed, he sighed in his sleep, and the shadow of Happiness went still further off, as if frightened by his grief.

The picture changes: and now more than twenty years are past since the time when the boy first saw the light, and he is sitting in the room of a little cottage. The glass door leading to the garden is open, and the flowers come clustering in at the windows. The loveliness of the child has flown, it is true, but in its place a fond mother gazes on the form of a son whose every feature is calculated to inspire love. The short dark curls are parted from off his sunburnt forehead, and the bright hazel eyes (in which merriment predominates) glance quickly toward the door, as if expecting some one. The book he has been pretending to read lies idly on his lap, and bending his head upon his hand, his eyes had

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shut in the earnestness of his reverie, he does not hear the light footstep which presently comes stealing softly behind him. The new-comer is a young and very pretty girl, with a pale Madonna-looking face, seriously thoughtful beyond her years. She may be seventeen or eighteen, not more. Her hands have been busy with the flowers in the garden, and now, as she comes up behind the youth, she plucks the leaves from off a rose-bud, and drops them on his open book. A slight start, and a look upward, and then (his arms around her slight form) he kisses her fondly and often. And Happiness clings about them, and nestles closely by their side, as if jealous of being separated from either, and they were happy in their young love. How happy! caring for naught besides, thinking of no future, but in each other—taking no account of time so long as they should be together, contented to receive the evils of life with the good, and to suffer side by side (if God willed it) sooner than be parted. They were engaged to be married. At present, neither possessed sufficient to live comfortably upon, and they must wait and hope; and she did hope, and was reconciled almost to his departure, which must soon take place, for he has been studying for a barrister, and will leave his mother's house to find a solitary home in a bachelor's chambers in London. Mordant saw himself (as he had been then) sitting with his first love in that old familiar place, her hand clasped in his, her fair hair falling around her, and vailing the face she hid upon his shoulder, and even more vividly still, the remembrance of that Happiness which had ever been attendant on them then, when the most trivial incidents of the day were turned into matters of importance, colored and embellished as they were by love. He saw himself in possession of the reality, which, alas! he had thrown away for the shadow of it, and he longed for the recovery of those past years which had been so unprofitably spent, in a vain attempt at regaining it. The girl still sat by him; they did not seem to speak, and throughout that long summer afternoon still they sat, she pulling the flowers (so lately gathered) in pieces, and he playing with the ringlets of her hair. And now the door opens, and his mother enters, older by many years than when she last appeared to him, but still the same kind smile and earnest look of affection as she turns toward her son. Her hand is laid upon his arm (as he rises to meet her), and her soft voice utters his name, coupled with endearment. "Mordant, dearest, Edith and myself wish to walk, if you will accompany us?" "Certainly," is the reply, and the three set out, and the dreamer watched their fast receding forms down a shady lane, until a turn lost them to his sight, and the retrospective view had vanished, but quickly to be replaced by another.

Again he sees the same youth, this time impatiently walking up and down a close, dismal room. The furniture is smoke-dried and dusty, once red, now of a dark ambiguous color. The sofa is of horse-hair, shining (almost white in places) from constant friction. On the mantle-piece hangs a looking-glass, the frame wrapped round with yellow gauze to protect it from dirt and here and there a fly-catcher, suspended from the ceiling, annoys the inmate of the dusky room by its constant motion. It is a lodging-house, ready furnished, and the young man, who has not left his home many months, is not yet accustomed to the change, and he is wearied and unhappy. He has just been writing to Edith, and the thought of her causes him uneasiness; he is longing to be with her again. Restlessly he paces up and down the narrow chamber, unwilling to resume studies, by the mastery of which he could alone hope to be with her again, until a knock at the hall-door makes him pause and sit down; another knock (as if the visitor did not care to be kept waiting). Mordant knew what was coming; he remembered it all, and felt no surprise at seeing in his dream a friend (now long since dead) enter the apartment, with the exclamation of "What, Lindsay! all alone? I had expected to find you out, I was kept so long knocking at your door. How are you, old fellow?" and Charles Vernon threw himself into a chair. "We are all going to the play," continued he, "and a supper afterward. You know Leclerque? he will be one of the party—will you come?" and Vernon waited for an answer. The one addressed replied in the affirmative, and Mordant saw (with a shudder) the same figure which had lured him on in Pleasure to seek lost Happiness, now tempting the youth before him. The two were so like each other in outward appearance, that he wondered not that he too was deceived, and followed her with even more eagerness than he had ever done her more retiring sister. And then with that gay creature ever in mind, Mordant saw the young man led on from one place of amusement to another—from supper and wine to dice and a gambling-table—until ruin stared him in the face, and that mind, which had once been pure and untarnished, was fast becoming defaced by a too close connection with vice.

Mordant was wiser now, and he saw how flimsy and unreal this figure of Pleasure appeared—how her gold was tinsel, and her laughter but the hollow echo of a forced merriment—unlike his own once possessed Happiness, whose treasures were those of a contented spirit—whose gayety proceeded from an innocent heart and untroubled conscience. Strange that he should have been so blinded to her beauties, and so unmindful of the other's defects; but so it had been. Mordant sympathized with the young man as he watched him running headlong toward his own misery: but the scene continued before him—he had no power to prevent it—and now the last stake is to be played. On that throw of the dice rests the ruin of the small property he has inherited from his father. It is lost! and he beggared of the little he could call his own; and forth from the hell (in which he has been passing the night) rushes into the street. It wants but one stroke to complete the wreck of heart as well as of fortune, and that stroke is not long in coming

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Miserable, he returned to his lodgings, and alone he thought of his position. He thought of Edith. "Love in a cottage, even could I by my own means regain what I have lost. Pshaw! the thing is ridiculous. Without money there can not be Happiness for her or for me." A few months had sadly changed *him*, who before saw it only in her society. But now the Goddess of his fancy stands before him—her golden curls of the precious metal he covets—her eyes receiving their brightness from its lustre, and in his heart a new feeling asserts superiority, and he wishes to be rich. With money to meet every want he will command her presence—not sue for it; and Mordant remembered how, in pursuance of this ambition, gradually cooling toward her, he had at last broken off his engagement with Edith—how for some years, day and night had seen him toiling at his profession, ever with the same object in view, and how at last he had married a woman in every way what he desired: rich in gold and lands and worldly possessions, but poor in heart compared with Edith.

The crowd jostle each other to get a nearer view of the bride as she passes (leaning on her father's arm) from the carriage to the church-door. The bridegroom is waiting for her, and now joins her, and they kneel side by side at the altar. Mordant remembers his wedding-day. He is not happy, notwithstanding the feeling of gratified pride he experiences as he places the ring upon the fair hand of the Lady Blanche. No emotion of a very deep kind tinges her cheek; she is calm and cold throughout the ceremony. She admires Mordant Lindsay very much; he was of a good family, so was she; he very handsome and young, and she past thirty. Matches more incongruous have been made, and with less apparent reason, and this needs no farther explanation on her side. They are married now, and about to leave the church. The young man turns as he passes out (amidst the congratulations of his friends), attracted by scarcely suppressed sobs; but the cloaked figure from whom they proceed does not move, and he recognizes her not. It is Edith, and Mordant, as he gazes on the scene before him, sees Happiness standing afar off, afraid to approach too near to any one of the party, but still keeping her eyes fixed on the pale young mourner at that bridal, who, bowed down with grief, sat there until the clock warned her to go, as the doors were being closed. The married pair (after a month spent abroad) settles down at Langford; and the husband—was he happy now? No, not yet—but expecting to be from day to day, hoping that time would alter for the better what was wanting to the happiness of his home; but time flew on, and, regardless of his hopes, left him the same disappointed man that it found him—disappointed in his wife, in his expectations of children—feeling a void in his heart which money was inefficient to supply. The drama was drawing to a close; Mordant felt that the present time had arrived. His wife was dead, and he in possession of every thing which had been hers, but still an anxious, unsatisfied mind prevented all enjoyment of life; but yet one more scene, and this time Mordant was puzzled, for he did not recognize either the place or the actors.

On a bed on one side was stretched the figure of a young woman. Her features were so drawn and sharpened by illness, that he could not recall them to his mind, although he had an idea that he ought to know her face. She was very pale, and the heat seemed to oppress her, for in a languid voice she begged the lady (who was sitting by her side) to open the window. She rose to do so, and then Mordant saw that the scenery beyond was not English, for hedges of myrtle and scarlet geranium grew around in profusion, and the odor of orange flowers came thickly into the chamber of the dying girl. Raising herself with difficulty, she called to her companion, and then she said,

"I know I shall not now get better; I feel I am dying, and I am glad of it. My life has been a living death to me for some years. When I am dead I would wish to be buried in England—not here—not in this place, which has proved a grave to so many of my countrymen. Let me find my last resting-place, dearest mother, at home, in our own little church-yard."

The lady wept as she promised her child to fulfill her last request, and Mordant saw that Happiness had flown from the bed (around which she had been hovering for some minutes) straight up to heaven, to await there the spirit of the broken-hearted girl, who was breathing her last under the clear and sunny sky of Madeira.

Mordant shuddered as he awoke, for he had been asleep for some time, and the evening was closing in as he rose from the damp grass. It was to a lonely hearth that he returned, and during the long night which followed, as he thought of his dream and of an ill-spent life, he resolved to revisit his early home, in the hope that amidst old scenes he might bring back the days when he was happy. Was Edith still alive? He knew not. He had heard she had gone abroad; she might be there still. He did not confess it to himself, but it was Edith of whom he thought most; and it was the hope of again seeing her which induced him to take a long journey to the place where he had been born. The bells were ringing for some merry-making as Mordant Lindsay left his traveling carriage, to walk up the one street of which Bower's Gifford boasted. He must go through the church-yard to gain the new inn, and passing (by one of the inhabitants' directions) through the turnstile, he soon found himself amidst the memorials of its dead. Mordant, as he pensively walked along, read the names of those whose virtues were recorded on their gravestones, and as he read, reflected. And now he stops, for it is a well-known name which attracts his attention, and as he parts the weeds which have grown high over that grave, he sees inscribed on the broken pillar which marks the spot, "Edith Graham, who died at Madeira, aged 21." And Mordant, as he looks, sinks down upon the grass, and sheds the first tears which for

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years have been wept by him, and in sorrow of heart, when too late, acknowledges that it is not money or gratified ambition which brings Happiness in this world, but a contented and cheerful mind; and from that lonely grave he leaves an altered man, and a better one.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*

CHAPTER LI.

"SCHÖNBRUNN" IN 1809.

ABOUT two months afterward, on a warm evening of summer, I entered Vienna in a litter, along with some twelve hundred other wounded men, escorted by a regiment of Cuirassiers. I was weak and unable to walk. The fever of my wound had reduced me to a skeleton; but I was consoled for every thing by knowing that I was a captain on the Emperor's own staff, and decorated by himself with the Cross of "the Legion." Nor were these my only distinctions, for my name had been included among the lists of the "Officiers d'Elite;" a new institution of the Emperor, enjoying considerable privileges and increase of pay.

To this latter elevation, too, I owed my handsome quarters in the "Raab" Palace at Vienna, and the sentry at my door, like that of a field officer. Fortune, indeed, began to smile upon me, and never are her flatteries more welcome than in the first hours of returning health, after a long sickness. I was visited by the first men of the army; marshals and generals figured among the names of my intimates, and invitations flowed in upon me from all that were distinguished by rank and station.

Vienna, at that period, presented few features of a city occupied by an enemy. The guards, it is true, on all arsenals and forts, were French, and the gates were held by them; but there was no interruption to the course of trade and commerce. The theatres were open every night, and balls and receptions went on with only redoubled frequency. Unlike his policy toward Russia, Napoleon abstained from all that might humiliate the Austrians. Every possible concession was made to their national tastes and feelings, and officers of all ranks in the French army were strictly enjoined to observe a conduct of conciliation and civility on every occasion of intercourse with the citizens. Few general orders could be more palatable to Frenchmen, and they set about the task of cultivating the good esteem of the Viennese with a most honest desire for success. Accident, too, aided their efforts not a little; for it chanced that a short time before the battle of Aspern, the city had been garrisoned by Croat and Wallachian regiments, whose officers, scarcely half civilized, and with all the brutal ferocity of barbarian tribes, were most favorably supplanted by Frenchmen, in the best of possible tempers with themselves and the world.

It might be argued, that the Austrians would have shown more patriotism in holding themselves aloof, and avoiding all interchange of civilities with their conquerors. Perhaps, too, this line of conduct would have prevailed to a greater extent, had not those in high places set an opposite example. But so it was; and in the hope of obtaining more favorable treatment in their last extremity, the princes of the Imperial House, and the highest nobles of the land, freely accepted the invitations of our marshals, and as freely received them at their own tables.

There was something of pride, too, in the way these great families continued to keep up the splendor of their households, large retinues of servants and gorgeous equipages, when the very empire itself was crumbling to pieces. And to the costly expenditure of that fevered interval may be dated the ruin of some of the richest of the Austrian nobility. To maintain a corresponding style, and to receive the proud guests with suitable magnificence, enormous "allowances" were made to the French generals; while in striking contrast to all the splendor, the Emperor Napoleon lived at Schönbrunn with a most simple household and restricted retinue.

"Berthier's" Palace, in the "Graben," was, by its superior magnificence, the recognized centre of French society; and thither flocked every evening all that was most distinguished in rank of both nations. Motives of policy, or at least the terrible pressure of necessity, filled these salons with the highest personages of the empire; while as if accepting, as inevitable, the glorious ascendency of Napoleon, many of the French *emigré* families emerged from their retirement to pay their court to the favored lieutenants of Napoleon. Marmont, who was highly connected with the French aristocracy, gave no slight aid to this movement; and it was currently believed at the time, was secretly intrusted by the Emperor with the task of accomplishing, what in modern phrase is styled a "fusion."

The real source of all these flattering attentions on the Austrian side, however, was the well-founded dread of the partition of the empire; a plan over which Napoleon was then hourly in deliberation, and to the non-accomplishment of which he ascribed, in the days of his last exile, all the calamities of his fall. Be this as it may, few thoughts of the graver interests at stake disturbed the pleasure we felt in the luxurious life of that delightful city; nor can I, through the whole of a long and varied career, call to mind any period of more unmixed enjoyment.

Fortune stood by me in every thing. Marshal Marmont required as the head of his Etat-major an officer who could speak and write German, and if possible, who understood the Tyrol dialect. I was selected for the appointment; but then there arose a difficulty. The etiquette of the service demanded that the chef d'Etat-major should be at least a lieutenant-colonel, and I was but a captain.

"No matter," said he; "you are officier d'élite, which always gives brevet rank, and so one step more will place you where we want you. Come with me to Schönbrunn to-night and I'll try to arrange it."

* Concluded from the January Number.

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I was still very weak and unable for any fatigue, as I accompanied the Marshal to the quaint old palace which, at about a league from the capital, formed the head-quarters of the Emperor. Up to this time I had never been presented to Napoleon, and had formed to myself the most gorgeous notions of the state and splendor that should surround such majesty. Guess then my astonishment, and, need I own, disappointment, as we drove up a straight avenue, very sparingly lighted, and descended at a large door, where a lieutenant's guard was stationed. It was customary for the Marshals and Generals of Division to present themselves each evening at Schönbrunn, from six to nine o'clock, and we found that eight or ten carriages were already in waiting when we arrived. An officer of the household recognized the Marshal as he alighted, and as we mounted the stairs whispered a few words hurriedly in his ear, of which I only caught one, "Komorn," the name of the Hungarian fortress on the Danube where the Imperial family of Vienna and the cabinet had sought refuge.

"Diantre!" exclaimed Marmont, "bad news! My dear Tiernay, we have fallen on an unlucky moment to ask a favor! The dispatches from Komorn are, it would seem, unsatisfactory. The Tyrol is far from quiet. Kuffstein, I think that's the name, or some such place, is attacked by a large force, and likely to fall into their hands from assault."

"That can scarcely be, sir," said I, interrupting; "I know Kuffstein well. I was two years a prisoner there; and, except by famine, the fortress is inaccessible."

"What! are you certain of this?" cried he, eagerly; "is there not one side on which escalade is possible?"

"Quite impracticable on every quarter, believe me, sir. A hundred men of the line and twenty gunners might hold Kuffstein against the world."

"You hear what he says, Lefebre," said Marmont to the officer; "I think I might venture to bring him up?" The other shook his head doubtfully, and said nothing. "Well, announce *me* then," said the Marshal; "and, Tiernay, do you throw yourself on one of those sofas there and wait for me."

I did as I was bade, and, partly from the unusual fatigue and in part from the warmth of a summer evening, soon fell off into a heavy sleep. I was suddenly awoke by a voice saying, "come along, captain, be quick, your name has been called twice!" I sprang up and looked about me, without the very vaguest notion of where I was. "Where to? Where am I going?" asked I, in my confusion. "Follow that gentleman," was the brief reply; and so I did in the same dreamy state that a sleep-walker might have done. Some confused impression that I was in attendance on General Marmont was all that I could collect, when I found myself standing in a great room densely crowded with officers of rank. Though gathered in groups and knots chatting, there was, from time to time, a sort of movement in the mass that seemed communicated by some single impulse; and then all would remain watchful and attentive for some seconds, their eyes turned in the direction of a large door at the end of the apartment. At last this was thrown suddenly open, and a number of persons entered, at whose appearance every tongue was hushed, and the very slightest gesture subdued. The crowd meanwhile fell back, forming a species of circle round the room, in front of which this newly entered group walked. I can not now remember what struggling efforts I made to collect my faculties, and think where I was then standing; but if a thunderbolt had struck the ground before me, it could not have given me a more terrific shock than that I felt on seeing the Emperor himself address the general officer beside me.

I can not pretend to have enjoyed many opportunities of royal notice. At the time I speak of, such distinction was altogether unknown to me; but even when most highly favored in that respect, I have never been able to divest myself of a most crushing feeling of my inferiority—a sense at once so humiliating and painful, that I longed to be away and out of a presence where I might dare to look at him who addressed me, and venture on something beyond mere replies to interrogatories. This situation, good reader, with all your courtly breeding and aplomb to boot, is never totally free of constraint; but imagine what it can be when, instead of standing in the faint sunshine of a royal smile, you find yourself cowering under the stern and relentless look of anger, and that anger an Emperor's.

This was precisely my predicament, for, in my confusion, I had not noticed how, as the Emperor drew near to any individual to converse, the others, at either side, immediately retired out of hearing, preserving an air of obedient attention, but without in any way obtruding themselves on the royal notice. The consequence was, that as his Majesty stood to talk with Marshal Oudinot, I maintained my place, never perceiving my awkwardness till I saw that I made one of three figures isolated in the floor of the chamber. To say that I had rather have stood in face of an enemy's battery, is no exaggeration. I'd have walked up to a gun with a stouter heart than I felt at this terrible moment; and yet there was something in that sidelong glance of angry meaning that actually nailed me to the spot, and I could not have fallen back to save my life. There were, I afterward learned, no end of signals and telegraphic notices to me from the officers in waiting. Gestures and indications for my guidance abounded, but I saw none of them. I had drawn myself up in an attitude of parade stiffness—neither looked right nor left—and waited as a criminal might have waited for the fall of the ax that was to end his sufferings forever.

That the Emperor remained something like two hours and a half in conversation with the marshal, I should have been quite ready to verify on oath; but the simple fact was, that the interview occupied under four minutes; and then General Oudinot backed out of the presence leaving me alone in front of his Majesty.

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The silence of the chamber was quite dreadful, as, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head slightly thrown forward, the Emperor stared steadily at me. I am more than half ashamed of the confession; but what between the effect of long illness and suffering, the length of time I had been standing, and the emotion I experienced, I felt myself growing dizzy, and a sickly faintness began to creep over me, and but for the support of my sabre, I should actually have fallen.

"You seem weak; you had better sit down," said the Emperor, in a soft and mild voice.

"Yes, sire, I have not quite recovered yet," muttered I, indistinctly; but before I could well finish the sentence, Marmont was beside the Emperor, and speaking rapidly to him.

"Ah, indeed!" cried Napoleon, tapping his snuff-box, and smiling. "This is Tiernay, then. Parbleu! we have heard something of you before."

Marmont still continued to talk on; and I heard the words, Rhine, Genoa, and Kuffstein distinctly fall from him. The Emperor smiled twice, and nodded his head slowly, as if assenting to what was said.

"But his wound?" said Napoleon, doubtingly.

"He says that your Majesty cured him when the doctor despaired," said Marmont. "I'm sure, sire, he has equal faith in what you still could do for him."

"Well, sir," said the Emperor, addressing me, "if all I hear of you be correct, you carry a stouter heart before the enemy than you seem to wear here. Your name is high in Marshal Massena's list; and General Marmont desires to have your services on his staff. I make no objection; you shall have your grade."

I bowed without speaking; indeed, I could not have uttered a word, even if it had been my duty.

"They have extracted the ball, I hope?" said the Emperor to me, and pointing to my thigh.

"It never lodged, sire; it was a round shot," said I.

"Diable! a round shot! You're a lucky fellow, Colonel Tiernay," said he, laying a stress on the title, "a very lucky fellow."

"I shall ever think so, sire, since your Majesty has said it," was my answer.

"I was not a lieutenant-colonel at your age," resumed Napoleon; "nor were you either, Marmont. You see, sir, that we live in better times, at least, in times when merit is better rewarded." And with this he passed on; and Marmont, slipping my arm within his own, led me away, down the great stair, through crowds of attendant orderlies and groups of servants. At last we reached our carriage, and in half an hour re-entered Vienna, my heart wild with excitement, and burning with zealous ardor to do something for the service of the Emperor.

The next morning I removed to General Marmont's quarters; and for the first time put on the golden aigrette of chef d'état-major, not a little to the astonishment of all who saw the "boy colonel," as, half in sarcasm, half in praise, they styled me. From an early hour of the morning till the time of a late dinner, I was incessantly occupied. The staff duties were excessively severe, and the number of letters to be read and replied to almost beyond belief. The war had again assumed something of importance in the Tyrol. Hofer and Spechbacher were at the head of considerable forces, which in the fastnesses of their native mountains were more than a match for any regular soldiery. The news from Spain was gloomy: England was already threatening her long-planned attack on the Scheldt. Whatever real importance might attach to these movements, the Austrian cabinet made them the pretext for demanding more favorable conditions; and Metternich was emboldened to go so far as to ask for the restoration of the Empire in all its former integrity.

These negotiations between the two cabinets at the time assumed the most singular form which probably was ever adopted in such intercourse; all the disagreeable intelligences and disastrous tidings being communicated from one side to the other with the mock politeness of friendly relations. As for instance, the Austrian cabinet would forward an extract from one of Hofer's descriptions of a victory; to which the French would reply by a bulletin of Eugene Beauharnois, or, as Napoleon on one occasion did, by a copy of a letter from the Emperor Alexander, filled with expressions of friendship, and professing the most perfect confidence in his "brother of France." So far was this petty and most contemptible warfare carried, that every little gossip and every passing story was pressed into the service, and if not directly addressed to the cabinet, at least conveyed to its knowledge by some indirect channel.

It is probable I should have forgotten this curious feature of the time, if not impressed on my memory by personal circumstances too important to be easily obliterated from memory. An Austrian officer arrived one morning from Komorn, with an account of the defeat of Lefebre's force before Schenatz, and of a great victory gained by Hofer and Spechbacher over the French and Bavarians. Two thousand prisoners were said to have been taken, and the French driven across the Inn, and in full retreat on Kuffstein. Now, as I had been confined at Kuffstein, and could speak of its impregnable character from actual observation, I was immediately sent off with dispatches about some indifferent matter, to the cabinet, with injunctions to speak freely about the fortress, and declare that we were perfectly confident of its security. I may mention incidentally, and as showing the real character of my mission, that a secret dispatch from Lefebre had already reached Vienna, in which he declared that he should be compelled to evacuate the Tyrol, and fall back into Bavaria.

"I have provided you with introductions that will secure your friendly reception," said Marmont to me. "The replies to these dispatches will require some days, during which you will have time to make many acquaintances about the

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court, and if practicable to effect a very delicate object."

This, after considerable injunctions as to secrecy, and so forth, was no less than to obtain a miniature, or a copy of a miniature, of the young archduchess, who had been so dangerously ill during the siege of Vienna, and whom report represented as exceedingly handsome. A good-looking young fellow, a colonel, of two or three-and-twenty, with unlimited bribery, if needed, at command, should find little difficulty in the mission: at least, so Marmont assured me; and from his enthusiasm on the subject, I saw, or fancied I saw, that he would have had no objection to be employed in the service himself. For while professing how absurd it was to offer any advice or suggestion on such a subject to one like myself, he entered into details, and sketched out a plan of campaign, that might well have made a chapter of "Gil Blas." It would possibly happen, he reminded me, that the Austrian court would grow suspectful of me, and not exactly feel at ease, were my stay prolonged beyond a day or two; in which case it was left entirely to my ingenuity to devise reasons for my remaining; and I was at liberty to dispatch couriers for instructions, and await replies, to any extent I thought requisite. In fact, I had a species of general commission to press into the service whatever resources could forward the object of my mission, success being the only point not to be dispensed with.

"Take a week, if you like—a month, if you must, Tiernay," said he to me at parting; "but, above all, no failure! mind that—no failure!"

CHAPTER LII.

"KOMORN" FORTY YEARS AGO.

I DOUBT if our great Emperor dated his first dispatch from Schönbrunn with a prouder sense of elevation, than did I write "Komorn" at the top of my first letter to Marshal Marmont, detailing, as I had been directed, every incident of my reception. I will not pretend to say that my communication might be regarded as a model for diplomatic correspondence; but having since that period seen something of the lucubrations of great envoys and plenipos, I am only astonished at my unconscious imitation of their style; blending, as I did, the objects of my mission with every little personal incident, and making each trivial circumstance bear upon the fortune of my embassy.

I narrated my morning interview with Prince Metternich, whose courteous but haughty politeness was not a whit shaken by the calamitous position of his country, and who wished to treat the great events of the campaign as among the transient reverses which war deals out, on this side, to-day, on that, to-morrow. I told that my confidence in the impregnable character of Kuffstein only raised a smile, for it had already been surrendered to the Tyrolese; and I summed up my political conjectures by suggesting that there was enough of calm confidence in the minister's manner to induce me to suspect that they were calculating on the support of the northern powers, and had not given up the cause for lost. I knew for certain that a Russian courier had arrived and departed since my own coming; and although the greatest secrecy had attended the event, I ascertained the fact, that he had come from St. Petersburg, and was returning to Moscow, where the Emperor Alexander then was. Perhaps I was a little piqued, I am afraid I was, at the indifference manifested at my own presence, and the little, or indeed no importance, attached to my prolonged stay. For when I informed Count Stadion that I should await some tidings from Vienna, before returning thither, he very politely expressed his pleasure at the prospect of my company, and proposed that we should have some partridge shooting, for which the country along the Danube is famous. The younger brother of this minister, Count Ernest Stadion, and a young Hungarian magnate, Palakzi, were my constant companions. They were both about my own age, but had only joined the army that same spring, and were most devoted admirers of one who had already won his epaulettes as a colonel in the French service. They showed me every object of interest and curiosity in the neighborhood, arranged parties for riding and shooting, and, in fact, treated me in all respects like a much valued guest—well repaid, as it seemed, by those stories of war and battlefields which my own life and memory supplied.

My improved health was already noticed by all, when Metternich sent me a most polite message, stating, that if my services at Vienna could be dispensed with for a while longer, that it was hoped I would continue to reside where I had derived such benefit, and breathe the cheering breezes of Hungary for the remainder of the autumn.

It was full eight-and-twenty years later that I accidentally learned to what curious circumstance I owed this invitation. It chanced that the young archduchess, who was ill during the siege, was lingering in a slow convalescence, and to amuse the tedious hours of her sick couch, Madame Palakzi, the mother of my young friend, was accustomed to recount some of the stories which I, in the course of the morning, happened to relate to her son. So guardedly was all this contrived and carried on, that it was not, as I have said, for nearly thirty years after that I knew of it; and then, the secret was told me by the chief personage herself, the Grand Duchess of Parma.

Though nothing could better have chimed in with my plans than this request, yet, in reality the secret object of my mission appeared just as remote as on the first day of my arrival. My acquaintances were limited to some half dozen gentlemen in waiting, and about an equal number of young officers of the staff, with whom I dined, rode, hunted, and shot; never seeing a single member of the Imperial family, nor, stranger still, one lady of the household. In what Turkish seclusion they lived! when they ventured out for air and exercise, and where? were questions that never ceased to torture me. It was true that all my own excursions had been on the left bank of

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the river, toward which side the apartment I occupied looked; but I could scarcely suppose that the right presented much attraction, since it appeared to be an impenetrable forest of oak; besides, that the bridge which formerly connected it with the island of Komorn had been cut off during the war. Of course, this was a theme on which I could not dare to touch; and as the reserve of my companions was never broken regarding it, I was obliged to be satisfied with my own guesses on the subject.

I had been about two months at Komorn, when I was invited to join a shooting party on the north bank of the river, at a place called Ercacs, or, as the Hungarians pronounce it, Ercacsh, celebrated for the black cock, or the auerhahn, one of the finest birds of the east of Europe. All my companions had been promising me great things, when the season for the sport should begin, and I was equally anxious to display my skill as a marksman. The scenery, too, was represented as surpassingly fine, and I looked forward to the expedition, which was to occupy a week, with much interest. One circumstance alone damped the ardor of my enjoyment: for some time back exercise on horseback had become painful to me, and some of those evil consequences which my doctor had speculated on, such as exfoliation of the bone, seemed now threatening me. Up to this the inconvenience had gone no further than an occasional sharp pang after a hard day's ride, or a dull uneasy feeling which prevented my sleeping soundly at night. I hoped, however, by time, that these would subide, and the natural strength of my constitution carry me safely over every mischance. I was ashamed to speak of these symptoms to my companions, lest they should imagine that I was only screening myself from the fatigues of which they so freely partook; and so I continued, day after day, the same habit of severe exercise; while feverish nights, and a failing appetite, made me hourly weaker. My spirits never flagged, and, perhaps, in this way, damaged me seriously; supplying a false energy long after real strength had begun to give way. The world, indeed, "went so well" with me in all other respects, that I felt it would have been the blackest ingratitude against Fortune to have given way to any thing like discontent or repining. It was true, I was far from being a solitary instance of a colonel at my age; there were several such in the army, and one or two even younger; but they were unexceptionably men of family influence, descendants of the ancient nobility of France, for whose chivalric names and titles the Emperor had conceived the greatest respect; and never, in all the pomp of Louis XIV.'s court, were a Gramont, a Guise, a Rochefoucauld, or a Tavanne more certain of his favorable notice. Now, I was utterly devoid of all such pretensions; my claims to gentle blood, such as they were, derived from another land, and I might even regard myself as the maker of my own fortune.

How little thought did I bestow on my wound, as I mounted my horse on that mellow day of autumn! How indifferent was I to the pang that shot through me, as I touched the flank with my leg. Our road led through a thick forest, but over a surface of level sward, along which we galloped in all the buoyancy of youth and high spirits. An occasional trunk lay across our way, and these we cleared at a leap; a feat, which I well saw my Hungarian friends were somewhat surprised to perceive, gave me no trouble whatever. My old habits of the riding-school had made me a perfect horseman; and rather vain of my accomplishment, I rode at the highest fences I could find. In one of these exploits an acute pang shot through me, and I felt as if something had given way in my leg. The pain for some minutes was so intense that I could with difficulty keep the saddle, and even when it had partially subsided, the suffering was very great.

To continue my journey in this agony was impossible; and yet I was reluctant to confess that I was overcome by pain. Such an acknowledgment seemed unsoldier-like and unworthy, and I determined not to give way. It was no use; the suffering brought on a sickly faintness that completely overcame me. I had nothing for it but to turn back; so, suddenly affecting to recollect a dispatch that I ought to have sent off before I left, I hastily apologized to my companions, and with many promises to overtake them by evening, I returned to Komorn.

A Magyar groom accompanied me, to act as my guide; and attended by this man, I slowly retraced my steps toward the fortress, so slowly, indeed, that it was within an hour of sunset as we gained the crest of the little ridge, from which Komorn might be seen, and the course of the Danube, as it wound for miles through the plain.

It is always a grand and imposing scene, one of those vast Hungarian plains, with waving woods and golden corn-fields, bounded by the horizon on every side, and marked by those immense villages of twelve or even twenty thousand inhabitants. Trees, rivers, plains, even the dwellings of the people are on a scale with which nothing in the Old World can vie. But even with this great landscape before me, I was more struck by a small object which caught my eye, as I looked toward the fortress. It was a little boat, covered with an awning, and anchored in the middle of the stream, and from which I could hear the sound of a voice, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. There was a stern and solemn quietude in the scene: the dark fortress, the darker river, the deep woods casting their shadows on the water, all presented a strange contrast to that girlish voice and tinkling melody, so light-hearted and so free.

The Magyar seemed to read what was passing in my mind, for he nodded significantly, and touching his cap in token of respect, said it was the young Archduchess Maria Louisa, who, with one or two of her ladies, enjoyed the cool of the evening on the river. This was the very same princess for whose likeness I was so eager, and of whom I never could obtain the slightest tidings. With what an interest that bark became invested from that moment! I had more than

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suspected, I had divined the reasons of General Marmont's commission to me, and could picture to myself the great destiny that in all likelihood awaited her who now, in sickly dalliance, moved her hand in the stream, and scattered the sparkling drops in merry mood over her companions Twice or thrice a head of light brown hair peeped from beneath the folds of the awning, and I wondered within myself if it were on that same brow that the greatest diadem of Europe was to sit.

So intent was I on these fancies, so full of the thousand speculations that grew out of them, that I paid no attention to what was passing, and never noticed an object on which the Hungarian's eyes were bent in earnest contemplation. A quick gesture and a sudden exclamation from the man soon attracted me, and I beheld, about a quarter of a mile off, an enormous timber-raft descending the stream at headlong speed. That the great mass had become unmanageable, and was carried along by the impetuosity of the current, was plain enough, not only from the zigzag course it took, but from the wild cries and frantic gestures of the men on board. Though visible to us from the eminence on which we stood, a bend of the stream still concealed it from those in the boat. To apprise them of their danger, we shouted with all our might, gesticulating at the same time, and motioning to them to put in to shore. It was all in vain; the roar of the river, which is here almost a torrent, drowned our voices, and the little boat still held her place in the middle of the stream. Already the huge mass was to be seen emerging from behind a wooded promontory of the river side, and now their destruction seemed inevitable. Without waiting to reach the path, I spurred my horse down the steep descent, and half falling, and half plunging, gained the bank. To all seeming now, they heard me, for I saw the curtain of the awning suddenly move, and a boatman's red cap peer from beneath it. I screamed and shouted with all my might, and called out "The raft—the raft!" till my throat felt bursting. For some seconds the progress of the great mass seemed delayed, probably by having become entangled with the trees along the shore; but now, borne along by its immense weight, it swung round the angle of the bank, and came majestically on, a long, white wave marking its course as it breasted the water.

They see it! they see it! Oh! good heavens! are they paralyzed with terror, for the boatman never moves! A wild shriek rises above the roar of the current, and yet they do nothing. What prayers and cries of entreaty, what wild imprecations I uttered, I know not; but I am sure that reason had already left me, and nothing remained in its place except the mad impulse to save them, or perish. There was then so much of calculation in my mind that I could balance the chances of breasting the stream on horseback, or alone, and this done, I spurred my animal over the bank into the Danube. A horse is a noble swimmer, when he has courage, and a Hungarian horse rarely fails in this quality.

Heading toward the opposite shore, the gallant beast cleared his track through the strong current, snorting madly, and seeming to plunge at times against the rushing waters. I never turned my eyes from the skiff all this time, and now could see the reason of what had seemed their apathy. The anchor had become entangled, fouled among some rocks or weeds of the river, and the boatman's efforts to lift it were all in vain. I screamed and yelled to the man to cut the rope, but my cries were unheard, for he bent over the gunwale, and tugged and tore with all his might. I was more than fifty yards higher up the stream, and rapidly gaining the calmer water under shore, when I tried to turn my horse's head down the current; but the instinct of safety rebelled against all control, and the animal made straight for the bank. There was then but one chance left, and taking my sabre in my mouth, I sprang from his back into the stream. In all the terrible excitement of that dreadful moment I clung to one firm purpose. The current would surely carry the boat into safety, if once free; I had no room for any thought but this. The great trees along shore, the great fortress, the very clouds over head, seemed to fly past me, as I swept along; but I never lost sight of my purpose, and now almost within my grasp. I see the boat and the three figures, who are bending down over one that seems to have fainted. With my last effort, I cry again to cut the rope, but his knife has broken at the handle! I touch the side of the skiff, I grasp the gunwale with one hand, and seizing my sabre with the other, I make one desperate cut. The boat swings round to the current, the boatman's oars are out—they are saved. My "thank God!" is like the cry of a drowning man—for I know no more.

CHAPTER LIII.

A LOSS AND A GAIN.

To apologize to my reader for not strictly tracing out each day of my history, would be, in all likelihood, as great an impertinence as that of the tiresome guest who, having kept you two hours from your bed by his uninteresting twaddle, asks you to forgive him at last for an abrupt departure. I am already too full of gratitude for the patience that has been conceded to me so far, to desire to trifle with it during the brief space that is now to link us together. And believe me, kind reader, there is more in that same tie than perhaps you think, especially where the intercourse had been carried on, and, as it were, fed from month to month. In such cases the relationship between him who writes and him who reads assumes something like acquaintanceship; heightened by a greater desire on one side to please, than is usually felt in the routine business of everyday life. Nor is it a light reward, if one can think that he has relieved a passing hour of solitude or discomfort, shortened a wintry night, or made a rainy day more endurable. I speak not here of the greater happiness in knowing that our inmost thoughts have found

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their echo in far away hearts, kindling noble emotions, and warming generous aspirations, teaching courage and hope by the very commonest of lessons; and showing that, in the moral as in the vegetable world, the bane and antidote grow side by side; and, as the eastern poet has it, "He who shakes the tree of sorrow, is often sowing the seeds of joy." Such are the triumphs of very different efforts from mine, however, and I come back to the humble theme from which I started.

If I do not chronicle the incidents which succeeded to the events of my last chapter, it is, in the first place, because they are most imperfectly impressed upon my own memory; and, in the second, they are of a nature which, whether in the hearing or the telling, can afford little pleasure; for what if I should enlarge upon a text which runs but on suffering and sickness, nights of feverish agony, days of anguish, terrible alternations of hope and fear, ending, at last, in the sad, sad certainty, that skill has found its limit. The art of the surgeon can do no more, and Maurice Tiernay must consent to lose his leg! Such was the cruel news I was compelled to listen to as I awoke one morning dreaming, and for the first time since my accident, of my life in Kuffstein. The injuries I had received before being rescued from the Danube, had completed the mischief already begun, and all chance of saving my limb had now fled. I am not sure if I could not have heard a sentence of death with more equanimity than the terrible announcement that I was to drag out existence maimed and crippled. To endure the helplessness of age with the warm blood and daring passions of youth, and, worse than all, to forego a career that was already opening with such glorious prospects of distinction.

Nothing could be more kindly considerate than the mode of communicating this sad announcement; nor was there omitted any thing which could alleviate the bitterness of the tidings. The undying gratitude of the Imperial family; their heartfelt sorrow for my suffering; the pains they had taken to communicate the whole story of my adventure to the Emperor Napoleon himself, were all insisted on; while the personal visits of the Archdukes, and even the Emperor himself, at my sick bed, were told to me with every flattery such acts of condescension could convey. Let me not be thought ungrateful, if all these seemed but a sorry payment for the terrible sacrifice I was to suffer; and that the glittering crosses which were already sent to me in recognition, and which now sparkled on my bed, appeared a poor price for my shattered and wasted limb; and I vowed to myself that to be once more strong and in health I'd change fortunes with the humblest soldier in the grand army.

After all, it is the doubtful alone can break down the mind and waste the courage. To the brave man, the inevitable is always the endurable. Some hours of solitude and reflection brought this conviction to my heart, and I recalled the rash refusal I had already given to submit to the amputation, and sent word to the doctors that I was ready. My mind once made up, a thousand ingenious suggestions poured in their consolations. Instead of incurring my misfortune as I had done, my mischance might have originated in some commonplace or inglorious accident. In lieu of the proud recognitions I had earned, I might have now the mere sympathy of some fellow-sufferer in an hospital; and instead of the "Cross of St. Stephen," and the "valor medal" of Austria, my reward might have been the few sous per day allotted to an invalided soldier.

As it was, each post from Vienna brought me nothing but flattering recognitions; and one morning a large sealed letter from Duroc conveyed the Emperor's own approval of my conduct, with the cross of commander of the Legion of Honor. A whole life of arduous services might have failed to win such prizes, and so I struck the balance of good and evil fortune, and found I was the gainer!

Among the presents which I received from the Imperial family was a miniature of the young Archduchess, whose life I saved, and which I at once dispatched by a safe messenger to Marshal Marmont, engaging him to have a copy of it made and the original returned to me. I concluded that circumstances must have rendered this impossible, for I never beheld the portrait again, although I heard of it among the articles bequeathed to the Duc de Reichstadt at St. Helena. Maria Louisa was, at that time, very handsome; the upper lip and mouth were, it is true, faulty, and the Austrian heaviness marred the expression of these features; but her brow and eyes were singularly fine, and her hair of a luxuriant richness rarely to be seen.

Count Palakzi, my young Hungarian friend, and who had scarcely ever quitted my bedside during my illness, used to jest with me on my admiration of the young Archduchess, and jokingly compassionate me on the altered age we lived in, in contrast to those good old times when a bold feat or a heroic action was sure to win the hand of a fair princess. I half suspect that he believed me actually in love with her, and deemed that it was the best way to treat such an absurd and outrageous ambition. To amuse myself with his earnestness, for such had it become, on the subject, I affected not to be indifferent to his allusions, and assumed all the delicate reserve of devoted admiration. Many an hour have I lightened by watching the fidgety uneasiness the young count felt at my folly; for now instead of jesting, as before, he tried to reason me out of this insane ambition, and convince me that such pretensions were utter madness.

I was slowly convalescing, about five weeks after the amputation of my leg, when Palakzi entered my room one morning with an open letter in his hand. His cheek was flushed, and his air and manner greatly excited.

"Would you believe it, Tiernay," said he, "Stadion writes me word from Vienna, that Na-

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poleon has asked for the hand of the young Archduchess in marriage, and that the Emperor has consented!"

"And am *I* not considered in this negotiation!" asked I, scarcely suppressing a laugh.

"This is no time nor theme for jest," said he, passionately; "nor is it easy to keep one's temper at such a moment. A Hapsburgher Princess married to a low Corsican adventurer! to the—"

"Come, Palakzi," cried I, "these are not words for me to listen to; and having heard them, I may be tempted to say, that the honor comes all of the other side; and that he who holds all Europe at his feet ennobles the dynasty from which he selects his empress."

"I deny it—fairly and fully deny it!" cried the passionate youth. "And every noble of this land would rather see the provinces of the empire torn from us, than a Princess of the Imperial House degraded to such an alliance!"

"Is the throne of France, then, so low!" said I, calmly.

"Not when the rightful sovereign is seated on it," said he. "But are we, the subjects of a legitimate monarchy, to accept as equals the lucky accidents of your Revolution! By what claim is a soldier of fortune the peer of King or Kaiser! I, for one, will never more serve a cause so degraded; and the day on which such humiliation is our lot shall be the last of my soldiering;" and so saying, he rushed passionately from the room, and disappeared.

I mention this little incident here, not as in any way connecting itself with my own fortunes, but as illustrating what I afterward discovered to be the universal feeling entertained toward this alliance. Low as Austria then was—beaten in every battle—her vast treasury confiscated—her capital in the hands of an enemy—her very existence as an empire threatened; the thought of this insult—for such they deemed it—to the Imperial House, seemed to make the burden unendurable; and many who would have sacrificed territory and power for a peace, would have scorned to accept it at such a price as this.

I suppose the secret history of the transaction will never be disclosed; but living as I did, at the time, under the same roof with the royal family, I inclined to think that their counsels were of a divided nature; that while the Emperor and the younger Archdukes gave a favorable ear to the project, the Empress and the Archduke Charles as steadily opposed it. The gossip of the day spoke of dreadful scenes between the members of the Imperial House, and some have since asserted that the breaches of affection that were then made never were reconciled in after life.

With these events of state or private history I have no concern. My position and my nationality, of course, excluded me from confidential intercourse with those capable of giving correct information; nor can I record any thing beyond the mere current rumors of the time. This much, however, I could remark, that all whom conviction, policy, or perhaps bribery inclined to the alliance, were taken into court favor, and replaced in the offices of the household those whose opinions were adverse. A total change, in fact, took place in the persons of the royal suite, and the Hungarian nobles, many of whom filled the "Hautes Chargés," as they are called, now made way for Bohemian grandees, who were understood to entertain more favorable sentiments toward France. Whether in utter despair of the cause for which they had suffered so long and so much, or that they were willing to accept this alliance with the oldest dynasty of Europe as a compromise, I am unable to say; but so was it. Many of the emigré nobility of France, the unflinching, implacable enemies of Bonaparte, consented to bury their ancient grudges, and were now seen accepting place and office in the Austrian household. This was a most artful flattery of the Austrians, and was peculiarly agreeable to Napoleon, who longed to legalize his position by a reconciliation with the old followers of the Bourbons, and who dreaded their schemes and plots far more than he feared all the turbulent violence of the "Faubourg." In one day, no fewer than three French nobles were appointed to places of trust in the household, and a special courier was sent off to Gratz to convey the appointment of maid of honor to a young French lady who lived there in exile.

Each of my countrymen on arriving came to visit me. They had all known my father by name, if not personally, and most graciously acknowledged me as one of themselves, a flattery they sincerely believed above all price.

I had heard much of the overweening vanity and conceit of the Legitimatists, but the reality far exceeded all my notions of them. There was no pretense, no affectation whatever about them. They implicitly believed that in "accepting the Corsican," as the phrase went, they were displaying a condescension and self-negation unparalleled in history. The tone of superiority thus assumed, of course made them seem supremely ridiculous to my eyes—I, who had sacrificed heavily enough for the Empire, and yet felt myself amply rewarded. But apart from these exaggerated ideas of themselves, they were most amiable, gentle-mannered, and agreeable.

The ladies and gentlemen of what was called the "Service," associated all together, dining at the same table, and spending each evening in a handsome suite appropriated to themselves Hither some one or other of the Imperial family occasionally came to play his whist, or chat away an hour in pleasant gossip; these distinguished visitors never disturbing in the slightest degree the easy tone of the society, nor exacting any extraordinary marks of notice or attention.

The most frequent guest was the Archduke Louis, whose gayety of temperament and easy humor induced him to pass nearly every evening with us. He was fond of cards, but liked to talk away over his game, and make play merely subsidiary to the pleasure of conversation. As I was but an indifferent "whister," but a most ad-

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mirable auditor, I was always selected to make one of his party.

It was on one of the evenings when we were so engaged, and the Archduke had been displaying a more than ordinary flow of good spirits and merriment, a sudden lull in the approving laughter, and a general subsidence of every murmur, attracted my attention. I turned my head to see what had occurred, and perceived that all the company had risen, and were standing with eyes directed to the open door.

"The Archduchess, your Imperial Highness!" whispered an aid-de-camp to the Prince, and he immediately rose from the table, an example speedily followed by the others. I grasped my chair with one hand, and with my sword in the other, tried to stand up, an effort which hitherto I had never accomplished without aid. It was all in vain—my debility utterly denied the attempt. I tried again, but overcome by pain and weakness, I was compelled to abandon the effort, and sink down on my seat, faint and trembling. By this time the company had formed into a circle, leaving the Archduke Louis alone in the middle of the room; I, to my increasing shame and confusion, being seated exactly behind where the Prince stood.

There was a hope for me still; the Archduchess might pass on through the rooms without my being noticed. And this seemed likely enough, since she was merely proceeding to the apartments of the Empress, and not to delay with us. This expectation was soon destined to be extinguished; for, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, the young Princess came straight over to where Prince Louis stood. She said something in a low voice, and he turned immediately to offer her a chair; and there was I seated, very pale, and very much shocked at my apparent rudeness. Although I had been presented before to the young Archduchess, she had not seen me in the uniform of the Corps de Guides (in which I now served as colonel), and never recognized me. She therefore stared steadily at me, and turned toward her brother as if for explanation.

"Don't you know him?" said the Archduke, laughing; "it's Colonel de Tiernay, and if he can not stand up, *you* certainly should be the last to find fault with him. Pray, sit quiet, Tiernay," added he, pressing me down on my seat; "and if you won't look so terrified, my sister will remember you."

"We must both be more altered than I ever expect if I cease to remember M. de Tiernay," said the Archduchess, with a most courteous smile. Then leaning on the back of a chair, she bent forward and inquired after my health. There was something so strange in the situation: a young, handsome girl condescending to a tone of freedom and intimacy with one she had seen but a couple of times, and from whom the difference of condition separated her by a gulf wide as the great ocean, that I felt a nervous tremor I could not account for. Perhaps, with the tact that royalty possesses as its own prerogative, or, perhaps, with mere womanly intuition, she saw how the interview agitated me, and, to change the topic, she suddenly said.

"I must present you to one of my ladies, Colonel de Tiernay, a countrywoman of your own. She already has heard from me the story of your noble devotion, and now only has to learn your name. Remember you are to sit still."

As she said this, she turned, and drawing her arm within that of a young lady behind her, led her forward.

"It is to this gentleman I owe my life, Mademoiselle D'Estelles."

I heard no more, nor did she either; for, faltering, she uttered a low, faint sigh, and fell into the arms of those behind her.

"What's this, Tiernay!—how is all this?" whispered Prince Louis; "are you acquainted with mademoiselle?"

But I forgot every thing; the presence in which I stood, the agony of a wounded leg, and all, and, with a violent effort, sprung from my seat.

Before I could approach her, however, she had risen from the chair, and in a voice broken and interrupted, said:

"You are so changed, M. de Tiernay—so much changed—that the shock overpowered me. We became acquainted in the Tyrol, madame," said she to the Princess, "where monsieur was a prisoner."

What observation the Princess made in reply I could not hear, but I saw that Laura blushed deeply. To hide her awkwardness perhaps it was, that she hurriedly entered into some account of our former intercourse, and I could observe that some allusion to the Prince de Condé dropped from her.

"How strange, how wonderful is all that you tell me!" said the Princess, who bent forward and whispered some words to Prince Louis; and then, taking Laura's arm, she moved on, saying in a low voice to me, "Au revoir, monsieur," as she passed.

"You are to come and drink tea in the Archduchess's apartments, Tiernay," said Prince Louis; "you'll meet your old friend, Mademoiselle D'Estelles, and of course you have a hundred recollections to exchange with each other."

The Prince insisted on my accepting his arm, and, as he assisted me along, informed me that old Madame D'Acgreville was dead about a year, leaving her niece an immense fortune—at least a claim to one—only wanting the sanction of the Emperor Napoleon to become valid; for it was one of the estreated but not confiscated estates of La Vendée. Every word that dropped from the Prince extinguished some hope within me. More beautiful than ever, her rank recognized, and in possession of a vast fortune, what chance had I, a poor soldier of fortune, of success?

"Don't sigh, Tiernay," said the Prince, laughing; "you've lost a leg for us, and we must lend you a hand in return;" and with this we entered the salon of the Archduchess.

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MAURICE TIERNAY'S "LAST WORD AND CONFESSION."

I HAVE been very frank with my readers in these memoirs of my life. If I have dwelt somewhat vain-gloriously on passing moments of success, it must be owned that I have not spared my vanity and self-conceit, when either betrayed me into any excess of folly. I have neither blinked my humble beginnings, nor have I sought to attribute to my own merits those happy accidents which made me what I am. I claim nothing but the humble character—a Soldier of Fortune. It was my intention to have told the reader somewhat more than these twenty odd years of my life embrace. Probably, too, my subsequent career, if less marked by adventure, was more pregnant with true views of the world and sounder lessons of conduct; but I have discovered to my surprise that these revelations have extended over a wider surface than I ever destined them to occupy, and already I tremble for the loss of that gracious attention that has been vouchsafed me hitherto. I will not trust myself to say how much regret this abstinence has cost me; enough if I avow that in jotting down the past I have lived my youth over again, and in tracing old memories, old scenes, and old impressions, the smouldering fire of my heart has shot up a transient flame so bright as to throw a glow even over the chill of my old age.

It is, after all, no small privilege to have lived and borne one's part in stirring times; to have breasted the ocean of life when the winds were up and the waves ran high; to have mingled, however humbly, in eventful scenes, and had one's share in the mighty deeds that were to become history afterward. It is assuredly in such trials that humanity comes out best, and that the character of man displays all its worthiest and noblest attributes. Amid such scenes I began my life, and, in the midst of similar ones, if my prophetic foresight deceive me not, I am like to end it.

Having said this much of and for myself, I am sure the reader will pardon me if I am not equally communicative with respect to another, and if I pass over the remainder of that interval which I spent at Komorn. Even were love-making—which assuredly it is not—as interesting to the spectator as to those engaged, I should scruple to recount events which delicacy should throw a vail over; nor am I induced, even by the example of the wittiest periodical writer of the age, to make a "feuilleton" of my own marriage. Enough that I say, despite my shattered form, my want of fortune, my unattested pretension to rank or station, Mademoiselle D'Estelles accepted me, and the Emperor most graciously confirmed her claims to wealth, thus making me one of the richest and the very happiest among the Soldiers of Fortune.

The Père Delamoy, now superior of a convent at Pisa, came to Komorn to perform the ceremony; and if he could not altogether pardon those who had uprooted the ancient monarchy of France, yet did not conceal his gratitude to him who had restored the Church and rebuilt the altar.

There may be some who deem this closing abrupt, and who would wish for even a word about the bride, her bouquet, and her blushes. I can not afford to gratify so laudable a curiosity, at the same time that a lurking vanity induces me to say, that any one wishing to know more about the "personnel" of my wife or myself, has but to look at David's picture, or the engraving made from it, of the Emperor's marriage. There they will find, in the left hand corner, partly concealed behind the Grand Duke de Berg, an officer of the Guides, supporting on his arm a young and very beautiful girl, herself a bride. If the young lady's looks are turned with more interest on her companion than upon the gorgeous spectacle, remember that she is but a few weeks married. If the soldier carry himself with less of martial vigor or grace, pray bear in mind that cork legs had not attained the perfection to which later skill has brought them.

I have the scene stronger before me than painting can depict, and my eyes fill as I now behold it in my memory!

ANECDOTES AND APHORISMS.

AS it is likely some of our readers have never read "Napier's Life of Montrose," we think it may not be amiss to insert an extract descriptive of the execution of that nobleman. It need scarcely be mentioned that this is the famous Graham of Claverhouse, whom Sir Walter Scott has drawn with such fine effect in one of his best novels.

It was resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus on Sunday, the 18th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers, bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis, placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned, and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. It is alleged in a contemporary record, that the reason of his being tied to the cart was, in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face. In all the procession there appeared in Montrose such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even these women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and were hired to stone him, were, upon the sight of him, so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers. Of the many thousand spectators only one, Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Haddington, was heard to scoff and laugh aloud. Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest

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"For," said he, "the compliment you put upon me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing."

Montrose told his persecutors that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison walls than that his picture should hang in the king's bed-chamber, and that far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished he had limbs to send to every city in Christendom, as testimonies of his unshaken attachment to the cause in which he suffered. When Sir Archibald Johnson of Warriston, the Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner's cell, and found him employed, early in the morning, combing the long curled hair which he wore according to the custom of the cavaliers, the visitor muttered:

"Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?"

Montrose replied with a smile:

"While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please."

Montrose, proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, clad himself, on the day of his execution, in rich attire—"more becoming a bridegroom," says one of his enemies, "than a criminal going to the gallows." As he walked along, and beheld the instrument of his doom, his step was not seen to falter nor his eye quail; to the last he bore himself with such steadfast courage, such calm dignity, as had seldom been equaled, and never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold, a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits and his own manifesto, to hang round his neck; but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and smiling at this new token of malice, merely said:—"I did not feel more honored when his majesty sent me the garter."

He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time, with his hat before his eyes. He drew apart some of the magistrates, and spoke awhile with them, and then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked:

"How long shall I hang here?"

His head was afterward affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, where it remained a ghastly spectacle, during ten years.

There is another execution scene, that of the courtly and enterprising Walter Raleigh, not usually accessible to general readers.

Sir Walter Raleigh, on the morning of his execution, received a cup of sack, and remarked that he liked it as well as the prisoner who drank of St. Giles's bowl in passing through Tyburn, and said, "It is good to drink if a man might but tarry by it." He turned to his old friend, Sir Hugh Ceeston, who was repulsed by the sheriff from the scaffold, saying:

"Never fear but *I* shall have a place."

When a man extremely bald pressed forward to see Raleigh, and to pray for him, Sir Walter took from his own head a richly embroidered cap, and placing it on that of the aged spectator, said:

"Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I."

"Farewell, my lords," he exclaimed to a courtly group, who took an affectionate leave of him; "I have a long journey before me, and must say good-by."

"Now I am going to God," said he, as he reached the scaffold; and gently touching the ax, continued, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

The very executioner shrunk from beheading one so brave and illustrious, until the unintimidated knight encouraged him, saying:

"What dost thou fear? Strike, man!"

In another moment the great soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Next shall be related the story of the Tower Ghost; "communicated by Sir David Brewster to Professor Gregory," and authentically recorded in "Letters on Animal Magnetism?"

At the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the guards of the Tower were doubled; and Colonel S——, the keeper of the Regalia, was quartered there with his family. Toward twilight one evening, and before dark, he, his wife, son, and daughter were sitting, listening to the sentinels, who were singing and answering one another, on the beats above and below. The evening was sultry, and the door stood ajar, when something suddenly rolled in through the open space. Colonel S—— at first thought it was a cloud of smoke, but it assumed the shape of a pyramid of dark thick gray, with something working toward its centre. Mrs. S—— saw a form. Miss S—— felt an indescribable sensation of chill and horror. The son sat at the window, staring at the terrified and agitated party; but saw nothing. Mrs. S—— threw her head down upon her arms on the table, and screamed. The Colonel took a chair, and hurled it at the phantom, through which it passed. The cloud seemed to him to revolve round the room, and then disappear, as it came, through the door. He had scarcely risen from his chair to follow, when he heard a loud shriek, and a heavy fall at the bottom of the stair. He stopped to listen, and in a few minutes the guard came up and challenged the poor sentry, who had been so lately singing, but who now lay at the entrance in a swoon. The sergeant shook him rudely, declared he was asleep at his post, and put him under arrest. Next day the soldier was brought to a court-martial, when Colonel S—— appeared on his behalf, to testify that he could not have been asleep, for that he had been singing, and the Colonel's family had been listening, ten minutes before. The man declared that, while walking toward the stair-entrance, a dreadful figure had issued from the doorway, which he took at first for an escaped bear on its hind legs. It passed him, and scowled upon him with a

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human face, and the expression of a demon, disappearing over the Barbican. He was so frightened that he became giddy, and knew no more. His story, of course, was not credited by his judges; but he was believed to have had an attack of vertigo, and was acquitted and released on Colonel's S——'s evidence.

That evening Colonel S—— went to congratulate the man, but he was so changed that he did not know him. From a glow of rude health in his handsome face, he had become of the color of bad paste. Colonel S—— said to him:

"Why do you look so dejected, my lad? I think I have done you a great favor in getting you off; and I would advise you in future to continue your habit of singing."

"Colonel," replied the sentry, "you have saved my character, and I thank you; but as for any thing else, it little signifies. From the moment I saw that infernal demon, I felt I was a dead man."

He never recovered his spirits, and died next day, forty-eight hours after he had seen the spectre. Colonel S—— had conversed with the sergeant about it, who quietly remarked:

"It was a bad job, but he was only a recruit, and must get used to it like the rest."

"What!" said Colonel S——, "have you heard of others seeing the same?"

"Oh, yes," answered the sergeant, "there are many queer, unaccountable things seen here, I assure you, and many of our recruits faint a time or two; but they get used to it, and it don't hurt them."

"Mrs. S—— never got used to it. She remained in a state of dejection for six weeks, and then died. Colonel S—— was long recovering from the impression, and was reluctant to speak of it; but he said he would never deny the thing he had seen."

What explanation Sir David Brewster has given of this singular apparition, the present writer does not happen to know. We quote it for its strangeness, and leave the reader to make of it what he can. We proceed with a curious instance of mental absence:

Lessing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said:

"The professor is not at home!"

"Oh, very well!" replied Lessing, composedly walking away; "I shall call another time."

There is an anecdote of successful coolness, of earlier date, which will serve very well to accompany the foregoing:

Charles II., after his restoration, appears, according to custom, to have neglected his most faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who nevertheless was a frequenter of the court. One day, when a gentleman had requested an interview of his majesty to ask for a valuable office then vacant, the king in jest desired the Earl of St. Albans to personate him, which he did before the whole court; but, after hearing the stranger's petition with an air of dignified authority, he said that the office was by no means too great for so deserving a subject. "But," added the earl, gravely, "I have already conferred it on my faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who constantly followed my father's fortunes and my own, having never before received any reward." The king was so amused by this ready jest that he instantly confirmed the gift to his clever representative.

But we have yet a cooler thing (though somewhat different in character) than either of the preceding to bring forward, and which, if true, is really one of the strangest incidents that could happen in a man's experience.

Barthe, a writer of French comedies, hearing that his intimate friend Colardeau was on the point of death, instantly hastened to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition to listen, addressed him thus:

"My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favor to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my 'Homme Personnel.'"

"Consider," replied the dying man, "that I have only a few hours to live."

"Alas! yes; and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play."

His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice, observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing.

"You must make him," said he, "force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts."

Our collector has treasured up two or three tolerable anecdotes of that artfullest of "dodgers," Talleyrand, which, though not new to every body are likely to have a novelty for some, and therefore may bear quoting.

After the Pope had excommunicated him, he is reported to have written to a friend, saying. "Come and comfort me; come and sup with me. Every body is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall therefore have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine." When Louis XVIII., at the restoration, praised Talleyrand for his talents and influence, the latter modestly disclaimed the compliment, but added, with an arch significance, "There is, however, some inexplicable thing about me which prevents any government from prospering that attempts to set me aside." The next is exquisitely *diplomatic*. A banker, anxious about the rise or fall of stocks, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumor that George III. had suddenly died, when the statesman replied, in a confidential tone, "I shall be delighted if the information I have to give be of any use to you." The banker was enchanted at the prospect of obtaining authentic intelligence from so high a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air continued, "Some say the King of England is dead; others, that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I

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tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me." No better parody on modern diplomacy could easily be written.

A CURIOUS PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

THE Chambellans were an old Yorkshire family, which once had held a high place among the landed gentry of the county. A knight of that family had been a Crusader in the army of Richard Cœur de Lion; and now he lay, with all his insignia about him, in the parish church, while others of his race reposed in the same chancel, under monuments and brasses, which spoke of their name and fame during their generation. In the lapse of time the family had become impoverished, and gradually merged into the class of yeomen, retaining only a remnant of the broad lands which had once belonged to them. In 1744–5, the elder branch of the family, consisting of the father, two sons, and a daughter, resided at what had once been the mansion-house. It had been built originally in the reign of Stephen, and was a curious specimen of different kinds of architecture, bearing traces of its gradual transformation from the stronghold of the days when it was no metaphor to say that every man's house was his castle, down to the more peaceful dwelling of lawful and orderly times. It had now become little more than a better sort of farm-house. What had been the tilt-yard was filled with a row of comfortable barns, cart-sheds, and hay-stacks: a low wall of rough gray stones inclosed a small garden: a narrow gravel walk, edged on each side with currant-trees and gooseberry-bushes, led up to the fine old porch, embowered in the ivy and creepers which covered nearly the whole of the building with its luxuriant growth. The old gateway at the entrance of the yard was still surmounted with the "coat armor" of the family, carved in stone; but the gates themselves had long ago disappeared, and been replaced by a common wooden farm-yard gate. The "coat armor" itself was covered with moss, and a fine crop of grass and house-leek grew among the stones of the walls, to which it would have communicated a desolate appearance, if the farm-yard arrangements had been less orderly.

Halsted Hall, as it was called, was six miles from the city of York, and stood about a mile from the main road. The only approach to it was by a long rough lane, so much cut up by the carts and cattle that it was almost impassable to foot-passengers, except in the height of summer or depth of winter, when the mud had been dried up by the sun or the frost.

The father and brothers attended the different fairs and markets in the ordinary course of business; their sister, Mary Chambellan, managed the affairs of the house and dairy. She led a very secluded life, for they had no neighbors, and of general society there was none nearer than the city itself. Mary, however, had plenty of occupation, and was quite contented with her lot. She was nearly seventeen, tall, well-formed, and with an air of composed dignity which suited well with her position, which was of great responsibility for so young a person. Her mother, who had been dead rather more than a year, had been a woman of superior education and strong character. To her Mary owed all the instruction she had ever received, and the tinge of refinement which made her manners very superior to those of either her father or brothers. She, however, was quite unconscious of this, and they all lived very happily together in the old out-of-the-way place.

It happened that, in the spring of 1745, an uncle of her mother's, who resided at York, was about to celebrate the marriage of one of his daughters; Mary Chambellan, with her father and brothers, were invited to the festivities. The father would have sent an excuse for himself and Mary; he was getting old, and did not like to be put out of his usual ways. The brothers, however, pleaded earnestly that their sister might have a little recreation. Finally consent was obtained, and she went with her brothers.

It was a very fine wedding, and a ball and supper finished the rejoicings. Some of the officers, quartered with their regiments in York, were invited to this ball. Among others was a certain Captain Henry Pollexfen. He was a young man of good family in the south of England, heir to a large fortune; and extremely handsome and attractive on his own account, independent of these advantages.

He was, by all accounts, a type of the fine, high-spirited young fellow of those days; good-tempered, generous, and overflowing with wild animal life and spirits, which he threw off in a thousand impetuous extravagances. He could dance all night at a ball, ride a dozen miles to meet the hounds the following morning, and, after a hard day's sport, sit down to a deep carouse, and be as fresh and gay after it as if he had been following the precepts of Lewis Cornaro. The women contended with each other to attract his attentions; but although he was devoted to every woman he came near, and responded to their universal good-will by flirting indefatigably, his attentions were so indiscriminate, that there was not one belle who could flatter herself that she had secured him for her "humble servant"—as lovers were then wont to style themselves. Mary Chambellan was not, certainly, the belle of the wedding ball-room, and by no means equal in fortune or social position to most of the women present; but whether from perverseness, or caprice, or love of novelty, Henry Pollexfen was attracted by her, and devoted himself to her exclusively.

The next York Assembly was to take place in a few days; and this young man, who did not know what contradiction meant, made Mary promise to be his partner there. Old Mr. Chambellan, however, who thought his daughter had been away from home quite long enough, fetched her back himself on the following day; and Mary would as soon have dared to ask to go to the moon as to remain to go to the assembly. Henry Pollexfen was extremely disappointed when l

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found that Miss Chambellan had returned home; but he was too much caressed and sought after to be able to think long about the matter, and so his sudden fancy soon passed away.

In the autumn of the same year he met one of her brothers in the hunting field. Accident threw them together toward the close of a hard day's run; when, in clearing a stone fence, some loose stones were dislodged, and struck Captain Pollexfen's horse, laming him severely. Night was coming on; it was impossible to return to his quarters on foot; and young Chambellan invited his fellow-sportsman to go home with him —Halsted Hall being the nearest habitation. The invitation was accepted. Although old Mr. Chambellan would as soon have opened his doors to a dragon; yet even he could find no fault under the circumstances, and was constrained to welcome their dangerous guest with old-fashioned hospitality. He soon became so charmed with his visitor, that he invited him to return, and the visitor gladly did so.

His almost forgotten admiration for Mary revived in full force the moment he saw her again. He soon fell desperately and seriously in love with her. Mary's strong and gentle character assumed great influence over his mercurial and impetuous disposition. That she became deeply attached to him was nothing wonderful; she could scarcely have helped it, even if he had not sought to win her affections.

In a short time, he made proposals of marriage for her to her father, who willingly consented, feeling, if the truth must be told, very much flattered at the prospect of such a son-in-law.

Henry Pollexfen then wrote a dutiful letter to his own father, telling him how much he was in love, and how earnestly he desired permission to follow his inclinations. Old Mr. Pollexfen had, like many other fathers, set his heart upon his son's making a brilliant match; and although, after consulting the "History of Yorkshire," where he found honorable mention made of the Chambellan family, he could offer no objection on the score of birth; yet he thought his son might do better. He was too wise to make any direct opposition; on the contrary, he gave his conditional consent, only stipulating for time. He required that twelve months should elapse before the marriage took place, when his son would be little more than two-and-twenty, while Mary would be not quite nineteen. He wrote paternal letters to Mary, and polite epistles to her father. He even applied at head-quarters for leave of absence for his son; whom he immediately summoned up to London, where his own duties, as member of parliament, would detain him for some time.

Under any other circumstances, Captain Pollexfen would have been delighted with this arrangement; but, as it was, he would infinitely have preferred being allowed to marry Mary at once. However, there was no help for it. Old Mr. Chambellan, himself urged the duty of immediate obedience to his father's summons, and Pollexfen departed.

For many weeks his letters were as frequent as the post would carry them. He was very miserable under the separation; and, much as she loved him, Mary could not wish him to be otherwise. His regiment was suddenly ordered abroad; the necessary hurry of preparation, and the order to join his detachment at Canterbury without delay, rendered it quite impossible for Captain Pollexfen to see Mary before his departure. He wrote her a tender farewell, sent her his picture, and exhorted her to write frequently, and never to forget him for an instant; promising, of course, everlasting constancy for himself.

There was little chance that Mary should forget him, in that old lonely house, without either friends or neighbors. Besides, the possibility of ceasing to love her affianced husband never occurred to her. With Captain Pollexfen it was different. Under no circumstances was his a character that would bear absence unchanged; and the distraction of foreign scenes, and the excitement of his profession, soon banished the image of Mary from his mind. At length he felt it a great bore that he was engaged to be married. The regiment remained sixteen months absent, and he heartily hoped that she would have forgotten him.

Mary's father died shortly after her lover's departure; the family property descended to her brothers, and she was left entirely dependent upon them. Captain Pollexfen's letters had entirely ceased; Mary had received no communication for more than six months, when she saw the return of his regiment announced, and his name gazetted as colonel. He, however, neither came to see her, nor wrote to her, and Mary became seriously ill. She could no longer conceal her sufferings from her brothers. Under the impression that she was actually dying, they wrote to her lover, demanding the cause of his silence, and telling him of her situation. Colonel Pollexfen was conscience-stricken by this letter. He declared to the brothers that he intended to act as became a man of honor, and wrote to Mary with something of his old affection, revived by remorse: excusing his past silence, begging forgiveness, and promising to go down to see her, the instant he could obtain leave of absence.

Under the influence of this letter Mary revived; but the impression made upon her future husband soon passed away—he daily felt less inclination to perform his promise. He was living in the midst of fashionable society, and was more courted than ever, since by the death of his father he had come into possession of his fortune. He began to feel that he had decidedly thrown himself away; and by a most unnatural transition, he hated Mary for her claims upon him and considered himself a very ill-used victim.

Mary's brothers, finding that Colonel Pollexfen did not follow his letter, nor show any signs of fulfilling his engagement, would not submit to any more trifling. The elder made a journey to London, and demanded satisfaction, with the intimation that the younger brother would claim

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the same right when the first affair was terminated.

Colonel Pollexfen was not, of course, afraid of having even two duels on his hands at once; he had already proved his courage too well to allow a suspicion of that sort. His answer was characteristic. He told young Chambellan that he was quite ready to meet both him and his brother, but that he was under a previous engagement to marry their sister, which he wished to perform first, as otherwise circumstances might occur to prevent it; he should then be quite at their service, as it was his intention to quit his bride at the church-door, and never to see her again!

The brothers, looking upon this as a pretext to evade the marriage altogether, resolved, after some deliberation, to accept his proposal. They had great difficulty in prevailing upon their sister to agree to their wishes; but they none of them seriously believed that he would carry out his threat, and Mary fancied that all danger of a duel would be evaded. A very liberal settlement was drawn up by Colonel Pollexfen's direction, which he signed, and sent down to the bride's family. On the day appointed, Mary and her brothers repaired to the church; a traveling chariot and four horses stood at the door. On entering, they found Colonel Pollexfen pointing out to a friend who accompanied him the monuments belonging to the Chambellan family. As soon as he perceived them he took his place at the altar, and the ceremony commenced without delay. As soon as it was concluded, he bowed with great politeness to all present, and said, "You are all here witnesses that I have performed my engagement!" Then, without even looking at his bride, he quitted the church, and, accompanied by his friend, entered the carriage which was in waiting, and drove rapidly away! Mary was carried senseless from the church, and for several weeks continued dangerously ill.

The real strength of her character now showed itself. She made no complaint; she did not even assume her husband's name, but took the appellation of Mrs. Chambellan. The settlement was returned to Colonel Pollexfen's lawyer, with an intimation that it would never be claimed. She stilled the anger of her brothers, and would not endure a word to be said against her husband. She never alluded to him herself. A great change came over her; she did not seem to suffer nearly so much from her cruel position as might have been expected; her melancholy and depression gave place to a steady determination of purpose. In the brief space during which she and her husband had stood before the altar, she had realized the distance that existed between their positions in life. With a rare superiority, she understood how natural it was that he should have felt no desire to fulfill his boyish engagement; she owned in her heart that she was not fitted to be the wife and companion of such a man as he had now become. Had she seen all this sooner, she would have at once released him; now she could no longer do so, and she resolved to fit herself to fill the station to which, as his wife, she had been raised.

The brief interview before the altar had stimulated to desperation her attachment to him: and she felt that she must win him back or die. Mary had received very little education. In those days the education bestowed on most women was very limited; but Mary fancied that all gentlewomen, who moved in society, were well-informed; and her first step was to obtain some elementary books from the master of a boy's school at York, and begin, with undoubting simplicity, to learn history and geography, and all the things which she supposed every lady of her husband's acquaintance knew. A thirst for information was soon aroused in her; she had few advantages and very little assistance; but her energies and perseverance surmounted all obstacles, and she found a present reward in her labor. Her life ceased to seem either lonely or monotonous. Still, the spirit that worked within her was far more precious than any actual result she obtained. She had a noble object in view; and, unconsciously to herself, it purified her heart from all bitterness, or wounded vanity, or impatience. A great sorrow nobly borne, is a great dignity. The very insult which had seemed to condemn her to a wasted existence, was transformed into a source of life and fruitfulness, by the wise humility with which she accepted it.

Ten years passed thus, and in the matured woman of thirty, few could have recognized the forsaken girl of nineteen. But the present only fulfilled the promise which was then latent in her character.

All this time her husband had endeavored to forget that he was married. Shortly after the ceremony, he went abroad with his regiment; and after some time spent in active service, he returned to England, and quitted the army with the brevet rank of general. He resided partly in London and partly in Bath, leading the usual life of a man of fashion in those days, and making himself remarkable for his brilliant extravagances.

About that time a young and beautiful actress appeared, who speedily became the object of adoration to all the young men of fashion about town.

General Pollexfen was one of her lovers, and carried her off one night from the theatre, when she came off the stage between the acts. He allowed her to assume his name, and lavished a fortune upon her caprices; although her extravagance and propensity to gambling involved him in debt.

Ten years had thus passed, when the cousin, whose marriage was mentioned at the beginning of this story, was ordered to Bath by her physician. She entreated Mary to accompany her, who, after some persuasion, consented. It was a formidable journey in those days, and they were to stay some months. They found a pleasant lodging. Mary, with some reluctance, was drawn into society, and occasionally accompanied her

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cousin to the Assemblies, which were then in high vogue.

General Pollexfen was absent from Bath when his wife arrived there. He had been called up to London by some lawyer's business, and calculated upon being absent three weeks.

It so chanced, however, that the business was concluded sooner than he expected, and that he returned to Bath without announcing his coming. He went at once to the Assembly, and was walking through the rooms in a chafed and irritable mood (having that night discovered the treachery of the beautiful actress, which had long been known to every body else), when a voice struck his ear which caused him to turn suddenly. He saw, near at hand, a dignified and beautiful woman, who reminded him of some one he had seen before. She turned away on perceiving him—it was Mary. She had recognized her husband, and, scarcely able to stand, she took the arm of her cousin, and reached the nearest seat. Her husband, forgetting every thing else in his impatience to learn who it was who had thus startled vague recollections, went hastily up to the Master of the Ceremonies, and desired to be introduced to—his own wife!

By some fatality, the Master of the Ceremonies blundered, and gave the name of Mary's cousin. This mistake gave Mary courage; for years she had dreamed of such a meeting, and the fear of losing the opportunity nerved her to profit by it. She exerted herself to please him. He had been rudely disenchanted from the graces of fine ladies, and was in a humor to appreciate the gentle home influence of Mary's manners; he was enchanted with her, and begged to be allowed to follow up the acquaintance, and to wait upon her the next morning. Permission was of course given, and he handed Mary and her cousin to their chairs.

Mary was cruelly agitated; she had not suffered so much during the ten preceding years; the suspense and anxiety were too terrible to endure; it seemed as though morning would never come. Her husband was not much more to be envied. He had discovered that she resembled the woman he had once so much loved, and then so cruelly hated—whom he married, and deserted; but though tormented by a thousand fancied resemblances, he scarcely dared to hope that it could be she. The next day, long before the lawful hour for paying morning visits, he was before her door and obtained admittance. The resemblance by daylight was more striking than it had been on the previous evening; and Mary's agitation was equal to his own. His impetuous appeal was answered. Overwhelmed with shame and repentance, and at the same time happy beyond expression, General Pollexfen passionately entreated his wife's forgiveness. Mary not only won back her husband, but regained, with a thousandfold intensity, the love which had once been hers—regained it, never to lose it more!

The story soon became known, and created an immense sensation. They quitted Bath, and retired to her husband's family seat in Cornwall, where they continued chiefly to reside. They had one son, an only child, who died when he was about fifteen. It was an overwhelming affliction, and was the one mortal shadow on their happiness. They died within a few weeks of each other; their honors and estates passing to a distant branch of the family.

THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

I. THE HOG-BOY.

IN the year 1530, a Franciscan was traveling on foot in the papal territory of Ancona. He was proceeding to Ascoli; but, at that time, the roads were bad, where there were any roads at all, and after wandering in what appeared to be a wilderness, he lost his bearings altogether, and came to a stand-still. A village was visible in the distance, but he was unwilling to proceed so far to ask his way, lest it might prove to be in the wrong direction. While listening intently, however, for some sound that might indicate the propinquity of human beings—for the scrubby wood of the waste, marshy land intercepted his view—he heard what appeared to be a succession of low sobs close by. Mounting a little eminence a few paces off, he saw a small company of hogs widely scattered, and searching with the avidity of famine for a dinner; and rightly conjecturing that the sounds of human grief must proceed from the swineherd, he moved on to the nearest clump of bushes, where he saw on the other side a boy about nine years of age, lying upon the soft ground, and endeavoring to smother his sobs in a tuft of coarse moss, while he dug his fingers into the mud in an agony of grief and rage. The good father allowed the storm of emotion to sweep past, and then inquired what was the matter.

"Have you lost any of your hogs?" said he.

"I don't know—and I don't care," was the answer.

"Why were you crying then?"

"Because they have been using me worse than a hog: they have been beating me—they never let me alone; always bad names, and worse blows; nothing to eat but leavings, and nothing to lie upon but dirty straw!"

"And for what offense are you used thus?"

"They say I am unhandy at field-work; that I am useless in the house and the barn; that I am unfit to be a servant to the horses in the stable; and that I can't even keep the hogs together. They are hogs themselves—they be! I was clever enough at home; but my father could not keep me any longer, and so he sent me to be a farmer's drudge, and turned me out to the—the—hogs!" and the boy gave way to another passionate burst of grief. The Franciscan endeavored to soothe him, and talked of submission to Providence; but finding he could do no good he inquired the name of the village.

"Montalto," replied the boy, sulkily.

"Montalto? Then in what direction lies Ascoli?"

"Are you going to Ascoli?" demanded the hog-boy, suddenly, as he fixed a pair of blazing eyes on the Franciscan's face in a manner that made him start. "I will show you the way."

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continued he, in a tone of as much decision as if he spoke of some mighty enterprise; and leaping to his feet like a boy made of India-rubber, he led through the scrubby wood of the common, kicking the hogs aside with a fierceness that drew a remonstrance from the good father. This seemed to have the desired effect. His manner softened instantaneously. He spoke in a mild, low voice; answered the questions that were addressed to him with modesty and good-sense; and astonished the Franciscan by a display of intelligence rare enough even where natural abilities are developed by education. It was in vain, however, that he reminded his young companion that it was time for him to turn; the hog-boy seemed fascinated by the father's conversation, and always made some excuse for accompanying him a little further.

"Come, my son," said the Franciscan at length, "this must have an end, and here we part. There is a little trifle which I give you with my blessing, and so God speed you!"

"I am going further," replied the boy, quickly.

"What! to Ascoli?"

"Ay, to Ascoli—or to the end of the earth! Ah, father, if you would but get me something to do—for I am sure you can if you will; any drudgery, however humble—any thing in the world but tending hogs!"

"You forget my profession, my son, and that I am powerless out of it. You would not become a monk yourself?"

"A monk! Oh! wouldn't I? Only try me!"

"To be a monk is to toil, watch, and pray; to live meagrely, to submit to innumerable hardships—"

"And to learn, father! to read—to think! O, what would I not submit to for the sake of knowing what there is in books!" The boy spoke with enthusiasm, and yet with nothing of the coarse impetuosity which had at first almost terrified his new acquaintance. The Franciscan thought he beheld in him the elements of a character well adapted for a religious order; and after some further conversation, he finally consented to take the stripling with him to Ascoli. They were now at the summit of an eminence whence they saw that town lying before them, and the village of Montalto hardly discernible in the distance behind. The father looked back for a moment at his companion, in some curiosity to see how he would take leave, probably forever, of the place of his birth. The hog-boy's hands were clenched as if the nails were imbedded in his flesh; and one arm, trembling with agitation, was stretched forth in a fierce farewell. When he turned away, the blazing eyes again flashed upon the Franciscan's face; but, in an instant, they softened, grew mild and tearful, and Felix—for that was the lad's name—followed his patron meekly into the town.

Their destination was a monastery of Cordeliers, where the ex-hog-boy was introduced to the superior, and pleased him so much by his sensible answers and modest demeanor, that he at once received the habit of a lay-brother, and was set to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. But at leisure hours he was still busier with the dust of the schools, and the lamp of theology. The brethren taught him the responses and grammar; but he never ceased to teach himself every thing he could get at; so that in the year 1534, when he was only fourteen, he was permitted to enter on his novitiate, and after the usual probation, to make his profession. He was, in short, a monk; and in ten years he had taken deacon's orders, been ordained a priest, and graduated as bachelor and doctor. Felix the hog-boy was now known as Father Montalto.

II. THE ASS.

The world was now before the Ancona hog-boy. In his boyhood he had suffered stripes and starvation, herded unclean animals, and almost broken his heart with impotent, and, therefore, secret rage. In his youth he had been the patient drudge of a convent, and passed his leisure hours in persevering study, and the accumulation of book-knowledge. But now he was a man, ready for his destiny, and in the midst of troublous times, when a bold, fierce, and fearless character is sure to make its way. No more secret sobs—no more cringing servility—no more studious solitude. Montalto threw himself into the vortex of the world, and struck out boldly, right and left. An impetuous and impatient temper, and haughty and dictatorial manner, were now his prominent characteristics; and these, united as they were with natural talent and solid acquirements, soon pointed him out for congenial employment. The rising monk was seen and understood by the Cardinals Carpi and Alexandrino; and by the latter he was appointed Inquisitor-general at Venice. Here was fortune for the poor trampled boy of Ancona! But to rest there was not his purpose. A little of the tranquillity he knew so well how to assume, or even the mere abstinence from violence and insult, would have retained him in his post; but, instead of this he became harsh, stern, and peremptory to a degree that outraged every body who came near him, and carried out the measures he determined on with an arbitrary vehemence that bordered on frenzy. The jealous republicans were astonished, but not terrified: the liberties of their strange tyranny were at stake: and, at length, the Venetian magnates rose like one man, and Father Montalto only escaped personal violence by flight. And so he was a martyr to the cause of the church! And so all eyes were drawn upon him, as a man ready in action, and inflexible in will. He was now invited by the Cardinal Buon-Campagno to accompany him to Madrid as his chaplain and inquisitorial adviser, the cardinal being sent thither as legate from the Pope to his Catholic majesty. Montalto's was an office both of power and dignity, and he acquitted himself in it so zealously, that on the legate's recall he was offered all sorts of ecclesiastical honors and preferment to induce him to settle in Spain. But the monk had other aspirations. The news of the death of Pius IV. had reached

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Madrid, and Montalto's patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would doubtless succeed to the papal throne. He would want assistance, and, what is more, he could repay it; and Father Montalto, rejecting the Spanish offers, hastened to Rome. He found his friend, now Pius V., mindful of his former services, and perhaps flattered by the reputation which his protégé had made in the world. He was kindly received, and immediately appointed general of his order.

And now the *ci-devant* hog-boy set to sweep the church anew, but in a different way. He no longer troubled himself with theological controversies, but punished his contumacious opponents. In four years after the accession of the new Pope he was made a bishop, and handsomely pensioned; and in the year 1570 our adventurer was admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Montalto was now fifty years of age, when the will is at its proudest, and the intellectual nature smiles at the changing hair and its prophecies of physical decay. It might be supposed that the fierce inquisitor ripened into the stern and inflexible cardinal; but no such process of development took place. And truly it would have been somewhat inconvenient as matters stood; for his new associates—ranking with kings, every man of them, hog-boy and all!—were the intellectual flower of the time, deep and sagacious statesmen, immersed in a game of policy of which the tiara was the prize, and qualified for the lofty contention not more by their talents than by the blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Colonna, and the Frangipani, that flowed in their veins. The wild nature of Montalto appeared to be awed by the association into which he had thus been elevated. It seemed as if a vision of his stripes, and his hogs, and his besoms came back upon him, and he walked gingerly along the marble floors of the Vatican, as if alarmed at the echo. He became mild, affable, good-natured; his business was over in the world; he had nothing more to do than to enjoy. Why should he concern himself with intrigues in which he could have no possible interest? Why should he permit even his own family to disturb his dignified repose? One of his nephews, on his way to Rome to see his prodigious uncle and claim his favor, was murdered; but the cardinal, so ready in former days to punish even crimes of thought, interceded for the pardon of the assassin. The relatives who did arrive at the Mecca of their pilgrimage he lodged at an inn, and sent them home to their families the next day with a small present, telling them to trouble him no more. The only promise he made for the future was that, by-and-by, when old age and its infirmities came on, he might, perhaps, send for one of them to nurse his declining years.

Time wore on, and his patron, Pope Pius V., died, and was buried. This was a trouble as well as a grief to our cardinal; for, being obliged to enter the conclave like the rest, he was asked by one and another for his vote. How should he vote? He did not know whom to vote for. He was an obscure and insignificant man—he was; and the rest were all so admirably well-fitted to be Pope, that he could not tell the difference. Besides, this was the first conclave he had been in, and in a path so much loftier than he was accustomed to tread, he was afraid of making a false step. He only wished he could vote for them all; but, as it was, he entreated them to manage the affair without him. And so they did; and Cardinal Buon-Campagno being elected, assumed the papal crown and the name of Gregory XIII.

As for Montalto, he grew more meek, modest, and humble every day. He lived frugally, even meanly, considering his rank, and gave the residue of his income to the poor. He submitted patiently to all sorts of insults and injuries, and not only forgave his enemies, but treated them with the utmost tenderness. At this time a change appeared to take place in his health. Violent internal pains destroyed his repose; and, although he consulted all the doctors in Rome, and took physic from them all, he got no better. His disease was not the less lamentable that it was nameless. He grew thin and pale. Some said he took too much medicine. He leaned heavily on his staff. His body was bent toward the ground: he seemed like a man who was looking for his grave. Public prayers were offered up in the churches for his recovery: and sometimes with so much effect, that he appeared to be a little convalescent. At such intervals, being humble himself, he delighted to converse with humble persons—such as the domestics of cardinals and embassadors; and, above all things, auricular confession, if it had not been the sick man's duty, would have been called his hobby. He confessed every body he could bring to his knees: his mind became a sink through which constantly poured all the iniquities of Rome. His brother cardinals smiled at these weaknesses. The poor man was doubtless sinking into premature dotage. They gave him in ridicule a name, taken from the muddy wastes of Ancona, in the midst of which he had been picked up by the stray Franciscan: they called him THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

III. THE POPE.

Time wore on in this way, till at length Gregory XIII. died. The event took place at a perplexing moment, for never had the College of Cardinals been so completely torn asunder by conflicting interests. There were three powerful parties so singularly well-balanced, that each felt sure of being able to elect the new Pope, and the poor Ass of La Marca, who was once more obliged to join the conclave, was half-distracted with their various claims. All they cared about was his vote; but that was important. They were compelled, however, by tradition, to go through the form of consulting him from time to time; and the cardinal, though never giving way to impatience, was pathetic in his entreaties to be let alone. According to the custom of this solemn council, each member of the holy college was shut up in a separate room; and the messengers always found Montalto's door bolted He would reply to their eminences, he said, the

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moment his cough abated, the moment he felt any intermission of his excruciating pains. But why could they not proceed to business without him? The opinions of so insignificant a person could not at any time be necessary; but, surely, it was inhuman to disturb a man fast sinking under disease, und whose thoughts were fixed upon that world to which he was hastening. The conclave sat fourteen days, and even then the votes of the three parties were equally divided. What was to be done? The best way was to have a nominal Pope, for the shortest possible time, so that the struggle of the real competitors might begin anew. They accordingly elected unanimously to the papal throne—the Ass of La Marca!

On this announcement the new monarch came instantly forth from his cell, leaving behind him his staff, his cough, his stoop, his pains, his infirmities, and his humility! He advanced with an erect figure, and a firm and dignified step into the midst of the conclave, and thanked their eminences for the honor they had conferred upon him, which he would endeavor to merit by discharging its high functions conscientiously. As he passed from the sacred council the *vivas* of the people rent the air. "Long live the Pope!" they cried: "justice, plenty, and large loaves!" "Address yourselves to God for plenty," was the answer: "*I will give you justice.*"

And he kept his word: ready, stern, severe, inflexible, impartial justice! He was impatient to see the triple crown; and before preparations could be made for his coronation, he caused the bauble to be produced, and placed on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat. The bauble! It was no bauble to him. It was the symbol of Power, just as he was himself the personification of Will. It was the thought which had governed his whole life—which had blazed even in the unconscious eyes of his boyhood. With what memories was that long gaze filled—with what resolves. The room was crowded with spectres of the past, and visions of the future, that met and blended in one homogeneous character; and as Pope Sixtus V. rose from his chair, he felt proudly that there rose with him—within him—throughout him—the hog-boy of Montalto.

The dissimulation which was so remarkable a trait in this remarkable character was now at an end, and only the fierceness, sternness, and indomitable will of the man remained. He felt himself to be placed on a height from which every thing beneath him appeared on one level. The cardinals, with their ancient blood and accomplished statesmanship, were no more to him than the meanest drudges in his dominions; and when they first attempted remonstrate at his proceedings, he answered them with such withering disdain, that the proudest of them quailed beneath his eye. He told them distinctly that he was not only their spiritual head but their temporal king, and that in neither capacity would he brook any interference with his authority. It was the custom, on the accession of a pope, for the prisoners to be manumitted in all the jails of Rome; and the consequence of this equivocal mercy was, that these places of durance were always full at such a time—the whole villainy of the city taking the opportunity of committing murders, robberies, and other great crimes that would be cheaply visited by a brief imprisonment. When Sixtus was asked, as a matter of form, for his sanction to the discharge of the prisoners, he peremptorily refused it. In vain the members of the holy college, in vain the civic authorities, implored him not to set tradition at defiance: he ordered for instant execution those legally deserving of death, and in the case of the others, did not abate a single day of their confinement. Even the respect paid to his own person by the populace became a crime, since it interfered with his designs. The perpetual *vivas* with which he was greeted made his whereabout so public that he could not come unawares into any suspected place, and he issued an order forbidding such demonstrations. One day, however, two citizens were so enthusiastic in their loyalty that they could not repress the cry of "Long live the Pope!" which rose to their lips; whereupon the offenders were instantly laid hold of by the orders of Sixtus, and received a hearty flogging.

This *parvenu* pope treated with other monarchs with the unbending dignity which might have been looked for in the descendant of a line of kings; and in some cases—more especially that of Spain—he exhibited the uncompromising sternness of his character. But where the interest of his policy was not involved—where the actors in the drama of life moved in circles that had no contact with his—he admired with all his impulsive soul a masculine and independent spirit. So far did he carry his admiration of our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, who was his contemporary, that one might almost fancy the solitary monk day-dreaming of those times when even popes were permitted a mortal bride. He is said to have given her secret intimation of the approaching Armada of his Catholic majesty; and when the head of the Catholic Queen of Scotland rolled under the ax of the executioner, he is described as having emitted an exclamation of fierce and exulting applause at this memorable exhibition of will and power.

And so Sixtus lived, and reigned, and died—a stern, strong spirit of his day and generation, leaving a broad trail in history, and a lasting monument in the architectural stones of Rome. In the biography of common men, who are swayed by changing currents of passion and circumstance, it would be vain to attempt to explain actions and reconcile inconsistencies, as we have done here, by viewing all their doings, and all the phases of their character, with reference to a leading principle. But Sixtus was governed from his birth by one great thought, though fully developed only by the force of events—a thought as obvious in the hog-boy of Ancona, or the drudge of the Cordeliers, as in the monk Montalto, the inquisitor, the cardinal, and the pope.

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THE LEGEND OF THE WEEPING CHAMBER.

A STRANGE story was once told me by a Levantine lady of my acquaintance, which I shall endeavor to relate—as far as I am able with the necessary abridgments—in her own words. The circumstances under which she told it were peculiar. The family had just been disturbed by the visit of a ghost—a real ghost, visible, if not palpable. She was not what may be called superstitious; and though following with more or less assiduity the practices of her religion, was afflicted now and then with a fit of perfect materialism. I was surprised, therefore, to hear her relate, with every appearance of profound faith, the following incidents:

There is an old house in Beyrout, which, for many successive years, was inhabited by a Christian family. It is of great extent, and was of yore fitted for the dwelling of a prince. The family had, indeed, in early times been very rich; and almost fabulous accounts are current of the wealth of its founder, Fadlallah Dahân. He was a merchant; the owner of ships, the fitter-out of caravans. The regions of the East and of the West had been visited by him; and, after undergoing as many dangers and adventures as Sinbad, he had returned to spend the latter days of his life in his native city. He built, accordingly, a magnificent dwelling, the courts of which he adorned with marble fountains, and the chambers with silk divans; and he was envied on account of his prosperity.

But, in the restlessness of his early years, he had omitted to marry, and now found himself near the close of his career without an heir to inherit his wealth and to perpetuate his name. This reflection often disturbed him; yet he was unwilling to take a wife because he was old. Every now and then, it is true, he saw men older than he, with fewer teeth and whiter beards, taking to their bosoms maidens that bloomed like peaches just beginning to ripen against a wall; and his friends, who knew he would give a magnificent marriage-feast, urged him to do likewise. Once he looked with pleasure on a young person of not too tender years, whose parents purposely presented her to him; but having asked her in a whisper whether she would like to marry a withered old gentleman like himself, she frankly confessed a preference for his handsome young clerk, Harma, who earned a hundred piastres a month. Fadlallah laughed philosophically, and took care that the young couple should be married under happy auspices.

One day he was proceeding along the street gravely and slowly—surrounded by a number of merchants proud to walk by his side, and followed by two or three young men, who pressed near in order to be thought of the company, and thus establish their credit—when an old woman espying him, began to cry out, "Yeh! yeh! this is the man who has no wife and no child—this is the man who is going to die and leave his fortune to be robbed by his servants, or confiscated by the governor! And yet, he has a sagacious nose"—(the Orientals have observed that there is wisdom in a nose)—"and a beard as long as my back! Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!"

Fadlallah Dahân stopped, and retorted, smiling, "Yeh! yeh! this is the woman that blames an old man for not marrying a young wife. Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!"

Then the woman replied, "O, my lord, every pig's tail curls not in the same direction, nor does every maiden admire the passing quality of youth. If thou wilt, I will bestow on thee a wife, who will love thee as thou lovest thyself, and serve thee as the angels serve Allah. She is more beautiful than any of the daughters of Beyrout, and her name is Selima, a name of good augury."

The friends of Fadlallah laughed, as did the young men who followed in their wake, and urged him to go and see this peerless beauty, if it were only for a joke. Accordingly, he told the woman to lead the way. But she said he must mount his mule, for they had to go some distance into the country. He mounted and, with a single servant, went forth from the gates—the woman preceding—and rode until he reached a village in the mountains. Here, in a poor little house, he found Selima; clothed in the very commonest style, engaged in making divan cushions. She was a marvelously beautiful girl, and the heart of the merchant at once began to yearn toward her: yet he endeavored to restrain himself, and said, "This beautiful thing is not for me." But the woman cried out, "Selima, wilt thou consent to love this old man?" The girl gazed in his face a while, and then, folding her hands across her bosom, said, "Yes; for there is goodness in his countenance." Fadlallah wept with joy; and, returning to the city, announced his approaching marriage to his friends. According to custom, they expressed civil surprise to his face; but, when his back was turned, they whispered that he was an old fool, and had been the dupe of a she-adventurer.

The marriage took place with ceremonies of royal magnificence; and Selima, who passed unmoved from extreme poverty to abundant riches, seemed to merit the position of the greatest lady in Beyrout. Never was woman more prudent than she. No one ever knew her previous history, nor that of her mother. Some said that a life of misery, perhaps of shame, was before them, when this unexpected marriage took place. Selima's gratitude to Fadlallah was unbounded; and out of gratitude grew love. The merchant daily offered up thanks for the bright diamond which had come to shine in his house.

In due time a child was born; a boy lovely as his mother; and they named him Halil. With what joy he was received, what festivities announced the glad intelligence to the town, may easily be imagined. Selima and Fadlallah resolved to devote themselves to his education, and determined that he should be the most accomplished youth of Bar-er-Shâm. But a long succession of children followed, each more beautiful

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than the former—some boys, some girls; and every new-comer was received with additional delight and still grander ceremonies; so that the people began to say, "Is this a race of sovereigns!"

Now Halil grew up to the age of twelve—still a charming lad; but the parents, always fully occupied by the last arrival, had not carried out their project of education. He was as wild and untamed as a colt, and spent more of his time in the street than in the company of his mother; who, by degrees, began to look upon him with a kind of calm friendship due to strangers. Fadlallah, as he took his accustomed walk with his merchant friends, used from time to time to encounter a ragged boy fighting in the streets with the sons of the Jew butcher; but his eyes beginning to grow dim, he often passed without recognizing him. One day, however, Halil, breathless and bleeding, ran up and took refuge beneath the skirts of his mantle from a crowd of savage urchins. Fadlallah was amazed, and said, "O, my son—for I think thou art my son—what evil hath befallen thee, and wherefore do I see thee in this state!" The boy, whose voice was choked by sobs, looked up into his face, and said, "Father, I am the son of the richest merchant of Beyrout, and behold, there is no one so little cared for as I."

Fadlallah's conscience smote him, and he wiped the boy's bleeding face with the corner of his silk caftan, and blessed him; and, taking him by the hand, led him away. The merchants smiled benignly one to the other, and, pointing with their thumbs, said, "We have seen the model youth!"

While they laughed and sneered, Fadlallah, humbled, yet resolved, returned to his house, leading the ragged Halil, and entered his wife's chamber. Selima was playing with her seventh child, and teaching it to lisp the word "Baba"—about the amount of education which she had found time to bestow on each of her offspring. When she saw the plight of her eldest son she frowned, and was about to scold him; but Fadlallah interposed, and said, "Wife, speak no harsh words. We have not done our duty by this boy. May God forgive us; but we have looked on those children that have bloomed from thee, more as play-things than as deposits for which we are responsible. Halil has become a wild out-of-door lad, doubting with some reason of our love. It is too late to bring him back to the destiny we had dreamt of; but he must not be left to grow up thus uncared for. I have a brother established in Bassora; to him will I send the lad to learn the arts of commerce, and to exercise himself in adventure, as his father did before him. Bestow thy blessing upon him, Selima (here the good old man's voice trembled), and may God in his mercy forgive both thee and me for the neglect which has made this parting necessary. I shall know that I am forgiven if, before I go down into the tomb, my son return a wise and sober man; not unmindful that we gave him life, and forgetting that, until now, we have given him little else."

Selima laid her seventh child in its cradle of carved wood, and drew Halil to her bosom; and Fadlallah knew that she loved him still, because she kissed his face, regardless of the blood and dirt that stained it. She then washed him and dressed him, and gave him a purse of gold, and handed him over to his father; who had resolved to send him off by the caravan that started that very afternoon. Halil, surprised and made happy by unwonted caresses, was yet delighted at the idea of beginning an adventurous life; and went away, manfully stifling his sobs, and endeavoring to assume the grave deportment of a merchant. Selima shed a few tears, and then, attracted by a crow and a chuckle from the cradle, began to tickle the infant's soft double chin, and went on with her interrupted lesson, "Baba, Baba!"

Halil started on his journey, and having passed through the Valley of Robbers, the Valley of Lions, and the Valley of Devils—this is the way in which Orientals localize the supposed dangers of traveling—arrived at the good city of Bassora; where his uncle received him well, and promised to send him as supercargo on board the first vessel he dispatched to the Indian seas. What time was spent by the caravan upon the road, the narrative does not state. Traveling is slow work in the East; but almost immediately on his arrival in Bassora, Halil was engaged in a love adventure. If traveling is slow, the approaches of manhood are rapid. The youth's curiosity was excited by the extraordinary care taken to conceal his cousin Miriam from his sight; and having introduced himself into her garden, beheld, and, struck by her wonderful beauty, loved her. With an Oriental fondness, he confessed the truth to his uncle, who listened with anger and dismay, and told him that Miriam was betrothed to the Sultan. Halil perceived the danger of indulging his passion, and promised to suppress it; but while he played a prudent part, Miriam's curiosity was also excited, and she, too, beheld and loved her cousin. Bolts and bars can not keep two such affections asunder. They met and plighted their troth, and were married secretly, and were happy. But inevitable discovery came. Miriam was thrown into a dungeon; and the unhappy Halil, loaded with chains, was put on board a vessel, not as supercargo, but as prisoner; with orders that he should be left in some distant country.

Meanwhile a dreadful pestilence fell upon Beyrout, and among the first sufferers was an eighth little one, that had just learned to say "Baba!" Selima was almost too astonished to be grieved. It seemed to her impossible that death should come into her house, and meddle with the fruits of so much suffering and love. When they came to take away the little form which she had so often fondled, her indignation burst forth, and she smote the first old woman who stretched out her rough unsympathetic hand. But a shriek from her waiting-woman announced that another victim was singled out; and the frantic mother rushed like a tigress to defend the young that yet remained to her. But the enemy was invisible; and (so the story goes) all her

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little ones drooped one by one and died; so that on the seventh day Selima sat in her nursery gazing about with stony eyes, and counting her losses upon her fingers—Iskender, Selima, Wardy, Fadlallah, Hanna, Hennenah, Gereges—seven in all. Then she remembered Halil, and her neglect of him; and, lifting up her voice, she wept aloud; and, as the tears rushed fast and hot down her cheeks, her heart yearned for her absent boy, and she would have parted with worlds to have fallen upon his breast—would have given up her life in return for one word of pardon and of love.

Fadlallah came in to her; and he was now very old and feeble. His back was bent, and his transparent hand trembled as it clutched a cane. A white beard surrounded a still whiter face; and as he came near his wife, he held out his hand toward her with an uncertain gesture, as if the room had been dark. This world appeared to him but dimly. "Selima," said he, "the Giver hath taken. We, too, must go in our turn. Weep, my love; but weep with moderation, for those little ones that have gone to sing in the golden cages of Paradise. There is a heavier sorrow in my heart. Since my first-born, Halil, departed for Bassora, I have only written once to learn intelligence of him. He was then well, and had been received with favor by his uncle. We have never done our duty by that boy." His wife replied, "Do not reproach me; for I reproach myself more bitterly than thou canst do. Write, then, to thy brother to obtain tidings of the beloved one. I will make of this chamber a weeping chamber. It has resounded with merriment enough. All my children learned to laugh and to talk here. I will hang it with black, and erect a tomb in the midst; and every day I will come and spend two hours, and weep for those who are gone and for him who is absent." Fadlallah approved her design; and they made a weeping chamber, and lamented together every day therein. But their letters to Bassora remained unanswered; and they began to believe that fate had chosen a solitary tomb for Halil.

One day a woman, dressed in the garb of the poor, came to the house of Fadlallah with a boy about twelve years old. When the merchant saw them he was struck with amazement, for he beheld in the boy the likeness of his son Halil; and he called aloud to Selima, who, when she came, shrieked with amazement. The woman told her story, and it appeared that she was Miriam. Having spent some months in prison, she had escaped and taken refuge in a forest in the house of her nurse. Here she had given birth to a son, whom she had called by his father's name. When her strength returned, she had set out as a beggar to travel over the world in search of her lost husband. Marvelous were the adventures she underwent, God protecting her throughout, until she came to the land of Persia, where she found Halil working as a slave in the garden of the Governor of Fars. After a few stolen interviews, she had again resumed her wanderings to seek for Fadlallah, that he might redeem his son with wealth; but had passed several years upon the road.

Fortune, however, now smiled upon this unhappy family, and in spite of his age, Fadlallah set out for Fars. Heaven made the desert easy, and the road short for him. On a fine calm evening he entered the gardens of the governor, and found his son gayly singing as he trimmed an orange tree. After a vain attempt to preserve an incognito, the good old man lifted up his hands, and shouting, "Halil, my first born!" fell upon the breast of the astonished slave. Sweet was the interview in the orange grove, sweet the murmured conversation between the strong young man and the trembling patriarch, until the perfumed dew of evening fell upon their heads. Halil's liberty was easily obtained, and father and son returned in safety to Beyrout. Then the Weeping Chamber was closed, and the door walled up; and Fadlallah and Selima lived happily until age gently did its work at their appointed times; and Halil and Miriam inherited the house and the wealth that had been gathered for them.

The supernatural part of the story remains to be told. The Weeping Chamber was never again opened; but every time that a death was about to occur in the family, a shower of heavy tear-drops was heard to fall upon its marble floor, and low wailings came through the walled doorway. Years, centuries, passed away, and the mystery repeated itself with unvarying uniformity. The family fell into poverty, and only occupied a portion of the house, but invariably before one of its members sickened unto death, a shower of heavy drops, as from a thunder cloud, pattered on the pavement of the Weeping Chamber, and was heard distinctly at night through the whole house. At length the family quitted the country in search of better fortunes elsewhere, and the house remained for a long time uninhabited.

The lady who narrated the story went to live in the house, and passed some years without being disturbed; but one night she was lying awake, and distinctly heard the warning shower dripping heavily in the Weeping Chamber. Next day the news came of her mother's death, and she hastened to remove to another dwelling. The house has since been utterly abandoned to rats, mice, beetles, and an occasional ghost seen sometimes streaming along the rain-pierced terraces. No one has ever attempted to violate the solitude of the sanctuary where Selima wept for the seven little ones taken to the grave, and for the absent one whom she had treated with unmotherly neglect.

AN OLD MAID'S FIRST LOVE.

I WENT once to the south of France for my health; and being recommended to choose the neighborhood of Avignon, took my place, I scarcely know why, in the diligence all the way from Paris. By this proceeding I missed the steam-voyage down the Rhône, but fell in with

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some very pleasant people, about whom I am going to speak. I traveled in the *intérieur*, and from Lyon had no one for companion but a fussy little lady, of a certain age, who had a large basket, a parrot in a cage, a little lapdog, a bandbox, a huge blue umbrella, which she could never succeed in stowing any where, and a moth-eaten muff. In my valetudinarian state I was not pleased with this inroad—especially as the little lady had a thin, pinched-up face, and obstinately looked out of the window, while she popped about the *intérieur* as if she had just taken lodgings, and was putting them in order, throwing me every now and then some gracious apology in a not unpleasant voice. "Mince as you please, madam," thought I; "you are a bore." I am sorry to add that I was very unaccommodating, gave no assistance in the stowing away of the umbrella, and when Fanfreluche came and placed his silken paws upon my knees, pushed him away very rudely. The little old maid—it was evident this was her quality—apologized for her dog as she had done for herself, and went on arranging her furniture—an operation not completed before we got to St. Saphorin.

For some hours a perfect silence was preserved, although my companion several times gave a short, dry cough, as if about to make an observation. At length, the digestion of a hurried dinner being probably completed, I felt all of a sudden quite bland and sociable, and began to be mightily ashamed of myself. "Decidedly," thought I, "I must give this poor woman the benefit of my conversation." So I spoke, very likely with that self-satisfied air assumed sometimes by men accustomed to be well received. To my great vexation the old maid had by this time taken offense, and answered in a very stiff and reserved manner. Now the whole absurdity of my conduct was evident to me, and I determined to make amends. Being naturally of a diplomatic turn, I kept quiet for a while, and then began to make advances to Fanfreluche. The poor animal bore no malice, and I won his heart by stroking his long ears. Then I gave a piece of sugar to the parrot; and having thus effected a practicable breach, took the citadel by storm by pointing out a more commodious way of arranging the great blue umbrella.

We were capital friends thenceforward; and I soon knew the history of Mlle. Nathalie Bernard by heart. A mightily uninteresting history it was to all but herself; so I shall not repeat it: suffice to say, that she had lived long on her little income, as she called it, at Lyon, and was now on her way to Avignon, where a very important object called her. This was no other than to save her niece Marie from a distasteful marriage, which her parents, very good people, but dazzled by the wealth of the unamiable suitor, wished to bring about.

"And have you," said I, "any reasonable hope of succeeding in your mission?"

"*Parbleu!*" replied the old maid, "I have composed a little speech on ill-assorted unions, which I am sure will melt the hearts of my sister and my brother-in-law; and if that does not succeed—why, I will make love to the *futur* myself, and whisper in his ear that a comfortable little income available at once, and a willing old maid, are better than a cross-grained damsel with expectations only. You see I am resolved to make any sacrifice to effect my object."

I laughed at the old maid's disinterestedness, which was perhaps greater than at first appeared. At least she assured me that she had refused several respectable offers, simply because she liked the independence of a single life; and that if she had remained single to that age, it was a sign that marriage had nothing attractive for her in itself. We discussed the point learnedly as the diligence rolled; and what with the original turn of my companion's mind, the sportive disposition of Fanfreluche, and the occasional disjointed soliloquies of Coco, the parrot, our time passed very pleasantly. When night came, Mlle. Nathalie ensconced herself in the corner behind her parcels and animals, and endeavored to sleep; but the jolting of the diligence, and her own lively imagination, wakened her every five minutes; and I had each time to give her a solemn assurance, on my word of honor as a gentleman, that there was no particular danger of our being upset into the Rhône.

We were ascending a steep hill next day, both had got out to walk. I have omitted to note that it was autumn. Trees and fields were touched by the golden fingers of the season. The prospect was wide, but I forget the precise locality. On the opposite side of the Rhône, which rolled its rapid current in a deepening valley to our right, rose a range of hills, covered with fields that sloped wonderfully, and sometimes gave place to precipices or wood-lined declivities. Here and there the ruins of some old castle—reminiscences of feudal times—rose amid lofty crags, and traced their jagged outline against the deep-blue sky of Provence. Nathalie became almost sentimental as she gazed around on this beautiful scene.

We had climbed about half of the hill; the diligence was a little way behind; the five horses were stamping and striking fire from the pavement as they struggled up with the ponderous vehicle: the other passengers had lingered in the rear with the conductor, who had pointed out a little *auberge* among some trees. We here saw a man preceding us upon the road carrying a little bundle at the end of a stick over his shoulder: he seemed to advance painfully. Our attention was attracted—I scarcely knew why. He paused a moment—then went on with an uncertain step—paused again, staggered forward, and fell on his face just as we came up. Mlle. Nathalie, with a presence of mind that surprised me, had her smelling-bottle out in an instant, and was soon engaged in restoring the unfortunate traveler to consciousness. I assisted as well as I was able, and trust that my goodwill may atone for my awkwardness. Nathalie did every thing; and, just as the diligence reached us, was gazing with delight on the lan-

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guid opening of a pair of as fine eyes as I have ever seen, and supporting in her lap a head covered with beautiful curls. Even at that moment, as I afterward remembered, she looked upon the young man as a thing over which she had acquired a right of property. "He is going our way," said she: "let us lift him into the diligence."

"A beggarly Parisian; yo, yo!" quoth the postillion as he passed, clacking his long whip.

"Who will answer for his fare?" inquired the conductor.

"I will," replied Nathalie, taking the words out of my mouth.

In a few minutes the young man, who looked bewildered and could not speak, was safely stowed away among Nathalie's other parcels; and the crest of the hill being gained, we began rolling rapidly down a steep descent. The little old maid, though in a perfect ecstasy of delight —the incident evidently appeared to her quite an adventure—behaved with remarkable prudence. While I was puzzling my head to guess by what disease this poor young man had been attacked, she was getting ready the remedies that appeared to her the most appropriate, in the shape of some excellent cakes and a bottle of good wine, which she fished out of her huge basket. Her protégé, made tame by hunger, allowed himself to be treated like a child. First, she gave him a very small sip of Burgundy, then a diminutive fragment of cake; and then another sip and another piece of cake—insisting on his eating very slowly. Being perfectly useless, I looked quietly on, and smiled to see the submissiveness with which this fine, handsome fellow allowed himself to be fed by the fussy old maid, and how he kept his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of wondering admiration.

Before we arrived at Avignon we knew the history of the young man. He was an artist, who had spent several years studying in Paris, without friends, without resources, except a miserable pittance which his mother, a poor peasant woman, living in a village not far from Aix, had managed to send him. At first he had been upheld by hope; and although he knew that his mother not only denied herself necessaries, but borrowed money to support him, he was consoled by the idea that the time would come when, by the efforts of his genius, he would be able to repay every thing, with the accumulated interest which affection alone would calculate. But his expenses necessarily increased, and no receipts came to meet them. He was compelled to apply to his mother for further assistance. The answer was one word—"impossible." Then he endeavored calmly to examine his position, came to the conclusion that for several years more he must be a burden to his mother if he obstinately pursued his career, and that she must be utterly ruined to insure his success. So he gave up his art, sold every thing he had to pay part of his debts, and set out on foot to return to his village and become a peasant, as his father had been before him. The little money he had taken with him was gone by the time he reached Lyon. He had passed through that city without stopping, and for more than two days, almost for two nights, had incessantly pursued his journey, without rest and without food, until he had reached the spot where, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he had fallen, perhaps to perish had we not been there to assist him.

Nathalie listened with eager attention to this narrative, told with a frankness which our sympathy excited. Now and then she gave a convulsive start, or checked a hysterical sob, and at last fairly burst into tears. I was interested as well as she, but retained more calmness to observe how moral beauty almost vainly struggled to appear through the insignificant features of this admirable woman. Her little eyes, reddened with weeping; her pinched-up nose, blooming at the point; her thin lips, probably accustomed to sarcasm; her cheeks, with a leaden citron hue; her hair that forked up in unmanageable curls—all combined to obscure the exquisite expression of respect and sympathy, perhaps already of love, sparkling from her kindled soul, that could just be made out by an attentive eye. At length, however, she became for a moment perfectly beautiful, as, when the young painter had finished his story, with an expression that showed how bitterly he regretted his abandoned art, she took both his hands in hers, and exclaimed, "No, *mon enfant*, you shall not be thus disappointed. Your genius"—she already took for granted he had genius—"shall have an opportunity for development. Your mother can not do what is necessary—she has played her part. I will be a —second mother to you, in return for the little affection you can bestow on me without ingratitude to her to whom you owe your life.

"My life has to be paid for twice," said he, kissing her hand. Nathalie could not help looking round proudly to me. It was so flattering to receive the gallant attentions of so handsome a young man, that I think she tried to forget how she had bought them.

In the exuberance of her hospitality, the little old maid invited both Claude Richer and myself to spend some time in the large farm-house of her brother-in-law. I declined, with a promise to be a frequent visitor; but Claude, who was rather commanded than asked, could do nothing but accept. I left them at the diligence office, and saw them walk away, the little Nathalie affecting to support her feeble companion. For the honor of human nature let me add, that the conductor said nothing about the fare. "It would have been indelicate," he said to me, "to remind Mlle. Nathalie of her promise in the young man's presence. I know her well; and she will pay me at a future time. At any rate, I must show that there is a heart under this waistcoat." So saying, the conductor thumped his breast with simple admiration of his own humanity, and went away, after recommending me to the Café de Paris—indeed an excellent house.

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I shall say nothing of a variety of little incidents that occurred to me at Avignon, nor about my studies on the history of the popes who resided there. I must reserve myself entirely for the development of Nathalie's romance, which I could not follow step by step, but the chief features of which I was enabled to catch during a series of visits I paid to the farm-house. Nathalie herself was very communicative to me at first, and scarcely deigned to conceal her sentiments. By degrees, however, as the catastrophe approached, she became more and more reserved; and I had to learn from others, or to guess the part she played.

The farm-house was situated on the other side of the river, in a small plain, fertile and well wooded. Old Cossu, the owner, was a fine jolly fellow, but evidently a little sharp in money-matters. I was surprised at first that he received the visit of Claude favorably; but when it came out that a good part of his capital belonged to Nathalie, every circumstance of deference to her was explained. Mère Cossu was not a very remarkable personage; unless it be remarkable that she entertained the most profound veneration for her husband, quoted his commonest sayings as witticisms, and was ready to laugh herself into convulsions if he sneezed louder than usual. Marie was a charming little person; perhaps a little too demure in her manners, considering her wicked black eyes. She was soon very friendly with Claude and me, but seemed to prefer passing her time in whispered conversations with Nathalie. I was let into the secret that their conversation turned principally on the means of getting rid of the husband-elect—a great lubberly fellow, who lived some leagues off, and whose red face shone over the garden-gate, in company with a huge nosegay, regularly every Sunday morning. In spite of the complying temper of old Cossu in other respects when Nathalie gave her advice, he seemed obstinately bent on choosing his own son-in-law. Parents are oftener correct than romancers will allow in their negative opinions on this delicate subject, but I can not say as much for them when they undertake to be affirmative.

I soon observed that Nathalie was not so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of the object for which she had undertaken the journey as she had promised; and, above all, that she spoke no more of the disinterested sacrifice of herself as a substitute for Marie. I maliciously alluded to this subject in one of our private confabulations, and Nathalie, instead of being offended, frankly answered that she could not make big Paul Boneau happy and assist Claude in his studies at the same time. "I have now," she said, "an occupation for the rest of my life—namely, to develop this genius, of which France will one day be proud; and I shall devote myself to it unremittingly."

"Come, Nathalie," replied I, taking her arm in mine as we crossed the poplar-meadow, "have you no hope of a reward?"

"I understand," quoth she, frankly; "and I will not play at cross-purposes with you. If this young man really loves his art, and his art alone, as he pretends, could he do better than reward me—as you call it—for my assistance? The word has a cruel signification, but you did not mean it unkindly."

I looked at her wan, sallow countenance, that had begun for some days to wear an expression of painful anxiety. At that moment I saw over a hedge—but she could not—Claude and Marie walking in a neighboring field, and pausing now and then to bend their heads very close together in admiration of some very common flower. "Poor old maid," thought I, "you will have no reward save the consciousness of your own pure intentions."

The minute development of this drama without dramatic scenes would, perhaps, be more instructive than any elaborate analysis of human passions in general; but it would require a volume, and I can only here give a mere summary. Nath in whom alone I felt particularly interested, soon found that she had deceived herself as to the nature of her sentiments for Claude —that instead of regarding him with almost maternal solicitude, she loved him with an intensity that is the peculiar characteristic of passions awakened late in life, when the common consolation is inadmissible—"after all, I may find better." This was her last, her only chance of a happiness which she had declared to me she had never dreamed of, but which in reality she had only declined because it did not present itself to her under all the conditions required by her refined and sensitive mind. Claude, who was an excellent fellow, but incapable of comprehending her or sacrificing himself, never swerved from grateful deference to her; but I could observe, that as the state of her feelings became more apparent, he took greater care to mark the character of his sentiments for her, and to insist with some affectation on the depth of his filial affection. Nathalie's eyes were often red with tears —a fact which Claude did not choose, perhaps, to notice, for fear of an explanation. Marie, on the contrary, became more blooming every day, while her eloquent eyes were still more assiduously bent upon the ground. It was evident to me that she and Claude understood one another perfectly well.

At length the same thing became evident to Nathalie. How the revelation was made to her I do not know; but sudden it must have been, for I met her one day in the poplar-field, walking hurriedly along with an extraordinary expression of despair in her countenance. I know not why, but the thought at once occurred to me that the Rhône ran rapid and deep not far off, and I threw myself across her path. She started like a guilty thing, but did not resist when I took her hand and led her back slowly toward the farm-house. We had nearly reached it in silence, when she suddenly stopped, and bursting into tears, turned away into a by-lane where was a little bench under an elm. Here she sat down and sobbed for a long time, while I stood by. At length she

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raised her head and asked me, "Do morality and religion require self-sacrifice even to the end—even to making half a life a desert, even to heart-breaking, even unto death?"

"It scarcely belongs to a selfish mortal to counsel such virtue," I replied; "but it is because it is exercised here and there, now and then, once in a hundred years, that man can claim some affinity with the divine nature."

A smile of ineffable sweetness played about the poor old girl's lips. She wiped her eyes, and began talking of the changing aspect of the season, and how the trees day by day more rapidly shed their leaves, and how the Rhône had swelled within its ample bed, and of various topics apparently unconnected with her frame of mind, but all indicating that she felt the winter was coming—a long and dreary winter for her. At this moment Fanfreluche, who had missed her, came down the lane barking with fierce joy; and she took the poor little beast in her arms, and exhaled the last bitter feeling that tormented her in these words: "Thou at least lovest me—because I have fed thee!" In her humility she seemed now to believe that her only claim to love was her charity; and that even this claim was not recognized except by a dog!

I was not admitted to the secret of the family conclave that took place, but learned simply that Nathalie pleaded with feverish energy the love that had grown up between Marie and Claude as an insuperable bar to the proposed marriage between Paul Boneau and her niece. Matters were arranged by means of large sacrifices on the part of the heroic maid. Paul's face ceased to beam over the garden-gate on a Sunday morning; and by degrees the news got abroad that Marie was betrothed to the young artist. One day a decent old woman in *sabots* came to the farm-house; it was Claude's mother, who had walked from Aix to see him. It was arranged that Claude should pursue his studies a year longer, and then marry. Whether any explanation took place I do not know; but I observed that the young man sometimes looked with the same expression of wondering admiration I had observed in the diligence on the little Nathalie—more citron-hued than ever. At length she unhooked the cage of Coco, the parrot, took Fanfreluche under one arm and her blue umbrella under the other, and went away in company with the whole family, myself included, every one carrying a parcel or a basket to the diligence office. What a party that was! Every one was in tears except Nathalie. She bore up manfully if I may use the word; laughed, and actually joked; but just as I handed Coco in, her factitious courage yielded, and she burst into an agony of grief. With officious zeal I kept at the window until the diligence gave a lurch and started; and then turning round I looked at Claude and Marie, who were already mingling their eyes in selfish forgetfulness of their benefactress, and said, solemnly: "There goes the best woman ever created for this unworthy earth." The artist, who, for an ordinary man, did not lack sentiment, took my hand and said: "Sir, I will quarrel with any man who says less of that angel than you have done."

The marriage was brought about in less time than had been agreed upon. Nathalie of course did not come; but she sent some presents and a pleasant letter of congratulation, in which she called herself "an inveterate old maid." About a year afterward I passed through Lyon and saw her. She was still very yellow and more than ever attentive to Fanfreluche and Coco. I even thought she devoted herself too much to the service of these two troublesome pets, to say nothing of a huge cat which she had added to her menagerie, as a kind of hieroglyphic of her condition. "How fare the married couple?" cried she, tossing up her cork-screw curls. "Still cooing and billing?"

"Mademoiselle," said I, "they are getting on pretty well. Claude, finding the historic pencil not lucrative, has taken to portrait-painting; and being no longer an enthusiastic artist, talks even of adopting the more expeditious method of the Daguerreotype. In the mean time, half the tradesmen of Avignon, to say nothing of Aix, have bespoken caricatures of themselves by his hand. Marie makes a tolerable wife, but has a terrible will of her own, and is feared as well as loved."

Nathalie tried to laugh; but the memory of her old illusions coming over her, she leaned down toward the cat she was nursing, and sparkling tears fell upon its glossy fur.

THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Matthew Wursel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practiced in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri* from the traveling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment: one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors

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are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to —— was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity: she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the death-bed that raises the vail from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R——, living in the parish of A——g, a strong, hale man of upward of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practiced this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath o his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive* organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the coco-leaves among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English embassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary "indulgences" in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all

* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

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poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol), in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents.. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it can not be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. "I can not drink now as formerly," is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, "I *do* not drink now as formerly." But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madnesses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF KING JOHN'S REIGN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

AT two-and-thirty years of age, John became King of England. His pretty little nephew Arthur had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

The French King, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the King of England. So, John and the French King went to war about Arthur.

He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, beside the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French King, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but, who cared so little about him in reality, that finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little Prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

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Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died. But, the French King then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretense, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, Prince," said the French King, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so!" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a King!" "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping King of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy." Poor Arthur was so flattered and so grateful, that he signed a treaty with the crafty French King, agreeing to consider him his superior Lord, and that the French King should keep for himself whatever he could take from King John.

Now, King John was so bad in all ways, and King Philip was so perfidious, that Arthur, between the two, might as well have been a lamb between a fox and a wolf. But, being so young, he was ardent and flushed with hope; and, when the people of Brittany (which was his inheritance) sent him five hundred more knights and five thousand foot soldiers, he believed his fortune was made. The people of Brittany had been fond of him from his birth, and had requested that he might be called Arthur, in remembrance of that dimly-famous English Arthur, of whom I told you early in this book, whom they believed to have been the brave friend and companion of an old king of their own. They had tales among them about a prophet called Merlin (of the same old time), who had foretold that their own king should be restored to them after hundreds of years; and they believed that the prophecy would be fulfilled in Arthur; that the time would come when he would rule them with a crown of Brittany upon his head; and when neither King of France nor King of England would have any power over them. When Arthur found himself riding in a glittering suit of armor on a richly caparisoned horse, at the head of his train of knights and soldiers, he began to believe this too, and to consider old Merlin a very superior prophet.

He did not know—how could he, being so innocent and inexperienced?—that his little army was a mere nothing against the power of the King of England. The French King knew it; but the poor boy's fate was little to him, so that the King of England was worried and distressed. Therefore, King Philip went his way into Normandy, and Prince Arthur went his way toward Mirebeau, a French town near Poictiers, both very well pleased.

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau, because his grandmother Eleanor, who has so often made her appearance in this history (and who had always been his mother's enemy), was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king your uncle to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty—but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with *his* army. So here was a strange family-party! The boy-Prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the Prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle the King standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

"Arthur," said the King, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness, of your loving uncle?"

"I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

The King looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle.

Then the King took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles how the Prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes, and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

King John, feeling that, in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out that had looked at him so proudly while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was an honorable, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor he prevented the torture from being performed, and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed King bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next, and with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman.

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and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain.

But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

King John very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he courageously sent this reply to save the Prince, or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.

Arthur was soon forced from the good Hubert —of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison: where, through the grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine, rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue b those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch and put it out. Then, Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat. And in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

The news of this atrocious murder being spread in England, awakened a hatred of the King (already odious for his many vices, and for his having stolen away and married a noble lady while his own wife was living) that never slept again through his whole reign. In Brittany, the indignation was intense. Arthur's own sister Eleanor was in the power of John and shut up in a convent at Bristol, but his half-sister Alice was in Brittany. The people chose her, and the murdered prince's father-in-law, the last husband of Constance, to represent them; and carried their fiery complaints to King Philip. King Philip summoned King John (as the holder of territory in France) to come before him and defend himself. King John refusing to appear, King Philip declared him false, perjured, and guilty; and again made war. In a little time, by conquering the greater part of his French territory, King Philip deprived him of one-third of his dominions. And, through all the fighting that took place, King John was always found, either to be eating and drinking, like a gluttonous fool, when the danger was at a distance, or to be running away, like a beaten cur, when it was near.

You might suppose that when he was losing his dominions at this rate, and when his own nobles cared so little for him or his cause that they plainly refused to follow his banner out of England, he had enemies enough. But he made another enemy of the Pope, which he did in this way.

The Archbishop of Canterbury dying, and the junior monks of that place wishing to get the start of the senior monks in the appointment of his successor, met together at midnight, secretly elected a certain Reginald, and sent him off to Rome to get the Pope's approval. The senior monks and the King soon finding this out, and being very angry about it, the junior monks gave way, and all the monks together elected the Bishop of Norwich, who was the King's favorite. The Pope, hearing the whole story, declared that neither election would do for him, and that *he* elected Stephen Langton. The monks submitting to the Pope, the King turned them all out bodily, and banished them as traitors.—The Pope sent three bishops to the King, to threaten him with an Interdict. The King told the bishops that if any Interdict were laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out the eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of, and send them over to Rome in that undecorated state as a present for their master. The bishops, nevertheless, soon published the Interdict, and fled.

After it had lasted a year, the Pope proceeded to his next step; which was excommunication. King John was declared excommunicated, with all the usual ceremonies. The King was so incensed at this, and was made so desperate by the disaffection of his barons and the hatred of his people, that it is said that he even privately sent embassadors to the Turks in Spain, offering to renounce his religion and hold his kingdom of them if they would help him. It is related that the embassadors were admitted to the presence of the Turkish Emir, through long lines of Moorish guards, and that they found the Emir with his eyes seriously fixed on the pages of a large book from which he never once looked up. That they gave him a letter from the King containing his proposals, and were gravely dismissed. That presently the Emir sent for one of them, and conjured him, by his faith in his religion, to say what kind of man the King of England truly was? That the embassador, thus pressed, replied that the King of England was a false tyrant, against whom his own subjects would soon rise. And that this was quite enough for the Emir.

Money being, in his position, the next best thing to men, King John spared no means of getting it. He set on foot another oppressing and torturing of the unhappy Jews (which was quite in his way), and invented a new punishment for one wealthy Jew of Bristol. Until such time as that Jew should produce a certain large sum of money, the King sentenced him to be imprisoned, and, every day, to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his head—beginning with the double teeth. For seven days the oppressed

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man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth; but, on the eighth, he paid the money. With the treasure raised in such ways, the King made an expedition into Ireland, where some English nobles had revolted. It was one of the very few places from which he did not run away; because no resistance was shown. He made another expedition into Wales—whence he *did* run away in the end: but not before he had got from the Welsh people, as hostages, twenty-seven young men of the best families; every one of whom he caused to be slain in the following year.

To Interdict and Excommunication, the Pope now added his last sentence—Deposition. He proclaimed John no longer King, absolved all his subjects from their allegiance, and sent Stephen Langton and others to the King of France to tell him that, if he would invade England, he should be forgiven all his sins—at least, should be forgiven them by the Pope, if that would do.

As there was nothing that King Philip desired more than to invade England, he collected a great army at Rouen, and a fleet of seventeen hundred ships to bring them over. But the English people, however bitterly they hated the King, were not a people to suffer invasion quietly.—They flocked to Dover, where the English standard was, in such great numbers to enroll themselves as defenders of their native land, that there were not provisions for them, and the King could only select and retain sixty thousand. But, at this crisis, the Pope, who had his own reasons for objecting to either King John or King Philip being too powerful, interfered. He intrusted a legate, whose name was Pandolf, with the easy task of frightening King John. He sent him to the English camp, from France, to terrify him with exaggerations of King Philip's power, and his own weakness in the discontent of the English barons and people. Pandolf discharged his commission so well, that King John, in a wretched panic, consented to acknowledge Stephen Langton; to resign his kingdom "to God, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul"—which meant the Pope; and to hold it, ever afterward, by the Pope's leave, on payment of an annual sum of money. To this shameful contract he publicly bound himself in the church of the Knights Templars at Dover: where he laid at the legate's feet a part of the tribute, which the legate haughtily trampled upon. But they *do* say, that this was merely a genteel flourish, and that he was afterward seen to pick it up and pocket it.

There was an unfortunate prophet, of the name of Peter, who had greatly increased King John's terrors by predicting that he would be unknighted (which the King supposed to signify that he would die) before the Feast of Ascension should be past. That was the day after this humiliation. When the next morning came, and the King, who had been trembling all night, found himself alive and safe, he ordered the prophet—and his son too—to be dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then hanged, for having frightened him.

As King John had now submitted, the Pope, to King Philip's great astonishment, took him under his protection, and informed King Philip that he found he could not give him leave to invade England. The angry Philip resolved to do it without his leave; but, he gained nothing and lost much; for, the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, went over, in five hundred ships, to the French coast, before the French fleet had sailed away from it, and utterly defeated the whole.

The Pope then took off his three sentences, one after another, and empowered Stephen Langton publicly to receive King John into the favor of the church again, and to ask him to dinner. The King, who hated Langton with all his might and main—and with reason too, for he was a great and a good man, with whom such a King could have no sympathy—pretended to cry and to be very grateful. There was a little difficulty about settling how much the King should pay, as a recompense to the clergy for the losses he had caused them; but, the end of it was, that the superior clergy got a good deal, and the inferior clergy got little or nothing—which has also happened since King John's time, I believe.

When all these matters were arranged, the King in his triumph became more fierce, and false, and insolent to all around him than he had ever been. An alliance of sovereigns against King Philip, gave him an opportunity of landing an army in France; with which he even took a town! But, on the French King's gaining a great victory, he ran away, of course, and made a truce for five years.

And now the time approached when he was to be still further humbled, and made to feel, if he could feel any thing, what a wretched creature he was. Of all men in the world, Stephen Langton seemed raised up by Heaven to oppose and subdue him. When he ruthlessly burnt and destroyed the property of his own subjects, because their lords, the Barons, would not serve him abroad, Stephen Langton fearlessly reproved and threatened him. When he swore to restore the laws of King Edward, or the laws of King Henry the First, Stephen Langton knew his falsehood, and pursued him through all his evasions. When the Barons met at the abbey of Saint Edmund's-Bury, to consider their wrongs and the King's oppressions, Stephen Langton roused them by his fervid words to demand a solemn charter of rights and liberties from their perjured master, and to swear, one by one, on the high altar, that they would have it, or would wage war against him to the death. When the King hid himself in London from the Barons, and was at last obliged to receive them, they told him roundly they would not believe him unless Stephen Langton became a surety that he would keep his word. When he took the Cross, to invest himself with some interest, and belong to something that was received with favor, Stephen Langton was still immovable. When he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope wrote to Stephen Langton in behalf of his new favorite Stephen Langton was deaf, even to the Pope

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himself, and saw before him nothing but the welfare of England and the crimes of the English King.

At Easter time, the Barons assembled at Stamford in Lincolnshire, in proud array, and, marching near to Oxford where the King was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others, a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it for ourselves!" When Stephen Langton told the King as much, and read the list to him, he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterward trying to pacify the Barons with lies. They called themselves and their followers, "The army of God and the Holy Church." Marching through the country, with the people thronging to them every where (except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack upon the castle), they at last triumphantly set up their banner in London itself, whither the whole land, tired of the tyrant, seemed to flock to join them. Seven knights alone, of all the knights in England, remained with the King; who, reduced to this strait, at last sent the Earl of Pembroke to the Barons to say that he approved of every thing, and would meet them to sign their charter when they would. "Then," said the Barons, "let the day be the 15th of June, and the place, Runny-Mead."

On Monday, the fifteenth of June, one thousand two hundred and fourteen, the King came from Windsor Castle, and the Barons came from the town of Staines, and they met on Runny-Mead, which is still a pleasant meadow by the Thames, where rushes grow in the clear waters of the winding river, and its banks are green with grass and trees. On the side of the Barons, came the General of their army, ROBERT FITZ-WALTER, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the King, came, in all, some four-and-twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him and were merely his advisers in form. On that great day, and in that great company, the King signed MAGNA CHARTA—the great charter of England—by which he pledged himself to maintain the church in its rights; to relieve the Barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the Crown—of which the Barons, in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve *their* vassals, the people; to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs; to protect foreign merchants who came to England; to imprison no man without a fair trial; and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none. As the Barons knew his falsehood well, they further required, as their securities, that he should send out of his kingdom all his foreign troops; that for two months they should hold possession of the city of London, and Stephen Langton of the Tower; and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and, if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so, as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterward.

He sent abroad for foreign soldiers, and sent to the Pope for help, and plotted to take London by surprise, while the Barons should be holding a great tournament at Stamford, which they had agreed to hold there as a celebration of the charter. The Barons, however, found him out and put it off. Then, when the Barons desired to see him and tax him with his treachery, he made numbers of appointments with them, and kept none, and shifted from place to place, and was constantly sneaking and skulking about. At last he appeared at Dover, to join his foreign soldiers of whom numbers came into his pay; and with them he besieged and took Rochester Castle, which was occupied by knights and soldiers of the Barons. He would have hanged them every one; but the leader of the foreign soldiers, fearful of what the English people might afterward do to him, interfered to save the knights; therefore the King was fain to satisfy his vengeance with the death of all the common men. Then he sent the Earl of Salisbury, with one portion of his ar . to ravage the eastern part of his own dominions, while he carried fire and slaughter into the northern part; torturing, plundering, killing, and inflicting every possible cruelty upon the people; and, every morning, setting a worthy example to his men by setting fire, with his own monster-hands, to the house where he had slept the last night. Nor was this all; for the Pope, coming to the aid of his precious friend, laid the kingdom under an Interdict again, because the people took part with the Barons. It did not much matter, for the people had grown so used to it now, that they had begun to think about it. It occurred to them—perhaps to Stephen Langton too—that they could keep their churches open, and ring their bells, without the Pope's permission as well as with it. So they tried the experiment—and found that it succeeded perfectly.

It being now impossible to bear the country, as a wilderness of cruelty, or longer to hold any terms with such a foresworn outlaw of a king, the Barons sent to LOUIS, son of the French monarch, to offer him the English crown. Caring as little for the Pope's excommunication of him if he accepted the offer, as it is possible his father may have cared for the Pope's forgiveness of his sins, he landed at Sandwich (King John immediately running away from Dover, where he happened to be) and went on to London. The Scottish King, with whom many of the Northern English Lords had taken refuge; numbers of the foreign soldiers, numbers of the Barons, and numbers of the people, went over to him every day—King John, the while, continually running away in all directions. The career of Louis was checked, however, by the suspicions of the Barons, founded on the dying declaration of a French Lord, that when the kingdom was conquered he was sworn to banish them as trai

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tors, and to give their estates to some of his own Nobles. Rather than suffer this, some of the Barons hesitated; others even went over to King John.

It seemed to be the turning point of King John's fortunes, for, in his savage and murderous course, he had now taken some towns and met with some successes. But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the Wash, not very far from Wisbeach, the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped; but, looking back from the shore when he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in a torrent, overturn the wagons, horses, and men that carried his treasure, and engulf them in a raging whirlpool from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing, and swearing, and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks set before him quantities of pears, and peaches, and new cider—some say poison too, but there is very little reason to suppose so—of which he ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way. All night he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day, they put him in a horse-litter, and carried him to Sleaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day, they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark-upon-Trent; and there, on the eighteenth of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

Book IX.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

NOW that I am fairly in the heart of my story, these preliminary chapters must shrink into comparatively small dimensions, and not encroach upon the space required by the various personages whose acquaintance I have picked up here and there, and who are now all crowding upon me like poor relations to whom one has unadvisedly given a general invitation, and who descend upon one simultaneously about Christmas time. Where they are to be stowed, and what is to become of them all, Heaven knows; in the mean while, the reader will have already observed that the Caxton family themselves are turned out of their own rooms, sent a-packing, in order to make way for the new comers.

And now that I refer to that respected family, I shall take occasion (dropping all metaphor) to intimate a doubt, whether, should these papers be collected and republished, I shall not wholly recast the Initial Chapters in which the Caxtons have been permitted to re-appear. They assure me, themselves, that they feel a bashful apprehension lest they may be accused of having thrust irrelevant noses into affairs which by no means belong to them—an impertinence which, being a peculiarly shy race, they have carefully shunned in the previous course of their innocent and segregated existence. Indeed, there is some cause for that alarm, seeing that not long since in a journal professing to be critical, this *My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life*, was misnamed and insulted as "a Continuation of *The Caxtons*," with which biographical work it has no more to do (save in the aforesaid introductions to previous Books in the present diversified and compendious narrative) than I with Hecuba, or Hecuba with me. Reserving the doubt herein suggested for maturer deliberation, I proceed with my new Initial Chapter. And I shall stint the matter therein contained to a brief comment upon Public Life.

Were you ever in public life, my dear reader? I don't mean, by that question, to ask whether you were ever Lord-Chancellor, Prime-Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or even a member of the House of Commons. An author hopes to find readers far beyond that very egregious but very limited segment of the Great Circle. Were you ever a busy man in your vestry, active in a municipal corporation, one of a committee for furthering the interests of an enlightened candidate for your native burgh, town, or shire?—in a word, did you ever resign your private comforts as men in order to share the public troubles of mankind? If ever you have so far departed from the Lucretian philosophy, just look back—was it life at all that you lived?—were you an individual distinct existence—a passenger in the railway?—or were you merely an indistinct portion of that common flame which heated the boiler and generated the steam that set off the monster train?—very hot, very active, very useful, no doubt; but all your identity fused in flame, and all your forces vanishing in gas.

And you think the people in the railway carriages care for you?—do you think that the gentleman in the worsted wrapper is saying to his neighbor with the striped rug on his comfortable knees, "How grateful we ought to be for that fiery particle which is crackling and hissing under the boiler! It helps us on a fraction of an inch from Vauxhall to Putney?" Not a bit of it. Ten to one but he is saying—"Not sixteen miles an hour! What the deuce is the matter with the stoker?"

Look at our friend Audley Egerton. You have just had a glimpse of the real being that struggles under the huge copper; you have heard the hollow sound of the rich man's coffers under the tap of Baron Levy's friendly knuckle—heard the strong man's heart give out its dull warning sound to the scientific ear of Dr. F——. And away once more vanishes the separate existence, lost again in the flame that heats the boiler, and the smoke that curls into air from the grimy furnace.

Look to it, O Public Man, whoever thou art, and whatsoever thy degree—see if thou canst not compound matters, so as to keep a little nook apart for thy private life; that is, for *thyself!* Let the great Popkins Question not absorb wholly

* Continued from the January Number.

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the individual soul of thee, as Smith or Johnson. Don't so entirely consume thyself under that insatiable boiler, that when thy poor little monad rushes out from the sooty furnace, and arrives at the stars, thou mayest find no vocation for thee there, and feel as if thou hadst nothing to do amidst the still splendors of the Infinite. I don't deny to thee the uses of "Public Life;" I grant that it is much to have helped to carry that great Popkins Question; but Private Life, my friend, is the life of thy private soul; and there may be matters concerned with that which, on consideration, thou mayest allow, can not be wholly mixed up with the great Popkins Question—and were not finally settled when thou didst exclaim—"I have not lived in vain—the Popkins Question is carried at last!" O immortal soul, for one quarter of an hour *per diem* —de-Popkinize **thine** immortality!

CHAPTER II.

It had not been without much persuasion on the part of Jackeymo, that Riccabocca had consented to settle himself in the house which Randal had recommended to him. Not that the exile conceived any suspicion of the young man beyond that which he might have shared with Jackeymo, viz., that Randal's interest in the father was increased by a very natural and excusable admiration of the daughter. But the Italian had the pride common to misfortune—he did not like to be indebted to others, and he shrank from the pity of those to whom it was known that he had held a higher station in his own land. These scruples gave way to the strength of his affection for his daughter and his dread of his foe. Good men, however able and brave, who have suffered from the wicked, are apt to form exaggerated notions of the power that has prevailed against them. Jackeymo had conceived a superstitious terror of Peschiera, and Riccabocca, though by no means addicted to superstition, still had a certain creep of the flesh whenever he thought of his foe.

But Riccabocca—than whom no man was more physically brave, and no man, in some respects, more morally timid—feared the Count less as a foe than as a gallant. He remembered his kinsman's surpassing beauty—the power he had obtained over women. He knew him versed in every art that corrupts, and void of all the conscience that deters. And Riccabocca had unhappily nursed himself into so poor an estimate of the female character, that even the pure and lofty nature of Violante did not seem to him a sufficient safeguard against the craft and determination of a practiced and remorseless intriguer. But of all the precautions he could take, none appeared more likely to conduce to safety, than his establishing a friendly communication with one who professed to be able to get at all the Count's plans and movements, and who could apprise Riccabocca at once should his retreat be discovered. "Forewarned is forearmed," said he to himself, in one of the proverbs common to all nations. However, as with his usual sagacity he came to reflect upon the alarming intelligence conveyed to him by Randal, viz., that the Count sought his daughter's hand, he divined that there was some strong personal interest under such ambition; and what could be that interest save the probability of Riccabocca's ultimate admission to the Imperial grace, and the Count's desire to assure himself of the heritage to an estate that he might be permitted to retain no more? Riccabocca was not indeed aware of the condition (not according to usual customs in Austria) on which the Count held the forfeited domains. He knew not that they had been granted merely on pleasure; but he was too well aware of Peschiera's nature to suppose that he would woo a bride without a dower, or be moved by remorse in any overture of reconciliation. He felt assured, too —and this increased all his fears—that Peschiera would never venture to seek an interview himself; all the Count's designs on Violante would be dark, secret, and clandestine. He was perplexed and tormented by the doubt, whether or not to express openly to Violante his apprehensions of the nature of the danger to be apprehended. He had told her vaguely that it was for her sake that he desired secrecy and concealment. But that might mean any thing; what danger to himself would not menace her? Yet to say more was so contrary to a man of his Italian notions and Machiavellian maxims! To say to a young girl, "There is a man come over to England on purpose to woo and win you. For Heaven's sake take care of him; he is diabolically handsome; he never fails where he sets his heart,"—"Cospetto!" cried the doctor, aloud, as these admonitions shaped themselves to speech in the camera-obscura of his brain; "such a warning would have undone a Cornelia while she was yet an innocent spinster." No, he resolved to say nothing to Violante of the Count's intention, only to keep guard, and make himself and Jackeymo all eyes and all ears.

The house Randal had selected pleased Riccabocca at first glance. It stood alone, upon a little eminence; its upper windows commanded the high road. It had been a school, and was surrounded by high walls, which contained a garden and lawn sufficiently large for exercise. The garden doors were thick, fortified by strong bolts, and had a little wicket lattice, shut and opened at pleasure, from which Jackeymo could inspect all visitors before he permitted them to enter.

An old female servant from the neighborhood was cautiously hired; Riccabocca renounced his Italian name, and abjured his origin. He spoke English sufficiently well to think he could pass as an Englishman. He called himself Mr Richmouth (a liberal translation of Riccabocca). He bought a blunderbuss, two pair of pistols, and a huge house-dog. Thus provided for, he allowed Jackeymo to write a line to Randal and communicate his arrival.

Randal lost no time in calling. With his usual

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adaptability and his powers of dissimulation he contrived easily to please Mrs. Riccabocca, and to increase the good opinion the exile was disposed to form of him. He engaged Violante in conversation on Italy and its poets. He promised to buy her books. He began, though more distantly than he could have desired—for her sweet stateliness awed him in spite of himself—the preliminaries of courtship. He established himself at once as a familiar guest, riding down daily in the dusk of evening, after the toils of office, and retiring at night. In four or five days he thought he had made great progress with all. Riccabocca watched him narrowly, and grew absorbed in thought after every visit. At length one night, when he and Mrs. Riccabocca were alone in the drawing-room, Violante having retired to rest, he thus spoke as he filled his pipe:

"Happy is the man who has no children! Thrice happy he who has no girls!"

"My dear Alphonso!" said the wife, looking up from the wristband to which she was attaching a neat mother-o'-pearl button. She said no more; it was the sharpest rebuke she was in the custom of administering to her husband's cynical and odious observations. Riccabocca lighted his pipe with a thread paper, gave three great puffs, and resumed.

"One blunderbuss, four pistols, and a house-dog called Pompey, who would have made mince-meat of Julius Cæsar!"

"He certainly eats a great deal, does Pompey!" said Mrs. Riccabocca, simply. "But if he relieves your mind!"

"He does not relieve it in the least, ma'am," groaned Riccabocca: "and that is the point I was coming to. This is a most harassing life, and a most undignified life. And I who have only asked from Heaven dignity and repose! But, if Violante were once married, I should want neither blunderbuss, pistol, nor Pompey. And it is that which would relieve my mind, *cara mia*;—Pompey only relieves my larder!"

Now Riccabocca had been more communicative to Jemima than he had been to Violante. Having once trusted her with one secret, he had every motive to trust her with another; and he had accordingly spoken out his fears of the Count di Peschiera. Therefore she answered, laying down the work, and taking her husband's hand tenderly:

"Indeed, my love, since you dread so much (though I own that I must think unreasonably) this wicked, dangerous man, it would be the happiest thing in the world to see dear Violante well married; because, you see, if she is married to one person, she can not be married to another; and all fear of this Count, as you say, would be at an end."

"You can not express yourself better. It is a great comfort to unbosom one's self to a wife, after all!" quoth Riccabocca.

"But," said the wife, after a grateful kiss: "but where and how can we find a husband suitable to the rank of your daughter?"

"There—there—there," cried Riccabocca, pushing back his chair to the farther end of the room: "that comes of unbosoming one's self! Out flies one's secret; it is opening the lid of Pandora's box; one is betrayed, ruined, undone!"

"Why? there's not a soul that can hear us!" said Mrs. Riccabocca, soothingly.

"That's chance, ma'am! If you once contract the habit of blabbing out a secret when nobody's by, how on earth can you resist it when you have the pleasurable excitement of telling it to all the world? Vanity, vanity—woman's vanity! Woman never could withstand rank—never!" The Doctor went on railing for a quarter of an hour, and was very reluctantly appeased by Mrs. Riccabocca's repeated and tearful assurances that she would never even whisper to herself that her husband had ever held any other rank than that of Doctor. Riccabocca, with a dubious shake of the head, renewed:

"I have done with all pomp and pretension. Besides, the young man is a born gentleman; he seems in good circumstances; he has energy and latent ambition; he is akin to L'Estrange's intimate friend; he seems attached to Violante. I don't think it probable that we could do better. Nay, if Peschiera fears that I shall be restored to my country, and I learn the wherefore, and the ground to take, through this young man—why, gratitude is the first virtue of the noble!"

"You speak, then, of Mr. Leslie?"

"To be sure—of whom else?"

Mrs. Riccabocca leaned her cheek on her hand, thoughtfully: "Now, you have told me *that*, I will observe him with different eyes."

"*Anima mia!* I don't see how the difference of your eyes will alter the object they look upon!" grumbled Riccabocca, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"The object alters when we see it in a different point of view!" replied Jemima, modestly. "This thread does very well when I look at it in order to sew a button on, but I should say it would never do to tie up Pompey in his kennel."

"Reasoning by illustration, upon my soul!" ejaculated Riccabocca, amazed.

"And," continued Jemima, "when I am to regard one who is to constitute the happiness of that dear child, and for life, can I regard him as I would the pleasantest guest of an evening? Ah, trust me, Alphonso—I don't pretend to be wise like you—but, when a woman considers what a man is likely to prove to woman—his sincerity—his honor—his heart—oh, trust me, she is wiser than the wisest man!"

Riccabocca continued to gaze on Jemima with unaffected admiration and surprise. And, certainly, to use his phrase, since he had unbosomed himself to his better half—since he had confided in her, consulted with her, her sense had seemed to quicken—her whole mind to expand.

"My dear," said the sage, "I vow and declare that Machiavelli was a fool to you. And I have been as dull as the chair I sit upon, to deny myself so many years the comfort and coun-

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sel of such a—but, *corpo di Baccho!* forget all about rank; and so now to bed."

"One must not holloa till one's out of the wood," muttered the ungrateful, suspicious villain, as he lighted the chamber candle.

CHAPTER III

Riccabocca could not confine himself to the precincts within the walls to which he condemned Violante. Resuming his spectacles, and wrapped in his cloak, he occasionally sallied forth upon a kind of outwatch or reconnoitring expedition—restricting himself, however, to the immediate neighborhood, and never going quite out of sight of his house. His favorite walk was to the summit of a hillock overgrown with stunted brushwood. Here he would seat himself musingly, often till the hoofs of Randal's horse rang on the winding road, as the sun set, over fading herbage, red and vaporous, in autumnal skies. Just below the hillock, and not two hundred yards from his own house, was the only other habitation in view—a charming, thoroughly English cottage, though somewhat imitated from the Swiss—with gable ends, thatched roof, and pretty projecting casements, opening through creepers and climbing roses. From his height he commanded the gardens of this cottage, and his eye of artist was pleased, from the first sight, with the beauty which some exquisite taste had given to the ground. Even in that cheerless season of the year, the garden wore a summer smile; the evergreens were so bright and various, and the few flowers still left, so hardy and so healthful. Facing the south, a colonnade, or covered gallery, of rustic woodwork had been formed, and creeping plants, lately set, were already beginning to clothe its columns. Opposite to this colonnade there was a fountain which reminded Riccabocca of his own at the deserted Casino. It was, indeed, singularly like it: the same circular shape, the same girdle of flowers around it. But the jet from it varied every day—fantastic and multiform, like the sports of a Naïad—sometimes shooting up like a tree, sometimes shaped as a convolvulus, sometimes tossing from its silver spray a flower of vermilion, or a fruit of gold—as if at play with its toy like a happy child. And near the fountain was a large aviary, large enough to inclose a tree. The Italian could just catch a gleam of rich color from the wings of the birds, as they glanced to and fro within the net-work, and could hear their songs, contrasting the silence of the free populace of air, whom the coming winter had already stilled.

Riccabocca's eye, so alive to all aspects of beauty, luxuriated in the view of this garden. Its pleasantness had a charm that stole him from his anxious fear and melancholy memories.

He never saw but two forms within the demesnes, and he could not distinguish their features. One was a woman, who seemed to him of staid manner and homely appearance; she was seen but rarely. The other a man, often pacing to and fro the colonnade, with frequent pauses before the playful fountain, or the birds that sang louder as he approached. This latter form would then disappear within a room, the glass door of which was at the extreme end of the colonnade, and if the door were left open, Riccabocca could catch a glimpse of the figure bending over a table covered with books.

Always, however, before the sun set, the man would step forth more briskly, and occupy himself with the garden, often working at it with good heart, as if at a task of delight; and, then, too, the woman would come out, and stand by, as if talking to her companion. Riccabocca's curiosity grew aroused. He bade Jemima inquire of the old maid-servant who lived at the cottage, and heard that its owner was a Mr. Oran—a quiet gentleman, and fond of his book.

While Riccabocca thus amused himself, Randal had not been prevented, either by his official cares or his schemes on Violante's heart and fortune, from furthering the project that was to unite Frank Hazeldean and Beatrice di Negra. Indeed, as to the first, a ray of hope was sufficient to fire the ardent and unsuspecting lover. And Randal's artful representation of Mrs. Hazeldean's conversation with him, removed all fear of parental displeasure from a mind always too disposed to give itself up to the temptation of the moment. Beatrice, though her feelings for Frank were not those of love, became more and more influenced by Randal's arguments and representations, the more especially as her brother grew morose, and even menacing, as days slipt on, and she could give no clew to the retreat of those whom he sought for. Her debts, too, were really urgent. As Randal's profound knowledge of human infirmity had shrewdly conjectured, the scruples of honor and pride, that had made her declare she would not bring to a husband her own incumbrances, began to yield to the pressure of necessity. She listened already, with but faint objections, when Randal urged her not to wait for the uncertain discovery that was to secure her dowry, but by a private marriage with Frank escape at once into freedom and security. While, though he had first held out to young Hazeldean the inducement of Beatrice's dowry as reason of self-justification in the eyes of the Squire, it was still easier to drop that inducement, which had always rather damped than fired the high spirit and generous heart of the poor Guardsman. And Randal could conscientiously say, that when he had asked the Squire if he expected fortune with Frank's bride, the Squire had replied, "I don't care." Thus encouraged by his friend and his own heart, and the softening manner of a woman who might have charmed many a colder, and fooled many a wiser man, Frank rapidly yielded to the snares held out for his perdition. And though as yet he honestly shrank from proposing to Beatrice or himself a marriage without the consent, and even the knowledge of his parents, yet Randal was quite content to leave a nature, however good, so thoroughly impulsive and undisciplined, to the influences of the first strong

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passion it had ever known. Meanwhile, it was so easy to dissuade Frank from even giving a hint to the folks at home. "For," said the wily and able traitor, "though we may be sure of Mrs. Hazeldean's consent, and her power over your father, when the step is once taken, yet we can not count for certain on the Squire—he is so choleric and hasty. He might hurry to town—see Madame di Negra, blurt out some compassionate, rude expressions which would wake her resentment, and cause her instant rejection. And it might be too late if he repented afterward—as he would be sure to do."

Meanwhile Randal Leslie gave a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel (an extravagance most contrary to his habits), and invited Frank, Mr. Borrowwell, and Baron Levy.

But this house-spider, which glided with so much ease after its flies, through webs so numerous and mazy, had yet to amuse Madame di Negra with assurances that the fugitives sought for would sooner or later be discovered. Though Randal baffled and eluded her suspicion that he was already acquainted with the exiles ("the persons he had thought of were," he said, "quite different from her description;" and he even presented to her an old singing-master, and a sallow-faced daughter, as the Italians who had caused his mistake), it was necessary for Beatrice to prove the sincerity of the aid she had promised to her brother, and to introduce Randal to the Count. It was no less desirable to Randal to know, and even win the confidence of this man—his rival.

The two met at Madame di Negra's house. There is something very strange, and almost mesmerical, in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they recognize each other by instant sympathy. The eyes of Franzini, Count of Peschiera, and Randal Leslie no sooner met, than a gleam of intelligence shot from both. They talked on indifferent subjects—weather, gossip, politics—what not. They bowed and they smiled; but, all the while, each was watching, plumbing the other's heart; each measuring his strength with his companion; each inly saying, "This is a very remarkable rascal; am I a match for him?" It was at dinner they met; and, following the English fashion, Madame di Negra left them alone with their wine.

Then, for the first time, Count di Peschiera cautiously and adroitly made a covered push toward the object of the meeting.

"You have never been abroad, my dear sir? You must contrive to visit me at Vienna. I grant the splendor of your London world; but, honestly speaking, it wants the freedom of ours—a freedom which unites gayety with polish. For as your society is mixed, there are pretension and effort with those who have no right to be in it, and artificial condescension and chilling arrogance with those who have to keep their inferiors at a certain distance. With us, all being of fixed rank and acknowledged birth, familiarity is at once established. Hence," added the Count, with his French lively smile—"hence, there is no place like Vienna for a young man—no place like Vienna for *bonnes fortunes*."

"Those make the paradise of the idle," replied Randal, "but the purgatory of the busy. I confess frankly to you, my dear Count, that I have as little of the leisure which becomes the aspirer to *bonnes fortunes* as I have the personal graces which obtain them without an effort;" and he inclined his head as in compliment.

"So," thought the Count, "woman is not his weak side. What is?"

"*Morbleu!* my dear Mr. Leslie—had I thought as you do some years since, I had saved myself from many a trouble. After all, Ambition is the best mistress to woo; for with her there is always the hope, and never the possession."

"Ambition, Count," replied Randal, still guarding himself in dry sententiousness, "is the luxury of the rich, and the necessity of the poor."

"Aha," thought the Count, "it comes, as I anticipated from the first—comes to the bribe." He passed the wine to Randal, filling his own glass, and draining it carelessly: "*Sur mon âme, mon cher*," said the Count, "luxury is ever pleasanter than necessity; and I am resolved at least to give ambition a trial—*je vais me réfugier dans le sein du bonheur domestique*—a married life and a settled home. *Peste!* If it were not for ambition, one would die of ennui. Apropos, my dear sir, I have to thank you for promising my sister your aid in finding a near and dear kinsman of mine, who has taken refuge in your country, and hides himself even from me."

"I should be most happy to assist in your search. As yet, however, I have only to regret that all my good wishes are fruitless. I should have thought, however, that a man of such rank had been easily found, even through the medium of your own embassador."

"Our own embassador is no very warm friend of mine; and the rank would be no clew, for it is clear that my kinsman has never assumed it since he quitted his country."

"He quitted it, I understand, not exactly from choice," said Randal, smiling. "Pardon my freedom and curiosity, but will you explain to me a little more than I learn from English rumor (which never accurately reports upon foreign matters still more notorious), how a person who had so much to lose, and so little to win, by revolution, could put himself into the same crazy boat with a crew of hare-brained adventurers and visionary professors."

"Professors!" repeated the Count; "I think you have hit on the very answer to your question; not but what men of high birth were as mad as the *canaille*. I am the more willing to

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gratify your curiosity, since it will perhaps serve to guide your kind search in my favor. You must know, then, that my kinsman was not born the heir to the rank he obtained. He was but a distant relation to the head of the house which he afterward represented. Brought up in an Italian university, he was distinguished for his learning and his eccentricities. There, too, I suppose, brooding over old wives' tales about freedom, and so forth, he contracted his *carbonaro*, chimerical notions for the independence of Italy. Suddenly, by three deaths, he was elevated, while yet young, to a station and honors which might have satisfied any man in his senses. *Que diable!* what could the independence of Italy do for *him!* He and I were cousins; we had played together as boys; but our lives had been separated till his succession to rank brought us necessarily together. We became exceedingly intimate. And you may judge how I loved him," said the Count, averting his eyes slightly from Randal's quiet, watchful gaze, "when I add, that I forgave him for enjoying a heritage that, but for him, had been mine."

"Ah, you were next heir?"

"And it is a hard trial to be very near a great fortune, and yet just to miss it."

"True," cried Randal, almost impetuously. The Count now raised his eyes, and again the two men looked into each other's souls.

"Harder still, perhaps," resumed the Count, after a short pause—"harder still might it have been to some men to forgive the rival as well as the heir."

"Rival! How?"

"A lady, who had been destined by her parents to myself, though we had never, I own, been formally betrothed, became the wife of my kinsman."

"Did he know of your pretensions?"

"I do him the justice to say he did not. He saw and fell in love with the young lady I speak of. Her parents were dazzled. Her father sent for me. He apologized—he explained; he set before me, mildly enough, certain youthful imprudences or errors of my own, as an excuse for his change of mind; and he asked me not only to resign all hope of his daughter, but to conceal from her new suitor that I had ever ventured to hope."

"And you consented?"

"I consented."

"That was generous. You must indeed have been much attached to your kinsman. As a lover I can not comprehend it; perhaps, my dear Count, you may enable me to understand it better—as a man of the world."

"Well," said the Count, with his most *roué* air, "I suppose we *are* both men of the world?"

"*Both!* certainly," replied Randal, just in the tone which Peachum might have used in courting the confidence of Lockit.

"As a man of the world, then, I own," said the Count, playing with the rings on his fingers, "that if I could not marry the lady myself (and that seemed to me clear), it was very natural that I should wish to see her married to my wealthy kinsman."

"Very natural; it might bring your wealthy kinsman and yourself still closer together."

"This is really a very clever fellow!" thought the Count, but he made no direct reply.

"*Enfin*, to cut short a long story, my cousin afterward got entangled in attempts, the failure of which is historically known. His projects were detected—himself denounced. He fled, and the Emperor, in sequestrating his estates, was pleased, with rare and singular clemency, to permit me, as his nearest kinsman, to enjoy the revenues of half those estates during the royal pleasure; nor was the other half formally confiscated. It was no doubt his Majesty's desire not to extinguish a great Italian name; and if my cousin and his child died in exile, why, of that name, I, a loyal subject of Austria—I, Franzini, Count di Peschiera, would become the representative. Such, in a similar case, has been sometimes the Russian policy toward Polish insurgents."

"I comprehend perfectly; and I can also conceive that you, in profiting so largely, though so justly, by the fall of your kinsman, may have been exposed to much unpopularity—even to painful suspicion."

"*Entre nous, mon cher*, I care not a stiver for popularity; and as to suspicion, who is he that can escape from the calumny of the envious? But, unquestionably, it would be most desirable to unite the divided members of our house; and this union I can now effect, by the consent of the Emperor to my marriage with my kinsman's daughter. You see, therefore, why I have so great an interest in this research?"

"By the marriage articles you could no doubt secure the retention of the half you hold; and if you survive your kinsman, you would enjoy the whole. A most desirable marriage; and, if made, I suppose that would suffice to obtain your cousin's amnesty and grace?"

"You say it."

"But even without such marriage, since the Emperor's clemency has been extended to so many of the proscribed, it is perhaps probable that your cousin might be restored?"

"It once seemed to me possible," said the Count, reluctantly, "but since I have been in England, I think not. The recent revolution in France, the democratic spirit rising in Europe, tend to throw back the cause of a proscribed rebel. England swarms with revolutionists; my cousin's residence in this country is in itself suspicious. The suspicion is increased by his strange seclusion. There are many Italians here who would aver that they had met with him, and that he was still engaged in revolutionary projects."

"Aver—untruly."

"*Ma foi*—it comes to the same thing; *les absents ont toujours tort*. I speak to a man of the world. No; without some such guarantee

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for his faith, as his daughter's marriage with myself would give, his recall is improbable. By the heaven above us, it shall be *impossible!*" The Count rose as he said this—rose as if the mask of simulation had fairly fallen from the visage of crime—rose tall and towering, a very image of masculine power and strength, beside the slight bended form and sickly face of the intellectual schemer. Randal was startled; but, rising also, he said, carelessly,

"What if this guarantee can no longer be given? what if, in despair of return, and in resignation to his altered fortunes, your cousin has already married his daughter to some English suitor?"

"Ah, that would indeed be, next to my own marriage with her, the most fortunate thing that could happen to myself."

"How? I don't understand!"

"Why, if my cousin has so abjured his birthright, and forsworn his rank—if this heritage, which is so dangerous from its grandeur, pass, in case of his pardon, to some obscure Englishman—a foreigner—a native of a country that has no ties with ours—a country that is the very refuge of levelers and Carbonari—*mort de ma vie*—do you think that such would not annihilate all chance of my cousin's restoration, and be an excuse even to the eyes of Italy for formally conferring the sequestrated estates on an Italian? No; unless, indeed, the girl were to marry an Englishman of such name and birth and connection as would in themselves be a guarantee (and how in poverty is this likely?), I should go back to Vienna with a light heart, if I could say, 'My kinswoman is an Englishman's wife—shall her children be the heirs to a house so renowned for its lineage, and so formidable for its wealth?' *Parbleu!* if my cousin were but an adventurer, or merely a professor, he had been pardoned long ago. The great enjoy the honor not to be pardoned easily."

Randal fell into deep but brief thought. The Count observed him, not face to face, but by the reflection of an opposite mirror. "This man knows something; this man is deliberating; this man can help me," thought the Count.

But Randal said nothing to confirm these hypotheses. Recovering from his abstraction, he expressed courteously his satisfaction at the Count's prospects either way. "And since, after all," he added, "you mean so well to your cousin, it occurs to me that you might discover him by a very simple English process."

"How?"

"Advertise that if he will come to some place appointed, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The Count shook his head. "He would suspect me, and not come."

"But he was intimate with you. He joined an insurrection; you were more prudent. You did not injure him, though you may have benefited yourself. Why should he shun you?"

"The conspirators forgive none who do not conspire; besides, to speak frankly, he thought I injured him."

"Could you not conciliate him through his wife—whom—you resigned to him."

"She is dead—died before he left the country."

"Oh, that is unlucky! Still, I think an advertisement might do good. Allow me to reflect on that subject. Shall we now join Madame la Marquise?"

On re-entering the drawing-room, the gentlemen found Beatrice in full dress, seated by the fire, and reading so intently that she did not remark them enter.

"What so interests you, *ma sœur?*—the last novel by Balzac, no doubt?"

Beatrice started, and, looking up, showed eyes that were full of tears. "Oh, no! no picture of miserable, vicious Parisian life. This is beautiful; there is *soul* here."

Randal took up the book which the Marchesa laid down; it was the same that had charmed the circle at Hazeldean—charmed the innocent and fresh-hearted—charmed now the wearied and tempted votaress of the world.

"Hum," murmured Randal; "the Parson was right. This is power—a sort of a power."

"How I should like to know the author! Who can he be—can you guess?"

"Not I. Some old pedant in spectacles."

"I think not—I am sure not. Here beats a heart I have ever tried to find, and never found."

"Oh, *la naïve enfant!*" cried the Count; "*comme son imagination s'égare en rêves enchantés.* And to think that, while you talk like an Arcadian, you are dressed like a princess."

"Ah, I forgot—the Austrian embassador's. I shall not go to-night. This book unfits me for the artificial world."

"Just as you will, my sister. I shall go. I dislike the man, and he me; but ceremonies before men!"

"You are going to the Austrian Embassy?" said Randal. "I too shall be there. We shall meet." And he took his leave.

"I like your young friend prodigiously," said the Count, yawning. "I am sure that he knows of the lost birds, and will stand to them like a pointer, if I can but make it his interest to do so. We shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

RANDAL arrived at the embassador's before the Count, and contrived to mix with the young noblemen attached to the embassy, and to whom he was known. Standing among these was a young Austrian, on his travels, of very high birth, and with an air of noble grace that suited the ideal of the old German chivalry. Randal was presented to him, and after some talk on general topics, observed. "By the way, Prince, there is now in London a countryman of yours, with whom you are doubtless familiarly acquainted—the Count di Peschiera."

"He is no countryman of mine. He is an

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Italian. I know him but by sight and by name," said the Prince, stiffly.

"He is of very ancient birth, I believe."

"Unquestionably. His ancestors were gentlemen."

"And very rich."

"Indeed! I have understood the contrary. He enjoys, it is true, a large revenue."

A young *attaché*, less discreet than the Prince, here observed, "Oh, Peschiera!—Poor fellow, he is too fond of play to be rich."

"And there is some chance that the kinsman whose revenue he holds may obtain his pardon, and re-enter into posession of his fortunes—so I hear, at least," said Randal artfully.

"I shall be glad if it be true," said the Prince, with decision; "and I speak the common sentiment at Vienna. That kinsman had a noble spirit, and was, I believe, equally duped and betrayed. Pardon me, sir; but we Austrians are not so bad as we are painted. Have you ever met in England the kinsman you speak of?"

"Never, though he is supposed to reside here; and the Count tells me that he has a daughter."

"The Count—ha! I heard something of a scheme—a wager of that—that Count's—a daughter. Poor girl! I hope she will escape his pursuit; for, no doubt, he pursues her."

"Possibly she may already have married an Englishman."

"I trust not," said the Prince, seriously; "that might at present be a serious obstacle to her father's return."

"You think so?"

"There can be no doubt of it," interposed the *attaché*, with a grand and positive air; "unless, indeed, the Englishman were of a rank equal to her own."

Here there was a slight, well-bred murmur and buzz at the doors; for the Count di Peschiera himself was announced; and as he entered, his presence was so striking, and his beauty so dazzling, that whatever there might be to the prejudice of his character, it seemed instantly effaced or forgotten in that irresistible admiration which it is the prerogative of personal attributes alone to create.

The Prince, with a slight curve of his lip at the groups that collected round the Count, turned to Randal and said, "Can you tell me if a distinguished countryman of yours is in England—Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, Prince—he is not. You know him?"

"Well."

"He is acquainted with the Count's kinsman; and perhaps from him you have learned to think so highly of that kinsman?"

The Prince bowed, and answered as he moved away. "When a man of high honor vouches for another he commands the belief of all."

"Certainly," soliloquized Randal, "I must not be precipitate. I was very nearly falling into a terrible trap. If I were to marry the girl, and only, by so doing, settle away her inheritance on Peschiera!—How hard it is to be sufficiently cautious in this world!"

While thus meditating, a member of Parliament tapped him on the shoulder.

"Melancholy, Leslie! I lay a wager I guess your thoughts."

"Guess," answered Randal.

"You were thinking of the place you are so soon to lose."

"Soon to lose!"

"Why, if ministers go out, you could hardly keep it, I suppose."

This ominous and horrid member of Parliament, Squire Hazeldean's favorite county member, Sir John, was one of these legislators especially odious to officials—an independent 'large-acred' member, who would no more take office himself than he would cut down the oaks in his park, and who had no bowels of human feeling for those who had opposite tastes and less magnificent means.

"Hem!" said Randal, rather surlily. "In the first place, Sir John, ministers are not going out."

"Oh, yes, they will go. You know I vote with them generally, and would willingly keep them in; but they are men of honor and spirit; and if they can't carry their measures, they must resign; otherwise, by Jove, I would turn round and vote them out myself!"

"I have no doubt you would, Sir John; you are quite capable of it; that rests with you and your constituents. But even if ministers did go out, I am but a poor subaltern in a public office. I am no minister—why should I go out, too?"

"Why? Hang it, Leslie, you are laughing at me. A young fellow like you could never be mean enough to stay in, under the very men who drove out your friend Egerton!"

"It is not usual for those in the public offices to retire with every change of Government."

"Certainly not; but always those who are the relations of a retiring minister—always those who have been regarded as politicians, and who mean to enter Parliament, as of course you will do at the next election. But you know that as well as I do—you who are so decided a politician—the writer of that admirable pamphlet! I should not like to tell my friend Hazeldean, who has a sincere interest in you, that you ever doubted on a question of honor as plain as your A, B, C."

"Indeed, Sir John," said Randal, recovering his suavity, while he inly breathed a dire anathema on his county member, "I am so new to these things, that what you say never struck me before. No doubt you must be right; at all events, I can not have a better guide and adviser than Mr. Egerton himself."

"No, certainly—perfect gentleman, Egerton! I wish we could make it up with him and Hazeldean."

RANDAL (sighing).—"Ah, I wish we could!"

SIR JOHN.—"And some chance of it now; for the time is coming when all true men of the old school must stick together."

RANDAL.—"Wisely, admirably said, my dear

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St John. But pardon me, I must pay my respects to the embassador."

Randal escaped, and, passing on, saw the embassador himself in the next room, conferring in a corner with Audley Egerton. The embassador seemed very grave—Egerton calm and impenetrable, as usual. Presently the Count passed by, and the embassador bowed to him very stiffly.

As Randal, some time later, was searching for his cloak below, Audley Egerton unexpectedly joined him.

"Ah, Leslie," said the minister with more kindness than usual, "if you don't think the night air too cold for you, let us walk home together. I have sent away the carriage."

This condescension in his patron was so singular that it quite startled Randal, and gave him a presentiment of some evil. When they were in the street, Egerton, after a pause, began—

"My dear Mr. Leslie, it was my hope and belief that I had provided for you at least a competence; and that I might open to you, later, a career yet more brilliant. Hush! I don't doubt your gratitude; let me proceed. There is a possible chance, after certain decisions that the Government have come to, that we may be beaten in the House of Commons, and of course resign. I tell you this beforehand, for I wish you to have time to consider what, in that case, would be your best course. My power of serving you may then probably be over. It would, no doubt (seeing our close connection, and my views with regard to your future being so well known)—no doubt, be expected that you should give up the place you hold, and follow my fortunes for good or ill. But as I have no personal enemies with the opposite party—and as I have sufficient position in the world to uphold and sanction your choice, whatever it may be, if you think it more prudent to retain your place, tell me so openly, and I think I can contrive that you may do it without loss of character and credit. In that case, confine your ambition merely to rising gradually in your office, without mixing in politics. If, on the other hand, you should prefer to take your chance of my return to office, and so resign your own; and, furthermore, should commit yourself to a policy that may then be not only in opposition, but unpopular, I will do my best to introduce you into parliamentary life. I can not say that I advise the latter."

Randal felt as a man feels after a severe fall—he was literally stunned. At length he faltered out,

"Can you think, sir, that I should ever desert your fortunes—your party—your cause?"

"My dear Leslie," replied the minister, "you are too young to have committed yourself to any men or to any party, except, indeed, in that unlucky pamphlet. This must not be an affair of sentiment, but of sense and reflection. Let us say no more on the point now; but, by considering the *pros* and the *cons*, you can better judge what to do, should the time for option suddenly arrive."

"But I hope that time may not come."

"I hope so too, and most sincerely," said the minister, with deliberate and genuine emphasis.

"What could be so bad for the country?" ejaculated Randal. "It does not seem to me possible, in the nature of things, that you and your party should ever go out!"

"And when we are once out, there will be plenty of wiseacres to say it is out of the nature of things that we should ever come in again. Here we are at the door."

CHAPTER V.

Randal passed a sleepless night; but, indeed, he was one of those persons who neither need, nor are accustomed to much sleep. However, toward morning, when dreams are said to be prophetic, he fell into a most delightful slumber—a slumber peopled by visions fitted to lure on, through labyrinths of law, predestined chancellors, or wreck upon the rocks of glory the inebriate souls of youthful ensigns—dreams from which Rood Hall emerged crowned with the towers of Belvoir or Raby, and looking over subject lands and manors wrested from the nefarious usurpation of Thornhills and Hazeldeans—dreams in which Audley Egerton's gold and power—rooms in Downing-street, and saloons in Grosvenor-square—had passed away to the smiling dreamer, as the empire of Chaldæa passed to Darius the Median. Why visions so belying the gloomy and anxious thoughts that preceded them should visit the pillow of Randal Leslie, surpasses my philosophy to conjecture. He yielded, however, passively to their spell, and was startled to hear the clock strike eleven as he descended the stairs to breakfast. He was vexed at the lateness of the hour, for he had meant to have taken advantage of the unwonted softness of Egerton, and drawn therefrom some promises or proffers to cheer the prospects which the minister had so chillingly expanded before him the preceding night. And it was only at breakfast that he usually found the opportunity of private conference with his busy patron. But Audley Egerton would be sure to have sallied forth—and so he had—only Randal was surprised to hear that he had gone out in his carriage, instead of on foot, as was his habit. Randal soon dispatched his solitary meal, and with a new and sudden affection for his office, thitherward bent his way. As he passed through Piccadilly, he heard behind a voice that had lately become familiar to him, and, turning round, saw Baron Levy walking side-by-side, though not arm-in-arm, with a gentleman almost as smart as himself, but with a jauntier step and a brisker air—a step that, like Diomed's, as described by Shakspeare—

> "Rises on the toe;—that spirit of his
> In aspiration lifts him from the earth."

Indeed, one may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues ab-

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stract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring—looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers—but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open—his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness. Such was the appearance of the Baron's companion. And as Randal turned round at Levy's voice, the Baron said to his companion, "A young man in the first circles—you should book him for your fair lady's parties. How d'ye do, Mr. Leslie? Let me introduce you to Mr. Richard Avenel." Then, as he hooked his arm into Randal's, he whispered, "Man of first-rate talent—monstrous rich—has two or three parliamentary seats in his pocket—wife gives parties—her foible."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Avenel, lifting his hat. "Fine day."

"Rather cold, too," said Leslie, who, like all thin persons with weak digestions, was chilly by temperament; besides, he had enough on his mind to chill his body.

"So much the healthier—braces the nerves," said Mr. Avenel; "but you young fellows relax the system by hot rooms and late hours. Fond of dancing, of course, sir?" Then, without waiting for Randal's negative, Mr. Richard continued, rapidly, "Mrs. Avenel has a *soirée dansante* on Thursday—shall be very happy to see you in Eaton-square. Stop, I have a card;" and he drew out a dozen large invitation cards, from which he selected one, and presented it to Randal. The Baron pressed that young gentleman's arm, and Randal replied courteously that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Avenel. Then, as he was not desirous to be seen under the wing of Baron Levy, like a pigeon under that of a hawk, he gently extricated himself, and, pleading great haste, walked quickly on toward his office.

"That young man will make a figure some day," said the Baron. "I don't know any one of his age with so few prejudices. He is a connection by marriage to Audley Egerton, who—"

"Audley Egerton!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel; "d—d haughty, aristocratic, disagreeable, ungrateful fellow!"

"Why, what do you know of him?"

"He owed his first seat in parliament to the votes of two near relations of mine, and when I called upon him some time ago, in his office, he absolutely ordered me out of the room. Hang his impertinence; if ever I can pay him off, I guess I shan't fail for want of good-will!"

"Ordered you out of the room? That's not like Egerton, who is civil, if formal—at least to most men. You must have offended him in his weak point."

"A man whom the public pays so handsomely should have no weak point. What is Egerton's?"

"Oh, he values himself on being a thorough gentleman—a man of the nicest honor," said Levy, with a sneer. "You must have ruffled his plumes there. How was it?"

"I forget now," answered Mr. Avenel, who was far too well versed in the London scale of human dignities since his marriage, not to look back with a blush at his desire of knighthood. "No use bothering our heads now about the plumes of an arrogant popinjay. To return to the subject we were discussing. You must be sure to let me have this money next week."

"Rely on it."

"And you'll not let my bills get into the market: keep them under lock and key."

"So we agreed."

"It is but a temporary difficulty—royal mourning, such nonsense—panic in trade, lest these precious minsters go out. I shall soon float over the troubled waters."

"By the help of a paper boat!" said the Baron, laughing: and the two gentlemen shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile Audley Egerton's carriage had deposited him at the door of Lord Lansmere's house, at Knightsbridge. He asked for the Countess, and was shown into the drawing-room which was deserted. Egerton was paler than usual; and as the door opened, he wiped the unwonted moisture from his forehead, and there was a quiver in his firm lip. The Countess too, on entering, showed an emotion almost equally unusual to her self-control. She pressed Audley's hand in silence, and seating herself by his side, seemed to collect her thoughts. At length she said,

"It is rarely indeed that we meet, Mr. Egerton, in spite of your intimacy with Lansmere and Harley. I go so little into your world, and you will not voluntarily come to me."

"Madam," replied Egerton, "I might evade your kind reproach by stating that my hours are not at my disposal; but I answer you with plain truth—it must be painful to both of us to meet."

The Countess colored and sighed, but did not dispute the assertion.

Audley resumed. "And therefore, I presume that, on sending for me, you have something of moment to communicate."

"It relates to Harley," said the Countess, as if in apology; "and I would take your advice."

"To Harley! speak on, I beseech you."

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"My son has probably told you that he has educated and reared a young girl, with the intention to make her Lady L'Estrange, and hereafter Countess of Lansmere."

"Harley has no secrets from me," said Egerton, mournfully.

"This young lady has arrived in England—is here—in this house."

"And Harley too?"

"No, she came over with Lady N—— and her daughters. Harley was to follow shortly, and I expect him daily. Here is his letter. Observe, he has never yet communicated his intentions to this young person, now intrusted to my care—never spoken to her as the lover."

Egerton took the letter and read it rapidly, though with attention.

"True," said he, as he returned the letter: "and before he does so, he wishes you to see Miss Digby and to judge of her yourself—wishes to know if you will approve and sanction his choice."

"It is on this that I would consult you—a girl without rank;—the father, it is true, a gentleman, though almost equivocally one—but the mother, I know not what. And Harley, for whom I hoped alliance with the first houses in England!" The Countess pressed her hands convulsively together.

EGERTON.—"He is no more a boy. His talents have been wasted—his life a wanderer's. He presents to you a chance of re-settling his mind, of re-arousing his native powers, of a home beside your own. Lady Lansmere, you can not hesitate!"

LADY LANSMERE.—"I do, I do! After all that I have hoped, after all that I did to prevent—"

EGERTON (interrupting her).—"You owe him now an atonement: that is in your power—it is not in mine."

The Countess again pressed Audley's hand, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"It shall be so. I consent—I consent. I will silence, I will crush back this proud heart. Alas! it well-nigh broke his own! I am glad you speak thus. I like to think he owes my consent to you. In that there is atonement for both—both."

"You are too generous, madam," said Egerton; evidently moved, though still, as ever, striving to repress emotion. "And now may I see the young lady? This conference pains me; you see even my strong nerves quiver; and at this time I have much to go through—need of all my strength and firmness."

"I hear, indeed, that the government will probably retire. But it is with honor: it will be soon called back by the voice of the nation."

"Let me see the future wife of Harley L'Estrange," said Egerton, without heed of this consolatory exclamation.

The Countess rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Helen Digby.

Helen was wondrously improved from the pale, delicate child, with the soft smile and intelligent eyes, who had sate by the side of Leonard in his garret. She was about the middle height, still slight, but beautifully formed; that exquisite roundness of proportion, which conveys so well the idea of woman, in its undulating, pliant grace—formed to embellish life, and soften away its rude angles—formed to embellish, not to protect. Her face might not have satisfied the critical eye of an artist—it was not without defects in regularity; but its expression was eminently gentle and prepossessing; and there were few who would not have exclaimed, "What a lovely countenance!" The mildness of her brow was touched with melancholy—her childhood had left its traces on her youth. Her step was slow, and her manner shy, subdued, and timid.

Audley gazed on her with earnestness as she approached him; and then coming forward, took her hand and kissed it.

"I am your guardian's constant friend," said he; and he drew her gently to a seat beside him, in the recess of a window. With a quick glance of his eye toward the Countess, he seemed to imply the wish to converse with Helen somewhat apart. So the Countess interpreted the glance; and though she remained in the room, she seated herself at a distance, and bent over a book.

It was touching to see how the austere man of business lent himself to draw forth the mind of this quiet, shrinking girl; and if you had listened, you would have comprehended how he came to possess such social influence, and how well, some time or other in the course of his life, he had learned to adapt himself to women.

He spoke first of Harley L'Estrange—spoke with tact and delicacy. Helen at first answered by monosyllables, and then, by degrees, with grateful and open affection. Audley's brow grew shaded. He then spoke of Italy; and though no man had less of the poet in his nature, yet, with the dexterity of one long versed in the world, and who has been accustomed to extract evidences from characters most opposed to his own, he suggested such topics as might serve to arouse poetry in others. Helen's replies betrayed a cultivated taste, and a charming womanly mind; but they betrayed also one accustomed to take its colorings from another's—to appreciate, admire, revere the Lofty and the Beautiful, but humbly and meekly. There was no vivid enthusiasm, no remark of striking originality, no flash of the self-kindling, creative faculty. Lastly, Egerton turned to England—to the critical nature of the times—to the claims which the country possessed upon all who had the ability to serve and guide its troubled destinies. He enlarged warmly on Harley's natural talents, and rejoiced that he had returned to England, perhaps to commence some great career. Helen looked surprised, but her face caught no correspondent glow from Audley's eloquence. He rose, and an expression of disappointment passed over his grave, handsome features, and as quickly vanished.

"Adieu! my dear Miss Digby; I fear I have

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wearied you, especially with my politics. Adieu, Lady Lansmere; no doubt I shall see Harley as soon as he returns."

Then he hastened from the room, gained his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Downing-street. He drew down the blinds, and leaned back. A certain languor became visible in his face, and once or twice he mechanically put his hand to his heart.

"She is good, amiable, docile—will make an excellent wife, no doubt," said he murmuringly. "But does she love Harley as he has dreamed of love? No! Has she power and energy to arouse his faculties, and restore to the world the Harley of old? No! Meant by Heaven to be the shadow of another's sun—not herself the sun—this child is not the one who can atone for the Past and illume the Future."

CHAPTER VII.

That evening Harley L'Estrange arrived at his father's house. The few years that had passed since we saw him last, had made no perceptible change in his appearance. He still preserved his elastic youthfulness of form, and singular variety and play of countenance. He seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to greet his parents, and had something of the gayety and the tenderness of a boy returned from school. His manner to Helen bespoke the chivalry that pervaded all the complexities and curves of his character. It was affectionate, but respectful. Hers to him, subdued—but innocently sweet and gently cordial. Harley was the chief talker. The aspect of the times was so critical, that he could not avoid questions on politics; and, indeed, he showed an interest in them which he had never evinced before. Lord Lansmere was delighted.

"Why, Harley, you love your country, after all?"

"The moment she seems in danger—yes!" replied the Patrician; and the Sybarite seemed to rise into the Athenian.

Then he asked with eagerness about his old friend Audley; and, his curiosity satisfied there, he inquired the last literary news. He had heard much of a book lately published. He named the one ascribed by Parson Dale to Professor Moss: none of his listeners had read it.

Harley pished at this, and accused them all of indolence and stupidity, in his own quaint, metaphorical style. Then he said—"And town gossip?"

"We never hear it," said Lady Lansmere.

"There is a new plow much talked of at Boodle's," said Lord Lansmere.

"God speed it. But is not there a new man much talked of at White's?"

"I don't belong to White's."

"Nevertheless, you may have heard of him—a foreigner, a Count di Peschiera."

"Yes," said Lord Lansmere; "he was pointed out to me in the Park—a handsome man for a foreigner; wears his hair properly cut; looks gentlemanlike and English."

"Ah, ah! He is here then!" And Harley rubbed his hands.

"Which road did you take? did you pass the Simplon?"

"No; I came straight from Vienna."

Then, relating with lively vein his adventures by the way, he continued to delight Lord Lansmere by his gayety till the time came to retire to rest. As soon as Harley was in his own room, his mother joined him.

"Well," said he, "I need not ask if you like Miss Digby? Who would not?"

"Harley, my own son," said the mother, bursting into tears, "be happy your own way; only be happy, that is all I ask."

Harley, much affected, replied gratefully and soothingly to this fond injunction. And then gradually leading his mother on to converse of Helen, asked abruptly—"And of the chance of our happiness—her happiness as well as mine—what is your opinion? Speak frankly."

"Of *her* happiness, there can be no doubt," replied the mother, proudly. "Of yours, how can you ask me? Have you not decided on that yourself?"

"But still it cheers and encourages one in any experiment, however well considered, to hear the approval of another. Helen has certainly a most gentle temper."

"I should conjecture so. But her mind—"

"Is very well stored."

"She speaks so little—"

"Yes. I wonder why? She's surely a woman!"

"Pshaw," said the Countess, smiling, in spite of herself. "But tell me more of the process of your experiment. You took her as a child, and resolved to train her according to your own ideal. Was that easy?"

"It seemed so. I desired to instill habits of truth—she was already by nature truthful as the day; a taste for Nature and all things natural—that seemed inborn; perceptions of Art as the interpreter of Nature—those were more difficult to teach. I think they may come. You have heard her play and sing?"

"No."

"She will surprise you. She has less talent for drawing; still, all that teaching could do has been done—in a word, she is accomplished.—Temper, heart, mind—these all are excellent." Harley stopped, and suppressed a sigh. "Certainly, I ought to be very happy," said he; and he began to wind up his watch.

"Of course she must love you?" said the Countess, after a pause. "How could she fail?"

"Love me! My dear mother, that is the very question I shall have to ask."

"Ask! Love is discovered by a glance; it has no need of asking."

"I have never discovered it, then, I assure you. The fact is, that before her childhood was passed, I removed her, as you may suppose, from my roof. She resided with an Italian family, near my usual abode. I visited her often

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lirected her studies, watched her improvement—"

"And fell in love with her?"

"Fall is such a very violent word. No; I don't remember to have had a fall. It was all a smooth inclined plane from the first step, until at last I said to myself, 'Harley L'Estrange, thy time has come. The bud has blossomed into flower. Take it to thy breast.' And myself replied to myself meekly, 'So be it.' Then I found that Lady N——, with her daughters, was coming to England. I asked her ladyship to take my ward to your house. I wrote to you, and prayed your assent; and, that granted, I knew you would obtain my father's. I am here—you give me the approval I sought for. I will speak to Helen to-morrow. Perhaps, after all, she may reject me."

"Strange, strange—you speak thus coldly, thus lightly; you so capable of ardent love!"

"Mother," said Harley, earnestly, "be satisfied! *I* am! Love, as of old, I feel, alas! too well, can visit me never more. But gentle companionship, tender friendship, the relief and the sunlight of woman's smile—hereafter the voices of children—music, that, striking on the hearts of both parents, wakens the most lasting and the purest of all sympathies: these are my hope. Is the hope so mean, my fond mother?"

Again the Countess wept, and her tears were not dried when she left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh! Helen, fair Helen—type of the quiet, serene, unnoticed, deep-felt excellence of woman! Woman, less as the ideal that a poet conjures from the air, than as the companion of a poet on the earth! Woman who, with her clear sunny vision of things actual, and the exquisite fibre of her delicate sense, supplies the deficiencies of him whose foot stumbles on the soil, because his eye is too intent upon the stars! Woman, the provident, the comforting—angel whose pinions are folded round the heart, guarding there a divine spring unmarred by the winter of the world! Helen, soft Helen, is it indeed in thee that the wild and brilliant "lord of wantonness and ease" is to find the regeneration of his life—the rebaptism of his soul? Of what avail thy meek, prudent household virtues, to one whom Fortune screens from rough trial?—whose sorrows lie remote from thy ken?—whose spirit, erratic and perturbed, now rising, now falling, needs a vision more subtle than thine to pursue, and a strength that can sustain the reason, when it droops, on the wings of enthusiasm and passion?

And thou thyself, O nature shrinking and humble, that needest to be courted forth from the shelter, and developed under the calm and genial atmosphere of holy, happy love—can such affection as Harley L'Estrange may proffer suffice to thee? Will not the blossoms, yet folded in the petal, wither away beneath the shade that may protect them from the storm, and yet shut them from the sun? Thou who, where thou givest love, seekest, though meekly, for love in return;—to be the soul's sweet necessity, the life's household partner to him who receives all thy faith and devotion—canst thou influence the sources of joy and of sorrow in the heart that does not heave at thy name? Hast thou the charm and the force of the moon, that the tides of that wayward sea shall ebb and flow at thy will? Yet who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own? Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending; each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul! Happiness enough, where even Peace does but seldom preside, when each can bring to the altar, if not the flame, still the incense. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.

The morning was mild, yet somewhat overcast by the mists which announce coming winter in London, and Helen walked musingly beneath the trees that surrounded the garden of Lord Lansmere's house. Many leaves were yet left on the boughs; but they were sere and withered. And the birds chirped at times; but their note was mournful and complaining. All within this house, until Harley's arrival, had been strange and saddening to Helen's timid and subdued spirits. Lady Lansmere had received her kindly, but with a certain restraint; and the loftiness of manner, common to the Countess with all but Harley, had awed and chilled the diffident orphan. Lady Lansmere's very interest in Harley's choice—her attempts to draw Helen out of her reserve—her watchful eyes whenever Helen shyly spoke, or shyly moved, frightened the poor child, and made her unjust to herself.

The very servants, though staid, grave, and respectful, as suited a dignified, old-fashioned household, painfully contrasted the bright welcoming smiles and free talk of Italian domestics. Her recollections of the happy warm Continental manner, which so sets the bashful at their ease, made the stately and cold precision of all around her doubly awful and dispiriting. Lord Lansmere himself, who did not as yet know the views of Harley, and little dreamed that he was to anticipate a daughter-in-law in the ward whom he understood Harley, in a freak of generous romance, had adopted, was familiar and courteous, as became a host. But he looked upon Helen as a mere child, and naturally left her to the Countess. The dim sense of her equivocal position—of her comparative humbleness of birth and fortunes, oppressed and pained her; and even her gratitude to Harley was made burthensome by a sentiment of helplessness. The grate

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ful longing to requite. And what could she ever do for him?

Thus musing, she wandered alone through the curving walks; and this sort of mock country landscape—London, loud and even visible beyond the high gloomy walls, and no escape from the windows of the square formal house—seemed a type of the prison bounds of Rank to one whose soul yearns for simple loving Nature.

Helen's reverie was interrupted by Nero's joyous bark. He had caught sight of her, and came bounding up, and thrust his large head into her hand. As she stopped to caress the dog, happy at his honest greeting, and tears that had been long gathering to the lids fell silently on his face, (for I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us), she heard behind the musical voice of Harley. Hastily she dried or repressed her tears, as her guardian came up, and drew her arm within his own.

"I had so little of your conversation last evening, my dear ward, that I may well monopolize you now, even to the privation of Nero. And so you are once more in your native land?"

Helen sighed softly.

"May I not hope that you return under fairer auspices than those which your childhood knew?"

Helen turned her eyes with ingenuous thankfulness to her guardian, and the memory of all she owed to him rushed upon her heart.

Harley renewed, and with earnest, though melancholy sweetness—"Helen, your eyes thank me; but hear me before your words do. I deserve no thanks. I am about to make to you a strange confession of egotism and selfishness."

"You!—oh, impossible!"

"Judge yourself, and then decide which of us shall have cause to be grateful. Helen, when I was scarcely your age—a boy in years, but more, methinks, a man at heart, with man's strong energies and sublime aspirings, than I have ever since been—I loved, and deeply—"

He paused a moment, in evident struggle. Helen listened in mute surprise, but his emotion awakened her own; her tender woman's heart yearned to console. Unconsciously her arm rested on his less lightly.

"Deeply, and for sorrow. It is a long tale, that may be told hereafter. The worldly would call my love a madness. I did not reason on it then—I can not reason on it now. Enough; death smote suddenly, terribly, and to me mysteriously, her whom I loved. The love lived on. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I had quick distraction, not to grief, but to its inert indulgence. I was a soldier; I joined our armies. Men called me brave. Flattery! I was a coward before the thought of life. I sought death: like sleep, it does not come at our call. Peace ensued. As when the winds fall the sails droop—so when excitement ceased, all seemed to me flat and objectless. Heavy, heavy was my heart. Perhaps grief had been less obstinate, but that I feared I had cause for self-reproach. Since then I have been a wanderer—a self-made exile. My boyhood had been ambitious—all ambition ceased. Flames, when they reach the core of the heart, spread, and leave all in ashes. Let me be brief: I did not mean thus weakly to complain—I to whom heaven has given so many blessings! I felt, as it were, separated from the common objects and joys of men. I grew startled to see how, year by year, wayward humors possessed me. I resolved again to attach myself to some living heart—it was my sole chance to rekindle my own. But the one I had loved remained as my type of woman, and she was different from all I saw. Therefore I said to myself, 'I will rear from childhood some young fresh life, to grow up into my ideal.' As this thought began to haunt me, I chanced to discover you. Struck with the romance of your early life, touched by your courage, charmed by your affectionate nature, I said to myself, 'Here is what I seek.' Helen, in assuming the guardianship of your life, in all the culture which I have sought to bestow on your docile childhood, I repeat, that I have been but the egotist. And now, when you have reached that age, when it becomes me to speak, and you to listen—now, when you are under the sacred roof of my own mother—now I ask you, can you accept this heart, such as wasted years, and griefs too fondly nursed, have left it? Can you be, at least, my comforter? Can you aid me to regard life as a duty, and recover those aspirations which once soared from the paltry and miserable confines of our frivolous daily being? Helen, here I ask you, can you be all this, and under the name of —Wife?"

It would be in vain to describe the rapid, varying, indefinable emotions that passed through the inexperienced heart of the youthful listener, as Harley thus spoke. He so moved all the springs of amaze, compassion, tender respect, sympathy, childlike gratitude, that when he paused, and gently took her hand, she remained bewildered, speechless, overpowered. Harley smiled as he gazed upon her blushing, downcast, expressive face. He conjectured at once that the idea of such proposals had never crossed her mind; that she had never contemplated him in the character of wooer; never even sounded her heart as to the nature of such feelings as his image had aroused.

"My Helen," he resumed, with a calm pathos of voice, "there is some disparity of years between us, and perhaps I may not hope henceforth for that love which youth gives to the young. Permit me simply to ask, what you will frankly answer—"Can you have seen in our quiet life abroad, or under the roof of your Italian friends, any one you prefer to me?"

"No, indeed, no!" murmured Helen. "How could I?—who is like you?" Then, with a sudden effort—for her innate truthfulness took alarm, and her very affection for Harley, childlike and reverent, made her tremble, lest she

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should deceive him—she drew a little aside, and spoke thus:

"Oh, my dear guardian, noblest of all human beings, at least in my eyes, forgive, forgive me if I seem ungrateful, hesitating; but I can not, can not think of myself as worthy of you. I never so lifted my eyes. Your rank, your position—"

"Why should they be eternally my curse? Forget them, and go on."

"It is not only they," said Helen, almost sobbing, "though they are much; but I your type, your ideal!—I!—impossible! Oh, how can I ever be any thing even of use, of aid, of comfort, to one like you!"

"You can, Helen—you can," cried Harley, charmed by such ingenuous modesty. "May I not keep this hand?"

And Helen left her hand in Harley's, and turned away her face, fairly weeping. A stately step passed under the wintry trees.

"My mother," said Harley L'Estrange, looking up, "I present to you my future wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seem'd too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
But *her* eye was dull and sunken,
And the whiten'd cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the penciling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all;
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by faithful Memory,—

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went around;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound
When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rock'd the cradle, sitting
On her own twin brother's knee:

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had mark'd those Christmas times.
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side:

How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck,
But stern Death had come between them
While her arms were around his neck
There were *now* no loving voices;
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcom'd Crime more warmly
To the selfsame room with her.
But, at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the helpless and distressed.

But she pray'd; and the Unsleeping
In his ear that whisper caught;
So he sent down Sleep, who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close.
And with softly-falling kisses,
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide:
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beds went by:
Where bright hills of pearl and amber
Closed the fair green valleys round,
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were there glistening summits crown'd

Then, that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat One; and her heart told her
'Twas the same, who, for our sin,
Was once born a little baby
"In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!—
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plains;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
Love's true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

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At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of living gold;
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
But ere any one can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the careful look hath vanished
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast—
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper,—
And she stirred not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of Seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child *herself* was keeping
Her Christmas-day in Heaven!

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS IN THE COMPANY OF JOHN DOE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I HAVE kept (among a store of jovial, genial, heart-stirring returns of the season) some very dismal Christmasses. I have kept Christmas in Constantinople, at a horrible Pera hotel, where I attempted the manufacture of a plum-pudding from the maccaroni-soup they served me for dinner, mingled with some Zante currants, and a box of figs I had brought from Smyrna; and where I sat, until very late at night, endeavoring to persuade myself that it was cold and "Christmassy" (though it wasn't), drinking Levant wine, and listening to the howling of the dogs outside, mingled with the clank of a portable fire-engine, which some soldiers were carrying to one of those extensive conflagrations which never happen in Constantinople oftener than three times a day. I have kept Christmas on board a Boulogne packet, in company with a basin, several despair-stricken females, and a damp steward; who, to all our inquiries whether we should be "in soon," had the one unvarying answer of "pretty near," to give. I have kept Christmas, when a boy, at a French boarding-school, where they gave me nothing but lentils and *bouilli* for dinner, on the auspicious day itself. I have kept Christmas by the bed-side of a sick friend, and wished him the compliments of the season in his physic-bottles (had they contained another six months' life, poor soul!) I have kept Christmas at rich men's tables, where I have been uncomfortable; and once in a cobbler's shop, where I was excessively convivial. I have spent one Christmas in prison. Start not, urbane reader! I was not sent there for larceny, nor for misdemeanor: but for debt.

It was Christmas-eve; and I—my name is Prupper—was taking my walks abroad. I walked through the crowded Strand, elate, hilarious, benignant, for the feast was prepared, and the guests were bidden. Such a turkey I had ordered! Not the prize one with the ribbons—I mistrusted that; but a plump, tender, white-breasted bird, a king of turkeys. It was to be boiled with oyster-sauce; and the rest of the Christmas dinner was to consist of that noble sirloin of roast beef, and that immortal cod's head and shoulders! I had bought the materials for the pudding, too, some half-hour previously: the plums and the currants, the citron and the allspice, the flour and the eggs. I was happy.

Onward, by the bright grocers' shops, thronged with pudding-purchasers! Onward, by the booksellers', though lingering, it may be, for a moment, by the gorgeous Christmas books, with their bright binding, and brighter pictures. Onward, by the pastry cooks'! Onward, elate, hilarious, and benignant, until, just as I stopped by a poulterer's shop, to admire the finest capon that ever London or Christmas saw, a hand was laid on my shoulder!

"Before our sovereign lady the Queen"—"by the grace of God, greeting"—"that you take the body of Thomas Prupper, and him safely keep"—"and for so doing, this shall be your warrant."

These dread and significant words swam before my dazzled eyelids, dancing maniac hornpipes on a parchment slip of paper. I was to keep Christmas in no other company than that of the once celebrated fictitious personage, supposed to be the familiar of all persons similarly situated—JOHN DOE.

I remember with horror, that some fortnight previously, a lawyers's clerk deposited on my shoulder a slip of paper, which he stated to be the copy of a writ, and in which her Majesty the Queen (mixed up for the nonce with John, Lord Campbell) was pleased to command me to enter an appearance somewhere, by such a day, in order to answer the plaint of somebody, who said I owed him some money. Now, an appearance had not been entered, and judgment had gone by default, and execution had been obtained against me. The Sheriff of Middlesex (who is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to be incessantly running up and down in his bailiwick) had had a writ of *fieri facias*, vulgarly termed a *fi. fa* against my goods; but hearing, or satisfying himself by adroit espionage, that I had *no* goods.

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he had made a return of *nulla bona*. Then had he invoked the aid of a more subtle and potential instrument, likewise on parchment, called a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, abbreviated in legal parlance into *ca. sa.*, against my body. This writ he had confided to Aminadab, his man; and Aminadab, running, as he was in duty bound to do, up and down in his section of the bailiwick, had come across me, and had made me the captive of his bow and spear. He called it, less metaphorically, "nabbing me."

Mr. Aminadab (tall, aquiline-nosed, oleaginous, somewhat dirty; clad in a green Newmarket coat, a crimson velvet waistcoat, a purple satin neckcloth with gold flowers, two watch-guards, and four diamond rings)—Mr. Aminadab proposed that "something should be done." Would I go to White-cross-street at once? or to Blowman's, in Cursitor-street? or would I just step into Peele's Coffee-house for a moment? Mr. Aminadab was perfectly polite, and indefatigably suggestive.

The capture had been made in Fleet-street; so we stepped into Peele's, and while Mr. Aminadab sipped the pint of wine which he had obligingly suggested I should order, I began to look my position in the face. Execution taken out for forty-five pounds nine and ninepence. *Ca. sa.*, a guinea; *fi. fa.*, a guinea; capture, a guinea; those were all the costs as *yet*. Now, some days after I was served with the writ, I had paid the plaintiff's lawyer, on account, thirty pounds. In the innocence of my heart, I imagined that, by the County Court Act, I could not be arrested for the balance, it being under twenty pounds. Mr. Aminadab laughed with contemptuous pity.

"We don't do business that way," said he; "we goes in for the whole lot, and then you pleads your set-off, you know."

The long and the short of the matter was, that I had eighteen pounds, twelve shillings, and ninepence, to pay, before my friend in the purple neckcloth would relinquish his grasp; and that to satisfy the demand, I had exactly the sum of two pounds two and a half-penny, and a gold watch, on which a relation of mine would probably advance four pounds more. So, I fell to writing letters, Mr. Aminadab sipping the wine and playing with one of his watch-chains in the meanwhile.

I wrote to Jones, Brown, and Robinson—to Thompson, and to Jackson likewise. I wrote to my surly uncle in Pudding-lane. Now was the time to put the disinterested friendship of Brown to the test; to avail myself of the repeated offers of service from Jones; to ask for the loan of that sixpence which Robinson had repeatedly declared was at my command as long as he had a shilling. I sealed the letters with an unsteady hand, and consulted Mr. Aminadab as to their dispatch. That gentleman, by some feat of legerdemain, called up from the bowels of the earth, or from one of those mysterious localities known as "round the corner," two sprites: one, his immediate assistant; seedier, however, and not jeweled, who carried a nobby stick which he continually gnawed. The other, a horrible little man with a white head, and a white neckcloth, twisted round his neck like a halter. His eye was red, and his teeth were gone, and the odor of rum compassed him about, like a cloak. To these two acolytes my notes were confided, and they were directed to bring the answers like lightning to Blowman's. To Blowman's, in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, I was bound, and a cab was straightway called for my conveyance thereto. For the matter of that, the distance was so short, I might easily have walked, but I could not divest myself of the idea that every body in the street knew I was a prisoner.

I was soon within the hospitable doors of Mr. Blowman, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex. His hospitable doors were double, and, for more hospitality, heavily barred, locked, and chained. These, with the exceptions of barred windows, and a species of grating-roofed yard outside, like a monster bird-cage, were the only visible signs of captivity. Yet there was enough stone in the hearts, and iron in the souls, of Mr. Blowman's inmates, to build a score of lock-up houses. For that you may take my word.

I refused the offer of a private room, and was conducted to the coffee-room, where Mr. Aminadab left me, for a while, to my own reflections; and to wait for the answers to my letters.

They came—and one friend into the bargain. Jones had gone to Hammersmith, and wouldn't be back till next July. Brown had been disappointed in the city. Robinson's money was all locked up. Thompson expected to be locked up himself. Jackson was brief, but explicit: he said he "would rather not."

My friend brought me a carpet-bag, with what clothes I wanted in it. He advised me, moreover, to go to Whitecross-street at once, for a sojourn at Mr. Blowman's domicile would cost me something like a guinea per diem. So, summoning Mr. Aminadab, who had obligingly waited to see if I could raise the money or not, I announced my intention of being conveyed to jail at once. I paid half-a-guinea for the accommodation I had had at Mr. Blowman's; I made a pecuniary acknowledgment of Mr. Aminadab's politeness; and I did not fail to remember the old man in the white halter and the spirituous mantle. Then, when I had also remembered a red-headed little Jew boy, who acted as Cerberus to this Hades, and appeared to be continually washing his hands (though they never seemed one whit the cleaner for the operation), another cab was called, and off I went to Whitecross-street, with a heart considerably heavier than a paving-stone.

I had already been three hours in captivity, and it was getting on for eight o'clock. The cab was proceeding along Holborn, and I thought, involuntarily, of Mr. Samuel Hall, black and grimy, making his progress through the same thoroughfares, by the Oxford Road, and so on to Tyburn, bowing to the crowd, and cursing the Ordinary. The foot-pavement on either side was thronged with people at their Christmas market-

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ing, or, at least, on some Christmas business—so it seemed to me. Goose Clubs were being held at the public houses—sweeps for sucking-pigs, plum-puddings, and bottles of gin. Some ladies and gentlemen had begun their Christmas rather too early, and were meandering unsteadily over the flag-stones. Fiddlers were in great request, being sought for in small beershops, and borne off bodily from bars, to assist at Christmas Eve merry-makings. An immense deal of hand-shaking was going on, and I was very much afraid, a good deal more "standing" than was consistent with the strict rules of temperance. Every body kept saying that it was "only once a year," and made that an apology (so prone are mankind to the use of trivial excuses!) for their sins against Father Mathew. Loud laughter rang through the frosty air. Pleasant jokes, innocent "chaff," passed; grocers' young men toiled lustily, wiping their hot faces ever and anon; butchers took no rest; prize beef melted away from very richness before my eyes; and in the midst of all the bustle and jollity, the crowding, laughing, drinking, and shouting, I was still on my unvarying way to Whitecross-street.

There was a man resting a child's coffin on a railing, and chattering with a pot-boy, with whom he shared a pot of porter "with the sharp edge taken off." There are heavy hearts—heavier perchance than yours, in London, this Christmas Eve, my friend Prupper, thought I. To-morrow's dawn will bring sorrow and faint-heartedness to many thousands—to oceans of humanity, of which you are but a single drop.

The cab had conveyed me through Smithfield Market, and now rumbled up Barbican. My companion, the gentleman with the crab-stick (to whose care Mr. Aminadab had consigned me), beguiled the time with pleasant and instructive conversation. He told me that he had "nabbed a many parties." That he had captured a Doctor of Divinity going to a Christmas, a bridegroom starting for the honeymoon, a colonel of hussars in full fig for her Majesty's drawing-room. That he had the honor once of "nabbing" the eldest son of a peer of the realm, who, however, escaped from him through a second-floor window, and over the tiles. That he was once commissioned to "nab" the celebrated Mr. Wix, of the Theatres Royal. That Mr. Wix, being in the act of playing the Baron Spolaccio, in the famous tragedy of "Love, Ruin, and Revenge," he, Crabstick, permitted him, in deference to the interests of the drama, to play the part out, stationing an assistant at each wing to prevent escape. That the delusive Wix "bilked" him, by going down a trap. That he, Crabstick, captured him, notwithstanding under the stage, though opposed by the gigantic Wix himself, two stage carpenters, a demon, and the Third Citizen. That Wix rushed on the stage, and explained his position to the audience, whereupon the gallery (Wix being an especial favorite of theirs) expressed a strong desire to have his (Crabstick's) blood; and, failing to obtain that, tore up the benches; in the midst of which operation the recalcitrant Wix was removed. With these and similar anecdotes of the nobility, gentry, and the public in general, he was kind enough to regale me, until the cab stopped. I alighted in a narrow, dirty street; was hurried up a steep flight of steps; a heavy door clanged behind me; and Crabstick, pocketing his small gratuity, wished me a good-night and a merry Christmas. A merry Christmas: ugh!

That night I slept in a dreadful place, called the Reception ward, on an iron bedstead, in a room with a stone floor. I was alone, and horribly miserable. I heard the Waits playing in the distance, and dreamed I was at a Christmas party.

Christmas morning in Whitecross-street Prison! A turnkey conducted me to the "Middlesex side"—a long dreary yard—on either side of which were doors leading into wards, or coffee-rooms, on the ground floor, and by stone-staircases, to sleeping-apartments above. It was all very cold, very dismal, very gloomy. I entered the ward allotted to me, Number Seven, left. It was a long room, with barred windows, cross tables and benches, with an aisle between; a large fire at the further end; "Dum spiro, spero," painted above the mantle-piece. Twenty or thirty prisoners and their friends were sitting at the tables, smoking pipes, drinking beer, or reading newspapers. But for the unmistakable jail-bird look about the majority of the guests, the unshorn faces, the slipshod feet, the barred windows, and the stone floor, I might have fancied myself in a large tap-room.

There was holly and mistletoe round the gas-pipes; but how woeful and forlorn they looked! There was roast-beef and plum-pudding preparing at the fire-place; but they had neither the odor nor the appearance of free beef and pudding. I was thinking of the cosy room, the snug fire, the well-drawn curtains, the glittering table, the happy faces, when the turnkey introduced me to the steward of the ward (an officer appointed by the prisoners, and a prisoner himself, who "tables you off," *i. e.*, who allotted me a seat at one of the cross-tables, which was henceforward mine for all purposes of eating, drinking, writing, or smoking; in consideration of a payment on my part of one guinea sterling. This sum made me also free of the ward, and entitled to have my boots cleaned, my bed made, and my meals cooked. Supposing that I had not possessed a guinea (which was likely enough), I should have asked for time, which would have been granted me; but, at the expiration of three days, omission of payment would have constituted me a defaulter; in which case, the best thing I could have done would have been to declare pauperism, and remove to the poor side of the prison. Here, I should have been entitled to my "sixpences," amounting in the aggregate to the sum of three shillings and sixpence a week toward my maintenance.

The steward, a fat man in a green "wide-awake" hat, who was incarcerated on remand for the damages in an action for breach of prom-

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ise of marriage, introduced me to the cook (who was going up next week to the Insolvent Court, having filed his schedule as a beer-shop keeper). He told me, that if I chose to purchase any thing at a species of every-thing-shop in the yard, the cook would dress it; or, if I did not choose to be at the trouble of providing myself, I might breakfast, dine, and sup at his, the steward's, table, "for a consideration," as Mr. Trapbois has it. I acceded to the latter proposition, receiving the intelligence that turkey and oyster-sauce were to be ready at two precisely, with melancholy indifference. Turkey had no charms for me now.

I sauntered forth into the yard, and passed fifty or sixty fellow-unfortunates, sauntering as listlessly as myself. Strolling about, I came to a large grating, somewhat similar to Mr. Blowman's bird-cage, in which was a heavy gate called the "lock," and which communicated with the corridors leading to the exterior of the prison. Here sat, calmly surveying his caged birds within, a turnkey—not a repulsive, gruff-voiced monster, with a red neckerchief and top boots, and a bunch of keys, as turnkeys are popularly supposed to be—but a pleasant, jovial man enough, in sleek black. He had a little lodge behind, where a bright fire burned, and where Mrs. Turnkey, and the little Turnkeys lived. (I found a direful resemblance between the name of his office, and that of the Christmas bird.) His Christmas dinner hung to the iron bars above him, in the shape of a magnificent piece of beef. Happy turnkey, to be able to eat it on the outer side of that dreadful grating! In another part of the yard hung a large black board, inscribed in half-effaced characters, with the enumerations of divers donations, made in former times by charitable persons, for the benefit in perpetuity of poor prisoners. To-day, so much beef and so much strong beer was allotted to each prisoner.

But what were beef and beer, what was unlimited tobacco, or even the plum-pudding, when made from prison plums, boiled in a prison copper, and eaten in a prison dining-room? What though surreptitious gin were carried in, in bladders, beneath the under garments of the fairer portion of creation; what though brandy were smuggled into the wards, disguised as black draughts, or extract of sarsaparilla? A pretty Christmas market I had brought my pigs to!

Chapel was over (I had come down too late from the "Reception" to attend it); and the congregation (a lamentably small one) dispersed in the yard and wards. I entered my own ward, to change (if any thing could change) the dreary scene.

Smoking and cooking appeared to be the chief employments and recreations of the prisoners. An insolvent clergyman in rusty black, was gravely rolling out puff-paste on a pie-board; and a man in his shirt-sleeves, covering a veal cutlet with egg and bread-crum, was an officer of dragoons!

I found no lack of persons willing to enter into conversation with me. I talked, full twenty minutes, with a seedy captive, with a white head, and a coat buttoned and pinned up to the chin.

Whitecross-street, he told me (or Burdon's Hotel, as in the prison slang he called it), was the only place where any "life" was to be seen. The Fleet was pulled down; the Marshalsea had gone the way of all brick-and-mortar; the Queen's Prison, the old "Bench," was managed on a strict system of classification and general discipline; and Horsemonger-lane was but rarely tenanted by debtors; but in favored Whitecross-street, the good old features of imprisonment for debt yet flourished. Good dinners were still occasionally given; "fives" and football were yet played; and, from time to time, obnoxious attorneys, or importunate process-servers—"rats" as they were called—were pumped upon, floured, and bonneted. Yet, even Whitecross-street, he said with a sigh, was falling off. The Small Debts Act and those revolutionary County Courts would be too many for it soon.

That tall, robust, bushy-whiskered man, (he said) in the magnificently flowered dressing-gown, the crimson Turkish smoking cap, the velvet slippers, and the ostentatiously displayed gold guard-chain, was a "mace-man:" an individual who lived on his wits, and on the want of wit in others. He had had many names, varying from Plantagenet and De Courcy, to "Edmonston and Co.," or plain Smith or Johnson. He was a real gentleman once upon a time—a very long time ago. Since then, he had done a little on the turf, and a great deal in French hazard, roulette, and *rouge et noir*. He had cheated bill-discounters, and discounted bills himself. He had been a picture-dealer, and a wine-merchant, and one of those mysterious individuals called a "commission agent." He had done a little on the Stock Exchange, and a little billiard-marking, and a little skittle-sharping, and a little thimble-rigging. He was not particular. Bills, however, were his passion. He was under a cloud just now, in consequence of some bill-dealing transaction, which the Commissioner of Insolvency had broadly hinted to be like a bill-stealing one. However, he had wonderful elasticity, and it was to be hoped would soon get over his little difficulties. Meanwhile, he dined sumptuously, and smoked cigars of price; occasionally condescending to toss half-crowns in a hat with any of the other "nobs" incarcerated.

That cap, and the battered worn-out sickly frame beneath (if I would have the goodness to notice them) were all that were left of a spruce, rosy-cheeked, glittering young ensign of infantry. He was brought up by an old maiden aunt, who spent her savings to buy him a commission in the army. He went from Slowchester Grammar School, to Fastchester Barracks. He was to live on his pay. He gambled a year's pay away in an evening. He made thousand guinea bets, and lost them. So the old *denouement* of the old story came round as usual. The silver dressing-case, got on credit—pawned for ready money; the credit-horses sold; more credit-horses bought; importunate creditors in the barrack-yard; a

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letter from the colonel; sale of his commission; himself sold up; then Mr. Aminidab, Mr. Blowman, Burdon's Hotel, Insolvent Court, a year's remand; and, an after life embittered by the consciousness of wasted time and talents, and wantonly-neglected opportunities.

My informant pointed out many duplicates of the gentleman in the dressing-gown. Also, divers Government clerks, who had attempted to imitate the nobs in a small way, and had only succeeded to the extent of sharing the same prison; a mild gray-headed old gentleman who always managed to get committed for contempt of court; and the one inevitable baronet of a debtor's prison, who is traditionally supposed to have eight thousand a year, and to stop in prison because he likes it—though, to say the truth, this baronet looked, to me, as if he didn't like it at all.

I was sick of all these, and of every thing else in Whitecross-street, before nine o'clock, when I was at liberty to retire to my cold ward. So ended my Christmas-day—my first, and, I hope and believe, my last Christmas-day in prison.

Next morning my welcome friend arrived and set me free. I paid the gate-fees, and I gave the turnkeys a crown, and I gave the prisoners unbounded beer. I kept New Year's day in company with a pretty cousin with glossy black hair, who was to have dined with me on Christmas-day, and who took such pity on me that she shortly became Mrs. Prupper. Our eldest boy was born, by a curious coincidence, next Christmas-day—which I kept very jovially, with the doctor, after it was all over, and we *didn't* christen him Whitecross.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS, AS WE GROW OLDER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

TIME was, with most of us, when Christmas-day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped every thing and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fullness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters in law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that *that* Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas-day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before

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this boy, there stretches out a Future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom, and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, every thing! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas-day we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day, we shut out nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas-day, we will shut out from our fireside, nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast city where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces toward that city upon Christmas-day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children-angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the dark!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean, and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise forever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the Sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

HELEN CORRIE.—LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CURATE.

HAVING devoted myself to the service of Him who said unto the demoniac and the leper, "Be whole," I go forth daily, treading humbly in the pathway of my self-appointed mission.

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through the dreary regions, the close and crowded streets, that exist like a plague ground in the very heart of the wealthy town of L——.

They have an atmosphere of their own, those dilapidated courts, those noisome alleys, those dark nooks where the tenements are green with damp, where the breath grows faint, and the head throbs with an oppressive pain; and yet, amid the horrors of such abodes, hundreds of our fellow-creatures act the sad tragedy of life, and the gay crowd beyond sweep onward, without a thought of those who perish daily for want of the bread of eternal life. Oh! cast it upon those darkened waters, and it shall be found again after many days. There we see human nature in all its unvailed and degraded nakedness—the vile passions, the brutal coarseness, the corroding malice, the undisguised licentiousness. Oh, ye who look on and abhor, who pass like the Pharisee, and condemn the wretch by the wayside, pause, and look within: education, circumstances, have refined and elevated your thoughts and actions; but blessed are those who shall never know by fearful experience how want and degradation can blunt the finest sympathies, and change, nay, brutalize the moral being.

How have I shuddered to hear the fearful mirth with whose wild laughter blasphemy and obscenity were mingled—that mockery of my sacred profession, which I knew too well lurked under the over-strained assumption of reverence for my words, when I was permitted to utter them, and the shout of derision that followed too often my departing steps, knowing that those immortal souls must one day render up their account; and humbly have I prayed, that my still unwearied zeal might yet be permitted to scatter forth the good seed which the cares and anxieties should not choke, nor the stony soil refuse!

Passing one evening through one of those dilapidated streets, to which the doors, half torn from their hinges, and the broken windows, admitting the raw, cold, gusty winds, gave so comfortless an aspect, I turned at a sudden angle into a district which I had never before visited. Through the low arch of a half-ruined bridge, a turbid stream rolled rapidly on, augmented by the late rains. A strange-looking building, partly formed of wood, black and decaying with age and damp, leaned heavily over the passing waters; it was composed of many stories, which were approached by a wooden stair and shed-like gallery without, and evidently occupied by many families. The lamenting wail of neglected children and the din of contention were heard within. Hesitating on the threshold, I leant over the bridge, and perceived an extensive area beneath the ancient tenement; many low-browed doors, over whose broken steps the water washed and rippled, became distinguishable. As I gazed, one of them suddenly opened, and a pale haggard woman appeared, shading a flickering light with her hand. I descended the few slippery wooden steps leading to the strange abodes, and approached her. As I advanced, she appeared to recognize me.

"Come in, sir," she said hurriedly; "there is one within will be glad to see you;" and, turning, she led me through a winding passage into a dreary room, whose blackened floor of stone bore strong evidence that the flood chafed and darkened beneath it.

In an old arm-chair beside the rusty and almost fireless grate, sat, or rather lay, a pale and fragile creature, a wreck of blighted loveliness.

"Helen," said the woman, placing the light on a rough table near her, "here is the minister come to see you."

The person she addressed attempted to rise, but the effort was too much, and she sank back, as if exhausted by it. A blush mantled over her cheek, and gave to her large dark eyes a faint and fading lustre. She had been beautiful, very beautiful; but the delicate features were sharpened and attenuated, the exquisite symmetry of her form worn by want and illness to a mere outline of its former graceful proportions; yet, even amid the squalid wretchedness that surrounded her, an air of by-gone superiority gave a nameless interest to her appearance, and I approached her with a respectful sympathy that seemed strange to my very self.

After a few explanatory sentences respecting my visit, to which she assented by a humble yet silent movement of acquiescence, I commenced reading the earnest prayers which the occasion called for. As I proceeded, the faint chorus of a drinking song came upon my ears from some far recesses of this mysterious abode; doors were suddenly opened and closed with a vault-like echo, and a hoarse voice called on the woman who had admitted me; she started suddenly from her knees, and, with the paleness of fear on her countenance, left the room. After a moment's hesitating pause, the invalid spoke in a voice whose low flute-like tones stole upon the heart like aerial music.

"I thank you," she said, "for this kind visit, those soothing prayers. Oh, how often in my wanderings have I longed to listen to such words! Cast out, like an Indian pariah, from the pale of human fellowship, I had almost forgotten how to pray; but you have shed the healing balm of religion once more upon my seared and blighted heart, and I can weep glad tears of penitence, and dare to hope for pardon."

After this burst of excitement, she grew more calm, and our conversation assumed a devotional yet placid tenor, until she drew from her bosom a small packet, and gave it to me with a trembling hand.

"Read it, sir," she said; "it is the sad history of a life of sorrow. Have pity as you trace the record of human frailty, and remember that you are the servant of the Merciful!"

She paused, and her cheek grew paler, as if her ear caught an unwelcome but well-known sound. A quick step was soon heard in the passage, and a man entered, bearing a light; he stood a moment on the threshold, as if surprised, and then hastily approached us. A model of manly beauty, his haughty features bore the prevailing charac-

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teristics of the gipsy blood—the rich olive cheek, the lustrous eyes, the long silky raven hair, the light and flexible form, the step lithe and graceful as the leopard's; yet were all these perfections marred by an air of reckless licentiousness. His attire, which strangely mingled the rich and gaudy with the worn and faded, added to the ruffianism of his appearance; and as he cast a stern look on the pale girl, who shrank beneath his eye, I read at once the mournful secret of her despair. With rough words he bade me begone, and, as the beseeching eye of his victim glanced meaningly toward the door, I departed, with a silent prayer in my heart for the betrayer and the erring.

A cold drizzling rain was falling without, and I walked hastily homeward, musing on the strange scene in which I had so lately mingled. Seated in my little study, I drew my table near the fire, arranged my reading-lamp, and commenced the perusal of the manuscript confided to my charge. It was written in a delicate Italian hand upon uncouth and various scraps of paper, and appeared to have been transcribed with little attempt at arrangement, and at long intervals; but my curiosity added the links to the leading events, and I gradually entered with deeper interest into the mournful history.

"How happy was my childhood!" it began. "I can scarcely remember a grief through all that sunny lapse of years. I dwelt in a beautiful abode, uniting the verandas and vine-covered porticoes of southern climes with the substantial in-door comforts of English luxury. The country around was romantic, and I grew up in its sylvan solitudes almost as wild and happy as the birds and fawns that were my companions.

"I was motherless. My father, on her death, had retired from public life, and devoted himself to her child. Idolized by him, my wildest wishes were unrestrained; the common forms of knowledge were eagerly accepted by me, for I had an intuitive talent of acquiring any thing which contributed to my pleasure; and I early discovered that, without learning to read and write, the gilded books and enameled desks in my father's library would remain to me only as so many splendid baubles; but a regular education, a religious and intellectual course of study, I never pursued. I read as I liked, and when I liked. I was delicate in appearance, and my father feared to control my spirits, or to rob me of a moment's happiness. Fatal affection! How did I repay such misjudging love!

"Time flowed brightly on, and I had already seen sixteen summers, when the *little cloud* appeared in the sky that so fearfully darkened my future destiny. In one of our charitable visits to the neighboring cottages, we formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who had become an inhabitant of our village; a fall from his horse placed him under the care of our worthy doctor, and he had hired a small room attached to Ash-tree farm, until he recovered from the lingering effects of his accident. Handsome, graceful, and insinuating in his address, he captivated my ardent imagination at once. Unaccustomed to the world, I looked upon him as the very 'mould of form;' a new and blissful enchantment seemed to pervade my being in his presence and my girlish fancy dignified the delusion with the name of love! My father was delighted with his society; he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and strange adventures, was an excellent musician, and had the agreeable tact of accommodating himself to the mood of the moment. He was a constant visiter, and at length became almost domesticated in our household. Known to us by the name of Corrie, he spoke of himself as the son of a noble house, who, to indulge a poetic temperament, and a romantic passion for rural scenery, had come forth on a solitary pilgrimage, and cast aside for a while what he called the iron fetters of exclusive society. How sweet were our moonlight ramblings through the deep forest glens; how fondly we lingered by the Fairies' Well in the green hollow of the woods, watching the single star that glittered in its pellucid waters! And, oh, what passionate eloquence, what romantic adoration, was poured forth upon my willing ear, and thrilled my susceptible heart!

"Before my father's eye he appeared gracefully courteous to me, but not a word or glance betrayed the passion which in our secret interviews worshiped me as an idol, and enthralled my senses with the ardency of its homage. This, he told me, was necessary for my happiness, as my father might separate us if he suspected that another shared the heart hitherto exclusively his own. This was my first deception. Fatal transgression! I had departed from the path of truth, and my guardian angel grew pale in the presence of the tempter. Winter began to darken the valleys; our fireside circle was enlivened by the presence of our accomplished guest. On the eve of my natal day, he spoke of the birth-day fetes he had witnessed during his Continental and Oriental rambles, complimented my father on the antique beauty and massy richness of the gold and silver plate which, rarely used, decorated the sideboard in honor of the occasion; and, admiring the pearls adorning my hair and bosom, spoke so learnedly on the subject of jewels, that my father brought forth from his Indian cabinet my mother's bridal jewels, diamonds, and emeralds of exquisite lustre and beauty. I had never before seen these treasures, and our guest joined in the raptures of my admiration.

"'They will adorn my daughter,' said my father, with a sigh, as he closed the casket, and retired to place it in its safe receptacle.

"'Yes, my Helen,' said my lover, 'they shall glitter on that fair brow in a prouder scene, when thy beauty shall gladden the eyes of England's nobles, and create envy in her fairest daughters.'

"I listened with a smile, and, on my father's return, passed another evening of happiness—my last!

"We retired early, and oh, how bright were the dreams that floated around my pillow, how sweet the sleep that stole upon me as I painted the future—an elysium of love and splendor!

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I was awakened by a wild cry that rang with agonizing horror through the midnight stillness: it was the voice of my father. I sprang hastily from my couch, threw on a wrapper, seized the night-lamp, and hurried to his chamber. Ruffians opposed my entrance; the Indian cabinet lay shattered on the floor, and I beheld my father struggling in the fierce grasp of a man, who had clasped his throat to choke the startling cry. With maniac force I reached the couch, and, seizing the murderous hand, called aloud for help. The robber started with a wild execration, the mask fell from his face, and I beheld the features of Gilbert Corrie! . . . . . .

"When I recovered consciousness, I found that I had suffered a long illness—a brain fever, caused, the strange nurse said, by some sudden shock. Alas, how dreadful had been that fatal cause! Sometimes I think my head has never been cool since; a dull throb of agony presses yet upon my brow; sometimes it passes away: my spirits mount lightly, and I can laugh, but it has a hollow sound—oh, how unlike the sweet laughter of by-gone days! . . . . . .

"We were in London. My apartments were sumptuous: all that wealth could supply was mine; but what a wretch was I amid that scene of splendor! The destroyer was now the arbiter of my destiny. I knew his wealth arose from his nefarious transactions at the gaming-table. I knew my father was dead; the severe injuries he had received on that fatal night and the mysterious disappearance of his daughter had laid him in his grave. Gilbert Corrie was virtually his murderer, yet still I loved him! A passion partaking of delirium bound me to his destiny. I shrank not from the caress of the felon gamester—the plague-stain of sin was upon me—the burning plow-shares of the world's scorn lay in my path, and how was the guilty one to dare the fearful ordeal? For fallen woman there is *no return;* no penitence can restore her sullied brightness; the angel-plumes of purity are scattered in the dust, and never can the lost one regain the Eden of her innocence. The world may pity, may pardon, but never more *respect;* and, oh, how dreadful to mingle with the pure, and feel the mark of Cain upon your brow! . . .

"A change came suddenly upon Gilbert. There was no longer the lavish expenditure, the careless profusion: his looks and tone were altered. A haggard expression sat upon his handsome features, and the words of endearment no longer flowed from his lips; a quick footstep beneath the window made him start, strange-looking men visited him, his absences were long, his garments often changed: the vail was about to be lifted from my *real* position.

"One night he entered hastily, snatched me from the luxurious fauteuil on which I rested, and led me, without answering my questions, to a hackney-coach. We were speedily whirled away, and I never again beheld that home of splendor. By by-paths we entered a close and murky street, the coach was discharged, I was hurried over a dark miry road, and, passing through a court-yard, the gate of which closed behind us, was led without ceremony into a wretched apartment, thronged with fierce, ill-looking men, seated round a table well supplied with wines and ardent spirits. Our entrance was hailed with shouts. Gilbert was called by the name of 'noble captain' to the head of the table, and I was suffered disregarded to weep alone. I seated myself at length by the blazing fire, and then first knew the real horrors of my destiny.

"From their discourse I gathered that Gilbert had committed extensive forgeries, and had that night escaped the pursuit of justice. Bumpers of congratulation were drunk, plans of robberies discussed, and the gipsy captain chosen as the leader of the most daring exploits contemplated.

"Since that night, how fearful have been my vicissitudes! Sometimes, as the splendidly-dressed mistress of private gambling-rooms, I have received the selected dupes in a luxurious boudoir, decoying the victims by fascinating smiles into the snare laid for them by Gilbert and his associates. Sometimes, encamping with the wild gipsy tribe in some hidden dell or woodland haunt, where their varied spoils were in safe keeping. Anon, the painted and tinseled queen of an itinerant show, where Gilbert enacted the mountebank, and by the brilliance of his fascinating eloquence drew into his treasury the hard-earned savings of the rustic gazers

"To all those degredations have I submitted, and now, oh, now, more than ever, has the iron entered into my soul! He has ceased to love me. I have become an encumbrance; my beauty has faded from exposure and neglect. I have sunk beneath his blows, have writhed beneath the bitterness of his sarcasms, his brutal jests, his scornful mockery of my penitence and tears. I have endured the agony of hunger while he rioted with his companions in profligate luxury; and yet, if the old smile lights up his countenance, the old look shines forth from his lustrous eyes, he is again to me the lover of my youth, and the past is a hideous dream. Oh, woman's heart, how unfathomable is thy mystery!"

The manuscript here ended abruptly. How sad a moral might be drawn from the history of this unfortunate! What rare gifts of mind and beauty had the want of religion marred and blighted! Had the Sun of Righteousness shone upon that ardent heart, its aspirations had been glorious, its course

"Upward! upward!
Through the doubt and the dismay
Upward! to the perfect day!"

What mournful tragedies are ever around us, flowing on with the perpetual under-current of human life, each hour laden with its mystery and sorrow, sweeping like dim phantoms through the arch of time, and burying the fearful records in the oblivion of the abyss beyond! How few of the floating wrecks are snatched from the darkening tide!

I returned the next day to the dwelling of Helen, but it was shut up, and in the day-time

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appeared as if long deserted. To all inquiries, the neighbors answered reluctantly that it had long been uninhabited, and that its last occupants had been a gang of coiners, who were now suffering the penalty of transportation. I often visited the same district, but all my after-search was in vain, and the fate of Helen Corrie still remains an undiscovered mystery..

THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN PARIS.

THE world, since it was a world at all, has ever been fond of singing the praises of the good old times. It would seem a general rule, that so soon as we get beyond a certain age, whatever that may be, we acquire a high opinion of the past, and grumble at every thing new under the sun. One cause of this may be, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the history of the past, like a landscape traveled over, loses in review all the rugged and wearisome annoyances that rendered it scarcely bearable in the journey. But it is hardly worth while to speculate upon the causes of an absurdity which a little candid retrospection will do more to dissipate than whole folios of philosophy. We can easily understand a man who sighs that he was not born a thousand years hence instead of twenty or thirty years ago, but that any one should encourage a regret that his lot in life was not cast a few centuries back, seems inexplicable on any rational grounds. The utter folly of praising the good old times may be illustrated by a reference to the wretched condition of most European cities; but we shall confine ourselves to the single case of Paris, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the thirteenth century the streets of Paris were not paved; they were muddy and filthy to a very horrible degree, and swine constantly loitered about and fed in them. At night there were no public lights, and assassinations and robberies were far from infrequent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century public lighting was begun on a limited scale; and at best only a few tallow candles were put up in prominent situations. The improvement, accordingly, did little good, and the numerous bands of thieves had it still pretty much their own way. Severity of punishment seldom compensates the want of precautionary measures. It was the general custom at this period to cut off the ears of a condemned thief after the term of his imprisonment had elapsed. This was done that offenders might be readily rocognized should they dare again to enter the city, banishment from which was a part of the sentence of such as were destined to be cropped. But they often found it easier to fabricate false ears than to gain a livelihood away from the arena of their exploits; and this measure, severe and cruel as it was, was found inefficient to rid the capital of their presence.

Among the various adventures with thieves, detailed by an author contemporaneous with Louis XIII., the following affords a rich example of the organization of the domestic origands of the time, and of the wretched security which the capital afforded to its inhabitants:

A celebrated advocate named Polidamor had by his reputation for riches aroused the covetousness of some chiefs of a band of brigands, who flattered themselves that could they catch him they would obtain possession of an important sum. They placed upon his track three bold fellows, who, after many fruitless endeavors, encountered him one evening accompanied only by a single lackey. Seizing fast hold of himself and attendant, they rifled him in a twinkling; and as he had accidentally left his purse at home, they took his rich cloak of Spanish cloth and silk, which was quite new, and of great value. Polidamor, who at first resisted, found himself compelled to yield to force, but asked as a favor to be allowed to redeem his mantle. This was agreed to at the price of thirty pistoles; and the rogues appointed a rendezvous the next day, at six in the evening, on the same spot, for the purpose of effecting the exchange. They recommended him to come alone, assuring him that his life would be endangered should he appear accompanied with an escort. Polidamor repaired to the place at the appointed hour, and after a few moments of expectation he saw a carriage approaching in which were seated four persons in the garb of gentlemen. They descended from the vehicle, and one of them, advancing toward the advocate, asked him in a low voice if he were not in search of a cloak of Spanish cloth and silk. The victim replied in the affirmative, and declared himself prepared to redeem it at the sum at which it had been taxed. The thieves having assured themselves that he was alone, seized him, and made him get into the carriage; and one of them presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him hold his tongue under pain of instant death, while another blindfolded him. As the advocate trembled with fear, they assured him that no harm was intended, and bade the coachman drive on.

After a rapid flight, which was yet long enough to inspire the prisoner with deadly terror, the carriage stopped in front of a large mansion, the gate of which opened to receive them, and closed again as soon as they had passed the threshold. The robbers alighted with their captive, from whose eyes they now removed the bandage. He was led into an immense saloon, where were a number of tables, upon which the choicest viands were profusely spread, and seated at which was a company of gentlemanly-looking personages, who chatted familiarly together without the slightest demonstration of confusion or alarm. His guardians again enjoined him to lay aside all fear, informed him that he was in good society, and that they had brought him there solely that they might enjoy the pleasure of his company at supper. In the mean while water was served to the guests, that they might wash their hands before sitting at table. Every man took his place, and a seat was assigned to Polidamor at the upper and privileged end of the board. Astonished, or rather stupefied at the strange circumstances of his adventure, he would willingly

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have abstained from taking any part in the repast; but he was compelled to make a show of eating, in order to dissemble his mistrust and agitation. When the supper was ended and the tables were removed, one of the gentlemen who had assisted in his capture accosted him with polite expressions of regret at his want of appetite. During the interchange of courtesies which ensued, one of the bandits took a lute, another a viol, and the party began to amuse themselves with music. The advocate was then invited to walk into a neighboring room, where he perceived a considerable number of mantles ranged in order. He was desired to select his own, and to count out the thirty pistoles agreed upon, together with one for coach-hire, and one more for his share of the reckoning at supper. Polidamor, who had been apprehensive that the drama of which his mantle had been the occasion might have a very different *dénouement*, was but too well pleased to be quit at such a cost, and he took leave of the assembly with unfeigned expressions of gratitude. The carriage was called, and before entering it he was again blindfolded; his former conductors returned with him to the spot where he had been seized, where, removing the bandage from his eyes, they allowed him to alight, presenting him at the same moment with a ticket sealed with green wax, and having these words inscribed in large letters, "*Freed by the Great Band.*" This ticket was a passport securing his mantle, purse, and person against all further assaults. Hastening to regain his residence with all speed, he was assailed at a narrow turning by three other rascals, who demanded his purse or his life. The advocate drew his ticket from his pocket, though he had no great faith in it as a preservative, and presented it to the thieves. One of them, provided with a dark lantern, read it, returned it, and recommended him to make haste home, where he at last arrived in safety.

Early in the seventeenth century the Parisian rogues availed themselves of the regulations against the use of snuff to pillage the snuff-takers. As the sale of this article was forbidden by law to any but grocers and apothecaries, and as even they could only retail it to persons provided with the certificate of a medical man, the annoyance of such restrictions was loudly complained of. The rogues, ever ready to profit by circumstances, opened houses for gaming—at that period almost a universal vice—where "snuff at discretion" was a tempting bait to those long accustomed to a gratification all the more agreeable because it was forbidden. Here the snuff-takers were diligently plied with wine, and then cheated of their money; or, if too temperate or suspicious to drink to excess, they were unceremoniously plundered in a sham quarrel. To such a length was this practice carried, that an ordinance was at length issued in 1629, strictly forbidding all snuff-takers from assembling in public places or elsewhere, "*pour satisfaire leur goût!*"

The thieves of the good old times were not only more numerous in proportion to the population than they are at present, but were also distinguished by greater audacity and cruelty.—They had recourse to the most diabolical ingenuity to subdue the resistance and to prevent the outcries of their victims. Under the rule of Henry IV. a band of brigands arose, who, in the garb, and with the manners of gentlemen, introduced themselves into the best houses under the pretext of private business, and when alone with the master, demanded his money at the dagger's point. Some of them made use of a gag—a contrivance designated at the period the *poire d'angoisse*. This instrument was of a spherical shape, and pierced all over with small holes; it was forced into the mouth of the person intended to be robbed, and upon touching a spring sharp points protruded from every hole, at once inflicting the most horrible anguish, and preventing the sufferer from uttering a single cry. It could not be withdrawn but by the use of the proper key, which contracted the spring. This device was adopted universally by one savage band, and occasioned immense misery not only in Paris, but throughout France.

An Italian thief, an enterprising and ingenious rogue, adopted a singular expedient for robbing women at their devotions in church. He placed himself on his knees by the side of his intended prey, holding in a pair of artificial hands a book of devotion, to which he made a show of the most devout attention, while with his natural hands he cut the watch or purse-string of his unsuspecting neighbor. This stratagem, favored by the fashion, then general, of wearing mantles, met with great success, and of course soon produced a host of clumsy imitators, and excited the vigilance of the police, who at length made so many seizures of solemn-faced devotees provided with wooden kid-gloved hands, that it fell into complete discredit, and was at last abandoned by the profession.

Cunning as were the rogues of a past age, they were liable to capture like their modern successors. A gentleman having resorted to Paris on business, was hustled one day in the precincts of the palace, and robbed of his well-filled purse. Furious at the loss of a considerable sum, he swore to be avenged. He procured a clever mechanic, who, under his directions, contrived a kind of hand-trap for the pocket, managed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an attempt at purse-stealing without detection. Having fixed the instrument in its place, impatient for the revenge he had promised himself, he sallied forth to promenade the public walks, mingled with every group, and stopped from time to time gazing about him with the air of a greenhorn. Several days passed before anything resulted from his plan; but one morning, while he was gaping at the portraits of the kings of France in one of the public galleries, he finds himself surrounded and pushed about, precisely as in the former instance; he feels a hand insinuating itself gently into the open snare, and hears immediately the click of the instrument, which assures him that the delinquent is safely

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caught. Taking no notice, he walks on as if nothing had happened, and resumes his promenade, drawing after him the thief, whom pain and shame prevented from making the least effort to disengage his hand. Occasionally the gentleman would turn round, and rebuke his unwilling follower for his importunity, and thus drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon his awkward position. At last, pretending to observe for the first time the stranger's hand in his pocket, he flies into a violent passion, accuses him of being a cutpurse, and demands the sum he had previously lost, without which he declares the villain shall be hanged. It would seem that compounding a felony was nothing in those days; for it is upon record that the thief, though caught in the act, was permitted to send a messenger to his comrades, who advanced the money, and therewith purchased his liberty.

The people were forbidden to employ particular materials in the fabrication of their clothing, to ride in a coach, to decorate their apartments as they chose, to purchase certain articles of furniture, and even to give a dinner-party when and in what style they chose. Under the Valois régime strict limits were assigned to the expenses of the table, determining the number of courses of which a banquet should consist, and that of the dishes of which each course was to be composed. Any guest who should fail to denounce an infraction of the law of which he had been a witness, was liable to a fine of forty livres; and officers of justice, who might be present, were strictly enjoined to quit the tables of their hosts, and institute immediate proceedings against them. The rigor of these regulations extended even to the kitchen, and the police had the power of entry at all hours, to enforce compliance with the statutes.

But it was during the prevalence of an epidemic that it was least agreeable to live in France in the good old times. No sooner did a contagious malady, or one that was supposed to be so, make its appearance, than the inhabitants of Paris were all forbidden to remove from one residence to another, although their term of tenancy had expired, until the judge of police had received satisfactory evidence that the house they desired to leave had not been affected by the contagion. When a house was infected, a bundle of straw fastened to one of the windows warned the public to avoid all intercourse with the inmates. At a later period two wooden crosses were substituted for the straw, one of which was attached to the front door, and the other to one of the windows in an upper story. In 1596 the provost of Paris having learned that the tenants of some houses infected by an epidemic which was then making great ravages, had removed these badges, issued an ordinance commanding that those who transgressed in a similar manner again should suffer the loss of the right hand—a threat which was found perfectly efficient.

By an ordinance of 1533, persons recovering from a contagious malady, together with their domestics, and all the members of their families, were forbidden to appear in the streets for a given period without a white wand in their hands, to warn the public of the danger of contact.—Three years after, the authorities were yet more severe against the convalescents, who were ordered to remain shut up at home for forty days after their cure; and even when the quarantine had expired, they were not allowed to appear in the streets until they had presented to a magistrate a certificate from the commissary of their district, attested by a declaration of six householders, that the forty days had elapsed. In the preceding century (in 1498) an ordinance still more extraordinary had been issued. It was at the coronation of Louis XII., when a great number of the nobles came to Paris to take part in the ceremony. The provost, desiring to guard them from the danger of infection, published an order that all persons of both sexes, suffering under certain specified maladies, should quit the capital in twenty-four hours, *under the penalty of being thrown into the river!*

VISION OF CHARLES XI.

WE are in the habit of laughing incredulously at stories of visions and supernatural apparitions, yet some are so well authenticated, that if we refuse to believe them, we should, in consistency, reject all historical evidence. The fact I am about to relate is guaranteed by a declaration signed by four credible witnesses; I will only add, that the prediction contained in this declaration was well known, and generally spoken of, long before the occurrence of the events which have apparently fulfilled it.

Charles XI. father of the celebrated Charles XII. was one of the most despotic, but, at the same time, wisest monarchs, who ever reigned in Sweden. He curtailed the enormous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, made laws on his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, hitherto an oligarchy, and forced the States to invest him with absolute power. He was a man of an enlightened and strong mind, firmly attached to the Lutheran religion; his disposition was cold, unfeeling, and phlegmatic, utterly destitute of imagination. He had just lost his queen, Ulrica Eleonora, and he appeared to feel her death more than could have been expected from a man of his character. He became even more gloomy and silent than before, and his incessant application to business proved his anxiety to banish painful reflections.

Toward the close of an autumn evening, he was sitting in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire, in his private apartment. His chamberlain, Count Brahe, and his physician, Baumgarten, were with him. The evening wore away, and his Majesty did not dismiss them as usual; with his head down and his eyes fixed on the fire, he maintained a profound silence, weary of his guests, and fearing, half unconsciously, to remain alone. The count and his companion tried various subjects of conversation, but could interest him in nothing. At length Brahe, who

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supposed that sorrow for the queen was the cause of his depression, said with a deep sigh, and pointing to her portrait, which hung in the room,

"What a likeness that is! How truly it gives the expression, at once so gentle and so dignified!"

"Nonsense!" said the king, angrily, "the portrait is far too flattering; the queen was decidedly plain."

Then, vexed at his unkind words, he rose and walked up and down the room, to hide an emotion at which he blushed. After a few minutes he stopped before the window looking into the court; the night was black, and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not completed, and Charles XI. who commenced it, inhabited the old palace, situated on the Ritzholm, facing Lake Modu. It is a large building in the form of a horseshoe: the king's private apartments were in one of the extremities; opposite was the great hall where the States assembled to receive communications from the crown. The windows of that hall suddenly appeared illuminated. The king was startled, but at first supposed that a servant with a light was passing through; but then, that hall was never opened except on state occasions, and the light was too brilliant to be caused by a single lamp. It then occurred to him that it must be a conflagration; but there was no smoke, and the glass was not broken; it had rather the appearance of an illumination. Brahe's attention being called to it, he proposed sending one of the pages to ascertain the cause of the light, but the king stopped him, saying, he would go himself to the hall. He left the room, followed by the count and doctor, with lighted torches. Baumgarten called the man who had charge of the keys, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open the doors of the great hall. Great was his surprise at this unexpected command. He dressed himself quickly, and came to the king with his bunch of keys. He opened the first door of a gallery which served as an ante-chamber to the hall. The king entered, and what was his amazement at finding the walls hung with black.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked he.

The man replied, that he did not know what to make of it, adding, "When the gallery was last opened, there was certainly no hanging over the oak paneling."

The king walked on to the door of the hall.

"Go no further, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the man; "surely there is sorcery going on inside. At this hour, since the queen's death, they say she walks up and down here. May God protect us!"

"Stop, sire," cried the count and Baumgarten together, "don't you hear that noise? Who knows to what dangers you are exposing yourself! At all events, allow me to summon the guards."

"I will go in," said the king, firmly; "open the door at once."

The man's hand trembled so that he could not turn the key.

"A fine thing to see an old soldier frightened," said the king, shrugging his shoulders; "come count, will you open the door?"

"Sire," replied Brahe, "let your Majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will obey unhesitatingly, but I can not defy hell itself."

"Well," said the king, in a tone of contempt, "I can do it myself."

He took the key, opened the massive oak door, and entered the hall, pronouncing the words "With the help of God." His three attendants, whose curiosity overcame their fears, or who, perhaps, were ashamed to desert their sovereign, followed him. The hall was lighted by an innumerable number of torches. A black hanging had replaced the old tapestry. The benches round the hall were occupied by a multitude, all dressed in black; their faces were so dazzlingly bright that the four spectators of this scene were unable to distinguish one among them. On an elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, sat a bloody corpse, as if wounded in several parts, and covered with the ensigns of royalty; on his right stood a child, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand; at his left an old man leant on the throne; he was dressed in the mantle formerly worn by the administrators of Sweden, before it became a kingdom under Gustavus Vasa. Before the throne were seated several grave, austere looking personages, in long black robes. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly was a block covered with black crape; an ax lay beside it. No one in the vast assembly appeared conscious of the presence of Charles and his companions. On their entrance they heard nothing but a confused murmur, in which they could distinguish no words. Then the most venerable of the judges in the black robes, he who seemed to be their president, rose, and struck his hand five times on a folio volume which lay open before him. Immediately there was a profound silence, and some young men, richly dressed, their hands tied behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had opened. He who walked first, and who appeared the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, before the block, which he looked at with supreme contempt. At the same time the corpse on the throne trembled convulsively, and a crimson stream flowed from his wounds. The young man knelt down, laid his head on the block, the ax glittered in the air for a moment, descended on the block, the head rolled over the marble pavement, and reached the feet of the king, and stained his slipper with blood. Until this moment surprise had kept Charles silent, but this horrible spectacle roused him, and advancing two or three steps toward the throne, he boldly addressed the figure on its left in the well-known formulary, "If thou art of God, speak; if of the other, leave us in peace."

The phantom answered slowly and solemnly. "King Charles, this blood will not flow in thy time, but five reigns after." Here the voice be

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came less distinct, "Woe, woe, woe to the blood of Vasa!" The forms of all the assembly now became less clear, and seemed but colored shades: soon they entirely disappeared; the lights were extinguished; still they heard a melodious noise, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmuring of the wind among the trees, another to the sound a harp string gives in breaking. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they said lasted ten minutes. The hangings, the head, the waves of blood, all had disappeared with the phantoms, but Charles's slipper still retained a crimson stain, which alone would have served to remind him of the scenes of this night, if indeed they had not been but too well engraven on his memory.

When the king returned to his apartment, he wrote an account of what he had seen, and he and his companions signed it. In spite of all the precautions taken to keep these circumstances private, they were well known, even during the lifetime of Charles, and no one hitherto has thought fit to raise doubts as to their authenticity.

STREET-SCENES OF THE FRENCH USURPATION.

A WRITER in Dickens's Household Words gives a graphic sketch of a visit to Paris during the recent usurpation of Louis Napoleon, and of the scenes of butchery which occurred in the streets. On arriving in Paris, he says, every thing spoke of the state of siege. The newspapers were in a state of siege; for the Government had suspended all but its own immediate organs. The offices of the sententious "Siècle," the mercurial "Presse," the satiric "Charivari," the jovial "Journal pour Rire," were occupied by the military; and, to us English, they whispered even of a park of artillery in the Rue Vivienne, and of a government proof-reader in the printing-office of "Galignani's Messenger," striking out obnoxious paragraphs by the dozen. The provisions were in a state of siege, the milk was out, and no one would volunteer to go to the *crémiers* for more; the cabs, the *commissionnaires* with their trucks, were besieged; the very gas was slow in coming from the main, as though the pipes were in a state of siege. Nobody could think or speak of any thing but this confounded siege. Thought itself appeared to be beleaguered; for no one dared to give it any thing but a cautious and qualified utterance. The hotel was full of English ladies and gentlemen, who would have been delighted to go away by the first train on any of the railways; but there might just as well have been no railways, for all the good they were, seeing that it was impossible to get to or from the termini with safety. The gentlemen were valorous, certainly—there was a prevalence of "who's afraid!" sentiments; but they read the French Bradshaw earnestly, and gazed at the map of Paris with nervous interest—beating, meanwhile, the devil's tattoo. As for the ladies, dear creatures, they made no secret of their extreme terror and despair. The lone old lady, who is frightened at every thing, and who will not even travel in an omnibus with a sword in a case, for fear it should go off, was paralyzed with fear, and could only ejaculate, "Massacre!" The strong-minded lady of a certain age, who had longed for the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," had taken refuge in that excellent collection of tracts, of which "The Dairyman's Daughter," is one; and gave short yelps of fear whenever the door opened. Fear, like every other emotion, is contagious. Remarking so many white faces, so much subdued utterance, so many cowed and terrified looks, I thought it very likely that I might get frightened, too. So, having been up all the previous night, I went to bed.

I slept; I dreamt of a locomotive engine blowing up and turning into the last scene of a pantomime, with "state of siege" displayed in colored fires. I dreamt I lived next door to an undertaker, or a trunk-maker, or a manufacturer of fire-works. I awoke to the rattle of musketry in the distance—soon, too soon, to be followed by the roar of the cannon.

I am not a fighting man. "'Tis not my vocation, Hal." I am not ashamed to say that I did *not* gird my sword on my thigh, and sally out to conquer or to die; that I did not ensconce myself at a second floor window, and pick off *à la Charles IX.*, the leaders of the enemy below.—Had I been "our own correspondent," I might have written, in the intervals of fighting, terrific accounts of the combat on cartridge paper, with a pen made from a bayonet, dipped in gunpowder and gore. Had I been "our own artist," I might have mounted a monster barricade—waving the flag of Freedom with one hand, and taking sketches with the other. But being neither, I did not do any thing of the kind. I will tell you what I did: I withdrew, with seven Englishmen as valorous as myself, to an apartment, which I have reason to believe is below the basement floor; and there, in company with sundry *carafons* of particular cognac, and a large box of cigars, passed the remainder of the day.

I sincerely hope that I shall never pass such another. We rallied each other, talked, laughed, and essayed to sing; but the awful consciousness of the horror of our situation hung over us all—the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of us God's image was being wantonly defaced; that in the streets hard by, in the heart of the most civilized city of the world, within a stone's throw of all that is gay, luxurious, splendid, in Paris, men—speaking the same language, worshiping the same God—were shooting each other like wild beasts; that every time we heard the sharp crackling of the musketry, a message of death was gone forth to hundreds; that every time the infernal artillery—"nearer, clearer, deadlier than before"—broke, roaring on the ear: the ground was cumbered with corpses. Glorious war! I should like the amateurs of sham fights, showy reviews, and scientific ball practice, to have sat with us in the cellar that same Thursday, and listened to the rattle and the roar. I should like them to have been present, when

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venturing up during a lull, about half-past four, and glancing nervously from our *porte-cochère*, a regiment of dragoons came thundering past, pointing their pistols at the windows, and shouting at those within, with oaths to retire from them. I should like the young ladies who waltz with the "dear Lancers," to have seen *these* Lancers, in stained white cloaks, with their murderous weapons couched. I should like those who admire the Horse Guards — the prancing steeds, the shining casques and cuirasses, the massive epaulets and dangling sabres, the trim mustache, irreproachable buckskins, and dazzling jack-boots—to have seen these cuirassiers gallop by: their sorry horses covered with mud and sweat; their haggard faces blackened with gunpowder; their shabby accoutrements and battered helmets. The bloody swords, the dirt, the hoarse voices, unkempt beards. Glorious war! I think the sight of those horrible troopers would do more to cure its admirers than all the orators of the Peace Society could do in a twelvemonth!

We dined—without the ladies, of course—and sat up until very late; the cannon and musketry roaring meanwhile, till nearly midnight. Then it stopped—

To recommence again, however, on the next (Friday) morning. Yesterday they had been fighting all day on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Temple. To-day, they were murdering each other at Belleville, at La Chapelle St. Denis, at Montmartre. Happily the firing ceased at about nine o'clock, and we heard no more.

I do not, of course, pretend to give any account of what really took place in the streets on Thursday; how many barricades were erected, and how they were defended or destroyed. I do not presume to treat of the details of the combat myself, confining what I have to say to a description of what I really saw of the social aspect of the city. The journals have given full accounts of what brigades executed what manœuvres, of how many were shot to death here, and how many bayoneted there.

On Friday at noon, the embargo on the cabs was removed—although that on the omnibuses continued; and circulation for foot passengers became tolerably safe, in the Quartier St. Honoré, and on the Boulevards. I went into an English chemist's shop in the Rue de la Paix, for a bottle of soda-water. The chemist was lying dead up-stairs, shot. He was going from his shop to another establishment he had in the Faubourg Poissonière, to have the shutters shut, apprehending a disturbance. Entangled for a moment on the Boulevard, close to the Rue Lepelletier, among a crowd of well-dressed persons, principally English and Americans, an order was given to clear the Boulevard. A charge of Lancers was made, the men firing their pistols wantonly among the flying crowd; and the chemist was shot dead. Scores of similar incidents took place on that dreadful Thursday afternoon.—Friends, acquaintances of my own, had friends, neighbors, relations, servants, killed. Yet it was all accident, chance-medley—excusable, of course How were the soldiers to distinguish between insurgents and sight-seers! These murders were, after all, but a few of the thorns to be found in the rose-bush of glorious war!

From the street which in old Paris times used to go by the name of the Rue Royale, and which I know by the token that there is an English pastry-cook's on the right-hand side, coming down; where in old days I used (a small lad then at the Collège Bourbon) to spend my half-holidays in consuming real English cheesecakes, and thinking of home—in the Rue Royale, now called, I think, Rue de la République; I walked on to the place, and by the Boulevard de la Madeleine, des Italiens, and so by the long line of that magnificent thoroughfare, to within a few streets of the Porte St. Denis. Here I stopped, for the simple reason that a hedge of soldiery bristled ominously across the road, close to the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, and that the commanding officer would let neither man, woman, nor child pass. The Boulevards were crowded, almost impassable in fact, with persons of every grade, from the "lion" of the Jockey Club, or the English nobleman, to the pretty grisette in her white cap, and the scowling, bearded citizen, clad in blouse and *calotte*, and looking very much as if he knew more of a barricade than he chose to aver. The houses on either side of the way bore frightful traces of the combat of the previous day. The Maison Doré, the Café Anglais, the Opéra Comique, Tortoni's, the Jockey Club, the Belle Jardinière, the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, and scores, I might almost say hundreds of the houses had their windows smashed, or the magnificent sheets of plate-glass starred with balls; the walls pockmarked with bullets: seamed and scarred and blackened with gunpowder. A grocer, close to the Rue de Marivaux, told me that he had not been able to open his door that morning for the dead bodies piled on the step before it. Round all the young trees (the old trees were cut down for former barricades in February and June, 1848), the ground shelves a little in a circle; in these circles there were pools of blood The people—the extraordinary, inimitable, consistently inconsistent French people—were unconcernedly lounging about, looking at these things with pleased yet languid curiosity. They paddled in the pools of blood; they traced curiously the struggles of some wounded wretch, who, shot or sabred on the curbstone, had painfully, deviously, dragged himself (so the gouts of blood showed) to a door-step—to die. They felt the walls, pitted by musket bullets; they poked their walking-sticks into the holes made by the cannon-balls. It was as good as a play to them

The road on either side was lined with dragoons armed *cap-a-pié*. The poor tired horses were munching the forage with which the muddy ground was strewn; and the troopers sprawled listlessly about, smoking their short pipes, and mending their torn costume or shattered accoutrements. Indulging, however, in the *dolce far niente*, as they seemed to be, they were ready for

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. . n at a moment's notice. There was, about two o'clock, an *alerte*—a rumor of some tumult toward the Rue St. Denis. One solitary trumpet sounded "boot and saddle;" and, with almost magical celerity, each dragoon twisted a quantity of forage into a species of rope, which he hung over his saddle-bow, crammed his half-demolished loaf into his holsters, buckled on his cuirass; then, springing himself on his horse, sat motionless: each cavalier with his pistol cocked, and his finger on the trigger. The crowd thickened; and in the road itself there was a single file of cabs, carts, and even private carriages. Almost every moment detachments of prisoners, mostly blouses, passed, escorted by cavalry; then a yellow flag was seen, announcing the approach of an ambulance, or long covered vehicle, filled with wounded soldiers; then hearses; more prisoners, more ambulances, orderly dragoons at full gallop, orderlies, military surgeons in their cocked hats and long frock coats, broughams with smart general officers inside, all smoking.

As to the soldiers, they appear never to leave off smoking. They smoke in the guard-room, off duty, and even when on guard. An eye-witness of the combat told me that many of the soldiers had, when charging, short pipes in their mouths, and the officers, almost invariably, smoked cigars.

At three, there was more trumpeting, more drumming, a general backing of horses on the foot-passengers, announcing the approach of some important event. A cloud of cavalry came galloping by; then, a numerous and brilliant group of staff-officers. In the midst of these, attired in the uniform of a general of the National Guard, rode Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

I saw him again the following day in the Champs Elysée, riding with a single English groom behind him; and again in a chariot, escorted by cuirassiers.

When he had passed, I essayed a further progress toward the Rue St. Denis; but the hedge of bayonets still bristled as ominously as ever. I went into a little tobacconist's shop; and the pretty *marchande* showed me a frightful trace of the passage of a cannon ball, which had gone right through the shutter and glass, smashed cases on cases of cigars, and half demolished the little tobacconist's parlor.

My countrymen were in great force on the Boulevards, walking arm and arm, four abreast, as it is the proud custom of Britons to do. From them, I heard, how Major Pongo, of the Company's service, would certainly have placed his sword at the disposal of the Government in support of law and order, had he not been confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism: how Mr. Bellows, Parisian correspondent to the "Evening Grumbler," had been actually led out to be shot, and was only saved by the interposition of his tailor, who was a sergeant in the National Guard; and who, passing by, though not on duty, exerted his influence with the military authorities, to save the life of Mr. Bellows; how the Reverend Mr. Faldstool, *ministre Anglican*, was discovered in a corn-bin, moaning piteously: how Bluckey, the man who talked so much about the Pytchley hounds, and of the astonishing leaps he had taken when riding after them, concealed himself in a coal-cellar, and lying down on his face, never stirred from that position from noon till midnight on Thursday (although I, to be sure, have no right to taunt him with his prudence): how, finally, M'Gropus, the Scotch surgeon, bolted incontinently in a cab, with an immense quantity of luggage, toward the *Chemin-de-fer du Nord;* and, being stopped in the Rue St. Denis, was ignominiously turned out of his vehicle by the mob; the cab, together with M'Gropus's trunks, being immediately converted into the nucleus of a barricade:—how, returning the following morning to see whether he could recover any portion of his effects, he found the barricades in the possession of the military, who were quietly cooking their soup over a fire principally fed by the remnants of his trunks and portmanteaus; whereupon, frantically endeavoring to rescue some *disjecta membra* of his property from the wreck, he was hustled and bonneted by the soldiery, threatened with arrest, and summary military vengeance, and ultimately paraded from the vicinity of the bivouac, by bayonets with sharp points.

With the merits or demerits of the struggle, I have nothing to do. But I saw the horrible ferocity and brutality of this ruthless soldiery. I saw them bursting into shops, to search for arms or fugitives; dragging the inmates forth, like sheep from a slaughter-house, smashing the furniture and windows. I saw them, when making a passage for a convoy of prisoners, or a wagon full of wounded, strike wantonly at the bystanders, with the butt-ends of their muskets, and thrust at them with their bayonets. I might have seen more; but my exploring inclination was rapidly subdued by a gigantic Lancer at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; who seeing me stand still for a moment, stooped from his horse, and putting his pistol to my head (right between the eyes) told me to "*traverser!*" As I believed he would infallibly have blown my brains out in another minute, I turned and fled. So much for what I saw. I know, as far as a man can know, from trustworthy persons, from eye-witnesses, from patent and notorious report, that the military, who are now the sole and supreme masters of that unhappy city and country, have been perpetrating most frightful barbarities since the riots were over. I know that, from the Thursday I arrived, to the Thursday I left Paris, they were daily shooting their prisoners in cold blood; that a man, caught on the Pont Neuf, drunk with the gunpowder-brandy of the cabarets, and shouting some balderdash about the *République démocratique et sociale*, was dragged into the Prefecture of Police, and, some soldiers' cartridges having been found in his pocket, was led into the court-yard, and there and then, untried, unshriven, unaneled—shot! I know that in the Champ de Mars one hundred and fifty-six men were executed; and I *heard* one horrible story (so horrible that I can scarcely

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credit it) that a batch of prisoners were tied together with ropes like a fagot of wood; and that the struggling mass was fired into, until not a limb moved, nor a groan was uttered. I know—and my informant was a clerk in the office of the Ministry of War—that the official return of insurgents killed was *two thousand and seven*, and of soldiers *fifteen*. Rather long odds!

We were in-doors betimes this Friday evening, comparing notes busily, as to what we had seen during the day. We momentarily expected to hear the artillery again, but, thank Heaven, the bloodshed in the streets at least was over; and though Paris was still a city in a siege, the barricades were all demolished; and another struggle was for the moment crushed.

The streets next day were full of hearses; but even the number of funerals that took place were insignificant, in comparison to the stacks of corpses which were cast into deep trenches without shroud or coffin, and covered with quicklime. I went to the Morgue in the afternoon, and found that dismal charnel-house fully tenanted. Every one of the fourteen beds had a corpse; some, dead with gunshot wounds; some, sabred; some, horribly mutilated by cannon-balls. There was a *queue* outside of at least two thousand people, laughing, talking, smoking, eating apples, as though it was some pleasant spectacle they were going to, instead of that frightful exhibition. Yet, in this laughing, talking, smoking crowd, there were fathers who had missed their sons; sons who came there dreading to see the corpses of their fathers; wives of Socialist workmen, sick with the almost certainty of finding the bodies of their husbands. The bodies were only exposed six hours; but the clothes remained—a very grove of blouses. The neighboring churches were hung with black, and there were funeral services at St. Roch and at the Madeleine.

And yet—with this Golgotha so close; with the blood not yet dry on the Boulevards; with corpses yet lying about the streets; with five thousand soldiers bivouacking in the Champs Elysées; with mourning and lamentation in almost every street; with a brutal military in almost every printing-office, tavern, café; with proclamations threatening death and confiscation covering the walls; with the city in a siege, without a legislature, without laws, without a government—this extraordinary people was, the next night, dancing and flirting at the Salle Valentino, or the Prado, lounging in the *foyers* of the Italian Opera, gossiping over their *eau-sucrée*, or squabbling over their dominoes outside and inside the cafés. I saw Rachel in "Les Horaces;" I went to the *Variétés*, the *Opéra Comique*, and no end of theatres; and as we walked home at night through lines of soldiers, brooding over their bivouacs, I went into a restaurant, and asking whether it had been a ball which had starred the magnificent pier-glass before me, got for answer, "Ball, sir!—cannon-ball, sir!—yes, sir!" for all the world as though I had inquired about the mutton being in good cut, or asparagus in season!

So, while they were shooting prisoners and dancing the Schottische at the Casino; burying their dead; selling *breloques* for watch-chains in the Palais Royal; demolishing barricades, and staring at the caricatures in M. Aubert's windows; taking the wounded to the hospitals, and stock-jobbing on the Bourse; I went about my business, as well as the state of siege would let me. Turning my face homeward, I took the Rouen and Havre Railway, and so, *viâ* Southampton, to London. As I saw the last cocked hat of the last gendarme disappear with the receding pier at Havre, a pleasant vision of the blue-coats, oil-skin hats, and lettered collars of the land I was going to, swam before my eyes; and, I must say that, descending the companion-ladder, I thanked Heaven I was an Englishman. I was excessively sea-sick, but not the less thankful; and getting at last to sleep, dreamed of the Bill of Rights and Habeas Corpus. I wonder how *they* would flourish amidst Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Musketry!

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RIND?

OF all the occupations that exercise the ordinary energies of human beings, the most abstracting is that of sucking an orange. It seems to employ the whole faculties for the time being. There is an earnestness of purpose in the individual so employed—an impassioned determination to accomplish what he has undertaken—that creates a kindred excitement in the bystanders. His air is thoughtful; his eye severe, not to say relentless; and although his mouth is full of inarticulate sounds, conversation is out of the question. But the mind is busy although the tongue is silent; and when the deed is accomplished, the collapsed spheroid seems to swell anew with the ideas to which the exercise had given birth. One of these ideas we shall catch and fix, for occurring as it did to ourselves, it is our own property: it was contained in the question that rose suddenly in our mind as we looked at the ruin we had made—What becomes of the rind!

And this is no light question; no unimportant or merely curious pastime for a vacant moment. In our case it became more and more serious; it clung and grappled, till it hung upon our meditations like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. Only consider what a subject it embraces. The orange, it is true, and its congener the lemon, are Celestial fruits, owing their origin to the central flowery land; but, thanks to the Portuguese, they are now domesticated in Europe, and placed within the reach of such northern countries as ours, where the cold prohibits their growth. Some of us no doubt force them in an artificial climate, at the expense of perhaps half a guinea apiece; but the bulk of the nation are content to receive them from other regions at little more than the cost of apples. Now the quantity we (the English) thus import every year from the Azores, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Malta, and other places, is about 300,000 chests, and each of these chests contains about 650 oranges, all wrapped separately in paper. But beside these we are in the habit of purchasing a

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large quantity, entered at the custom-house by number, and several thousand pounds' worth, entered at value; so that the whole number of oranges and lemons we consume in this country may be reckoned modestly at 220,000,000! Surely, then, it is not surprising that while engaged in the meditative employment alluded to, we should demand with a feeling of strong interest —What becomes of the rind?

Every body knows that Scotch marmalade uses up the rinds of a great many Seville oranges, as well as an unknown quantity of turnip skins and stalks of the bore-cole, the latter known to the Caledonian manipulators of the preserve as "kail-custocks." Every body understands also, that not a few of the rinds of edible oranges take up a position on the pavement, where their mission is to bring about the downfall of sundry passers-by thus accomplishing the fracture of a not inconsiderable number—taking one month with another throughout the season—of arms, legs, and occiputs. It is likewise sufficiently public that a variety of drinks are assisted by the hot, pungent rinds of oranges and lemons as well as by the juice; but notwithstanding all these deductions, together with that of the great quantity thrown away as absolute refuse, we shall find a number of rinds unaccounted for large enough to puzzle by its magnitude the Statistical Society. This mystery, however, we have succeeded in penetrating, and although hardly hoping to carry the faith of the reader along with us, we proceed to unfold it: it is contained in the single monosyllable, *peel*.

Orange-peel, lemon-peel, citron-peel—these are the explanation: the last-mentioned fruit—imported from Sicily, Madeira, and the Canary Islands—being hardly distinguishable from a lemon except by its somewhat less acid pulp and more pungent rind. Even a very careless observer can hardly fail to be struck at this season by the heaps of those candied rinds displayed in the grocers' windows; but the wildest imagination could not guess at any thing so extravagant as the quantity of the fruit thus used; and even when we learn that upward of 600 *tons of peel* are manufactured in the year, it is a hopeless task to attempt to separate that prodigious bulk into its constituent parts. Six hundred tons of candied peel! of a condiment employed chiefly if not wholly, in small quantities in the composition of puddings and cakes. Six hundred tons—12,000 hundredweights—1,344,000 pounds—21,504,000 ounces! But having once got possession of the fact, see how suggestive it is. Let us lump the puddings and cakes in one; let us call them all puddings—plum-puddings of four pounds' weight. We find, on consulting the best authorities—for we would not presume to dogmatize on such a subject—that the quantity of peel used in the composition of such a work is two ounces; and thus we are led to the conclusion that we Britishers devour in the course of a year 10,752,000 full-sized, respectable plum-puddings, irrespective of all such articles as are not adorned and enriched with candied peel.

Citrons intended for peel are imported in brine, but oranges and lemons in boxes. All are ripe in December, January, and February; but as it would be inconvenient to preserve so vast a quantity at the same time, the juice is squeezed out, and the collapsed fruit packed in pipes, with salt and water, till wanted. When the time for preserving comes, it is taken from the pipes, and boiled till soft enough to admit of the pulp being scooped out; then the rind is laid in tubs or cisterns, and melted sugar poured over it. Here it lies for three or four weeks; and then the sugar is drained away, and the rind placed on trays in a room constructed for the purpose. It now assumes the name of "dried peel," and is stored away in the original orange and lemon boxes, till wanted for candying.

The other constituents of a plum-pudding add but little testimony on the subject of number. We can not even guess the proportion of the 170,000 lbs. of nutmegs we receive from the Moluccas, and our own possessions in the Malay Straits, which may be thus employed; nor how much cinnamon Ceylon sends us for the purpose in her annual remittance of about 16,000 lbs.;* nor what quantity of almonds is abstracted, with a similar view, from the 9000 cwts. we retain for our own consumption from the importations from Spain and Northern Africa. Currants are more to our purpose—for that small Corinth grape, the produce of the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca, and of the Morea, which comes to us so thickly coated with dust that we might seem to import vineyard and all—belongs, like the candied peel, almost exclusively to cakes and puddings. Of this fruit we devour in the year about 180,000 cwts. Raisins, being in more general use—at the dessert, for instance, and in making sweet wine—are in still greater demand; we can not do with less than 240,000 cwts of them. They are named from the place where they grow —such as Smyrna or Valencia; or from the grape—such as muscatel, bloom, or sultana; but the quality depends, we believe, chiefly on the mode of cure. The best are called raisins of the sun, and are preserved by cutting half through the stalks of the branches when nearly ripe, and leaving them to dry and candy in the genial rays. The next quality is gathered when completely ripe, dipped in a lye of the ashes of the burned tendrils, and spread out to bake in the sun. The inferior is dried in an oven. The black Smyrna grape is the cheapest; and the muscatels of Malaga are the dearest.

With flour, sugar, brandy, &c., we do not propose to interfere; for although the quantities of these articles thus consumed are immense, they bear but a small proportion to the whole importations. Eggs, however, are in a different category. Eggs are essential to the whole pudding race; and without having our minds opened, as they now are, to the full greatness of the plum-pudding, it would be difficult for us to discover

* This is from M'Culloch; but the home-consumption duty was lowered in 1842, from 6d. to 3d. per lb., and the consumption is now in all probability much greater.

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the rationale of the vast trade we carry on in eggs. In our youthful days, when, as yet, plum-puddingism was with us in its early, empirical state, we used to consider "egg-merchant" a term of ridicule, resembling the term "timber-merchant," as applied to a vender of matches. But we now look with respect upon an egg-merchant, as an individual who manages an important part of the trade of this country with France and Belgium; not to mention its internal traffic in the same commodity. It strikes us, however, that on this subject the Frenchman and Belgian are wiser in their generation than ourselves. We could produce our own eggs easily enough if we would take the trouble; but rather than do this we hire them to do it for us, at an expense of several scores of thousands sterling in the year. They, of course, are very much obliged to us, though a little amused no doubt at the eccentricity of John Bull; and with the utmost alacrity supply us annually with about 90,000,000 eggs. John eats his foreign pudding, however—he is partial to foreign things—with great gravity, and only unbends into a smile when he sees his few chickens hopping about the farm-yard, the amusement of his children, or the little perquisite, perhaps, of his wife. He occasionally eats a newly-laid egg, the date of its birth being carefully registered upon the shell; thinks it a very clever thing in him to provide his own luxuries; and is decidedly of opinion that an English egg is worth two of the mounseers'. His neglect of this branch of rural economy, however, does not prevent his wondering sometimes how these fellows contrive to make the two ends of the year meet, when he himself finds it so difficult a matter to get plums to his pudding.

What becomes of the rind? We have shown what becomes of the rind. We have shown what apparently inconsiderable matters swell up the commerce of a great country. A plum-pudding is no joke. It assembles within itself the contributions of the whole world, and gives a fillip to industry among the most distant tribes and nations. But it is important likewise in other respects. Morally and socially considered, its influence is immense. At this season of the year, more especially, it is a bond of family union, and a symbol of friendly hospitality. We would not give a straw for that man, woman, or child, in the frank, cordial circles of Old English life, who does not hail its appearance on the table with a smile and a word of welcome. Look at its round, brown, honest, unctuous face, dotted with almonds and fragrant peel, surmounted with a sprig of holly, and radiant amid the flames of burning brandy! Who is for plum-pudding? We are, to be sure. What a rich perfume as it breaks on the plate! And this fragrant peel, so distinguishable amid the exhalations! ha! Delaelouious!—*that's* what becomes of the rind!

MAZZINI, THE ITALIAN LIBERAL.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI is descended from a highly honorable family, and of talented and respectable parentage; his father was an esteemed physician, and also professor of anatomy at the University in Genoa, his native city. His mother is still living, an excellent and dignified lady, as proud of her Giuseppe, as Madame Letitia was of her Napoleon.

When young, Mazzini was remarkably handsome, and will be deemed so now in his mature years, by all who, in the expression of his countenance, his dark intelligent eye, and expansive intellectual forehead, can overlook the deep, we may say premature furrows, traced in that forehead by the never resting labors of a mind of indomitable activity, the constantly renewing anxieties of a generous heart for the welfare of the human race; and above all for that oppressed portion of it which claimed his earliest sympathies, as his compatriots, his brothers, alike in the wrongs they labored under, and their determined resolution to combat with them in every shape, and to win in the contest, either a glorious victory, or an honorable death. The youth of Mazzini was spent in witnessing the struggles of his country for liberty. The fruitlessness of all these struggles, the conviction they carried with them in their repeated defeats, that there was something radically wrong in their organization, or in the manner in which they were carried out, only excited ardent desires in him to trace the evil to its root, and point out the remedy accordingly: his genius naturally bent toward studies,

"High passions and high actions best describing,"

concentrated all its energies upon the situation of Italy, and on the means of rescuing her from the despotism that preyed upon her very vitals, and rendered even the choicest gifts of nature, with which she is so abundantly endowed, not merely nugatory, but an absolute disadvantage and a curse.

The revolution in France of July, 1830, communicated an electric flame throughout Italy, which in the ensuing year kindled insurrections in Modena, Parma, and other departments: the light of victory hovered over them for a moment, but for a moment only. Aid had been hoped for from the Citizen King, but in his very outset Louis Philippe evinced the political caution which marked his reign. Austria, reassured by the conviction she felt of his determination to remain neuter in the struggles of others for the same freedom which had placed himself upon a throne, again advanced upon the cities she had evacuated; the insurgents disappointed, bewildered, paralyzed, offered no further resistance, and again all was wrapped in the gloom of despotism. Then came its invariable attendant denunciations, imprisonments, exile, to all who were suspected of a love of liberty, whether it had impelled them to deeds, or only influenced their words.

Mazzini, though a very young man at this period, was already known in Italy as an author. He had published a weekly literary Gazette, at Genoa, in 1828, called the "*Indicatore Genovese*," but this journal being strangled, ere the year was out, under the double supervision of a civil and an ecclesiastical censorship, he began another at Leghorn under the title of the "*Indicatore Li-*

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rornese," which in a few months succumbed under the same fate. He then beguiled his forced inactivity with furnishing an admirable essay on European literature, and other contributions, to the "*Antologia di Firenze,*" but the review was made the subject of a prosecution, soon after its commencement, at the instigation of the Austrian government, and was finally suppressed. Under these circumstances it was not likely that Mazzini would escape the fate of his party. He was put under arrest, along with many others, though it should seem that the strongest accusation which could be brought against him was that he indulged in habits of thinking; for when his father went to the governor of the city to inquire what offense his son had committed, that could authorize his arrest, the worthy functionary, who appears himself to have belonged to the *Dogberry* faction, could only allege that the young man was "in the habit of walking every evening in the fields and gardens of the suburbs, alone, and wrapped in meditation;" wisely adding, as his own comment on the matter, "What on earth can he have at his age to think about? we do not like so much thinking on the part of young people, without knowing the subject of their thoughts."

Mazzini and his companions were tried at Turin by a commission of Senators, embodied for the purpose; they were all acquitted for want of any evidence against them, of evil acts or intentions: nevertheless Mazzini, notwithstanding this virtual acknowledgment of his innocence, was treated with the severity due only to convicted guilt, and detained five months in solitary imprisonment, in the fortress of Savona; a tyrannical act of injustice, not likely to turn the current of his thoughts, or to cure him of his meditative propensities. At length his prison doors were reluctantly opened to him—he was free to depart, but not to remain in Italy; accordingly he took refuge in France, along with a crowd of exiles under similar circumstances, and it was there, in June 1831, that the fruits of his long-nursed musings burst forth, in his address to Charles Albert of Savoy, "*A Carlo Alberto di Savoia un Italiano,*" on the accession of that prince to the throne of Sardinia. This address has been justly termed by Mariotti, "a flash of divine eloquence, such as never before shone over Italy. His companions in misfortune gathered in adoration, and bent before his powerful genius. Ere the year had elapsed, he became the heart and soul of the Italian movement. He was the ruler of a state of his own creation—the king of Young Italy."

Eager to turn his popularity, alike with his abilities, to the best account for his country, Mazzini now established himself at Marseilles, as the editor of a journal to which he gave the name of "*La Giovine Italia,*" as the expression of his favorite theory of intrusting the great cause of Italian liberty to the young, the ardent, the hopeful; and moreover the unpledged and therefore unfettered; rather than to those who, grown old under a timid, temporizing policy, endeavored in vain to disentangle themselves from the net of foreign diplomacy; and who, while they flattered themselves they were endeavoring to rescue their country from slavery, were in fact still themselves the slaves of high-sounding names, and veered round with all the changing views of those who bore them.

Anxious to enlist in his cause the finest talents of the day, Mazzini invited many persons of acknowledged reputation and ability to contribute to his journal; among them the venerable and justly celebrated Sismondi, author of the "History of the Italian Republics," and many other works of importance. Sismondi willingly complied, for he loved the high-minded character of the young Italian, and was glad to share in his literary labors, in order that he might be able occasionally to rein in, with a gentle yet judicious hand, the too impetuous spirit which, in fearlessly endeavoring to overleap every obstacle that stood before it, overlooked the destruction that might await an error of calculation: he therefore immediately replied, "If by my name, my example, I can be useful to that Italy which I love as if it were my own country, which I shall never cease to serve, to the very utmost of my ability, and for which I shall never cease to hope, then most willingly do I promise you my co-operation."

The generous ardor of the Genevese *Economiste* was not more pleasing to behold than the filial deference of the young republican; for Sismondi spared neither remonstrance nor advice, where he thought the interests of his young colleague, or of the sacred cause in which he was embarked, likely to be endangered by his precipitancy. But neither arguments nor advice had any power over the fixed idea in Mazzini's mind that Italian liberty was to spring forth from the Italian people, and that Italy, formerly free in her numerous republics, would, after five hundred years of slavery, become free again in one, alone and indivisible. Meanwhile his journal extended its circulation and its influence: supplied through the channel of an active correspondence with abundant information of all that was going on in the peninsula, he astonished and excited the public more and more every day, by the facts he laid before them; he unvailed the cruelties of the tribunals in Romagna, of the government in Modena, of the police in Naples; he brought forth the unhappy prisoners from their cells, and portrayed them in every varied attitude of their sufferings, with a vividness that thrilled the compassionate with horror, and worked the ardent up to rage. It would be difficult for us in our own present state of *press* and *post*, to imagine the possibility of our counties remaining days and weeks in ignorance of what was passing among each other. Yet so it was in the Italian provinces: under the lynx-eyed vigilance of government officials and spies, the public journals contained little more than details of church ceremonies, or the local affairs of petty municipalities: pamphlets were unknown, and news of a political kind traveled slowly and uncertainly from mouth to mouth, always in dread of some listening ear being ready to catch the words as they floated in the air.

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Hence the transactions in Romagna and Naples were long unknown to upper Italy; the excitement therefore that the appearance of Mazzini's journal must have occasioned, revealing as it did facts upon facts calculated to inspire even the most indifferent with a thirst for vengeance, may easily be imagined, but the modes by which it found circulation under every obstacle are more difficult to comprehend. It is scarcely necessary to say how strictly it was prohibited throughout Italy; the possession of it was denounced as a crime, to be punished with three years of the galleys, besides the possessor being subjected for the remainder of his days to the suspicion of being connected with revolutionary factions. The smugglers, albeit accustomed to danger and little susceptible of fear, refused to have any thing to do with it; nevertheless its distribution was effected far and wide; copies were dispatched from Marseilles, by merchant vessels, in parcels directed to persons at places fixed upon for the purpose of receiving them; they thus reached the Committees of "Young Italy" in each city, and were by them transmitted to the subscribers, that is to say, to every one conjoined to the cause; thus the Society itself remained in the shade, while the journal, passed from hand to hand, was every where eagerly perused. In many places it was left, in the obscurity of evening, upon the thresholds of the shops, and at the doors of the theatres, *cafés*, and other frequented places. Never was a periodical paper edited with such marvelous activity, or circulated with such unshaken courage. The leaders risked their heads in its service, and not one of them hesitated so to do. In the same manner has the clandestine press at Rome, since the reinstatement of the priestly government, fearlessly pursued its task of exposing the cruelties, injustice, and meanness of that government in its every act—and the cardinals have not unfrequently had to go to breakfast, with what appetite they might, after finding on their tables a sheet, of which the ink had not had time to dry, wherein their unworthy leeds were set forth and commented upon, in the accents of all others strangest to "ears polite"—that is to say, of *truth*.

The effect of "*La Giovine Italia*" upon the public mind became more and more developed every day. Genoa and Alexandria were the first to show its influence. Turin, Chamberry, and Lombardy followed. Central Italy, crushed for the moment, remained passive; but the flag of republicanism was unfurled, it only waited the moment to lift it up, and that moment came, every way, too soon. The government of Charles Albert was the first to take hostile measures against Young Italy. It saw that the influence of the party was beginning to spread in the army; and it immediately pointed its cannons against Genoa; three persons were executed in that city, three at Chamberry, and six at Alexandria; while Austria stocked her favorite fortress of Speilberg with such as were objects of suspicion, but against whom no charge could be substantiated. These rigorous measures struck terror through the peninsula, and instantly stopped the propagandism of the journal; still hundreds of emigrants, fearful of being compromised, poured in from Italy, and the police redoubled its vigilance in watching over their proceedings. But a step backward was what Mazzini never could take; he looked his dangers full in the face, and tempted fate, not only for himself, but, unhappily, for his colleagues also. The sufferings of his party seemed to call upon him for vengeance, and he sought it by joining himself to a Polish committee, and projecting the attempt upon Savoy, in 1833.

It is a singular fact in the moral history of man, that in the course of his life he almost invariably falls into some error, or commits some fault, which he has either condemned, or suffered from, in others. This appears to have been notoriously the case in this ill-planned, ill-organized, ill-conducted expedition. It was planned in a secret society, whereas Mazzini had always advocated open appeals to the people; he had always inculcated distrust of heads of parties, and he intrusted the command of the troops to General Romarino, a Pole. He had insisted upon the necessity of whole provinces rising *en masse*, if a revolution was to be effected, and he saw General Romarino set out from Geneva, to carry Savoy, with a handful of men. Mazzini himself, with his utmost efforts, scarcely got together five hundred followers, of whom not one half were Italians; and it was with difficulty that they, tracked every where by the police, succeeded in rallying at the small village of Annemasse, to the amount of two hundred; when lo! Romarino, who had always shown himself wavering and undecided, turned his back upon them, even before they had cast eyes upon the enemy—and thus in one single day did Mazzini see vanish at once, the hopes and toils of two years of incessant labor and anxiety. In vain he plied his pen still more vigorously, and called around him "Young Switzerland," "Young Poland," "Young France," and even "Young Europe" at large; few responded to his ardent voice: the Moderates, taking advantage of his discomfiture, and appealing to the selfish prudence of all parties, under the plausible argument of trusting in moral force, turned, for the time, the tide of popular opinion, and Mazzini, banished from France, proscribed in Switzerland, and sentenced to death in Italy, sought an asylum in England, where he betook himself to the literary pursuits which had formed the delight of his younger years, and to the benevolent endeavor of improving the moral state of the humbler classes of his countrymen whom he found scattered about in London; particularly of the poor organ boys, whom, sold by venal parents to sordid masters, or lured from their beautiful native scenes by fallacious representations, he beheld lost in ignorance, enslaved in vice, and suffering under every species of ill-treatment and destitution. His founding an evening school for these unfortunate outcasts was a mortal offense in the eyes of the Roman Catholic priests of every denomination—for a

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layman to presume to instruct the ignorant, and to hold out a hand to the helpless, was, in their eyes, an unpardonable crime; and they strove to vilify all his acts by connecting them with covert designs of exciting anarchy and rebellion, even in the land that had afforded him a refuge. Nevertheless, the blameless tenor of his domestic life, the magnanimity with which he bore his disappointments and his trials, and the respect in which he was held both for his talents and his private character, which no calumny has ever yet been able to impugn, would have insured him as undisturbed a tranquillity as his anxiety for his country, ever throbbing in his breast, could have permitted him, had he not suddenly been brought forth to public notice, by the English government committing a flagrant act of injustice toward him, which the more it endeavored to explain and vindicate, the more odium it brought upon itself—we allude to the opening of Mazzini's letters at the General Post-Office in 1844, by order of Lord Aberdeen and the *Right Honorable* Sir James Graham, at the instigation of Austrian jealousies and fears. The disgraceful disclosures that were brought forward on that occasion, will be fresh in the memory of many of our readers.

The stirring events of Italy in 1847, naturally turned all the thoughts and hopes of Mazzini again to his country, and to the heightening, by his presence, the effect of his doctrines, so long, so ardently preached. But we must be brief; we shall, therefore, pass over intervening steps, and behold him in Rome—Rome proclaimed a republic, Rome, at that moment, promising to realize all the most glorious visions of his youth, all the most thoughtfully-revolved theories of his matured powers. He was elected on the 3d of March, 1849, a deputy in the National Assembly, by 8982 votes, being nearly one thousand ahead of seven other candidates elected at the same time, consequently at the top of the poll. On the 31st of the same month, the dissolution of the Executive Committee was decreed by the Constituent Assembly, and the government of the republic appointed to be intrusted to a Triumvirate, "with unlimited powers." The citizens chosen for this important office were Carlo Armellini, Giuseppe Mazzini, and Aurelio Saffi. How wisely, temperately, and benevolently they acquitted themselves of the task assigned them, under the most complicated and trying circumstances that ever legislators had to struggle with, is known to all. The contrast of their conduct with that of the Cardinal Triumvirate that succeeded them, will live in the page of impartial history, to the honor of the representatives of the People, the disgrace of the representatives of the Church.

It is needless to say that on the entrance of the French into Rome, Mazzini, with his illustrious colleagues, and many other distinguished patriots, prepared to quit it. Again he found an asylum in England, and again he betook himself to the furtherance of the cause to which all his faculties are devoted, to the emancipation of Italy. "Twenty years," he says, in the preliminary note to his pamphlet recently published, entitled, "The Charge of Terrorism in Rome, during the Government of the Republic, refuted by Facts and Documents"—"Twenty years, attended with the usual amount of cares, woes, and deceptions, have rolled around me since my first step in the career. But my soul is as calm, my hands are as pure, my faith is as unshaken, and bright with hope for my awakened country, as in my young years. With these gifts one may well endure with a smile such little annoyances as may arise from such writers as Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Macfarlane." We should think so!

The first publication of Mazzini's that attracted notice after his return to England, was his "Letter to Messrs. De Tocqueville and De Falloux, Ministers of France." It excited universal interest. The simple truth of its statements, which no sophistry of the parties to whom it was addressed could deny, the justice of its reproaches, the manly sentiments it set forth, gained it the sympathy of all persons of candor and liberal views, and added a deeper tinge of shame on the conduct, if not on the cheek, of the President, by whose command the unjust, inconsistent, and we may add barbarous attack upon Republican Rome was made by Republican France.

From the moment that Mazzini set his foot again upon English ground, as a refugee himself, he turned his thoughts toward the sufferings of his fellow-refugees, who still gathered around him with unshaken devotedness and admiration By his exertions a committee was formed for "The Italian Refugee Fund." A touching address was inserted by it in the leading journals, wherein, after briefly setting forth the claims of the Italian refugees upon the compassion of the public, it proceeded: "It is not the only sorrow of the Italian exiles that a noble cause is, for the time being, lost. Proscribed and driven from their watch over the beautiful country of their birth and their affections, they seek a refuge here in England, almost the only free land where they may set foot. Hunted by their and the world's enemies, forlorn and penniless, reduced to indigence, bereft of almost all that makes life dear, and bringing nothing from the wreck beyond the Mediterranean Sea, but hope in the eternal might of the principles they have upheld, the Committee appeals in their behalf to Englishmen, for present help, that they may not die of want, where they have found a home."

Mazzini's next care was, to found a "Society of the Friends of Italy," the objects of which are, by public meetings, lectures, and the press, to promote a correct appreciation of the Italian question, and to aid the cause of the political and religious liberty of the Italian people.

Of Mazzini's private character we believe there is, among those who know him, but one opinion, that he is the soul of honor, candid and compassionate in his nature, and of almost woman's tenderness in his friendships and attachments "I have had the honor," says Thomas Carlyle, "to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years, and

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whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men, that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue; a man of sterling virtue, humanity, and nobleness of mind; one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called Martyr souls." Equally honorable to him is the testimony of M. Lesseps, the French Envoy to the Roman Republic, in the Memoir of his Mission: "I fear the less making known here the opinion I had of Mazzini, with whom I was already in open strife, namely, that during the whole series of our negotiations, I had but to congratulate myself on his loyalty, and the moderation of his character, which have earned for him all my esteem. . . . Now that he has fallen from power, and that he seeks, doubtless, an asylum in a foreign land, I ought to render homage to the nobleness of his sentiments, to his conviction of his principles, to his high capacity, and to his courage."

The man who can win, from the depths of disappointment and adversity, such a tribute from one politically opposed to him, must have something very extraordinary in himself—and such a man is Mazzini. The faults alleged against him are his enthusiasm, which leads him into rash and precipitant measures, and his indomitable will; or, we would rather call it, his unconquerable tenacity of purpose, which is deaf to argument, and spurns control; but it is only his political character that is liable to these charges. His virtues are all his own. When he was in office at Rome he gave the whole of the salary allotted to him to the hospitals, stating that his own private income, though moderate, was sufficient for his wants; and never does distress, in any shape that he may have the power to alleviate, appeal to him in vain. Had he not concentrated all his abilities, all his energies upon the one grand object of his life, the independence of his country, he would have been as eminent in the field of literature, as he is in that of politics. He writes with equal facility and elegance in the French and English languages as in his own, a· ! his beautiful memoir of Ugo Foscolo, his essay upon Art in Italy, in his review of Grossi's "Marco Visconti," and many other admirable contributions to periodical literature, sufficiently prove that if the peculiar aspect of the times in which he has lived had not impelled him into public life, he would have found abundant resource in more retired pursuits, for his own enjoyment, and the benefit of society.

CHEWING THE BUYO.

A SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH a population of 3,000,000—part of which has been for centuries the colony of a European power—and producing many of the tropical products of commerce, the Philippine Isles remain almost as much a *terra incognita* as China or Japan!

These islands offer a striking illustration of the adage, that "knowledge is power." They illustrate the power of civilized man to subdue his savage fellow. For ages have a few thousand Spanish merchants been enabled to hold one-third of the native inhabitants in direct and absolute slavery; while more than another third has acknowledged their sway by the payment of tribute. The remaining fraction consists of wild tribes, who, too remote from the seat of commerce and power to make them an object of conquest, still retain their barbarian independence.

But it has ever been the policy of Spain to shut up her colonies from the intrusion of foreign enterprise—the policy of all nations who retrograde, or are hastening toward decay. This is the true reason why so little has been written about the Philippines and their inhabitants, many of whose customs are both strange and interesting. Perhaps not the least singular of these is that which forms the subject of our sketch—*Comer el Buyo* (Chewing the Buyo).

The buyo is a thing composed of three ingredients—the leaf of the buyo-palm, a sea-shell which is a species of periwinkle, and a root similar in properties to the *betel* of India. It is prepared thus: the leaves of the palm, from which it has its name, are collected at a certain season, cut into parallelograms, and spread upon a board or table with the inner cuticle removed. Upon this the powdered root and the shell, also pulverized, are spread in a somewhat thick layer. The shell of itself is a strong alkali, and forms a chief ingredient in the mixture. After having been exposed for some time to the sun, the buyo-leaf is rolled inwardly, so as to inclose the other substances, and is thus formed into a regular cartridge, somewhat resembling a cheroot. Thus prepared, the buyo is ready for use—that is, to be eaten.

In order that it may be carried conveniently in the pocket, it is packed in small cases formed out of the leaves of another species of the palm-tree. Each of these cases contains a dozen cartridges of the buyo.

Buyo-eating is a habit which must be cultivated before it becomes agreeable. To the stranger, the taste of the buyo is about as pleasant as tobacco to him who chews it for the first time; and although it is not followed by the terrible sickness that accompanies the latter operation, it is sure to excoriate the tongue of the rash tyro, and leave his mouth and throat almost skinless. Having once undergone this fearful matriculation, he feels ever afterward a craving to return to the indulgence, and the appetite is soon confirmed.

In Manilla every one smokes, every one chews buyo—man, woman, and child, Indian or Spaniard. Strangers who arrive there, though repudiating the habit for awhile, soon take to it, and become the most confirmed buyo-eaters in the place. Two acquaintances meet upon the *paseo*, and stop to exchange their salutations. One pulls out his *cigarrero*, and says: "Quiere a fumar?" ("Will you smoke?") The other draws forth the ever-ready buyo-case, and with equal politeness offers a roll of the buyos. The commodities are exchanged, each helping himself to a cartridge and a cigarrito. A flint and steel are speedily pro-

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duced, the cigars are lit, and each takes a bite of buyo, while the conversation is all the while proceeding. Thus three distinct operations are performed by the same individual at the same time—eating, smoking, and talking! The juice arising from the buyo in eating is of a strong red color, resembling blood. This circumstance reminds us of an anecdote which is, I believe, well authenticated, but at least is universally believed by the people of Manilla. Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone out to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the paseo. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head toward the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood! Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home—a humble cottage in the suburbs—into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels; and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.

The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visiter, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padré* was brought, and every thing was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost; but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead!

As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. "Predict it!" replied the doctor—"why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times."

"Blood! How did you know it was blood?"

"How? From the color. How else!"

"But every one spits red in Manilla!"

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further concessions at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city; and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction!

His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

SKETCH OF SUWAROW.

THE most able military commander that Russia has produced was in person miserably thin, and five feet one inch in height. A large mouth, pug nose, eyes commonly half shut, a few gray side locks, brought over the top of his bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered felt hat ornamented with green fringe, composed the "head and front" of Field-marshal Suwarow; but his eyes, when open, were piercing, and in battle they were said to be terrifically expressive. When any thing said or done displeased him, a wavy play of his deeply-wrinkled forehead betrayed, or rather expressed, his disapproval. He had a philosophical contempt for dress, and might often be seen drilling his men in his shirt sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore cloth his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. These were the most indifferently made, as were his large, coarsely greased slouching boots; one of which he very commonly dispensed with, leaving his kneeband unbuttoned, and his stocking about his heel. A huge sabre and a single order completed his ordinary costume; but on grand occasions his field-marshal's uniform was covered with badges, and he was fond of telling where and how he had won them. He often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. It is said that in the first Polish war, knowing a spy was in the camp, he issued orders for an attack at cock-crow, and the enemy expecting it in the morning, were cut to pieces at nine at night—Suwarow having turned out the troops an hour before by his well-known cry. The evening before the storm of Ismail, he informed his columns—"To-morrow morning, an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall then dress and wash myself, then say my prayers, and then give one good cock-crow, and capture Ismail." When Ségur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied, "No! when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur." Buckets of cold water were thrown over him before he dressed, and his table was served at seven or eight o'clock with sandwiches and various messes which Duboscage describes as "*des ragouts Kosaks detestables*;" to which men paid "the mouth honor, which they would fain deny, but dare not," lest Suwarow should consider them effeminate. He had been very sickly in his youth, but by spare diet and cold bathing had strengthened and hardened himself into first-rate condition.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention, during the month, has been mainly fixed upon Kossuth, in his addresses to the various portions of the people of the United States with whom he is brought in contact. After the banquet given to him, December 16th, by the New York Press, noticed in our last Record, Kossuth remained in New York until Tuesday, the 23d. The Bar of New York gave him a public reception and banquet on the 18th, at which he made a speech devoted mainly to the position, that the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary was a gross violation of the law of nations, deserving the name of piracy; and that the United States was bound alike in interest and in duty, to protest against it. He conceded fully that if such a protest should be made, and treated with contempt, the United States would be bound in honor to enforce it by war. At the same time he declared his conviction that there was not the slightest danger of war, and entered into some historical details to show that Russia would never interfere in Hungarian affairs, until she was assured that England and the United States would not resist her.—At the dinner, speeches were made by several prominent members of the bar. Judge Duer, after a long and very eloquent eulogy of Kossuth and his cause, was going on to reply to his argument in favor of the interference of this country for the protection of international law, but the company refused to allow him to proceed.—On the 20th, in the afternoon, Kossuth addressed a large company of ladies assembled to meet him, in a speech of exquisite beauty and touching eloquence. He also delivered an address at the church of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, in Brooklyn, in which he spoke of the question of religious liberty, as it is involved in the Hungarian struggle.—During his stay in New York he was waited on by a great number of deputations from different sections of the country, and from different classes of the community, who all made formal addresses to him which were answered with wonderful pertinence and tact.

On the 23d he left for Philadelphia, and had a public reception the next day in the old Hall where independence was declared in 1776. His speech was merely one of thanks. He was entertained at a public dinner in the evening, and at another on the evening of Friday, the 26th. His speech on the latter occasion was devoted mainly to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, which he regarded as having been dictated by the absolute powers of Europe, and as certain to end in his destruction. The struggle in Europe between the principles of freedom and despotism would only be hastened by this act, and he appealed earnestly to the United States for a decision, as to whether they would protest against Russian intervention in Hungarian affairs.

On the 27th he went to Baltimore, where he was most enthusiastically received. In the evening he made a speech of an hour and a half to the citizens at the hall of the Maryland Institute, in which he set forth the connection between Hungary and the rest of Europe, and the reasons why the United States could not remain indifferent to struggles for liberty in any part of the world.

On Tuesday, the 30th, he went to Washington, and was received at the cars by the Senate Committee. Very soon after his arrival he was waited upon by Mr. Webster, and a great number of other distinguished persons. He also received a deputation from the Jackson Democratic Association, and one from the clergy, making to the addresses of both pertinent replies. On Wednesday, the 31st, he was received by President Fillmore at the Executive Mansion. In a brief and admirable address he expressed his fervent thanks for the interest taken by the United States in his liberation from captivity and in the cause he represented, and for the action of the President himself in connection with it. He referred, with warm satisfaction to the declaration in the President's Message, that the people of this country could not remain indifferent when the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment and to repress the spirit of freedom in any country. The President replied very briefly, saying that the policy of this country had been long settled, and that his own sentiments had been freely expressed in his Message; and his language upon those points would be the same in speaking to foreign nations as to our own.—On Wednesday, the 7th, he was formally invited into both Houses of Congress. In the evening he was present at a public dinner given to him by a large number of members of Congress, and other distinguished persons. His speech on that occasion was a terse and most eloquent sketch of the position of his country—of its relation to the principles of liberty, and of the influence upon Europe of the history and example of the United States. To give that influence its full weight, it was necessary that the nations of Europe should be left free to manage their own concerns.—Mr. Webster, on this occasion, also made a long and eloquent speech, expressing the highest appreciation of Kossuth, his country and his cause, and declaring his belief that Hungary was admirably fitted for self-government, and his wish for the speedy establishment of her independence. He said he would not enter upon any discussion of the principles involved in this question as it is now presented, because he had already and repeatedly expressed his views in regard to them. Referring to his speech upon the Greek Revolution in 1823, and to his letter to the Austrian Chargé, M. Hulsemann, he said he was prepared to repeat them word for word and to stand by every thing he had said on those occasions. Genera. Cass also made an eloquent speech avowing his full and most cordial assent to the doctrine that the United States ought to interfere to prevent Russian intervention against the independence of Hungary. Senator Douglass also expressed his concurrence in these views, but said he would not go for joining England in any such protest until she would do justice to Ireland.

Kossuth left Washington on the 12th of January, for Annapolis, where he remained when this Record was closed.

In Congress no public business of importance had been transacted. Both Houses spent several days in debating the subject of Kossuth's reception.

The Legislature of New York met at Albany on Tuesday, the 6th of January. The Assembly was organized by electing J. C. Heartt, Speaker, and R. W. Sherman, Clerk—both Whigs. In the Senate, Ira P. Barnes, Democrat, was elected clerk. The Message of Governor Hunt was sent in on the same day. He states the aggregate debt of the State at $21,690,802, which the sinking funds provided will pay off in seventeen years. The aggregate taxable property of the State is set down at $1100,000,000. The canal revenues of the last year were $3,722

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163: after meeting all constitutional obligations there remained of this, the sum of $964,432 applicable to the completion of the Canals. The funds devoted to school purposes amount to $6,612,850. The number of children taught during the year was 726,291 and the amount expended in teachers' wages, was $1,432,696. The whole number of insane persons in the state is 2506; convicts in the State prisons, 1714. Referring to national topics, the Message regrets the feelings of hostility sometimes evinced between different sections—saying that "the Constitution having wisely left the States free to regulate their domestic affairs, the dissimilarity in their local institutions furnishes no just ground for mutual complaints and reproaches." He trusts that the spirit of disunion and that of fanaticism will both exhaust themselves without endangering the stability of our national institutions. Considering at some length the condition and prospects of the African race in this country, he warmly commends to favor the scheme of colonization, and the societies formed to carry it out.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania organized at Harrisburgh, on the 6th. In the House, John S. Rhey, Democrat, was chosen Speaker, receiving 54 out of 88 votes. In the Senate, Mr. Muhlenberg, Democrat, was elected. The Message of Governor Johnston states that the Commonwealth was never in a more prosperous condition. The amount of the public debt is $40,114,236, having been reduced over $700,000 during the last three years, without retarding any of the interests, or useful plans of the State.

Henry Clay, in a letter dated Dec. 17, and addressed to the General Assembly of Kentucky, resigns his seat in the Senate of the United States, the resignation to take effect from the first Monday in September, 1852. He states that he accepted the office only to aid in settling those questions which threatened to disturb the peace of the country: and that object having been accomplished, he wisnes to enable the present Assembly to choose his successor. In the Kentucky Legislature, Archibald Dixon, (Whig) was elected Senator, on the 30th of December, to fill the vacancy thus created.

The Library of Congress, kept in the Capitol at Washington, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 24th December. About 35,000 volumes were burned, 20,000 being saved. A great number of very valuable paintings, medals, &c. &c., were also destroyed. The cost of the library has not been far from $200,000.

Hon. JOEL R. POINSETT, long known as a prominent public man in the United States, died at his residence in Statesburg, S. C., December 12, aged 73. He was born in South Carolina, educated under the late President Dwight at Greenfield, Conn., and then sent abroad where he spent five years in study and travel. Returning home he studied law, but soon repaired again to Europe, where he visited Russia, and became a special favorite with the Emperor Alexander, who constantly asked him questions about the institutions of the United States, and who once said to him, "If I were not an Emperor, I would be a Republican." In 1808, he was sent by President Madison on public business to South America. On his return, during the war, he was taken prisoner. In 1821 he was elected to Congress from the Charleston district. In 1822 he was sent to Mexico by President Monroe, to obtain information concerning the government under Iturbide, in which he was very successful. He was subsequently appointed Minister to Mexico, by Mr. Adams, and remained there until 1829. Returning home he served in the State Senate, and in 1836 entered President Van Buren's cabinet as Secretary of War. After retiring from that post, the remainder of his life was spent in literary pursuits.

Professor MOSES STUART, for many years connected with Andover Theological Seminary, and widely known for Biblical learning, died January 4th, aged 71. He was born at Wilton, Connecticut, March 26, 1780, and, after graduating at Yale College in 1799, acted as tutor in that institution for two or three years. In 1806, he was settled as a pastor in New Haven, and was elected Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary in 1810—a post which he filled ably and acceptably until his death. He has left voluminous and valuable works.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to Dec. 15th. New and extensive deposits of gold have been found near Auburn, in the northern, and at Mariposa, in the southern mines; the lack of rain had caused the yield of gold from them to be small. The aggregate product of all the mines during November was estimated at twenty per cent. less than during the previous month. Several projects of railroads through different sections of the State were under discussion, and the route between San Francisco and San José was being surveyed. The agricultural resources of the State continued to be developed with steady progress. Farming operations had already commenced. Several murders had been perpetrated in various sections. As an evidence of the prosperity of San Francisco, it is stated that seven large steamers were to leave that port, within a week, for different ports on the Pacific and Australia. The Indians have again been committing frightful ravages among the American settlements on the Colorado. The various tribes upon the southeastern border, known to be disaffected, have given unmistakable signs of revolt. Juan Antonio, who had been prominent as an Indian leader, had been forming a league of several tribes, with intent to attack the towns of San Diego, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara. Three skirmishes had also taken place with the Yumas, on the Colorado, in which several Americans were killed. Great uneasiness prevailed among the inhabitants of the menaced districts. The latest advices represent the danger as less menacing than was feared. Gen. Conde, with 80 troops of the Mexican Boundary Commission, was at Tuson on the 20th Oct., and would leave next day for the Gila.

From OREGON, our news is to Dec. 6, and is encouraging. The difficulties with the Coquille Indians, which had caused the loss of many lives, had been settled. Coal had been found in considerable quantities at Port Orford. The U. S. Coast Survey party were engaged in determining the latitude and longitude of that point, and had completed a map of the harbor. The rainy season had commenced, and the rivers were rising.

From UTAH we have the official report made by the Judges to the President of the United States, concerning the condition of the Territory. They state that they were compelled to leave by the hostile and seditious sentiments of the Governor, Brigham Young; and they give a detailed statement of his proceedings. They represent polygamy as common there, and the courts as powerless to punish any offenses. The delegate from that Territory in Congress complains of the report, as calculated to do injustice to the inhabitants. He demands an investigation into the charges.

From the SANDWICH ISLANDS we have news that the Expedition from California, which was noticed in our last record as being suspected of questionable

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designs, proves to be entirely innocent. It is said that they were invited over by the King, who desired to have a body of Americans there, in case his proposal for annexation to the United States should be accepted. They had arrived at Honolulu, and engaged peaceably in various pursuits. Some of the English residents evinced uneasiness at their arrival. A resolution had been adopted in Parliament, declaring that the demands of France were so unjust as to warrant the King, in case of necessity, in putting the Islands under the protection of some friendly power, and pledging the support of the nation to whatever he might think it proper to do.

From MEXICO we have intelligence to the 20th of December. A riot occurred, in consequence of rumored misconduct of the French Consul, in importing goods without paying the duties upon them. Several persons were killed. News had been received of the success of the government troops who were sent to oppose Caravajal's second attempt at insurrection in the northern departments. Congress closed its extra session on the 14th of December; the President, in his speech, said he should have been very glad to congratulate them upon the realization of important reforms, but he could not do so. No new sources of unhappiness, however, had arisen, and financial matters had been put upon such a basis, that the next Congress could solve existing difficulties. Harmony prevailed between the State and the Central Governments; the army had preserved the nationality of the country, when it was threatened on the frontier. The foreign relations of the republic were declared to be entirely satisfactory. Preparations had already been made for electing members of a new Congress. Subsequent accounts received from the northern departments, give the details of the success of the Government troops there. Caravajal was defeated, with a loss of sixty or seventy;—but he had not been apprehended, and at the latest advices, was expecting reinforcements.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From SOUTH AMERICA the news is not very decisive. *Uraguay*, however, is completely emancipated from the control of Rosas. Oribe's army is disbanded, his officers have retired to Buenos Ayres, and he himself has retired to private life. Urquiza had left the Montevidean territory with part of his troops, on board Brazilian transports, for Entre Rios, from which he intended to march to Buenos Ayres. The Brazilian army remained in Uraguay, to support the actual government.——In *Chili*, according to latest advices, the revolution noticed some time since, was evidently extending itself more and more. By accounts received at Lima, December 1, Gen. Cruz, the leader of the insurgents, was at Chillan, with 3000 men, having had several engagements with the government troops under Ex-President Bulnes. Col. Carrera had been defeated by the government forces. At Valparaiso a riot occurred on the 28th of November. The mob attacked the barracks, procured arms, and fortified themselves in the Square. They were attacked by the troops under Governor-General Blanco, and dispersed after half an hour's engagement, in which 80 were killed. The agitation had subsided. ——In *Bolivia* every thing was quiet.——In *New Grenada* a law has been passed, declaring the whole slave population to be free after January 1, 1852. General Herrara had returned from his visit to the southern provinces, where he had put down all the attempts at insurrection.

EUROPE.

From GREAT BRITAIN the political news is important. On Monday, the 22d of December, Lord PALMERSTON resigned his position as Foreign Secretary and ceased to be a member of the Cabinet. Earl GRANVILLE was appointed his successor. The cause of this rupture has not been officially announced The leading papers, however, ascribe it to a difference of opinion, which had risen to decided hostility, between Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, in regard to foreign affairs. The encouragement which the Foreign Secretary gave to KOSSUTH is mentioned among the grounds of difference: but the *Times*, which is likely to be well-informed, asserts, that the subject of distinct and decisive difference was the French usurpation. It says that Lord Palmerston approved decidedly of the step taken by LOUIS NAPOLEON; whereas, the rest of the Cabinet were inclined to censure it. The same authority says that several of the European governments have warmly remonstrated with England, for allowing political refugees to make that country the scene of plots against the peace of the countries they had left. It adds, however, that this was not among the causes of dissension.——Lord GRANVILLE is thirty-seven years old, and has been attached to the English legation in Paris. It will be remembered that he was Chairman of the Council of the Great Exhibition last year. He is a man of considerable ability and diplomatic skill. It is not supposed, however, that he will make his predecessor's place good as a debater in the House of Commons.

Of other news from Great Britain, there is not much. A large company of London merchants waited upon Lord JOHN RUSSELL on the 9th, to complain of gross mismanagement and inefficiency, on the part of the Commissioners of Customs, and asking the appointment of a Select Committee of Investigation. The Minister replied to many of the complaints, declaring them to be unjust, and declined to say that he would move for a Committee. The whole matter, however, should receive his attention.

A public dinner was given at Manchester, on the 9th, to Mr. R. J. WALKER, formerly American Secretary of the Treasury. In his speech on the occasion, Mr. W. elaborately argued the question of Free Trade, saying that he was in favor of a still farther reduction of the American duties, and calling upon the English to aid them by reducing the duties on tobacco and other imports of American growth. Referring to recent events in France, he avowed his apprehension that a man who had proved himself a traitor, an insurgent, and a military usurper, would not rest content at home, but that England herself was in danger from the progress of despotism upon the Continent. Whenever such a struggle for freedom should be waged in England, he promised them the support of the United States.

In IRELAND a good deal of interest has been excited by the return of emigrants from America. In many cases they were returning for their families—in others, from disappointment and unfitness for work in the United States.——A Mr. Bateson, manager of the great estates of Lord Templeton, in the county of Monoghan, was shot at, and then beaten with bludgeons, so that he died, by three men in the street the act was in revenge for some evictions he had made against dishonest tenants.

In SCOTLAND a very large meeting was held in Edinburgh on the 9th, to protest against the grant to Maynooth College. In the course of the debates it was stated that 540 petitions, with 307,278 names, had been sent in against the grant. A resolution was

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adopted, promising to use every possible effort to "procure the passage of a bill for the entire repeal of said grant" at the next session of Parliament.

FRANCE.

The events of the month in France have been of transcendent interest. The Constitution has been abolished, the National Assembly dissolved, martial law proclaimed, and the Republic transformed into a Monarchy, elective in name but absolute in fact.

This change was effected by violence on the morning of Tuesday, December 2d. Our Record of last month noticed the dissensions between the President and the Assembly, and the refusal of the latter to abolish the law restricting suffrage, and the failure of its attempt to obtain command over the army. A law was also pending authorizing the impeachment of the President in case he should seek a re-election in violation of the provisions of the Constitution. During the night of Monday the 1st, preparations were made by the President for destroying all authority but his own. He wrote letters to his Ministers announcing to them that he had made up his mind to resist the attempt of his enemies to sacrifice him, and that, as he did not wish them to be compromised by his acts, they had better resign. The hint of course was taken, and they sent in letters of resignation at once. The principal streets of Paris were occupied by strong bodies of troops at about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning; and before that hour all the leading representatives and military men whom Louis Napoleon knew to be opposed to his designs, were arrested and committed to prison. Detachments of the police, accompanied by portions of the guard, visited their houses, and arrested Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, De Lamoricière, Bedeau, and Leflo, Colonel Charras, MM. Thiers, Lagrange, Valentine, Panat, Michel (de Bourges), Beaune, Greppo, Miot, Nadaud, Roger (du Nord), and Baze. They were immediately transferred to the Chateau of Vincennes, and subsequently removed to Ham; with the exception of M. Thiers, who was taken to the prison of Mazas. General Changarnier was arrested at his own house at 4 o'clock in the morning. Several other representatives were with him at the time, and were also taken into custody. Gen. C. attempted to harangue the troops who were sent to arrest him, but they refused to listen to him. At the same time that the above arrests were made, commissaries of police were dispatched to the offices of the public journals to suspend some, and regulate the course of others. In the morning the walls of Paris were found to be placarded with a decree, in the following terms: "In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic decrees: 1. The National Assembly is dissolved. 2. Universal suffrage is re-established; the law of the 31st May is repealed. 3. The French people are convoked in their communes from the 14th to the 21st December. 4. The state of siege is decreed in the whole of the first military division. 5. The Council of State is dissolved. 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." At a later hour an appeal to the people was issued by the President, and posted upon the walls. It declared that he had dissolved the Assembly, which was attacking his power, and compromising the peace of France. He had faithfully observed the Constitution, but it was his duty to baffle the perfidious plans of those who were seeking to overturn the Republic. He accordingly appealed to the people. He would not consent longer to hold a power ineffective for good: if they wished him to continue in his post, they must give him the means of fulfilling his mission, which was to close the era of revolutions. He submitted to them the basis of a new Constitution, providing: 1. A responsible head named for ten years. 2. Ministers dependent on the Executive power alone. 3. A Council of State, to propose laws and discuss them. 4. A legislative body discussing and voting laws, named by universal suffrage. 5. A second assembly, formed of all the illustrious of the country. He asked them to vote for or against him on this basis. If he did not obtain a majority, he would give up power. A proclamation to the army was issued in a similar manner. He told the soldiers that he counted on them to cause to be respected the sovereignty of the nation, of which he was the legitimate representative. He reminded them of the insults that had been heaped upon them, and called upon them to vote as citizens: but as soldiers to obey. He was alone responsible: it was for them to remain immovable within the rules of discipline.

As soon as these events were generally known, a portion of the members of the Assembly, two hundred in number, assembled at the residence of M. Daru, one of the Vice Presidents of the Assembly. They there decided to go to their usual place of meeting, but they were refused admission by an armed guard. Returning to M. Daru's house, they were about commencing a session, when a message arrived from Gen. Lauriston, inviting them to the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement, and saying that he was prepared to defend them against all violence. They accordingly repaired thither, organized, and after due deliberation declared the conduct of Louis Napoleon to be illegal, and in violation of the Constitution, and decreed his deposition, in accordance with Art. 68 of that instrument. They also by a decree freed the officers of the army and navy, and all public functionaries, from their oaths of obedience to him, and convoked the High Court of Justice to judge him and his Ministers. The Court did attempt to meet during the day, but was dispersed. The decree was signed by all the members of Assembly present. After this had been done the building was found to be surrounded by troops, to whom M. Berryer announced the deposition of the President and the appointment of General Oudinot, commander-in-chief of all the troops of Paris. The announcement was coldly received, and officers and troops immediately entered the room and dispersed the Assembly. About 150 of the members were afterward arrested and committed to prison for attempting to meet in some other place; after a day's confinement they were released. Meantime, the most perfect quiet prevailed throughout Paris. No attempt at resistance was made, and the decrees were read and commented on with apparent indifference. The streets and public places were crowded with troops. Dispatches were sent to the departments and were answered by full assurances of assent.

On Wednesday morning was published a list of one hundred and twenty persons appointed by the President as a Consultative Commission, selected because Louis Napoleon "wished to surround himself with men who enjoy, by a just title, the esteem and confidence of the country." Of these over eighty refused to serve. During the same morning, indications of discontent began to be apparent. At about 10 o'clock, M. Baudin, one of the representatives of the people, made his appearance on horseback, in official dress and with a drawn sword, in the Rue St. Antoine. He was followed by several others, and strove to arouse the people to resistance. Considerable groups collected, and a fragile barricade was erected. Troops soon came up from opposite direc

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tions and hemmed them in. The groups were soon dispersed, and M. Baudin, and two other representatives were killed on the spot. Great numbers of troops continued to arrive, and the whole section was speedily occupied by them. On Thursday morning, appearances of insurrection began to be serious. Barricades were erected in several streets. At 12 o'clock the Boulevards were swept by troops, artillery was brought up, and wherever groups of people were seen they were fired upon. It is now known that police officers encouraged the building of barricades in order to give the troops a chance to attack the people. Buildings were battered with cannon, and scores of respectable people were killed at their windows. Throughout the day the troops behaved in the most brutal manner, bayoneting, shooting, and riding over every body within reach. Great numbers of inno cent persons were killed in this manner. It would be impossible to give within our limits a tithe of the interesting incidents of the day, illustrating the spirit that prevailed. It is pretty clearly ascertained that the object of the government was to strike terror into all classes, and that for this purpose the troops had been instructed to show no quarter, but to kill every body that threatened resistance. Many of the soldiers were also intoxicated. 'Order' was in this manner completely restored by evening. But over two thousand people were killed.

From the departments, meantime, came news of resistance. In the frontier districts of the southeast particularly—the whole valley of the Rhone, in fact the whole region from Joigny to Lyons, including several departments, the rural population rose in great strength against the usurpation. There was very hard fighting in the Nievre, in the Herault, and in the frontier districts of the Sardinian and Swiss Alps: and in many places the contest was distinguished by sad atrocities. In the course of two or three days, however, all resistance was quelled.

Preparations were made for the election. The army voted first, and of course its vote was nearly unanimous in favor of Louis Napoleon. The popular election was to take place on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of December. The simple question submitted was, whether Louis Napoleon should remain at the head of the state ten years, or not. No other candidate was allowed to be named. Louis Napoleon directed the Pantheon to be restored to its original use as a church, and thereby, as well as by other measures, secured the support of the Catholics. Count Montalembert published a long letter, urging all Catholics throughout France to vote in his favor. The election was conducted quietly—the government discouraging as much as possible the printing and distributing of negative votes. The returns have been received from 68 out of the 86 departments, and these give, in round numbers, 5,400,000 *yes*, and 600,000 *no*. His majority will probably be nearly 7,000,000, which is more than he obtained in 1848.

The London papers state that a correspondence had passed between the governments of England and France upon the subject of Louis Napoleon's usurpation, in which the former urged a full and explicit declaration of the President's intentions, and views, as necessary to satisfy the English people in regard to what had already taken place. The replies are said to have been evasive and unsatisfactory. It is stated, also, that Louis Napoleon had directed a circular letter to be prepared, addressed to the various governments of Europe, assuring them of his pacific disposition, and saying that the step he had taken was necessary for the protection of France against the enemies of order.

Marshal Soult died on the 20th of December at his chateau of Soult-berg. He was born March 29, 1769—the same year with Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, and Walter Scott, and was 82 years old at the time of his death. He entered the army in 1785, and was subsequently attached to the staff of Gen. Lefebvre. He took part in all the campaigns of Germany until 1799, when he followed Massena into Switzerland and thence to Genoa, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Set at liberty after the battle of Marengo, he returned to France and became one of the four colonels of the guard of the Consuls. When the empire was proclaimed in 1804 he was made Marshal of France. He subsequently commanded the army in Spain, and in 1813 was made Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guard. When Napoleon first landed from Elba he issued a proclamation against him, but soon after became one of his warmest adherents. He was afterward the firm supporter of Louis Philippe, as Minister of War and President of the Council, from which he retired in 1847 to private life. He was the last representative of the imperial era of France.

From AUSTRIA the only news is of new arrests and new restrictions. A number of persons in Hungary, including the mother and the sisters of Kossuth, had been arrested merely on suspicion at Pesth: and a subsequent account announces the death of his mother. The prisoners were removed to Vienna. The military governor of Vienna has forbidden the papers hereafter to publish the names of any persons that may be arrested, or to mention the fact of their arrest, on the ground that it "interferes with judicial proceedings." The government, it is said, has notified the English government, that measures will be taken to prevent Englishmen from traveling in Austria, if Austrian refugees continue to be received and fêted in England.—The financial embarassments of the government still continue.—It is stated that Prince Schwarzenberg has avowed the intention of the Austrian government to sustain Louis Napoleon in the course he has taken—not that his legitimate right to the position he holds is conceded, but because he is acting on the side of order.

From SPAIN we have intelligence that the Queen has pardoned all the American prisoners proceeding from the last expedition against Cuba, whether in Spain fulfilling their sentence or still in Cuba. The decree announcing this was dated Dec. 9, and alleged the satisfactory conduct and assurances of the American government as the ground of this clemency.—The Spanish Minister, Don Calderon de la Barca, had been honored with the Grand Cross of Charles II. as a reward for his conduct, and Señor Laborde, the Spanish Consul at New Orleans, was to resume his post.—Immediately after receiving news of the *coup-d'état* in Paris, the Spanish Congress was indefinitely prorogued by the royal authority. A princess was born on the 20th of December.

In TURKEY the question of Russian predominance has again been raised, by the demand of the French, upon the Turkish government, for the control of the Holy Sepulchre, which, they allege, was guaranteed to them by treaty in 1740. Through the agency of their Minister, the French had succeeded in procuring an admission of the binding force of the treaty: but just then the Russian Minister presented a demand that the Holy Sepulchre should still remain in the hands of the Greek Church. This remonstrance caused the Porte to hesitate: and the affair is still undecided.

From CHINA and the EAST news a month later

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has been received. From Bombay intelligence is to Nov. 17. A very severe hurricane occurred in and around Calcutta on the 22d of October, and caused great damage to the shipping as well as to houses: a great many persons were killed. Hostilities have again broken out between the English and the natives at Gwalior. Troops had been sent out upon service, but no engagements are reported.—In consequence of rival claimants to the throne, a fearful scene of anarchy and blood is commencing in Affghanistan. Many of the Hindoo traders and other peacable inhabitants have fled from the country, and were putting themselves under British protection.—An extensive fire occurred in Canton, Oct. 4, destroying five hundred houses and an immense amount of property. The intelligence of the Chinese rebellion was very vague, and the movement had ceased to excite interest or attract attention.

Editor's Table.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.—In our periodical rounds, we have arrived at the month which numbers in its calendar the natal day of Washington. What subject, then, more appropriate for such a period than the one we have placed at the head of our editorial Table? "*The Value of the Union*"—in other words, the value of our national Constitution? Who shall estimate it? By what mathematical formula shall we enter upon a computation requiring so many known and unknown forces to be taken into the account, and involving results so immense in the number and magnitude of their complications? No problem in astronomy or mechanics is to be compared with it. As a question of science, the whole solar system presents nothing more intricate. It is not a "problem of three bodies," but of thirty; and these regarded not merely in their internal dynamical relations, but in their moral bearings upon an outer world of widely varied and varying forces.

In the computations of stocks and dividends, and the profit and loss of commercial partnerships, the process is comparatively clear. The balance is ever of one ascertained kind, and expressed in one uniform circulating medium. There is but one standard of value, and, therefore, the methods of ordinary arithmetic are sufficient. But in this estimate, which the most ordinary politician sometimes thinks himself perfectly competent to make, there enter elements that the highest analysis might fail to master. This is because the answer sought presents itself under so many aspects, and in such a variety of relations.

"*The Value of the Union.*"—We have forgotten who first employed the ill-omened expression, but it has set us thinking in how many ways it may be taken, and how many different kinds of value may be supposed to enter into such a calculation.

And first—for our subject is so important as to require precision—we may attempt to consider the value of our national Constitution as A WORK OF ART. This is a choice term of the day—a favorite mode of speech with all who would affect a more than ordinary elevation of thought and sentiment. Profound ideas are sought in painting, statuary, and architecture. The ages, it is said, speak through them, and in them. The individual minds and hands by which they receive their outward forms, are only representative of deeper tendencies existing in the generic humanity. In the department of architecture, especially, some of the favorite writers of the age are analyzing the elements of its ideal excellence. The perfection of an architectural structure is its rhythm, its analogy, its inward harmonious support, its outward adaptedness to certain ends, or the expression of certain thoughts, or the giving form and embodiment to certain emotions—in other words, what may be called its artistic logic. Whether this be all true, or whether there is much cant and affectation mingled with it, still may we say that, in the best sense in which such an expression has ever been employed of statuary or architecture, is our Federal Constitution a high and glorious *work of art;* and if it had no other value, this alone would make it exceedingly precious in the eyes of all who have a taste for the sublimity and beauty of order, who love the just and true, and who regard the highest dignity and well-being of our humanity as consisting in a right appreciation of these ideas. One of the most popular and instructive works of the day is Ruskin on the different styles of architecture. Would it be thought whimsical to compare with this the Letters of Madison and Hamilton on the Federal Constitution? We refer to the well-known work entitled The Federalist, and on whose profound disquisitions the pillars of our government may be said to rest. Yes, *there*, we boldly affirm it, *there*, is to be found the true τὸ καλόν—there is architectural and constructive rhythm. There is analogy of ideas, there is harmony of adaptation, there is unity of power. There is both statistical and dynamical beauty—the beauty of rest, the beauty of strength in repose, the beauty of action in harmonious equilibrium. There is that which gives its highest charm to music, the perception of ratios, and ideas, and related chords, instead of mere unmeaning sounds. There is that which makes the enchantment of the picture, the exquisite blending of colors, the proper mingling of light and shade, the perspective adjustment of the near and the remote. There are all the elements of that high satisfaction we experience in the contemplation of any dramatic act, or of any structure, real or ideal, in which there is a perfect arrangement of mutually supporting parts, and a perfect resolution of mutually related forces, all combined with harmonious reference to a high and glorious end.

Irrespective, then, of its more immediate social and political utilities, there is a high value in our Federal Constitution when viewed thus in reference solely to its artistic excellence. We may thus speak of its worth *per se*, as a model of the τὸ καλόν, just as we would of that of a picture, or a temple, or an anthem. But even in this aspect it has its higher utilities. Is there no value in the elevating effect it must ever have upon those who have intellect enough to comprehend what we have called its artistic logic, and soul enough to feel the harmonizing influence of its artistic beauty? Will not a people reason better who have ever before them a work which has been the result of so much philosophical and scientific

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thought? Will not their moral taste be purified, and their love of the true and the beautiful be increased, in proportion as their minds enter truly into the harmony of such a structure? Is it a mere fancy to suppose that such a silent yet powerful educating influence in our Constitution may be more effectual, on many minds, than any direct restraining power of special statutes?

This train of thought is tempting, and suggests a great variety of illustrations, but we can not dwell on them. If the man who should maliciously cause the destruction of a splendid cathedral, who should set fire to St. Peter's or St. Paul's, or who should wantonly mar a master-piece of Power or Canova—if such a one, we say, would justly be visited with the execration of the civilized world, of how much sorer punishment should he be thought worthy who should traitorously conspire the death of our American Union, or even think of applying the torch to the glorious structure of our Federal Constitution? Even to speak lightly of its value should be regarded as no ordinary treason. But let us come down to what many would regard a more practical and utilitarian view of the matter.

AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.—What arithmetic shall estimate the value of our Union and of our political institutions in this respect? This is the second element in our computation; although in view of the present condition of mankind it might even seem entitled to the first and highest place. Between the wild surgings of radicalism and the iron-bound coast of despotism, what hope for the nations if the fairest and strongest ship of constitutional liberty part her anchors, only to be engulfed in the yawning vortex on the one side, or dashed to pieces against the rocks on the other? When will the experiment ever be tried under fairer auspices? When may we again expect such a combination of favoring circumstances, propitious providences, moral and religious influences, formative ideas, and historical training as have all concurred in building up the fabric which some would so recklessly destroy? If after the preparation of centuries—if after all our claims to a higher Christianity, a higher civilization, a higher science—if after all our boasts of progress, and of the Press, and of the capacity of man for self government—the result of it all should be a dissolution of our political and national existence before one generation of its founders had wholly passed away, what can we expect—we earnestly ask every serious reader deeply to ponder this most plain and practical question—what can we expect of the frivolous French infidelity, or the deeper, and therefore far more dangerous German pantheism, or the untaught serfdom of Austria and Russia? It may, perhaps, be said, that the mere dissolution of our Union would not involve any such eventful issue. It is only a temporary expedient (it might be maintained), not belonging to the essence of our nationality, and the real sovereignty, or sovereignties would not be impaired by its loss. Our State governments would remain, and other lesser confederacies might be formed, if political exigencies should require them. This suggests the *third aspect* under which we would consider the problem that has presented itself for our editorial contemplations.

The Value of our Union AS THE KEY-STONE OF STATE AUTHORITY, and of all that may be legitimately included under the idea of State sovereignty. Who shall estimate it in this respect? We are too much inclined to regard our general government, as in some respects, a foreign one, as something outside of our proper nationality, as an external band, or wrapper, that may be loosened without much danger, rather than what it really is, or, at least has become in time, a *con-necting*, interweaving, all-pervading principle, constituting not merely a *sum* of adjacent *parts*, but a *whole* of organic *membership*; so that a severance would not leave merely disintegrated fractions, possessing each the same vitality it would have had, or might once have had, if there had never been such membership. The wound could not be inflicted without a deep, and, perhaps, deadly injury, not only to the life of the whole, as a whole, but to the vital forces through which the lower and smaller sections of each several member may have been respectively bound into political unities. It is true, our general government had a peculiar origin, and stands, *in time*, subsequent to the State authorities. It might seem, therefore, to some, to derive its life from them, instead of being itself a proper fountain of vitality. This is *chronologically* true; but such an inference from it would be *logically* false, and could only proceed from a very superficial study of the law of political organisms. Whatever may have been the origin of the parts, or the original circumstances of their union, we must now regard the body that has grown out of them as a living organic whole, which can not suffer without suffering throughout. It is *alive all over*, and you can put the amputating knife in no place without letting out some of the life-blood that flows in each member, and in every fibre of each member. It had, indeed, its origin in the union of the parts, but its vital principle has modified the parts, and modified their life, so that you can not now hurt it, or kill it, without producing universal pain and universal death. Nor was such union either arbitrary or accidental. Our general political organization was as naturally born out of the circumstances in which we were placed, as our several State polities grew out of the union of the feeble and varied sources in which they had their historical origin. The written Constitution declarative of the national coalescence (or *growing together*) only expressed an *effect*, instead of constituting a cause.

To change our metaphor, for the sake of varied and easy illustration, we may say, that the Federal Constitution, though last in the actual order of construction, has come to be the key-stone of the whole arch. It can not now be taken out but at the risk of every portion crumbling into atoms. The State interest may have been predominant in the earlier periods, but generations have since been born under the security of this arch, and a conservative feeling of nationality has been growing up with it. In this way our general government, our State governments, our county or district governments, our city corporations, the municipal authorities of our towns and villages, have become *cemented* together into one grand harmonious whole, whose coherence is the coherence of every part, and in which no part is the same it would, or might have been, had no such interdependent coherence ever taken place. It becomes, therefore, a question of the most serious moment—What would be the effect of loosening this key of the arch? Could we expect any stone to keep its place, be it great or small? In other words, have we any reason to believe that such an event would be succeeded by two, or three, or a few confederacies, still bound together, or might we not rather expect a universal dissolution of our grand national system?

And would it stop here? The charm once broken, would the wounded feeling of nationality find repose in our State governments, or would they, too, in their turn, feel the effects of the same dissolving and decomposing process? These, also, are but creations

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of law, and compacts, and historical events, and accidents of locality, in which none of the present generation had any share, and which have brought all the smaller political powers within certain boundaries to be members of one larger body politic, with all the irregularities and inequalities it may geographically present. What magic, then, in the bond that holds together the smaller parts composing New York, or Virginia, or Massachusetts, or South Carolina, which is not to be found in the national organization? What sacred immutability in the results giving rise to the one class of political wholes that does not exist in the other? Such questions are becoming already rife among us, and let the healthful charm of our greater nationality be once lost, they would doubtless multiply with a rapidity that might startle even the most radical. The doctrine may not be intended, but it would logically and inevitably result from much of our most popular oratory on the inherent right of self-government, that any part of any separate State might sever its connection with the whole, or might form a union with any contiguous territory, whenever it might seem to the majority of such part to be for their interest, or to belong to their abstract right to make such secession or annexation. There is, however, an extreme to which the principle may be carried, even beyond this. The tendency to what is called individualism, or the making all positive legislation dependent for its authority upon the higher law of the individual sanction, would soon give a practical solution to the most disorganizing theories that now exist as germs in the idea expressed by that barbarous but most expressive term *come-outer-ism*. And this suggests the next and closely related aspect of our important problem.

There is, in the fourth place, the value of the national Constitution as THE GRAND CONSERVATOR OF ALL LOWER LAW, and of all lower political rights whatever. No law of the State, of the city, of the family, of the school, no contract between man and man, no prescriptive right, no title to property, no exclusive domain in land, no authority over persons, could fail to be weakened by a wound inflicted on the all-conserving law of our higher nationality. There are none of these but what are even now demoralized, and seriously affected in their most inner sanctions, by the increasing practice of speaking lightly of a bond so sacred. What right has he to the possession of his acres who counsels resistance to one law of the land, and, in so doing, strikes at the very life of the authority by which he holds all he calls his own? It must be true of human, as well as of the Divine law, that he who offends in one point is guilty of all. The severence of one link breaks the whole chain. There is no medium between complete submission to every constitutional ordinance, or rightful and violent revolution against the whole political system. But if such inconsistency can be charged on him who claims the right of property in land, although that, too, is beginning to be disputed, with how much more force does it press on the man who asserts property, or—if a less odious term is preferred—authority, in persons? We do not dispute his claim. It comes from the common source of all human authority, whether of man over man, or of man to the exclusion of man from a challenged domain. But certainly *his* title can have no other foundation than the political institutions of the country maintained in all their coherent integrity; and, therefore, he who asserts it should be very conservative, he should be very reverent of law in all its departments, he should be very tender of breaking Constitutions, he should hold in the highest honor the decisions of an interpreting judiciary. He should, in short, be the very last man ever to talk of revolution, or nullification, or secession, or of any thing else that may in the least impair the sacredness or stability of constitutional law.

Call government, then, what we will, social compact, divine institution, natural growth of time and circumstances—conceive of it under any form—still there is ever the same essential idea. It is ever one absolute, earthly, sovereign power, acting, within a certain territory, as the sanction and guaranty of all civil or political rights, in other words, of all rights that can not exist without it. There may be many intermediate links in the chain, but it is only by virtue of this, in the last appeal, that one man has the exclusive right to the house in which he lives, or to the land which he occupies. Hence alone, too, are all the *civil* rights of marriage and the domestic relations. The family is born of the state. On this account, says Socrates, may it be held that *the law has begotten us*, and we may be justly called its sons. There is the same idea in the maxim of Cicero, *In aris et focis est respublica;* and in this thought we find the peculiar malignity of that awful crime of treason. It is a *breach of trust*, and, in respect to government, of the most sacred trust. It is the foulest parricide. It is aiming a dagger at that civic life from which flows all the social and domestic vitality. The notion, in feudal times, had for its outward type the relation of lord and dependent—of service and obedience on the one hand, and protection on the other. The form has changed, but the essential idea remains, and ever must remain, while human government exists on earth. He who breaks this vital bond, he who would seek to have the protection to his person and his property, while he forfeits the tenure of citizenship, he is the *traitor*. And hence arises the essential difference between treason and mobbism. The man who is guilty of the former not only commits violence, but means by that violence to assail the very existence through which alone he himself may be said to exist as a citizen, or member of a living political organism. There is no more alarming feature of the times than the indifference with which men begin to look upon this foul, unnatural crime, and even to palliate it under the softened title of "political offenses," or a mere difference in political opinions. To punish it is thought to savor only of barbarism and a barbarous age. If we judge, however, from the tremendous consequences which must result from its impunity, ordinary murder can not be named in the comparison. If he who takes a single life deserves the gallows, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who aims at the life of a nation—a nation, too, like our own, the world's last hope, the preservation of whose political integrity is the most effectual means of INTERVENTION we can employ in favor of true freedom in every other part of the globe.

And this brings us to our fifth measure of value, but we can only briefly state it. The world has seen enough of despotism. It is probable, too, that there will be no lack of lawless popular anarchy. In this view of things, how precious is every element of constitutional liberty! How important to have its lamp ever trimmed and burning, as a guide to the lost, a bright consolation of hope to the despairing! Only keep this light steadily shining out on the dark sea of despotism, and it will do more for the tossing and foundering nations than any rash means of help that, without any avail for good, may only draw down our own noble vessel into the angry breakers, and engulfing billows of the same shipwreck.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

EVEN yet the talk of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of that audacious action which in a day transmuted our thriving sister republic, with her regularly-elected President, and her regularly-made—though somewhat tattered—Constitution, into a kind of anomalous empire, with only an army, and a Bonaparte to hold it together—is loud, in every corner of the country. It has seemed not a little strange, that the man, at whom, three years ago, every one thought it worth his while to fling a sneer, should have gathered into his hands, with such deft management, the reins of power, and absolutely out-manœuvred the bustling little THIERS, and the bold-acting CAVAIGNAC.

Old travelers are recalling their recollection of the spruce looking gentleman, in white kids, and with unexceptionable beaver, who used to saunter with one or two mustached companions along Pall-Mall; and who, some three months after, in even more *recherche* costume, used to take his morning drive, with four-in-hand, upon the asphalte surface of the Paris avenues. There seemed really nothing under cover of his finesse in air and garb which could work out such long-reaching strategy as he has just now shown us.

Belabor him as we will, with our honest republican anathemas, there must yet have been no small degree of long-sightedness belonging to the man who could transform a government in a day; and who could have laid such finger to the pulse of a whole army of Frenchmen, as to know their heart-bound to a very fraction.

The truth is, the French, with the impulse of a quick-blooded race, admire audacity of any sort; and what will call a shout, will, in nine cases out of ten, call a welcome. It is not a little hard for a plain, matter-of-fact American to conceive of the readiness with which the French army, and all the myrmidons of that glowing republican power, shift their allegiance—as obedient as an opera chorus to the wink of the *maestro*.

We can ourselves recall the memory of a time when that CHANGARNIER, who is now a lion in fetters, held such rule over Paris military and Paris constabulary, that a toss of his thumb would send half the representatives to prison; and now, there is not so much as a regiment who would venture a wail for his losses. This offers sad comment on the "thinking capacity" of bayonets!

What shall we suppose of these hundred thousand scene-shifters in the red pantaloons? Are they worked upon merely by the Napoleonic champagne to a change of views; or are they tired of a sham Republic, and willing to take instead a sham Empire; or have they grown political economists, with new appreciation of government stability, and a long-sighted eagerness to secure tranquillity? Or, is not the humbler truth too patent, that their opinions herd together by a kind of brute sympathy, and are acted upon by splendor—whether of crime or of munificence; and, moreover, is it not too clear that those five hundred thousand men who prop the new dynasty with bayonets, are without any sort of what we call moral education, and rush to every issue like herds of wild bison—guided solely by instinct?

And would not a little of that sort of education which sets up school-houses, and spreads newspapers, and books, and Harper's Magazines like dew over the length and the breadth of our land, do more toward the healing of that sick French nation, than the prettiest device of Constitution, or the hugest five-sous bath-house? Ah, well-a-day, we shall have little hope for *la belle France*, UNTIL HER ARMY SHOWS INTELLIGENCE, and HER STATESMEN HONESTY.

We can hardly give this current topic the go-by, without bringing to our reader's eye a happy summing up of suppositions in the columns of Punch, and if our listener will only read Congressional for Parliamentary, and the *Bentons* and the *Casses* for the *Grahames* and the *Gladstones*, he may form a very accurate idea of a *Napoleon-Mr.-Fillmore*.

Suppose the head of the Executive, or the Minister for the time being, were to take it into his head one morning to abolish the Houses of Parliament.—Suppose some of the members elected by large constituencies were to think it a duty to go and take their seats, and were to be met at the doors by swords and bayonets, and were to be wounded and taken off to prison for the attempt.—Suppose the Minister, having been harassed by a few Parliamentary debates and discussions, were to send off to Newgate or the House of Correction a few of the most eminent members of the Opposition, such as the Disraelis, the Grahames, the Gladstones, the Barings, and a sprinkling of the Humes, the Wakleys, the Walmsleys, the Cobdens, and the Brights.—Suppose the press having been found not to agree with the policy of the Minister, he were to peremptorily stop the publication of the *Times*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Daily News*, *Globe*, &c., &c., and limit the organs of intelligence to the Government *Gazette*, or one or two other prints that would write or omit just what he, the Minister, might please.—Suppose, when it occurred to the public that these measures were not exactly in conformity with the law, the Minister were to go or send some soldiers down to Westminster Hall, shut up the Courts, send the Lord Chancellor about his business, and tell Lords Campbell, Cranworth, and all the rest of the high judicial authorities, to make the best of their way home. Suppose a few Members of Parliament were to sign a protest against these proceedings; and suppose the documents were to be torn down by soldiers, and the persons signing them packed off to Coldbath Fields or Pentonville.—Suppose all these things were to happen with a Parliament elected by Universal Suffrage, and under a Republican form of Government—And lastly—Suppose we were to be told that this sort of thing is liberty, and what we ought to endeavor to get for our own country;—Should we look upon the person telling us so, as a madman, or a knave, or both? and should we not be justified in putting him as speedily, and as unceremoniously as possible—outside our doors?

IN our last EASY chat with our readers, we sketched in an off-hand way the current of the KOSSUTH talk; and we hinted that our enthusiasm had its fevers and chills; so far as the talk goes, a chilliness has come over the town since the date of our writing—an unworthy and ungracious chill—but yet the natural result of a little over-idolatry. As for Congressional action, no apology can be found, either in moderation or good sense, for the doubtful and halting welcome which has been shown the great Hungarian.

The question of Government interference in his national quarrel was one thing; but the question of a welcome to a distinguished and suffering stranger was quite another. The two, however, have been unfortunately mingled; and a rude and vulgar effort has been made to prejudge his mission, by affronting him as a guest. We may be strong enough to brave Russia, and its hordes of Cossacks; but no country is strong enough to trample on the laws of hospitality

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We see the hint thrown out in some paper of the day, that the slackened sympathy for KOSSUTH, in Washington, is attributable mainly to the influence of the diplomatic circles of that city. We fear there may be a great deal of truth in this hint: our enthusiasm finds volume in every-day chit-chat, and dinner-table talk; it lives by such fat feeding as gossip supplies; and gossip finds its direction in the salons of the most popular of entertainers.

Washington has a peculiar and shifting social character—made up in its winter elements of every variety of manner and of opinion. This manner and these opinions, however, are very apt to revolve agreeably to what is fixed at the metropolis; and since the diplomatic circles of the capital are almost the only permanent social foci of habit and gossip, it is but natural there should be a convergence toward their action. The fact is by no means flattering; but we greatly fear that it is pointed with a great deal of truth.

Our readers will observe, however, that we account in this way only for the slackened tone of talk, and of salon enthusiasm; nor do we imagine that any parlor influences whatever of the capital can modify to any considerable degree, either legislative, or moral action.

OF Paris, now that she has fallen again into one of her political paroxysms, there is little gayety to be noted. And yet it is most surprising how that swift-blooded people will play the fiddle on the barricades! Never—the papers tell us—were the receptions at the Elysée more numerously attended, and never were the dresses richer, or the jewels more ostentatiously displayed.

Some half dozen brilliant *soirées* were, it seems, on the *tapis* at the date of Louis Napoleon's manœuvre; the invitations had been sent, and upon the evenings appointed—a week or more subsequent to the turn of the magic lantern—the guests presented themselves before closed doors. The occupants and intended hosts were, it seems, of that timid class living along the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Faubourg St. Germain, who imagined themselves, their titles, and their wealth, safer under the wing of King Leopold of Belgium, than under the shadow of the new-feathered eagle. A thriving romance or two, they say, belonged to the quiet movements of the Republic. Thus, the papers make us a pleasant story out of CAVAIGNAC and his prospective bride, Mademoiselle ODIER. And if we furbish up for the reading of our country clients, we venture to say that we shall keep as near the truth as one half of the letter-writers.

For two or three years, it seems that General Cavaignac has been a constant visitor at the house of the rich banker, M. ODIER. He was regarded as a friend of the family, and wore the honors of a friend; that is to say, he had such opportunities of conversation, and for attention in respect to the daughter of the house, as is rarely accorded to Paris ladies in their teens. The General looks a man of fifty—he may be less; but he has a noble carriage, a fine face, and a manner full of dignity and gentleness. The pretty blonde (for Mlle. Odier is so described), was not slow to appreciate the captivating qualities of the General. Moreover, there belonged to her character a romantic tinge, which was lighted up by the story of the General's bravery, and of the dauntless way in which he bore himself through the murderous days of June. In short, she liked him better than she thought.

The General, on the other hand, somewhat fixed in his bachelor habitude, and counting himself only a fatherly friend, who could not hope, if he dared, to quicken any livelier interest—wore imperturbably the dignity and familiarity of his first manner.

One day—so the story runs—conversation turned upon a recent marriage, in which the bridegroom was some thirty years the lady's senior. The General in round, honest way, inveighed against the man as a deceiver of innocence, and avowed strongly his belief that such inequality of age was not only preposterous, but wicked.

Poor Mademoiselle Odier!—her fond heart feeding so long blindly on hope, lighted by romance and love, could not bear the sudden shock. She grew pale—paler still, and, to the surprise of the few friends who were present—fainted.

Even yet the General lived in ignorance; and would perhaps have died in ignorance, had not some kind friend made known to him the state of Mlle Odier's feelings. The General was too gallant a man to be conquered in loving; and the issue was, in a week, an acknowledged troth of the banker's daughter with the General Cavaignac.

Upon the evening preceding the change of the Republic, they were together—father, daughter, and lover—at the first presentation of a new play. The marriage was fixed for the week to come. But in view of the unsettled state of affairs, the General advised a postponement. The next morning he was a prisoner, on his way to Ham.

He wrote—the gossips tell us—a touching letter to Mademoiselle Odier, giving up all claim upon her, as a prisoner, which he had so proudly boasted while free, and assuring her of his unabated devotion.

She wrote—the gossips tell us—that he was dearer to her now than ever.

So the matter stands; with the exception that Cavaignac has been freed, and that the day of marriage is again a matter of consultation.

May they have a long life, and a happy one—longer and happier than the life of the Republic!

THE drawing of the "Lottery of Gold" was *the event* of Paris which preceded the *coup-d'état*. Some seven millions of tickets had been sold at a franc each; and the highest prize was, if we mistake not, a sum equal to a hundred thousand dollars. Interest was of course intense; and the National Circus, where the lots were drawn, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The papers give varying accounts as to the fortunate holder of the ticket drawing the first prize. one account represents her as a poor washerwoman. and another, as a street porter. A story is told of one poor fellow who, by a mistaken reading of one figure. imagined himself the fortunate possessor of the fortune. He invited his friends to a feast, and indulged in all sorts of joyous folly. The quick revulsion of feeling, when the truth appeared, was too much for the poor fellow's brain, and he is now in the mad-house

Another equally unfortunate issue is reported of a poor seamstress, who had spent the earnings of years amounting to six or seven hundred francs, upon the chance of a prize, and drew—nothing. She, too, has lost both money and mind. The affair, however, has had the fortunate result of taming down wild expectancies, and of destroying the taste for such labor hating schemes of profit. It were devoutly to be hoped, that a little of the distaste for moneyed lotteries, would breed a distaste in the French mind for political lotteries.

As for affairs at home, they budge on in much the old fashion. The town is not over-gay—partly through fatigues of last winter, which are not yet wholly forgotten—partly through a little Wall-street depletion,

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and partly through the ugly weather, which has sown catarrhs and coughs with a very liberal hand.

Poor Jenny Lind—true to her native tenderness of heart, has yielded up the closing scenes of what would have been a glorious triumph, to the grief at a mother's death. She goes away from us mourning, and she leaves behind her a nation of mourners!

The opera is to tinkle in our ears again—with the symphony of Steffanone, Benedetti, and the rest. The town takes music quietly this winter, and the old fashion of listening has almost grown into a habit of appreciation. The town is building up into a Paris-sided company of streets; and the seven stories of freestone and marble will soon darken down Broadway into a European duskiness of hue. The street lights glimmer on such nights as the almanac tells no story of the moon; and on other nights we draggle as we may, between clouds and rain—consoling ourselves with the rich city economy, and hopeful of some future and freer dispensation—of gas.

For want of some piquancy, which our eye does not catch in the French journals, we sum up our chit-chat with this pleasant whim-wham of English flavor:

My man Davis is a bit of a character. If he's not up to a thing or two, I should like to know who is. I am often puzzled to know how a man who has seen so much of life as he has should condescend to have "no objection to the country," and to take service with a retired linen-draper, which I am. I keep a dog-cart, and, not being much of a whip, Davis generally drives. He has some capital stories; at least I think so; but perhaps it is his manner of telling them; or perhaps I'm very easily pleased. However, here's one of them.

HOW MR. COPER SOLD A HORSE.

"Mr. Coper, as kept the Red Lion Yard, in —— street, was the best to sell a horse I ever know'd, sir; and I know'd some good 'uns, I have; but he *was* the best. He'd look at you as tho' butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and his small wall-eyes seemed to have no more life in 'em than a dead whiting's. My master, Capt. ——, stood his hosses there, and, o' course, I saw a good deal of Mr. Coper. One day a gent came to look at the stable, and see if he could buy a hoss. Coper saw in a minute that he knew nothing about horseflesh, and so was uncommon civil. The first thing he showed him was a great gray coach-hoss, about seventeen hands and a inch, with a shoulder like a Erkilus."

"I suppose you mean Hercules?"

"I suppose I do, sir. The gent was a little man so, o' course, the gray was taken in agen, and a Suffolk Punch cob, that 'ud a done for a bishop, was then run up the yard. But, lor! the little gent's legs 'ud never have been of any use to him; they'd a' stuck out on each side like a curricle-bar—so he wouldn't do. Coper showed him three or four others—good things in their way, but not at all suited to the gent. At last Coper says to him, with a sort of sigh, 'Well, sir, I'm afear'd we shan't make a deal of it to-day, sir; you're very particular, as you've a right to be, and I'll look about, and if I can find one that I think 'll do. I'll call on you.' By this time he had walked the gent down the stable to opposite a stall where was a brown hoss, fifteen hands or about. 'Now there 'ud be the thing to suit you, sir,' says he, 'and I only wish I could find one like him.' 'Why can't I have him?' says the gent. 'Impossible,' says Coper 'Why impossible?' says the gent. 'Because he's Mrs. Coper's hoss, and money wouldn't buy him of her; he's perfect, and she knows it.' 'Well,' says the gent, getting his steam up, 'I don't mind price' 'What's money to peace of mind?' says Coper. 'If I was to sell that hoss, my missis would worry my life out.' Well, sir, the more Coper made a difficulty of selling the hoss, the more the gent wanted to buy, till at last Coper took him to a coach-hus, as tho' to be private, and said to him in a whisper, 'Well, tell you what I'll do: I'll take ninety pounds for him: perhaps he's not worth that to every body, but I think he is to you, who wants a perfect thing, and ready-made for you.' 'You're very kind,' said the gent, 'and I'll give you a check at once.' 'But, mind,' says Coper, 'you must fetch him away at night; for if my missus saw him going out of the yard, I do believe she'd pull a life-guardsman off him. How I shall pacify her I don't know! Ninety pounds! why, ninety pounds won't pay me for the rows; leave alone the hoss!'

"The gent quite thought Coper was repenting of the bargain, and so walked away to the little countin'-house, and drew a check for the money. When he was gone, I burst out a-laughin'; because I know'd Mrs. Coper was as mild as a bran-mash, and 'ud never a' dared to blow up her husband; but Coper wouldn't have it—he looked as solemn as truth. Well, sir, the horse was fetched away that night."

"But why at night, Davis?"

"Because they shouldn't see his good qualities all at once, I suppose, sir; for he'd got the Devonshire coat-of-arms on his off knee."

"Devonshire coat-of-arms?"

"Yes, sir; you see Devonshire's a very hilly country, and most of the hosses down there has broken knees, so they calls a speck the Devonshire coat-of-arms. Well, sir, as Mrs. Coper's pet shied at every thing and nothing, and bolted when he warn't a-shieing, the gent came back in about a week to Coper.

"'Mr. Coper,' says he, 'I can't get on with that hoss at all—perhaps I don't know how to manage him; he goes on so odd that I'am afraid to ride him; so I thought, as he was such a favorite with Mrs. Coper, you should have him back again.'

"'Not if you'd give me ninety pounds to do it,' says Coper, looking as tho' he was a-going to bite the gent.

"'Why not?' says the gent.

"'I wouldn't go through what I have gone through,' says Coper, hitting the stable-door with his fist enough to split it, 'not for twice the money. Mrs. Coper never left off rowing for two days and nights, and how I should a' stopped her, I don't know, if luck hadn't stood my friend; but I happened to meet with a hoss the very moral of the one you've got, only perhaps just a leetle better, and Mrs. C. took to him wonderful. I wouldn't disturb our domestic harmony by having that hoss of yourn back again, not for half the Bank of England.' Now the gent was a very tender-hearted man, and believed all that Coper told him, and kept the hoss; but what he did with him I can't think, for he was the wiciousest screw as ever put his nose in a manger."

Editor's Drawer.

We placed on record, not long since in the "Drawer," two or three anecdotes of the pomposity and copied manners of New England negroes, in the olden time. Here is another one, that seems to us quite as laughable as the specimens to which we have alluded. It is not quite certain, but rather more than probable, that the minister who takes a part in the story was the same clergyman who said, in conversation with a distinguished Puritan divine,

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that he could "write six sermons a week and make nothing of it." "Precisely!" responded the other; you *would* make *just* nothing of your sermons!" But to the story.

There were a good many colored people in Massachusetts many years ago, and one of them, an old and favorite servant, was held by a clergyman in one of the easternmost counties of the State. His name was Cuffee; and he was as pompous and imitative as the CÆSAR, whose master "libbed wid him down on de Plains," in Connecticut. He presumed a good deal upon his age and consequence, and had as much liberty to do as he pleased as any body in the house. On the Sabbath he was always in the minister's pew, looking around with a grand air, and, so far as appearances went or indicated, profiting as much by his master's rather dull preaching as any of the congregation around him who were pretending to listen.

One Sunday morning Cuffee noticed that several gentlemen in the neighborhood of his master's pew had taken out their pencils, and were taking notes of the discourse; either because it was more than usually interesting, or because they wished it to be seen by the parson that they *thought* it was. Cuffee determined that he would follow the example thus set him; so in the afternoon he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink-horn to church with him. His master, looking down from his pulpit into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his servant "spread out" to his task, his great red tongue out, and one side of his face nearly touching the paper. Cuffee applied himself vigorously to his notes, until his master had come to his "sixteenth and lastly," and "in view of this subject we remark, in the eighth and last place," &c., knowing nothing all the while, and caring just as little, about the wonderment of his master, who was occasionally looking down upon him.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what was that I saw you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Me, massa?—w'at was *I* a-doin?"

"Yes, Cuffee; what was that you were about, instead of listening to the sermon?"

"I was a-listenin' *hard*, massa, and I was *takin' notes*."

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the minister.

"Sartain, massa; all de oder gem'men take notes too."

"Well, Cuffee, let us *see* your notes," said his master.

Hereupon Cuffee produced his sheet of paper. It was scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines; worse than if a dozen spiders, escaped from an ink-bottle, had kept up a day's march over it. It would have puzzled Champollion himself to have unraveled its mysteries.

The minister looked over the notes, as if with great attention, and at length said,

"Why, Cuffee, this is all nonsense!"

"E'yah! e'yah!" replied Cuffee; "I t'ought so myse'f, all de time you was a-preachin'! Dat's a fac'! E'yah! e'yah!"

The minister didn't tell the story himself, being rather shy about the conclusion. It leaked out, however, through Cuffee, one day, and his master "never heard the last of it."

IN a play which we once read, there is a physician introduced, who comes to prescribe to a querulous, nervous old gentleman. His advice and directions as to what he is to do, &c., greatly annoy the excitable old man; but his *prescriptions* set him half crazy. He calls to the servant in a voice like a Stentor—although a moment before he had described that organ as "all gone, doctor—a mere penny-whistle"—and ordered him to "kick the doctor down stairs, and pay him at the street-door!" "Calls himself one of the '*faculty?*'" growled the old invalid, after the physician had left in high dudgeon, and vowing vengeance; "calls himself one of the faculty; stupid old ass! with his white choker and gold-headed cane, and shrugs, and sighs, and solemn looks: 'faculty!'—why he hasn't *got* a faculty! never *had* a faculty!" We thought, at the time of reading this, of an anecdote which had lain for years in our "Drawer," of the British actress, in one of the provincial towns of England, who was preparing to enact the solemnly tragic character of "Jane Shore," in the historical and instructive drama of that name, which is richly worth perusal, for the lesson which it teaches of the ultimate punishment of vice, even in its most seductive form The actress was in her dressing-room, preparing for the part, when her attendant, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request of her two orders for admission, to witness the performance of the play, her daughter and herself having walked four miles on purpose to see it.

"Does she *know* me?" inquired the lady.

"Not at all; leastways she *said* she didn't," replied the girl.

"It is very strange!" said the lady—"a most extraordinary request! Has the good woman got her *faculties* about her?"

"I think she *have*, ma'am," responded the girl, "for I see her have summat tied up in a red silk handkercher!"

ONE seldom meets with a truer thing than the following observations by a quaint and witty author upon what are termed, less by way of "eminence," perhaps, rather than "notoriety," *Great Talkers*:—"Great Talkers not only do the least, but generally *say* the least, if their words be weighed instead of reckoned. He who labors under an incontinence of speech seldom gets the better of his complaint; for he must prescribe for himself, and is very sure of having a fool for his physician. Many a chatterbox might pass for a shrewd man, if he would keep his own secret, and put a drag-chain now and then upon his tongue. The largest minds have the smallest opinion of themselves; for their knowledge impresses them with humility, by showing them the extent of their ignorance, and the discovery makes them taciturn. Deep waters are still. Wise men generally talk little, because they think much. Feeling the annoyance of idle loquacity in others, they are cautious of falling into the same error, and keep their mouths shut when they can not open them to the purpose. The smaller the *calibre* of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. I know human specimens who never think; they only *think* they think. The clack of their word-mill is heard, even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it. A distinguished Frenchman, of the time of Cardinal Richelieu, being in the ante chamber of that wily statesman, on one occasion, at the time that a great talker was loudly and incessantly babbling, entreated him to be silent, lest he might annoy the cardinal.

"Why do you wish me not to speak?" asked the chatterbox; "I talk a good deal, certainly, but then I talk well."

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"*Half* of that is true!" retorted the sarcastic Frenchman.

It is getting to be a rather serious business for a man to stand up, in these modern days, in a court of justice as a witness. What with impertinent questions of all sorts, and the impudent "bullyragging" of counsel, he is a fortunate and self-possessed man if he is not nearly at his wits' end before he comes off from that place of torture, a witness-stand. "Moreover, and which is more," as Dogberry would say, when he *comes* off, he has not escaped; for now the reporters take him up; and in a little paragraph, inclosed in brackets, we hear somewhat of his character, personal appearance, &c., something after the following fashion:

"[Mr. Jenkins is a small, restless, fidgety man, with little black eyes, one of which has a remarkable inward inclination toward the nose, which latter feature of his face turns up slightly, and indicates, by its color, the influence upon it of alcoholic fluids. He is lame of one leg, and wore a drab roundabout. As he left the stand, we observed a patch on the north side of his pantaloons, which evidenced 'premeditated poverty.' Mr. Jenkins was an extremely willing witness."]

If the witness is so fortunate as to escape the foregoing species of counsel, he may fall into the hands of *another* description: namely, the ambitious young advocate, who, as "the *learned* counsel," considers it incumbent upon him to use high-sounding words, in order to impress both the jury and the witness with the extent of his legal acquirements, and the depth of his erudition generally.

Such a "counsel" it was, who, some years ago, in Albany, had assumed the management of the defense in a case of assault and battery which had occurred in that good old Dutch city. The witness, a not over-clear-headed Irishman, was placed upon the stand, where he was thus interrogated:

"Your name, you say, is Maloney?"

"Yes, Si-r-r; Maloney is me name, and me mother's name that bore me; long life to her in the owld counthry!"

"We don't wish to hear any thing of the 'ould counthry,' Mr. Maloney," said the 'witty' counsel "Mr. Maloney, do you know my client?"

"Sir?" asked Mr. Maloney, in a monosyllable.

"Do you know *this* man?" pointing to his client

"Yes, Sir-r-r, I seen him wance-t."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, did you see that man, that individual sitting at your right hand, did you see him raise his muscular arm, and endeavor to arouse the passions and excite the fears of my client?"

"Sir?" again asked the witness.

"The Court will please note the hesitancy of the witness. Let me ask you the *second* time, Mr. Maloney, did you have an uninterrupted view, were your optics undimmed, when the plaintiff by your side, the individual in question, raised his muscular arm, and with malice prepense and murder aforethought, assaulted the person of my client, in violation of the laws of the country *and* of the State of New York?"

"Sir?" said the witness, inquiringly, for the third time.

"Would it not be well, Mr. ——," suggested the justice upon the bench to the 'learned counsel,' "to put your question to the witness in simpler and more direct terms?"

"*Perhaps* so, your honor. The witness is either very stupid or very designing. Well then, Mr Maloney, you see that man, the plaintiff there, don't you?"

"Sure, I sees that man plain enough foreninst me here, but I didn't know he was a *plaintiff*. He might ha' been a tinker, for all *I* knew about it."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, you see him *now*, at least. Now, sir, do you see *this* man, my client?" laying his hand upon the defendant's shoulder.

"Bedad I *do*, yer honor; I'm not a mole nor a bat, yer honor."

"Very well, Mr. Maloney. Now, Mr. Maloney, did you see *that* man strike *this* man?"

"I *did*, yer honor, and knock him flat. Faix! but 'twas a big blow? 'Twas like the kick ov a horse!"

"Your question is answered, Mr. Counsel," said the magistrate, "and your testimony is now in."

Dryden's lesson, that "it needs all we know to make things *plain*," is somewhat illustrated by this actual occurrence.

Many a disciple of Lavater and of Spurzheim will tell you that physiology and phrenology are each, and of themselves, infallible tests of character. But, as Robert Burns sings:

> "The best-laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft agiee:"

a fact which was very humorously illustrated at the recent trial of the Michigan railroad conspirators. A man entered the crowded court-room one day, during the progress of the long-protracted trial, and looking eagerly around, asked of a by-stander which were the prisoners? A wag, without moving a muscle, pointed to the jury-box, and said.

"*There* they are, in that box!"

"I *thought* so!" said the inquirer, in a whisper. "What a set of gallows-looking wretches they are! If there's any thing in physiology and phrenology, they *deserve* hanging, any how!"

The jury were all "picked men" of that region!

It is a good many years ago now, since we laughed a good hour by "Shrewsbury Clock" at the following description, by the hero of a native romance bearing his name, of the manner and bearing of New York Dry Goods "Drummers." The scene succeeds the history of the hero's first acquaintance with a "drummer;" who, mistaking him for a country "dealer," had given him his card on board of a steamboat, taken him to his hotel in town, sent him his wine, given him tickets to the theatre, and requested him to call at his store in Hanover-square, where it was his intention to turn these courtesies to profitable account. On a bright pleasant morning, accordingly, our hero visits the store, where Mr. Lummocks, the drummer, receives him with open arms, and introduces him to his employer. But we will now let him tell the story in his own words; and Dickens has seldom excelled the picture:

"He shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was really delighted to see me. He asked me how the times were, and offered me a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offense, but which I threw away the very first opportunity I got.

"'Buy for cash, or on time?' he asked.

"I was a little startled at the question, it was so abrupt; but I replied, 'For cash.'

"'Would you like to look at some prints, major?' he inquired.

"'I am made obliged to you,' I answered; 'I am very fond of seeing prints.'

"With that he commenced turning over one piece of calico after another, with amazing rapidity.

"'There, major—very desirable article—splendid style—only two-and-six: cheapest goods in the street.'

"Before I could make any reply, or even guess at

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his meaning, he was called away, and Mr. Lummocks stepped up and supplied his place.

"'You had better buy 'em, colonel,' said Mr. Lummocks; 'they will sell like hot cakes. Did you say you bought for cash?'

"'Of *course*,' I said, 'if I buy at all.'

"He took a memorandum out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

"'Let me see,' said he, 'Franco, Franco—what did you say your firm was? Something and Franco, or Franco and Somebody? The name has escaped me.'

"'I have no firm,' I replied.

"'O, you haven't, hain't ye? all alone, eh? But I don't see that I've got your first name down in my 'tickler.'"

"'My first name is Harry,' said I.

"'Right—yes—I remember,' said Mr. Lummocks, making a memorandum; 'and your references, colonel, who did you say were your references?'

"'I have no reference,' I replied; 'indeed I know of no one to whom I could refer, except my father."

"'What—the old boy in the country, eh?'

"'My father is in the country,' I answered, seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called the 'Old Boy.'

"'Then you have no *city* references, eh?'

"'None at all: I have no friends here, except yourself.'

"'Me!' exclaimed Mr. Lummocks, apparently in great amazement. 'Oh, oh!—but how much of a bill do you mean to make with us, captain?'

"'Perhaps I may buy a vest-pattern,' I replied, 'if you have got some genteel patterns.'

"'*A vest-pattern!*' exclaimed Mr. Lummocks; 'what! haven't you come down for the purpose of buying goods?'

"'No, sir,' I replied: 'I came to New York to seek for employment; and as you had shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad to assist me in finding a situation.'

"Mr. Lummock's countenance underwent a very singular change when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

"'Do you see any thing that looks *green* in there?' he asked, pulling down his eyelid with his forefinger.

"'No, sir, I do not,' I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

"'Nor in *there*, either?' said he, pulling open his other eye.

"'Nothing at all, sir,' I replied, after a minute examination.

"'I guess *not!*' said Mr. Lummocks; and without making any other answer, he turned on his heel and left me.

"'Regularly sucked, eh, Jack?' asked a young man who had been listening to our conversation.

"'Don't mention it!' said Mr. Lummocks; 'the man is a fool.'"

Our friend was about to demand an explanation of this strange conduct, when the proprietor came forward and told him that he was not a retailer but a *jobber*, and advised him, "if he wanted a vest-pattern, to go into Chatham-street!"

He must have been a good deal of an observer, and something of a philosopher also, who wrote as follows, in a unique paper, some fifteen years ago:

"Man is never contented. He is the fretful baby of trouble and care, and he will continue to worry and fret, no matter how pretty are the playthings that are laid before him to please him. He will sometimes fret because he can *find nothing to fret about*. I've known just such men myself. If he were bound to live in this world forever, he would fret because he couldn't leave and go to another, "just for a change;" and now, seeing that sooner or later he *must* go, and no mistake, he frets like a caged porcupine, and thinks he would like to live here always The fact is, he don't know *what* he wants.

"I've seen about enough of this world myself. For forty years I've been searching every nook and corner for some pleasant spring of happiness, instead of which I have only found a few flood-swollen streams, bearing upon their surface innumerable bubbles of vanity, *and all along by their margins nests of young humbugs are continually being hatched.* I have drunk of these waters nigh unto bursting, and have always departed as dry as a cork.

"In fact, I've been kicked about like an old hat, nearly used up by the flagellations of Old Time, and am now feeling the way with my cane down to the silent valley. But, yet, I'm happy—'happy as a clam at high water.' I sleep like a top, but I don't eat as much as I used to. Oh! it is a blessed thing to lie down at night with a light stomach, and a lighter conscience! You ought to *see* me sleep sometimes! The way I 'take it easy is a caution to children!'"

It may not be new, but whether new or not, it is worthy of being repeated to our readers, the beautiful reply of a little lad to an English bishop, who said to him, one day, "If you will tell me where God is, I'll give you an orange." "If you will tell me where He is *not*," promptly responded the little fellow, "I will give you *two!*" Better than all earthly logic was the simple faith of this trusting child.

Here is an awful "fixed fact" for snuff-takers! Perhaps the "Statistics of Snuff and Sneezing" may yet form a part of some remote census of these United States:

"It has been very exactly calculated, that in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life are devoted to tickling his nose, and two more to the sonorous and agreeable processes of blowing and wiping it, with other incidental circumstances!"

How about "Statistics of Chewing?"—the time employed in selecting, inserting, rolling, and ejecting the quid?—the length of the yellow lines at the corners of the mouth, in the aggregate?—the lakes of saliva, spirted, squirted, spit, sprinkled, and drizzled! We commend the pregnant theme to some clever American statist. Ah! well would it be if we bestowed half the time in making ourselves agreeable, that we waste in rendering ourselves offensive to our friends!

The late lamented John Sanderson, the witty author of "The American in Paris," speaking of Père La Chaise, says: "A Frenchman, who enjoys life so well, is, of all creatures, the least concerned at leaving it." He only wishes to be buried in the great Parisian burying-ground; and often selects his marble of the finest tints for his monument, and has his coffin made, and his grave dug in advance." A lady told the author, with great *empressement*, that she had rather *not die at all*, than to die and be buried any where except in Père La Chaise!

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Literary Notices.

Harper and Brothers have published an edition of LAYARD's *Popular Account of Discoveries at Nineveh*, being an abridgment of his large work on the same subject, by the author himself. In this edition, the principal Biblical and historical illustrations are introduced into the narrative. No changes on any material points of opinion or fact are made in the narrative, as more recent discoveries have confirmed the original statements of the author. The present form of the work will no doubt be highly acceptable to the public. With as much condensation as was admitted by the nature of the subject, and at a very moderate expense, the curious researches of Mr. Layard are here set forth, throwing an interesting light on numerous topics of Biblical antiquity, and Oriental customs in general.

Memoirs of the Great Metropolis, by F. SAUNDERS (published by G. P. Putnam), is not only a convenient and instructive guide-book for the traveler in England, but contains numerous literary allusions and reminiscences, illustrating the haunts of celebrated authors. The writer is evidently familiar with his subject from personal observation; he is at home in the antique nooks and corners of the British capital; and, at the same time, making a judicious use of the best authorities, he has produced a volume filled with valuable information, and a variety of amusing matter. We advise our friends who are about packing up for a European tour to remember this pleasant book, and if it should not be able to alleviate the misery of sea-sickness, it will at least prepare them for an intelligent examination of the curiosities of London.

Dream Life: A Fable of the Seasons, by IK. MARVEL. (Published by Charles Scribner.) A new volume in the same vein of meditative pathos, and quaint, gentle humor as the delightful "Reveries of a Bachelor,"—perhaps, indeed, bearing too great an affinity with that unique volume to follow it in such rapid succession. The daintiest cates most readily produce a surfeit, and it is not strange that the pure Hyblæan sweetness of these delicious compositions should pall upon the sense by a too luxurious indulgence. With a writer of less variety of resource than Ik. Marvel, it would not be worth while to advance such a criticism; but we are perverse enough to demand of him not only pre-eminence in a favorite sphere, but a more liberal taste of other qualities, of which we have often had such pleasant inklings.

In this volume we have the "Dreams" of the Four Seasons, Boyhood, Youth, Manhood, and Age, in which the experience of those epochs is set forth in a soft, imaginative twilight, diversified with passages of felicitous description, and with genuine strains of tender, pathetic beauty, which could come only from the heart of genius. His home-life in the country is a perpetual source of inspiration to Ik. Marvel, in his highest and best creations. He describes rural scenes with a freshness and veracity, which is the exclusive privilege of early recollections. In this respect, "the child is father to the man." His pages are fragrant with the clover-fields and new hay, in which he sported when a child. With feelings unworn by the world, he lives over again the "dreams of his youth," which are so richly peopled with fair and sad visions, drawing an abundant supply of materials for his exquisite imagination to shape, and reproducing them in forms that are equally admirable for their tenderness and their truth. What a striking contrast does he present to those writers who trust merely to fancy without the experience of life—whose rural pictures remind you of nature as much as the green and red paint of an artificial flower reminds you of a rose.

In the Dedication of this volume to Washington Irving, the author gracefully alludes to the influence of that consummate master in enabling him to attain the "facility in the use of language, and the fitness of expression in which to dress his thoughts," which any may suppose to be found in his writings. This is a beautiful testimony, alike honorable to the giver and the receiver. The frankness with which the acknowledgment is made, shows a true simplicity of purpose, altogether above the sphere of a weak personal vanity. And the contagious action of Mr. Irving's literary example on susceptible, generous minds can scarcely be overrated. The writers now on the stage are more indebted to that noble veteran than they are apt to remember, for the polished refinement of expression which he was the first to make the fashion in this country. They may indeed discover no more resemblance between Mr. Irving's style and their own, than there is between that of Mr. Irving and Ik. Marvel. In this case, we confess, we should not have suspected the relation alluded to by the latter. We trace other and stronger influences in the formation of his style than the example of Mr. Irving. But the beneficial effect of a great master of composition is not to be estimated by the resemblance which it produces to himself. The artist does not study the works of Raphael or Michael Angelo in order to imitate their characteristics. His purpose is rather to catch the spirit of beauty which pervades their productions, and to learn the secret of method by which it was embodied. In like manner, the young writer can not yield himself to the seductive charm of Mr. Irving's golden periods, and follow the liquid, melodious flow of his enchanting sentences, without a revelation of the beautiful mysteries of expression, and a new sense of the sweetness and harmony of the language which he is to make his instrument. He may be entirely free from conscious imitation, but he has received a virtue which can not fail to be manifested in his own endeavors. If he be a man of original genius, like Ik. Marvel, he may not indicate the source from which his mind has derived such vigorous impulses; but his obligation is no less real; though instead of reproducing the wholesome leaves on which his spirit has fed, he weaves them into the shining and comely robes that are at once the dress and the adornment of his own thoughts.

Florence Sackville (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a highly successful English novel, dedicated to the poet Rogers. In the form of an autobiography, the heroine relates the incidents of her life, which are marked by a great variety of experience, including many passages of terrible suffering and tragic pathos. The story is sustained with uncommon power; the characters in the plot are admirably individualized; showing a deep insight into human nature, and a rare talent for depicting the recondite workings of passion. A lofty and pure religious sentiment pervades the volume, and deepens the effect of the thrilling narrative.

Clovernook, by ALICE CAREY. (Published by Red

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field). The author of this series of rural sketches enjoys a well-earned reputation as a poet of uncommon imaginative power, with a choice and expressive diction. Her specimens of prose-writing in this beautiful volume will serve to enhance her literary fame. They consist of recollections of Western life, described with great accuracy of detail, and embellished with the natural coloring of a picturesque fancy. Few more characteristic or charming books have recently issued from the American press.

A new edition of that quaint, ingenious allegory, *Salander and the Dragon*, by FREDERIC WILLIAM SHELTON, has been published by John S. Taylor. We are glad to find that the originality and fine moral painting of this remarkable work have found such just appreciation.

The First Woman is the title of an instructive essay on the female character, by Rev. GARDINER SPRING. It is written with clearness and strength, and contains several passages of chaste eloquence. The author would establish the position of woman on the old platform, without yielding to the modern outcry for the extension of her rights. (Published by M. W. Dodd).

A volume of *Select Poetry for Children and Youth*, with an Introduction, by TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., is published by M. W. Dodd. It is based upon an English selection of acknowledged merit, but with important additions and improvements by the American editor. Excellent taste is shown in its preparation, and it must prove a welcome resource for the mental entertainment of the family circle.

The Sovereigns of the Bible, by ELIZA R. STEELE (published by M. W. Dodd), describes, in simple narrative style, the influence of monarchy in the political history of the chosen nation. Closely following the Old Testament account, it is in a great measure free from the tawdry finery, gingerbread work, and German-silver splendor which shine with such dazzling radiance in many modern attempts to improve the style of the sacred records.

The Snow-Image and Other Twice-told Tales, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields). This collection of stories is introduced with a racy preface, giving a bit of the author's literary autobiography. The volume is not inferior in interest to its fascinating predecessors.

Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm, by DAY KELLOGG LEE. (Auburn: Derby and Miller). This volume belongs to an order of composition which requires a true eye for nature, a genial sympathy with active life, and a happy command of language for its successful execution. The present author exhibits no ordinary degree of these qualities. His book is filled with lively pictures of country life, presented with warmth and earnestness of feeling, and singularly free from affectation and pretense. It finely blends the instructive with the amusing, aiming at a high moral purpose, but without the formality of didactic writing. We give a cordial welcome to the author, and believe that he will become a favorite in this department of composition. The volume is issued in excellent style, and presents a very creditable specimen of careful typography.

The Podesta's Daughter and other Poems, by GEO. H. BOKER. (Philadelphia: A. Hart). The principal poem in this volume is a dramatic sketch, founded on Italian life in the Middle Ages. It is written with terseness and vigor, displaying a chaste and powerful imagination, with an admirable command of the appropriate language of poetry. The volume contains several miscellaneous pieces, including snatches of songs and sonnets, which evince a genuine artistic culture, and give a brilliant promise on the part of the youthful poet.

What I Saw in New York, by JOEL H. ROSS, M.D. (Auburn: Derby and Miller). A series of popular sketches of several of the principal objects of interest in our "Great Metropolis." The author has walked about the streets with his eyes wide open, noticing a multiplicity of things which are apt to escape the negligent observer, and has described them in a familiar conversational tone, which is not a little attractive. Strangers who are visiting New York for the first time will find an abundant store of convenient information in this well-filled volume—and all the better for the agreeable manner in which it is conveyed.

A useful volume for the emigrant and traveler, and for the student of geography as well, has been issued by J. H. Colton, entitled *Western Portraiture*, by DANIEL S. CURTIS. It contains a description of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, with remarks on Minnesota, and other Territories. In addition to the valuable practical information which it presents in a lucid manner, it gives several curious pictures of social life and natural scenery in the West. No one who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the resources of this country should fail to consult its very readable pages.

One of the most important London publications of the present season, *Lectures on the History of France*, by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, is just issued by Harper and Brothers in one elegant octavo volume. They were delivered before the University of Cambridge, and comprise a series of brilliant, discursive commentaries on the salient points of French history, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. Of the twenty-four Lectures which compose the volume, three are devoted to the "Power of the Pen in France," and discuss in a masterly style, the character and influence of Abeilard, Bernard, Montaigne, Descartes, Pascal, and other eminent French writers Apart from its valuable political disquisitions, no recent work can compare with this volume as a contribution to the history of literature.

Among the works in preparation by Messrs. Black is a *Memoir of the late Lord Jeffrey*, by his friend Lord COCKBURN. This biography will possess peculiar interest, from Lord Jeffrey's literary position as one of the originators, and for so many years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. His connection with Byron, originating in fierce hostility, and terminating in warm friendship, as well as his connection with many other distinguished men, and the grace of his epistolary style, will also impart an interesting character to its contents.

Mr. JERDAN is proceeding rapidly with his *Autobiography and Reminiscences*, the commencement of which will relate to the youth of some of the highest dignitaries of the law now living, and the sequel will illustrate, from forty years of intimacy, the character and acts of George Canning, and nearly all the leading statesmen, politicians, *literati*, and artists, who have flourished within that period.

It is reported that Lord BROUGHAM is beguiling his sick leisure at Cannes, with the composition of a work to be entitled, *France and England before Europe in* 1851, a social and political parallel of the two foremost nations of the world.

An English *Memoir of the Last Emperor of China* is announced from the pen of Dr. GUTZLAFF, the lately-deceased and well-known missionary to that strange

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empire, from which intelligent tidings are always welcome.

A second edition is printing of CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling*. His first book the fine *Life of Schiller*, took some five-and-twenty years to attain the second-editionship, which is bestowed upon his latest book after as many days.

A second edition is under way of the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY'S glowing novel, *Yeast*, which is regarded by many as the best of all his books, dealing as it does with the rural scenes and manners which are familiar to him at first-hand.

The last announcement of a new work in the department of history or biography is that of a forthcoming Life of Admiral BLAKE, "based almost entirely on original documents," by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, the biographer of JOHN HOWARD and WILLIAM PENN, and the delineator of London prisons. Mr. Dixon has a taste for the selection of "safe" subjects, and ROBERT BLAKE is surely one of the "safest" that could be chosen. The Nelson of the Commonwealth, without Nelson's faults and frailties.

An elegant translation of CHARLES DICKENS'S works, well got up, and well printed, is being published in Copenhagen. The first part commences with *David Copperfield*, from the pen of Herr MOLTKE.

The collected poems of D. M. MOIR, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, lately deceased, are announced by the Messrs. Blackwood, with a memoir by THOMAS AIRD. "Delta" was an amiable and benevolent surgeon, at Musselburgh, a little fishing village, a few miles east of Edinburgh, and had nothing about him of the conceit which a little literary fame generally begets in the member of a trifling provincial circle. Whether his musical and rather melancholy verses will be long remembered is doubtful; but a tolerably enduring reputation is probably secured to his *Mansie Wauch*, a genial portraiture of a Scottish village-original, in its way quite as racy, though not so caustic, as GALT'S best works in the same lime. Mr. Thomas Aird, his biographer, is the editor of a Dumfries newspaper, and himself a man of original genius. D. M. Moir, by the way, ought not to be confounded with his namesake and fellow contributor to *Blackwood*, GEORGE MOIR, the Edinburgh advocate, a man of much greater accomplishment, the translator of SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*, and author of the *Fragments from the History of John Bull*, a satire on modern reform, in the manner of Dean SWIFT'S *Tale of a Tub*.

The Council of King's College, London, have appointed Mr. JAMES STEPHEN, son of Sergeant Stephen, author of the *Commentaries*, to the Professorship of English Law and Jurisprudence, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Bullock.

At Belfast, the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics has been, by the Lord Lieutenant, assigned to Dr. JAMES M'COSH, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, author of one of the most profound works that have appeared of late years—*The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral.*

Mr. HAYWARD, the translator of *Faust*, has written to *The Morning Chronicle* to insist on the improbability that there is any truth in a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers, and which described the late convert to Catholicism, the fair and vagrant IDA, Countess von HAHN-HAHN, as parading herself in the streets of Berlin in the guise of a haggard penitent, literally clad in sackcloth and ashes!

Lord MAHON, in the last volume of his *History of England* that has been published, has a good deal to say upon Junius, and his decision upon that vexed topic will be heard with interest: "But who was Junius? ... I will not affect to speak with doubt when no doubt exists in my mind. From the proofs adduced by others, and on a clear conviction of my own, I affirm that the author of Junius was no other than Sir Philip Francis." The *Literary Gazette* also says "We are as much convinced that Sir Philip Francis was Junius as that George III. was king of Great Britain."

In an elaborate article on the intellectual character of KOSSUTH, the *London Athenæum* remarks, "Of the minor merits of this remarkable man, his command of the English language is perhaps that which creates the largest amount of wonder. With the exception of an occasional want of idiom, the use of a few words in an obsolete sense, and a habit of sometimes carrying (German fashion) the infinitive verb to the end of a sentence—there is little to distinguish M. Kossuth's English from that of our great masters of eloquence. Select, yet copious and picturesque, it is always. The combinations—we speak of his words as distinct from the thoughts that lie in them—are often very happy. We can even go so far as to say that he has enriched and utilized our language the first by using unusual words with extreme felicity, the latter by proving to the world how well the pregnant and flexible tongue of Shakspeare adapts itself to the expression of a genius and a race so remote from the Saxon as the Magyar."

The Chancellorship of the Dublin University, vacant by the death of the King of Hanover, has been conferred on Lord JOHN GEORGE BERESFORD, the primate of Ireland.

The Scotch Journals announce the death of one whose name is familiar to many of the scholars of this country, Mr. GEORGE DUNBAR, professor of Greek Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

The Rev. Dr. SADLEIR, Fellow and Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, died suddenly on the 14th of December. He was a man of liberal views and charitable feelings, and although in a society not remarkable for catholicity of spirit, his advocacy of all measures of progress and freedom was uniform and zealous. He was appointed to the provostship by the Crown in 1837.

Among recent deaths of literary men, we note that of BASIL MONTAGUE, best known as the editor of the works of Lord Bacon. He was an illegitimate son of the famous Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, by the unfortunate Miss Reay, who was assassinated in 1779, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, her betrothed lover. The tragic story is told in all the London guide-books, as well as in collections of celebrated trials. Mr. Basil Montague studied for the law, and rose to a high standing in the profession. He was called to the bar by the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, in 1798. On the *Law of Bankruptcy* he published some valuable treatises, the reputation of which gained him a commissionership. With

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Romilly and Mackintosh he worked diligently for the mitigation of the severity of the penal code. On capital punishments he wrote several pamphlets, which attracted much public notice. Besides his edition of *Bacon*, with an original biography, he published *Selections from Taylor, Hooker, Hall, and Bacon*. He died at Boulogne, on the 27th of November, in the 82d year of his age.

From France we can expect no more literature for some time, and we must think ourselves fortunate that GUIZOT's two new works reached us before "society was saved," as the man says who has earned the execration of the world. These two works are *Etudes Morales* and *Etudes sur les Beaux Arts*. The former contains essays on Immortality, on the state of Religion in modern society, on Faith, and a lengthy treatise on Education. The second is interesting, as showing us Guizot criticising Art

A curious work, entitled, *Les Murailles Revolutionnaires* (Revolutionary Walls), has been published in Paris. It contains the proclamations, decrees, addresses, appeals, warnings, denunciations, remonstrances, counsels, professions of faith, plans of political reconstruction, and schemes of social regeneration, which were stuck on the walls of Paris in the first few months' agitated existence of the Revolution of 1848. At that time the dead walls of *la grande ville* presented an extraordinary spectacle. They were literally covered with placards of all sizes, all shapes, all colors, all sorts of type, and some were even in manuscript. Several times in the course of a day was the paper renewed; and so attractive was the reading it offered to every passer-by, that it not only put an end to the sale of books, but nearly ruined circulating libraries and *salons de lecture*, in which, for the moderate charge of from two to five sous, worthy citizens are accustomed to read the journals. LOUIS NAPOLEON has changed all that. Among other wondrous decrees that have issued from his barracks, is "Bill-Stickers Beware!" The usurper sees danger in the very poles and paste of an *afficheur!*

There is in Paris, under the sole direction of an ecclesiastic, the Abbé MIGNE, an establishment embracing a printing office, stereotype foundry, and all other departments of book manufacture, which has in course of publication a complete series of the chief works of Catholic literature, amounting to 2000 volumes, and the prices are such that the mass of the clergy of that faith may possess the whole.

LAMARTINE has given us the third and fourth volumes of his *Histoire de la Restauration*; BARANTE, the third volume of his *Histoire de la Convention*, bringing the narrative down to 1793. THIERRY announces a new edition of his works; and ALEXANDRE DUMAS has commenced his *Mémoires* in *La Presse*

The most striking of French novels, or of any novels recently published, is the *Revenants* ("Ghosts"), of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, which exceeds in cleverness, ingenuity, and absurdity all the novels put together of his prolific parent himself. The heroes and heroines of the *Revenants* are those of three of the most celebrated tales of last century, GOETHE's *Werther*, BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE's *Paul and Virginia*, and the Abbé PREVOST's *Manon L'Escaut*. The book opens with a description of a visit paid by MUSTEL, a German professor, to his old pupil BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE, now living at Paris in the sunshine of the fame procured to him by the publication of *Paul and Virginia*.

It has been remarked that the name of BONAPARTE is unlucky to literature, for they do not understand that, to flourish, literature requires freedom. No king or emperor, if he had all the gold of Peru, could nowadays do as much for literature as the public; and, to please the public, it must be completely free. "Now," writes the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "if the illustrious Monsieur Bonaparte can make good his position in France, he *must* be a despot. On no other ground could he stand for a week—it is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with him. And, unfortunately, unlike most despots, he has no taste whatever for literature—he never, it is said, read fifty lines of poetry in his life, and can not even now wade through half-a-dozen pages of prose without falling asleep."

SILVIO PELLICO, so famous for his works, his imprisonments, and sufferings, is now in Paris.

Three novels are announced by a German authoress, CAROLINA VON GÖHREN—*Ottomar, Victor, and Thora*, and *Glieder einer Kelte*. The authoress (whose real name is Frau von ZÖLLNER) is a lady of noble family, who has married a man of "no family," and has *not* died of the *mésalliance*. She is well known in the best circles of Dresden, and has lately taken to fill her leisure with writing novels, which she does with considerable skill. Her compatriot HAHN-HAHN, by her languid airs of haughty aristocracy, seems to have roused the scorn of Frau von ZÖLLNER, who attacks her with great spirit. The new writer commands the sympathy of English readers by her good, plain common sense, and the moral tendency of her books.

The scientific literature both of Germany and England is about to be enriched by a translation of OERSTED's chief work, "The Soul in Nature." COTTA, of Stuttgard and Tübingen, is to publish the one, and Mr. BOHN the other.

A German translation is announced of the lately deceased Danish poet, OEHLENSCHLAGER's *Autobiographical Reminiscences*. Oehlenschlager has an old reputation in this country as the author of the fine-art drama, "Correggio," and of a still finer theatrical version of the Arabian Nights' tale, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," both of which were introduced to the public a quarter of a century ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. During his lifetime, he published a portion of his autobiography, which was very interesting and unaffected; and we can predict a fair popularity to the now completed work.

Of German fictions, the one that has made the most noise lately is the long-announced novel by WOLFGANG MENZEL, the well-known historian, journalist, and critic, entitled *Furore: Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem dreissigjährigen Kriege* ("Story of a Monk and a Nun from the period of the Thirty Years' War"), which the German critics praise as a lively and variegated picture of that period of turmoil and confusion.

HEINE's new work, *Romanzero*, has been prohibited at Berlin, and the copies in the booksellers, shops confiscated. The sale of eight thousand copies before it was prohibited is a practical assurance of its brilliant success. Gay, sarcastic, and poetic, it

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resembles all his previous works in spirit, though less finished in form. His *Faust* turns out to be a Ballet, with Mephistopheles metamorphosed into a Danseuse! In the letter which concludes the work there is much interesting matter on the *Faust Saga*, and its mode of treatment.

The people of Leipzig have just had their "Schiller-fest," or Schiller's festival, in honor of the great national poet and tragedian. Schiller was, indeed, a native of Würtemberg, and he lived in Mannheim and Weimar. But Germany, which has no metropolis, enjoys a great many *capitals:* and as the ancients had a god of the sun, the moon, and the various constellations, so do the Germans have a capital of poetic art, another of music, another of painting, and so on. Leipzig is, or pretends to be, the great literary metropolis, and in this capacity the good city holds an annual festival in honor of Schiller. On the present occasion there was a public dinner, with pompous speeches by Messrs. Gutzkow, Bothe, and Apel, while in the Leipzig theatre Shakspeare's "Macbeth" was given in Schiller's adaptation to the German stage.

The Berlin journals announce the arrival in that city of Doctor ZAHN, so well known for his researches in Pompeii and Herculaneum. His work thereon is one of the most important archæological productions extant. He has passed not fewer than twenty-five years of his life among those ancient ruins.

The foreign obituary includes the name of Dr. MEINHOLD—a name which will live in connection with *The Amber Witch* and with the singular circumstances attending the reception of that powerful tale.

The English admirers of HUMBOLDT'S *Kosmos* will be glad to learn that an important addition has been made to the commentaries on that great work, by Herr Bronne's "Collection of Maps for the Kosmos." The first series, containing six plates, has just been published by Krais and Hoffmann, at Stuttgardt. These six plates are to be followed by thirty-six others, and contain the planetary, solar, and lunar systems, the plain globes, and the body of the earth, and the elevations of its surface, with a variety of diagrams, and a set of explanatory notes.

An intelligent and appreciative German, SIEGFRIED KUPPER, has been attracted by the fine simplicities and interests of the popular poetry of Servia, and has woven together, out of the lays which commemorate the Achilles-Ulysses-Hercules-Leonidas of Servia, *Lazar, der Serbenczar. Ein Helden-gedicht* "Lazar, the Czar of the Serbs. A Heroic poem." "Among the earliest announcers of the beauty of the Servian popular poetry," says the *London Literary Journal*, "was THERESA JAKOB, the daughter of the well-known German Professor, and now for many years married to the American Dr. ROBINSON, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. This lady (a translation of whose History of the Colonization of America we lately reviewed) published, five-and-twenty years ago, some translated specimens of Servian song, which quite took captive the heart of old GOETHE, whose praises introduced them to the notice of educated Europe. Other Germans, and even some Frenchmen, followed in the same direction; and our own BOWRING'S *Specimens of Servian Poetry*, is probably familiar to many readers. With the growing importance of the Slavonian tribes, a new interest attaches to their copious literature; and to any enterprising young *litterateur*, in quest of an unexplored field of research, we would recommend the poetry, recent and ancient, of the Slavonic races."

The Council of the Shakspeare Society have received a very welcome and unexpected present, in the shape of a translation of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes 8vo., into Swedish verse. This laborious work has been accomplished by Professor HAGBERG, of the University of Lund, and it was transmitted through the Swedish Minister resident in London.

A Signor ANTONIO CACCIA, an Italian exile, sends from the freer press of Leipzig, a book of practical and philosophic travel: *Europa ed America. Scene della Vita dal* 1848 *al* 1850 ("Europe and America. Scenes from Life in both hemispheres during the years 1848–50"), which contains, besides a notice of California, a good many useful hints to travelers.

The librarian of the Emperor of Russia has purchased, for the Imperial Library, a complete collection of all the pamphlets, placards, caricatures, songs, &c., published at Berlin during the revolutionary movement of 1848.

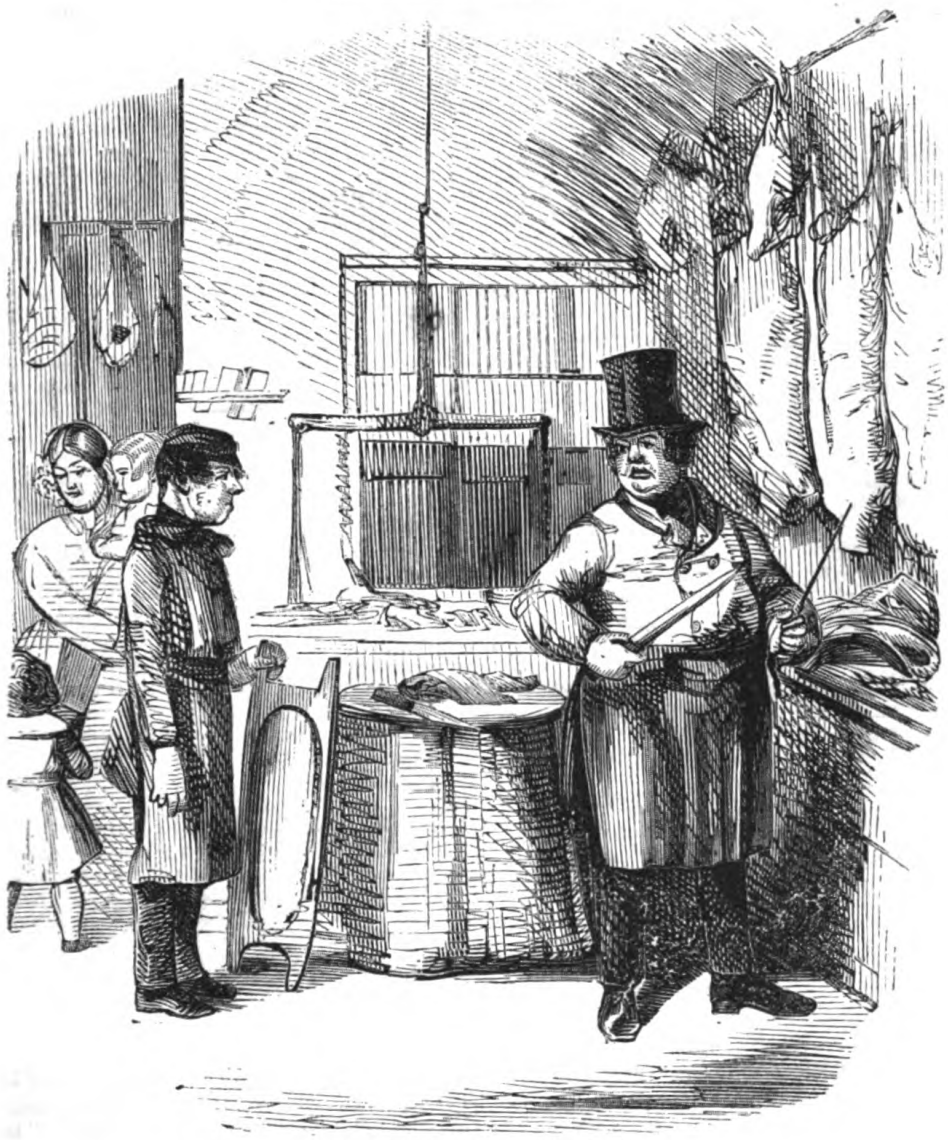
Dr. SMITH, bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, has sent to the library of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a Chinese work *On the Geography and History of Foreign Nations*, by SEU-KE-YU, Governor of the province of Fokeen. Seu-ke-yu is a man of high official station, a distinguished scholar, and very liberal in his views. He commences the geographical part of his book with a statement of the spherical form of the earth, as opposed to the universal belief in China of its being a vast level area, of which the Celestial Empire occupies the central and most considerable part. Numerous maps illustrate the text, being tolerably correct copies from European atlases, the names given in Chinese characters. The work is in six volumes, very well printed, and instead of binding, each part is contained in a wooden case, ingeniously folding, and fastened with ivory pins.

When the department of the Ministry of Public Instruction was created some four or five years ago in Constantinople, it became apparent that there existed a great desideratum of Moslem civilization, necessary to be supplied as soon as possible—a Turkish Vocabulary and a Turkish Grammar compiled according to the high development of philology. The Grammar has now been published; being compiled by Fuad Effendi, *mustesher* of the Grand Vizier, a man known for his high attainments—assisted by Ahmed Djesvid Effendi, another member of the Council of Instruction. The work has been printed at Constantinople, and translations will be made into several languages: the French edition being now in preparation by two gentlemen belonging to the Foreign Office of the Sublime Porte, who have obtained a privilege of ten years for its sale.

Among the new works just out, we notice a Spanish translation of TICKNOR'S *History of Spanish Literature*, by Don PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS y Don ENRIQUE DE VEDIA (*con adiciones y notas criticas*), Mr Ticknor having communicated some notes and corrections to the two translators, who have added from their own stores.

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A Leaf from Punch.



A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher.—"Did you take Old Major Dumblebore's Ribs to No. 12?"
Boy.—"Yes, Sir."
Master Butcher.—"Then, cut Miss Wiggle's Shoulder and Neck, and hang Mr. Foodle's Legs till they're quite tender."

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

WE see advertised some "Crying Dolls." We must protest against this new kind of amusement. Just as if the real thing was not enough, but we are to have an addition to an evil, that is already sufficiently "crying" in every household. We wish the inventor of this new toy (which might be called "the Disturber of the Peace of Private Families") to be woke up regularly in the middle of the night, for the next twelve months to come, by one of his own "Crying Dolls." and then he will be able to see how he likes it. Let one of the Dolls also be "Teething;" for we should not be astonished now to hear of "Teething Dolls," and "Coughing and Choking Dolls," with other infantine varieties, and then the punishment of this "monster in human form" will be complete. Dr. Guillotine perished by the instrument he invented. The inventor of the "Crying Dolls" deserves a similar fate. He should be shut up with all his toys in "full cry," until, like Niobe, the crying was the death of him, and he was turned, by some offended mythological deity, into the "great pump," of which his invention proclaims him to be the effigy.

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MRS. BAKER'S PET.

MRS. BAKER, feeling lonely during her husband's absence at his business, has purchased a dog in the streets for a Pet. The animal has been brought home, and Mrs. BAKER has been for some time anxiously awaiting the arrival of the husband to dinner, to introduce him to her new favorite. The gentleman's latch key has been heard in the door, and Cook has received orders to dish the dinner. Mr. BAKER, Mrs. BAKER, MARY the Servant, and SCAMP the Pet meet at the door of the dining-room. SCAMP commences an infuriated assault of barks and springs, meant for the inoffensive and astonished BAKER, but which have all the appearance of being directed against MARY, who is entering at the moment with the dinner-plates. MARY drops the plates, smashing two, and begins screaming. SCAMP, excited by the row, redoubles his barks, and bounds to and fro on the door mat. Mr. BAKER, who has heard nothing of the dog, is naturally indignant at the reception, and commences an assault upon him with his umbrella. Mrs. BAKER, who feels that the reputation of her Pet is at stake, endeavors to soothe him by ordering him to "Lie down, and be a good dog;" but SCAMP is insensible to the power of moral suasion. A domestic representation of the old play of "Family Jars," takes place; the leading parts by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER "for the first time;" the orchestra under the direction of MARY and SCAMP. The performance lasts till bed-time; when the gentleman insists that the dog shall pass the night in the yard. This does not meet SCAMP's approbation, and he expresses his discontent, by a serenade under the windows of Mr. and Mrs. BAKER's bedroom, which lasts the whole night, and consists in running up and down the howling scale, winding up with a prolonged shake in C above the line. The performance is enlivened by the perpetual raising of the windows from the neighbors' houses, and an occasional crash in Mr. BAKER's yard, which is accounted for the next day by the appearance of half a score of boot-jacks of various sizes and patterns.

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Fashions for February.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—WALKING AND IN-DOOR DRESSES.

FIGURE 1.—WALKING DRESS.—The bonnet is made of terry velvet; the brim is very open at the sides, so as to show the face well, and comes forward at top. The crown is not very deep; it is covered in the first place with a piece of terry velvet, the shape of which resembles a hood, trimmed with black lace two and a half inches wide, and hanging over the curtain. The curtain reaches very high, and falls almost straight, with scarcely any fullness. It is edged all round with lace about an inch wide. Two felted feathers spring from between the hood and the crown, one toward the right, the other toward the left, and entwined together. The inside of the front is trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons and black lace. The sides at the cheeks are filled with bunches of pink volubilis, and loops of black velvet. These bunches of flowers hang down the front with two velvet ends.

Mantle and dress of cloth trimmed with velvet; the mantle is rounded behind and very full. It belongs to the Talma style. The neck is terminated by a little upright collar barely an inch in height, which rises a little on the cravat. The front is closed by three little bands with two button-holes, which are fastened over velvet buttons. The front corners are cut square, but rather sloping, so as to form a point. An inch from the edge a velvet ribbon two inches wide is sewed on flat.

FIGURE 2.—IN-DOOR DRESS.—The head-dress is a Louis XV. puff, made of white blond, satin and velvet ribbons, set on the head. The top consists of two cross bands of ribbon. The round part is formed of two rows of blond flutes. Each of these rows is ornamented with bows of No. 1 velvet. The first row violet, the second yellow. Large bunches of loops of wide satin ribbon, violet and yellow, fill the sides and hollows of the bands; on each side full ribbons which are placed across the head.

Black vest with lappets. This garment sits very close; the skirts are open at the sides and behind, but lap over each other. Satin piping all round the edges. The front is trimmed with two small satin pipings, like frogs, each terminating with a satin button. These sleeves have an elbow, are short,

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and end in a cuff, opened up the side, and trimmed with three small flaps in satin piping.

Waistcoat of yellow valencias buttoning up straight, with small buttons of the same.

Skirt of silk cloth, is very full, but the plaits are pressed down and kept flat on the hips so as not to swell out, or raise the lappets. These last can be made to sit well by making them lie smooth on the hips. Chemisette composed of two rows of embroidered muslin, fluted and kept up by a satin cravat, tied like a gentleman's. Three ample rows of embroidered muslin, form the trimming of the under-sleeve.



FIGURE 3.—EVENING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.—Head-dress of hair only, with a diamond comb. The hair is parted down the middle, and drawn back square from the forehead on each side. One large plat of hair is laid round the top of the head. The back hair is done up in plats and torsades twisted together. The comb is put in straight, and stands rather high. A cashmere *Orientale*. This short garment is cut straight and not hollowed at the waist; it reaches several inches below the hips; the sides are slit up; the sleeves are wide at bottom and open in front. A band of gold lace, about an inch wide, is laid flat all round, about half an inch from the edge, and the same on the sleeves. Two buttons of silk and gold each fasten a small cord ending in a handsome tassel, surmounted by small bows of silk and gold of various sizes. This cord is tied in front. The openings of the sleeves and sides are trimmed in the same manner. The lining is white satin.

Dress of white lutestring. Body low and square, trimmed with several rows of white blond. The top of the skirt is plain for a depth of six or seven inches, and all the lower part is trimmed with vandyked blond flounces. The flounces are very light.

FULL-DRESS FOR HOME.—The cap is a Louis XV. *fanchon* of *Alençon* lace. There are two tufts of various flowers on each side; they lie on the bands of hair which are waved and thrown back.



FIGURE 4.—FULL-DRESS FOR HOME.

Waistcoat of black watered silk; festooned edges, high behind, open in front. A row of *Alençon* lace sewed on flat projects beyond the edge all round the waistcoat. *Basquine* of terry velvet, trimmed with a broad satin ribbon and plaid velvet of bright colors. The sleeve, wide at bottom, is open behind and trimmed the same. The trimming is drawn in very fine gathers in the middle; the quilled edges are loose.

The skirt of terry velvet like that of the basquine, is trimmed with five flounces lying one on the other. On these flounces are sewed satin ribbons and plaid velvet bands, the top one No. 12, the two others, No. 16, the bottom one No. 22. These ribbons are sewed flat on the flounce, which is not gathered in that part; the gathers of the flounces are preserved between the flat parts. The interval between the ribbons is equal to twice their width. The under-sleeves follow the shape of the others, and have two rows of *Alençon* lace.

We have nothing new to report respecting the Bloomer costume. The following clever parody of Hamlet's soliloquy, is quite ingenious:

To wear or not to wear the Bloomer costume, that's the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in us girls to suffer
The inconveniences of the long-skirt dress,
Or cut it off against these muddy troubles,
And, by the cutting, end them. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To don the pants:—
The pants! perchance the boots! Ay, there's the rub.
For in those pants and boots what jeers may come,
When we have shuffled off these untold skirts
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long a custom,
For who could bear the scoffs and jeers of boys—
The old maid's scandal—the young man's laughter—
The sidelong leers, and derision's mock,
The insolent press, and all the spurns
We Bloomers of these boobies take!
Who would the old dress wear,
To groan and toil under the weary load,
But that the dread of something after it—
Of ankles large, of crooked leg, from which
Not all escape, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather wear the dress we have
Than turn out Bloomers.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXII.—MARCH, 1852.—Vol. IV.

RODOLPHUS.—A FRANCONIA STORY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

SCENE OF THE STORY.

Franconia, a village among the mountains at the North.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Rodolphus.

Ellen Linn: his sister, residing with her aunt up the glen.

Annie Linn, a younger sister.

Antoine Bianchinette, a French boy, at service at Mrs. Henry's, a short distance from the village. He is called generally by grown people Antonio, and by the children Beechnut.

Malleville, Mrs. Henry's niece.

Alphonzo, called commonly Phonny, her son

Mr. Keep, a lawyer.

CHAPTER I.

THE manner in which indulgence and caprice on the part of the parent, lead to the demoralization and ruin of the child, is illustrated by the history of Rodolphus.

I. BAD TRAINING

Rodolphus, whatever may have been his faults, was certainly a very ingenious boy. When he was very young he made a dove-house in the end of his father's shed, all complete, with openings for the doves to go in and out in front, and a door for himself behind. He made a ladder, also, by which he could mount up to the door. He did all this with boards, which he obtained from an old fence, for material, and an ax, and a wood saw, for his only tools. His father, when he came to see the dove-house, was much pleased with the ingenuity which Rodolphus had displayed in the construction of it—though he found fault with him for taking away the boards from the fence without permission. This, however, gave Rodolphus very little concern.

When the dove house was completed Rodolphus obtained a pair of young doves from a farmer who lived about a mile away, and put them into a nest which he made for them in a box, inside.

At another time not long after this, he formed a plan for having some rabbits, and accordingly he made a house for them in a corner of the yard where he lived, a little below the village of Franconia. He made the house out of an old barrel. He sawed a hole in one side of the barrel, near the bottom of it, as it stood up upon one end—for a door, in order that the rabbits might go in and out. He put a roof over the top of it, to keep out the rain and snow. He also placed a *keg* at the side of the barrel, by way of wing to the building. There was a roof over this wing, too, as well as over the main body of the house, or, rather, there was a board placed over it, like a roof, though in respect to actual use this covering was more properly a *lid* than a roof, for the keg was intended to be used as a *store-room*, to keep the provisions in, which the rabbits were to eat. The board, therefore, which formed the roof of the wing of the building, was fastened at one edge, by leather hinges, and so could be lifted up and let down again at pleasure.



THE RABBIT HOUSE

Rodolphus's mother was unwilling that he should have any rabbits. She thought that such animals in Rodolphus's possession would make her a great deal of trouble. But Rodolphus said that he *would* have some. At least, he said, he would have *one*.

Rodolphus was standing in the path, in front of the door of his mother's house, when he said this. His mother was upon the great flat stone which served for a step.

"But Beechnut asks a quarter of a dollar for his rabbits," said his mother, in an expostulating tone, "and you have not got any money."

"Ah, but I know where I can get some money,' said Rodolphus.

"Where?" said his mother.

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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"Father will give it to me," said Rodolphus.

"But I shall ask him not to give it to you," said his mother.

"I don't care," said Rodolphus. "I can get it, if you do."

"How?" asked his mother.

Rodolphus did not answer, but began to turn summersets and cut capers on the grass, making all sorts of antic gestures and funny grimaces toward his mother. Mrs. Linn, for that was his mother's name, laughed, and then went into the house, saying, as she went, "Oh, Rolf, Rolf, what a little rogue you are!"

Rodolphus's father was a workman, and he was away from home almost all the day, though sometimes Rodolphus himself went to the place where he worked, to see him. When Mr. Linn came home at night, sometimes he *played* with Rodolphus, and sometimes he quarreled with him: but he never really *governed* him.

For example, when Rodolphus was a very little boy, he would climb up into his father's lap, and begin to feel in his father's waistcoat pockets for money. If his father directed him not to do so, Rodolphus would pay no regard to it. If he attempted to take Rodolphus's hands away by force, Rodolphus would scream, and struggle; and so his father, not wishing to make a disturbance, would desist. If Mr. Linn frowned and spoke sternly, Rodolphus would tickle him and make him laugh.

Finally, Rodolphus would succeed in getting a cent, perhaps, or some other small coin, from his father's pocket, and would then climb down and run away. The father would go after him, and try all sorts of coaxings and threatenings, to induce Rodolphus to bring the cent back—while Mrs. Linn would look on, laughing, and saying, perhaps, "Ah, let him have the cent, husband. It is not much."

Being encouraged thus by his mother's interposition, Rodolphus would of course persevere, and the contest would end at last by his keeping the money. Then he would insist the next day, on going into the little village close by, and spending it for gingerbread. He would go, while eating his gingerbread, to where his father was at work, and hold it up to his father as in triumph—making it a sort of trophy, as it were, of victory. His father would shake his finger at him, laughing at the same time, and saying, "Ah, Rolf! Rolf! what a little rogue you are!"

Rodolphus, in fact, generally contrived to have his own way in almost every thing. His mother did not attempt to govern him; she tried to *manage* him; but in the end it generally proved that he managed her. In fact, whenever he was engaged in any contest with his mother, his father would usually take the boy's part, just as his mother had done in his contests with his father.

For instance, one winter evening when he was quite a small boy, he was sitting in a corner playing with some blocks. He was building a sawmill. His mother was at work in a little kitchen which opened into the room where he was at play. His father was sitting on the settle, by the fire, reading a newspaper. The door was open which led into the kitchen, and Rodolphus, while he was at work upon his mill, watched his mother's motions, for he knew that when she had finished the work which she was doing, and had swept up the room, she would come to put him to bed. So Rodolphus went on building the mill, and the bridge, and the flume which was to convey the water to his mill, listening all the time to the sounds in the kitchen, and looking up from time to time, with a very watchful eye, at the door.

At length he heard the sound of the sweeping, and a few minutes afterward his mother appeared at the door, coming in. Rodolphus dropped his blocks, sprang to his feet, and ran round behind the table—a round table which stood out in the middle of the room.

"Now, Rodolphus," said his mother, in a tone of remonstrance, looking at the same time very seriously at him. "It is time for you to go to bed."

Rodolphus said nothing, but began to dance about, looking at his mother very intently all the time, and moving this way and that, as she moved, so as to keep himself exactly on the opposite side of the table from her.

"Rodolphus!" said his mother, in a very stern and commanding tone. "Come to me this minute."

Rodolphus continued his dancing.

Rodolphus's mother was a very beautiful young woman. Her dark glossy hair hung in curls upon her neck.

When she found that it did no good to command Rodolphus, the stern expression of her face changed into a smile, and she said,

"Well, if you won't come, I shall have to catch you, that's all."

So saying, she ran round the table to catch him. Rodolphus ran too. His mother turned first one way and then the other, but she could not get any nearer to the fugitive. Rodolphus kept always on the farthest side of the table from her. Presently Mr. Linn himself looked up and began to cheer Rodolphus, and encourage him to run; and once when Mrs. Linn nearly caught him and he yet escaped, Mr. Linn clapped his hands in token of his joy.

Mrs. Linn was now discouraged: so she stopped, and looking sternly at Rodolphus again, she said,

"Now, Rodolphus, you *must* come to me. Come this minute. If you don't come, I shall certainly punish you." She spoke these words with a great deal of force and emphasis, in order to make Rodolphus think that she was really in earnest. But Rodolphus did not believe that she was in earnest, and so it was evident that he had no intention to obey.

Mrs. Linn then thought of another plan for catching the fugitive, which was to push the table along to one side of the room, or up into a corner, and get Rodolphus out from behind it in that way. So she began to push. Rodolphus

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immediately began to resist her attempt, by pushing against the table himself, on the other side. His mother was the strongest, however, and she succeeded in gradually working the table, with Rodolphus before it, over to the further side of the room, notwithstanding all the efforts that he made to prevent it. When he found at last that he was likely to be caught, he left the table and ran behind the settle where his father was reading. His mother ran after him and caught him in the corner.

She attempted to take him, but Rodolphus began to struggle and scream, and to shake his shoulders when she took hold of them, evincing his determination not to go with her. At the same time he called out, "Father! father!"

His father looked around at the end of the settle to see what was the matter.

"He won't let me put him to bed," said Mrs. Linn, "and it was time half an hour ago."

"Oh, let him sit up a little while longer if he likes," said Mr. Linn. "It's of no use to make him cry."

Mrs. Linn reluctantly left Rodolphus, murmuring to herself that he ought to go to bed. Very soon, she said, he would be asleep upon the floor. "I would *make* him go," she added, "only if he cries and makes a noise, it will wake Annie."

In fact Annie was beginning to move a little in the cradle then. The cradle in which Annie was sleeping was by the side of the fire, opposite to the settle. Mrs. Linn went to it, to rock it, so that Annie might go to sleep again, and Rodolphus returned victorious to his mill.

These are specimens of the ways in which Rodolphus used to manage his father and mother, while he was quite young. He became more and more accomplished and capable in attaining his ends as he grew older, and finally succeeded in establishing the ascendency of his own will over that of his father and mother, almost entirely.

He was about four years old when the incidents occurred which have been just described. When he was about five years old, he used to begin to go and play alone down by the water. His father's house was near the water, just below the bridge. There were some high rocks near the shore, and a large flat rock rising out of the water. Rodolphus liked very much to go down to this flat rock and play upon it. His mother was very much afraid to have him go upon this rock, for the water was deep near it, and she was afraid that he might fall in. But Rodolphus would go.

The road which led to Mr. Linn's from the village, passed round the rocks above, at some distance above the bank of the stream. There was a fence along upon the outer side of the road, with a little gate where Rodolphus used to come through. From the gate there was a path, with steps, which led down to the water. At one time, in order to prevent Rodolphus from going down there, Mr. Linn fastened up the gate. Then Rodolphus would climb over the fence. So his father, finding that it did no good to fasten up the gate, opened it again.

Not content with going down to the flat stone contrary to his mother's command, Rodolphus would sometimes threaten to go there and jump off, by way of terrifying her, when his mother would not give him what he wanted. This would frighten Mrs. Linn very much, and she would usually yield at once to his demands, in order to avert the danger. Finally she persuaded her husband to wheel several loads of stones there and fill up the deep place, after which she was less uneasy about Rodolphus's jumping in.

Rodolphus was about ten years old when he made his rabbit house. Annie, his sister, had grown up too. She was two years younger than Rodolphus, and of course was eight. She was beautiful like her mother. She had blue eyes, and her dark hair hung in curls about her neck. She was a gentle and docile girl, and was often much distressed to see how disobedient and rebellious Rodolphus was toward his father and mother.

She went out to see the rabbit house which Rodolphus had made, and she liked it very much. She wished that her mother would allow them to have a rabbit to put into it, and she said so, as she stood looking at it, with her hands behind her.

"I am sorry, that mother is not willing that you should have a rabbit," said she.

"Oh, never mind that," said Rodolphus, "I'll have one for all that, you may depend."

That evening when Mr. Linn came home from his work, he took a seat near the door, where he could look out upon the little garden. His mother was busy setting the table for tea.

"Father," said Rodolphus, "I wish you would give me a quarter of a dollar."

"What for," said Mr. Linn.

"To buy a rabbit," said Rodolphus.

"No," said his mother, "I wish you would not give him any money. I have told him that I don't wish him to have any rabbits."

"Yes," said Rodolphus, speaking to his father. "Do, it only costs a quarter of a dollar to get one, and I have got the house all ready for him."

"Oh, no, Rolfy," said his father. "I would not have any rabbits. They are good for nothing but to gnaw off all the bark and buds in the garden."

Here there followed a long argument between Rodolphus on the one side, and his father and mother on the other, they endeavoring in every possible way to persuade him that a rabbit would be a trouble and not a pleasure. Of course, Rodolphus was not to be convinced. His father, however, refused to give him any money, and Rodolphus ceased to ask for it. His mother thought that he submitted to his disappointment with very extraordinary good-humor. But the fact was, he was not submitting to disappointment at all. He had formed another plan.

He began playing with Annie about the yard

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and garden, saying no more, and apparently thinking no more about his rabbit, for some time. At last he came up to his father's side and said,

"Father, will you lend me your keys?"

"What do you want my keys for?" asked his father.

"I want to whistle with them," said Rodolphus. "Annie is my dog, and I want to whistle to her."

"No," said his father, "you will lose them. You must whistle with your mouth."

"But I can't whistle with my mouth, Annie makes me laugh so much. I must have the keys."

So saying, Rodolphus began to feel in his father's pockets for the keys. Mr. Linn resisted his efforts a little, remonstrating with him all the time, and saying that he could not let his keys go. Rodolphus, however, persevered, and finally succeeded in getting the keys, and running away with them.

His father called him to come back, but he would not come.

Rodolphus whistled in one of the keys a few minutes, playing with Annie, and then, after a little while, he said to her, in a whisper, and in a very mysterious manner,

"Annie, come with me!"

So saying, he went round the corner of the house, and there entering the house by means of a door which led into the kitchen, he passed through into the room where his father was sitting, without being seen by his father. He walked very softly as he went, too, and so the sound of his footsteps was not heard. Annie remained at the door when Rodolphus went in. She asked him as he went in what he was going to do, but Rodolphus only answered by saying in a whisper, "Hush! Wait here till I come back."

Rodolphus crept slowly up to a bureau which stood behind a door. There was a certain drawer in this bureau where he knew that his father kept his money. He was going to open this drawer and see if he could not find a quarter of a dollar. He succeeded in putting the key into the key-hole, and in unlocking the drawer without making much noise. He made a little noise, it is true, and though his father heard it as he sat at the door looking out toward the garden, his attention was not attracted by it. He thought, perhaps, that it was Rodolphus's mother, doing something in that corner of the room.

Rodolphus pulled the drawer open as gently and noiselessly as he could. In a corner of the drawer he saw a bag. He knew that it was his father's money-bag. He pulled it open and put his hand in, looking round at the same time stealthily, to see whether his father was observing him.

Just at that instant, Mr. Linn looked round.

"Rolf, you rogue," said he, "what are you doing?"

Rodolphus did not answer, but seized a small handful of money and ran. His father started up and pursued him. Among the coins which Rodolphus had seized there was a quarter of a dollar, and there were besides this several smaller silver coins, and two or three cents. Rodolphus took the quarter of a dollar in one hand, as he ran, and threw the other money down upon the kitchen floor. His father stopped to pick up this money, and by this means Rodolphus gained distance. He ran out from the kitchen into the yard, and from the yard into the road—his father pursuing him. Rodolphus went on at the top of his speed, filling the air with shouts of laughter.

He scrambled up a steep path which led to the top of the rocks; his father stopped below.

"Ah, Rolfy!" said his father, in an entreating sort of tone. "Give me back that money; that's a good boy."

Rolfy did not answer, but stood upon a pinnacle of the rock, holding one of his hands behind him.

"Did you throw down all the money that you took," said his father.

"No," said Rodolphus.

"How much have you got now?" said his father.

"A quarter of a dollar," said the boy.

"Come down then, and give it to me," said his father. "Come down this minute."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I want it to buy my rabbit."

Mr. Linn paused a moment, looking perplexed, as if uncertain what to do.

At length he said,

"Yes, bring back the money, Rolfy, that's a good boy, and to-morrow I'll go and buy you a rabbit myself."

Rodolphus knew that he could not trust to such a promise, and so he would not come. Mr. Linn seemed more perplexed than ever. He began to be seriously angry with the boy, and he resolved, that as soon as he could catch him, he would punish him severely: but he saw that it was useless to attempt to pursue him.

Rodolphus looked toward the house, and there he saw his mother standing at the kitchen-door, laughing. He held up the quarter of a dollar toward her, between his thumb and finger, and laughed too.

"If you don't come down, I shall come up there after you," said Mr. Linn.

"You can't catch me, if you do," said Rodolphus.

Mr. Linn began to ascend the rocks. Rodolphus, however, who was, of course, more nimble than his father, went on faster than his father could follow. He passed over the highest portion of the hill, and then clambered down upon the other side, to the road. He crossed the road, and then began climbing down the bank, toward the shore. He had often been up and down that path before, and he accordingly descended very quick and very easily.

When he reached the shore, he went out to the flat rock, and there stopped and turned round to look at his father. Mr. Linn was standing on the brink of the cliff, preparing to come down.

"Stop," said Rodolphus to his father. "If you come down, I will throw the quarter of a dollar into the water."

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So saying, Rodolphus extended his hand as if he were about to throw the money off, into the stream.



THE PURSUIT

Mrs. Linn and Annie had come out from the house, to see how Mr. Linn's pursuit of the fugitive would end; but instead of following Rodolphus and his father over the rocks, they had come across the road to the little gate, where they could see the flat rock on which Rodolphus was standing, and his father on the cliffs above. Mrs. Linn stood in the gateway. Annie had come forward, and was standing in the path, at the head of the steps. When she saw Rodolphus threatening to throw the money into the river, she seemed very much concerned and distressed. She called out to her brother, in a very earnest manner.

"Rodolphus! Rodolphus! That is my father's quarter of a dollar. You *must not* throw it away."

"I *will* throw it away," said Rodolphus, "and I'll jump into the water myself, in the deepest place that I can find, if he won't let me have it to buy my rabbit with."

"I would let him have it, husband," said Mrs. Linn, "if he wants it so very much. I don't care much about it, on the whole. I don't think the rabbit will be any great trouble."

When Rodolphus heard his mother say this, he considered the case as decided, and he walked off from the flat rock to the shore, and from the shore up the path to his mother. There was some further conversation between Rodolphus and his parents in respect to the rabbit, but it was finally concluded that the rabbit should be bought, and Rodolphus was allowed to keep the quarter of a dollar accordingly.

Such was the way in which Rodolphus was brought up in his childhood. It is not surprising that he came in the end to be a very bad boy.

II. ELLEN.

The next morning after Rodolphus had obtained his quarter of a dollar in the manner we have described, he proposed to Annie to go with him to buy his rabbit. It would not be very far, he said.

"I should like to go very much," said Annie, "if my mother will let me."

"O, she will let you," said Rodolphus, "*I* can get her to let you."

Rodolphus waited till his father had gone away after breakfast, before asking his mother to let Annie go with him. He was afraid that his father might make some objection to the plan. After his father had gone, he went to ask his mother.

At first she said very decidedly that Annie could not go.

"Why not?" asked Rodolphus.

"Oh, I could not trust her with you so far," replied his mother, "she is too little."

There followed a long and earnest debate between Rodolphus and his mother, which ended at last in her consent that Annie should go.

Rodolphus found a basket in the shed, which he took to bring his rabbit home in. He put a cloth into the basket, and also a long piece of twine. The cloth was to spread over the top of the basket, and the twine to tie round it, in order to keep the rabbit in.

When Rodolphus was ready to go, his mother told him that she was afraid that he might lose his quarter of a dollar on the way, and in order to make it more secure, she proposed to tie it up for him in the corner of a pocket handkerchief.

"Why, that would not do any good, mother," said Rodolphus, "for then I should only lose handkerchief and all."

"No," replied his mother. "You would not be so likely to lose the handkerchief. The handkerchief could not be shaken out of your pocket so easily, nor get out through any small hole. Besides, if you should by any chance lose the money, you could find it again much more readily if it was tied up in a handkerchief, that being so large and easily seen."

So Mrs. Linn tied the money in the corner of a pocket handkerchief, and then put the handkerchief itself in Rodolphus's pocket.

The place where Rodolphus lived was in Franconia, just below the village. There was a bridge in the middle of the village with a dam across the stream just above it. There were mills near the dam. Just below the dam the water was very rapid.

Rodolphus walked along with Annie till he came to the bridge. On the way, as soon as he got out of sight of the house, he pulled the handkerchief out of his pocket, and began untying the knot.

"What are you going to do?" asked Annie.

"I am going to take the money out of this pocket handkerchief," said Rodolphus.

So saying he untied the knot, and when he had got the money out he put the money itself in one

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pocket and the handkerchief in the other, and then walked along again.

When Rodolphus reached the bridge he turned to go over it. Annie was at first afraid to go over it. She wanted to go some other way.

"There *is* no other way," said Rodolphus.

"Where is it that you are going to get the rabbit?" asked Annie.

"To Beechnut's," said Rodolphus.

"Beechnut's," repeated Annie, "that's a funny name."

"Why, his real name is Antonio," said Rodolphus. "But, come, walk along; there is no danger in going over the bridge."

Notwithstanding her brother's assurances that there was no danger, Annie was very much afraid of the bridge. She however walked along, but she kept as near the middle of the roadway as she could. Sometimes she came to wide cracks in the floor of the bridge, through which she could see the water foaming and tumbling over the rocks far below. There was a sort of balustrade or railing each side of the bridge, but it was very open. Rodolphus went to this railing and putting his head between the bars of it, looked down.

Annie begged him to come back. But he said he wished to look and see if there were any fishes down there in the water. In the mean time Annie walked along very carefully, taking long steps over the cracks, and choosing her way with great caution. Presently she heard a noise behind her, and looking round she saw a wagon coming. This frightened her more than ever. So she began to run as fast as she could run, and very soon she got safely across the bridge. When she reached the land, she went out to the side of the road to let the wagon go by, and sat down there to wait for her brother.

Presently Rodolphus came. Annie left her seat and went back into the road to meet him, and so they walked along together.

"If his name is truly Antonio," said Annie, "why don't you call him Antonio?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rodolphus, "the boys always call him Beechnut."

"*I* mean to call him Antonio," said Annie, "if I see him."

"Well, you *will* see him," said Rodolphus, "for we go right where he lives."

"Where does he live?" asked Annie.

"He lives at Phonny's," said Rodolphus.

"And where is Phonny's?" asked Annie.

"Oh, it is a house up here by the valley. Didn't you ever go there?"

"No," said Annie.

"It is a very pleasant house," said Rodolphus. "There is a river in front of it, and a pier, and a boat. There is a boat-house, too. There used to be a little girl there, too—just about as big as you."

"What was her name?" asked Annie.

"Malleville," replied Rodolphus.

"I have heard about Malleville," said Annie.

"How did you hear about her?" asked Rodolphus.

"My sister Ellen told me about her," said Annie.

"We can go and see Ellen," said Rodolphus, "after we have got the rabbit."

"Well," said Annie, "I should like to go and see her very much."

Rodolphus and Annie had a sister Ellen. She was two years older than Rodolphus. Rodolphus was at this time about ten. Ellen was twelve. Antonio was fourteen. Ellen did not live at home. She lived with her aunt. She went to live with her aunt when she was about eight years old. Her aunt lived in a small farm-house among the mountains, and when Ellen was about eight years old, she was taken sick, and so Ellen went to the house to help take care of her.

Ellen was a very quiet and still, and at the same time a very diligent and capable girl. She was very useful to her aunt in her sickness. She took care of the fire, and kept the room in order; and she set a little table very neatly at the bedside, when her aunt got well enough to take food.

It was a long time before her aunt was well enough to leave her bed, and then she could not sit up much, and she could not walk about at all. She could only lie upon a sort of sofa, which her husband made for her in his shop. So Ellen remained to take care of her from week to week, until at last her aunt's house became her home altogether.

Ellen liked to live at her aunt's very much, for the house was quiet, and orderly, and well-managed, and every thing went smoothly and pleasantly there. At home, on the other hand, every thing was always in confusion, and Rodolphus made so much noise and uproar, and encroached so much on the peace and comfort of the family by his self-will and his domineering temper, that Ellen was always uneasy and unhappy when she was at her mother's. She liked to be at her aunt's, therefore, better; and as her aunt liked *her*, she gradually came to make that her home. Rodolphus used frequently to go and see her, and even Annie went sometimes.

Annie was very much pleased with the plan of going now to make Ellen a visit. They walked quietly along the road, talking of this plan, when Annie suddenly called out:

"Oh, Rodolphus, look there!"

Rodolphus looked, and saw a drove of cattle coming along the road. It was a very large drove, and it filled up the road almost entirely.

"Who cares for that?" said Rodolphus.

Annie seemed to care for it very much. She ran out to the side of the road.

Rodolphus walked quietly after her, saying, "Don't be afraid, Annie. You can climb up on the fence, if you like, till they get by."

There was a large stump by the side of the fence, at the place where Rodolphus and Annie approached it, and Rodolphus, running to it, said, "Quick, Annie, quick! climb up on this stump."

Rodolphus climbed up on the stump, and then helped Annie up after him. They had, however, but just got their footing upon it, when Rodolphus looked down at his feet and saw a hornet

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crawling out of a crevice in the side of the stump. "Ah, Annie, Annie! a hornet's nest! a hornet's nest!" exclaimed Rodolphus; "we must run."

So saying, Rodolphus climbed down from the stump, on the side opposite to where he had seen the hornet come out, and then helped Annie down.

"We must run across to the other side of the road," said he.

So saying, he hurried back into the road again, leading Annie by the hand. They found, however, that they were too late to gain the fence on the other side, for several of the cattle had advanced along by the green bank on that side so far that the fence was lined with them, and Rodolphus saw at a glance, that he could not get near it.

"Never mind, Annie," said Rodolphus, "we will stay here, right in the middle of the road. Stand behind me, and I will keep the cattle off with my basket."

So Annie took her stand behind Rodolphus, in the middle of the road, while Rodolphus, by swinging his basket to and fro, toward the cattle as they came on, made them separate to the right and left, and pass by on each side. Rodolphus, besides waving his basket at the cattle, shouted to them in a very stern and authoritative manner, saying, "Hie! Whoh! Hie-up, there! Ho!" The cattle were slow to turn out—but they did turn out, just before they came to where Rodolphus and Annie were standing—crowding and jamming each other in great confusion. The herd closed together again as soon as they had passed the children, so that for a time Rodolphus and Annie stood in a little space in the road, with the monstrous oxen all around them.

At length the herd all passed safely by, and then Rodolphus and Annie went on. After walking along a little farther, they came to the bank of a river. The road lay along the bank of this river. There was a smooth sandy beach down by the water. Rodolphus and Annie went down there a few minutes to play. There was an old raft there. It was floating in the water, but was fastened by a rope to a stake in the sand.

"Ah, here is a raft, Annie," said Rodolphus. "I'll tell you what we will do. We will go the rest of the way by water, on this raft. I'm tired of walking so far."

"Oh, no," said Annie, "I'm afraid to go on that raft. It will sink."

"O, no," said Rodolphus, "it will not sink. See." So saying, he stepped upon the raft, to show Annie how stable it was.

"I'll get a block," he continued, "for you to sit on.

Annie was very much afraid of the raft, though she was not quite so much afraid of it as she had been of the bridge, because the bridge was very high up above the water, and there was, consequently, as she imagined, danger of a fall. Besides the water where the raft was lying, was smooth and still, while that beneath the bridge was a roaring torrent. Finally, Annie allowed herself to be persuaded to get upon the raft. Rodolphus found a block lying upon the shore, and he put that upon the raft for Annie to sit upon. When Annie was seated, Rodolphus stepped upon the raft himself, and with a long pole he pushed it out from the shore, while Annie balanced herself as well as she could upon the block.

The water was not very deep, and Rodolphus could push the raft along very easily, by setting the end of his pole against the bottom. Annie sat upon her block very still. It happened, however, unfortunately, that the place where Antonio lived was up the stream, not down, and Rodolphus found that though he could move his raft very easily round and round, and even back and forth, he could not get forward much on his way, on account of the force of the current, which was strong against him. He advanced a little way, however, and then he began to be tired of so difficult a navigation.

"I don't think we shall go very far, on the raft," said he, to Annie, "there is such a strong tide."

Just then Rodolphus began to look very intently into the water before him. He thought he saw a pickerel. He was just going to attempt to spear him with his pole, when his attention was arrested by hearing Annie call out, "Oh, Rolfy! Rolfy! the raft is all coming to pieces"



THE RAFT.

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Rodolphus looked round, and saw that the boards of which the raft had been made, were separating from each other at the end of the raft where Annie was sitting, and one of the boards was shooting out entirely.

"So it is," said Rodolphus. "Why didn't they nail it together? You sit still, and I will push in to the shore."

Rodolphus attempted to push in to the shore, but in the strenuous efforts which he made for that purpose, he stepped about upon the raft irregularly and in such a manner, as to make the boards separate more and more. At length the water began to come up around Annie's feet, and Rodolphus alarmed at this, hurriedly directed her to stand up, on the block. Annie tried to do so, but before she effected her purpose, the raft seemed evidently about going to pieces. It had, however, by this time got very near the shore, so Rodolphus changed his orders, and called out, "Jump, Annie, jump!"

Annie jumped; but the part of the raft on which she was standing gave way under her feet, and she came down into the water. The water was not very deep. It came up, however, almost to Annie's knees. Rodolphus himself had leaped over to the shore, and so had, himself, escaped a wetting. He took Annie by the hand, and led her also out to the dry land.

Annie began to cry. Rodolphus soothed and quieted her as well as he could. He took off her stockings and shoes. He poured the water out of the shoes, and wrung out the stockings. He also wrung out Annie's dress as far as possible. He told her not to mind it; her clothes would soon get dry. It was all the fault of the boys, he said, who made the raft, for not nailing it together.

Rodolphus had had presence of mind enough to seize his basket, when he leaped ashore, so that that was safe. The raft, however, went all to pieces, and the fragments of it floated away down the stream.

Rodolphus and Annie then resumed their journey. Rodolphus talked fast to Annie, and told her a great many amusing stories, to divert her mind from the misfortune which had happened to them. He charged her not to tell her mother, when she got home, that she had been in the water, and made her promise that she would not.

At length they came to a large house which stood back from the road a little way, at the entrance to a valley. This was the house, Rodolphus said, where Beechnut lived. Rodolphus opened a great gate, and he and Annie went into the yard.

"I think that Beechnut is in some of the barns, or sheds, or somewhere," said Rodolphus.

So he and Annie went to the barns and sheds. There was a horse standing in one of the sheds, harnessed to a wagon, but there were no signs of Beechnut.

"Perhaps he is in the yard," said Rodolphus.

So Rodolphus led the way through a shed to a sort of back-yard, where there was a plank-walk, with lilac-bushes and other shrubbery on one side of it. Rodolphus and Annie walked along upon the planks. Presently, they came to a place where there was a ladder standing up against the house.

"Ah!" said Rodolphus, "he is upon the house. Here is the ladder. I think he is doing something on the house. I mean to go and see."

"No," said Annie, "you must not go up on such a high place."

"Oh, this is not a very high ladder," said Rodolphus. So saying he began to go up. Annie stood below, looking up to him as he ascended, and feeling great apprehension lest he should fall.

The top of the ladder reached up considerably above the top of the house, and Rodolphus told Annie that he was not going to the top of the ladder, but only high enough to see if Beechnut was on the house. He told her, too, that if she walked back toward the garden gate, perhaps *she* could see too. Annie accordingly walked back, and looking upward all the time, she presently saw a young man who she supposed was Beechnut, doing something to the top of one of the chimneys. By this time Rodolphus had reached the eaves of the house, in climbing up the ladder, and he came in sight of Beechnut, too.



UP THE LADDER

"Ah, Beechnut!" said Rodolphus

"Hie-yo! Dolphin!" said Beechnut, "is that you?"

Beechnut often called Rodolphus, Dolphin.

"May I come up where you are?" said Rodolphus.

"No," said Beechnut.

When Rodolphus heard this answer, he remained quietly where he was upon the ladder.

"What are you doing?" said Rodolphus.

"Putting a wire netting over the chimney," said Beechnut.

"What for?" asked Rodolphus.

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"To keep the chimney-swallows from getting in," said Beechnut.

"Are you coming down pretty soon?" asked Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Beechnut. "Go down the ladder and wait till I come."

So Rodolphus went down the ladder again to Annie.

"What is the reason," said Annie, "that you obey Beechnut so much better than you do my father?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rodolphus. "He makes me, I suppose."

It was true that Beechnut made Rodolphus obey him—that is, in all cases where he was under any obligation to obey him. One day, when he first became acquainted with Beechnut, he went out upon the pond in Beechnut's boat. He wished to row, but Beechnut preferred that some other boy should row, and directed Rodolphus to sit down upon one of the thwarts. Rodolphus would not do this, but was determined to row, and he attempted to take away one of the oars by force. Beechnut immediately turned the head of the boat toward the shore, and when he reached the shore he directed four of the strongest boys to put Rodolphus out upon the sand, and then when they had done this he sailed away in the boat again. Rodolphus took up clubs and stones, and began to throw them at the boat. Beechnut came back again, and seizing Rodolphus, he tied his hands behind him with a strong cord. When he was thus secured Beechnut said to him,

"Now, you may have your choice of two things. You may stay here till we come back from our excursion, and then, if you seem pretty peaceable, I will untie you. Or you may go home now, as you are, with your hands tied behind you in disgrace."

Rodolphus concluded to remain where he was; for he was well aware that if he were to go home through the village with his hands tied behind him, every body would know that the tying was one of Beechnut's punishments, and that it had not been resorted to without good reason. Some of the boys thought that after this occurrence Beechnut would not be willing to have Rodolphus go with them again in the boat, but Beechnut said "Yes; he may go with us whenever he pleases. I don't mind having a rebel on board at all. I know exactly what to do with rebels."

"But it is a great trouble," said one of the boys, "to have them on board."

"Not at all," said Beechnut, "on the other hand it is a pleasure to me to discipline them."

Rodolphus very soon found that it was useless to resist Beechnut's will, in any case where Beechnut had the right to control; and so he soon formed the habit of obeying him. He liked Beechnut too, very much. He liked him in fact, all the better, on account of his firmness and decision.

When Beechnut came down from the housetop, Rodolphus told him he had come to get a rabbit, and at the same time held out the quarter of a dollar to view.

"Where did you get the money?" said Beechnut.

"My father gave it to me," said Rodolphus.

"No," said Annie, very earnestly, "my father did not give it to you. You took it away from him."

"But he gave it to me afterward," said Rodolphus.

Beechnut inquired what this meant, and Annie explained to him, as well as she could, the manner in which Rodolphus had obtained his money. Beechnut then said, that he would not take the quarter of a dollar. The money was not honestly come by, he said. It was not voluntarily given to Rodolphus, and therefore was not honestly his. "The money was stolen," said he, "and I will not have any stolen money for my rabbits. I would rather give you a rabbit for nothing."

This, Beechnut said finally, he would do. "I will *give* you a rabbit," said he, "for the present, and whenever you get a quarter of a dollar, which is honestly your own, you may come and pay for it, if you please, and if not, not. But don't bring me any money which is not truly your own. And carry that quarter of a dollar back and give it to your father."

So saying, Beechnut led the way, and Rodolphus and Annie followed him, into one of the barns. They walked along a narrow passageway, between a hay-mow on one side, and a row of stalls for cattle on the other. Then they turned and passed through an open room, and finally came to a place which Beechnut called a bay. Here there was a little pen, with a house in it, for the rabbits, and a hole at one side where the rabbits could run in under the barn. Beechnut called "Benny! Benny! Benny!" and immediately several rabbits came running out from the hole.

"There," said Beechnut, "which one will you have?"

The children began immediately to examine the different rabbits, and to talk very fast and very eagerly about them. Finally, Rodolphus decided in favor of a gray one, though there was one which was perfectly white, that Annie seemed to prefer. Beechnut said that he would give Rodolphus the gray one.

"As to the white one," said he, "I am going to let you take it, Annie, for Ellen. I can't give it to *you*. I give it to Ellen; but, perhaps, she will let you carry it home with you, and take care of it for her, and so keep it with Rodolphus's."

Annie seemed very much pleased with this plan, and so the two rabbits were caught and put into the basket. The cloth was then tied over them, and Rodolphus and Annie prepared to go away.

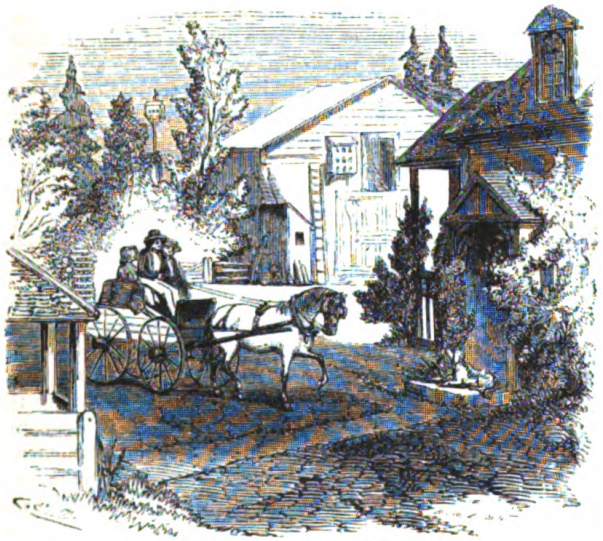
"But, stop," said Beechnut, "I am going directly by your aunt's in my wagon, and I can give you a ride."

"Well," said Annie, dancing about and clapping her hands. It was very seldom that Annie had an opportunity to take a ride.

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She ran to the wagon. Rodolphus followed her slowly, carrying the basket. Beechnut helped in the two children, and then got in himself, and took his seat between them. Rodolphus held the basket between his knees, peeping in under the cloth, now and then, to see if the rabbits were safe.

The party traveled on by a winding and very pleasant road among the mountains, for about a mile, and at length they drove up to the door of a pleasant little farm-house in a sort of dell. There was a high hill behind it—overhung with forest trees. There was a spacious yard at the end of the house, with ducks, and geese, and chickens, in the back part of it. There was a large dog lying asleep on the great flat stone step when the wagon came up, but when he heard the wagon coming, awoke, opened his eyes, got up, and walked away. There was a well in the middle of the yard. Beechnut rode round



THE YARD AT MR. RANDON'S.

the well, and drove up to the door. Ellen was sitting at the window. As soon as she saw the wagon, she got up and ran to the door.

"How do you do, Ellen!" said Beechnut.

"How do you do, Antonio!" said Ellen. "I am much obliged to you for bringing my brother and sister to see me."

So saying, she came to the wagon and helped Annie out. Rodolphus, who was on the other side of Beechnut, then handed her his basket, saying, "Here, Ellen, take this very carefully. There are two rabbits in it, and one of them is for you."

"For me," said Ellen.

"Yes," said Annie, "only I am to take care of it for you."

"Good-by," said Beechnut. He was just beginning, as he said this, to drive the wagon away.

"Good-by, Beechnut," said Rodolphus.

"I am much obliged to you for my ride," said Annie.

"Stop a minute, Antonio," said Ellen, "I have got something for you."

So saying, Ellen went into the house and brought out a small flat parcel, neatly put up and addressed on the outside, ANTONIO.

She took it out to the wagon, and handed it up to Antonio, saying that there were the last drawings that he had lent her. In fact, Ellen was one of Beechnut's pupils in drawing. He was accustomed to lend her models, which, when she had copied them, she sent back to him. Ellen was one of Antonio's favorite pupils; she was so faithful, and patient, and persevering. Besides, she was a very beautiful girl.

"I must not stop to see your copies now," said Antonio, "but I shall come again pretty soon. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Ellen; and then she went back to the door where Rodolphus and Annie were standing.

Rodolphus lifted up the corner of the cloth, which covered the basket, and let Ellen see the rabbits. Ellen was very much pleased to find that one of them was hers. She said that she would put a collar on its neck, as a mark that it was hers, and she asked Rodolphus and Annie to go in with her into the house, where she said she would get the collar.

So they all went in. The room was a very pleasant room, indeed. It was large and it was in perfect order. There was a very spacious fire-place in it, but scarcely any fire. As it was summer, no fire was necessary, and so, after breakfast was over, Ellen had allowed the fire to go down. At one side of the room, near a window, there was a table, which Ellen said was *her* table. There were two drawers in this table. These drawers contained books, and papers, and various articles of apparatus for writing and drawing. In one corner of one of the drawers there was a little paint box.

There was a small bedroom adjoining the room where the children were. They all pretty soon heard a voice calling from this room, in a pleasant tone, "Ellen, bring the children in here."

"Yes; come Rolfy," said Ellen—"and Annie—come and see aunt." So all the children went into their aunt's room.

They found her half-sitting and half-lying upon her sofa, by a pleasant window, which looked out upon a green yard and upon an orchard which was beyond the yard. She was sewing. She looked pale, but she seemed contented and happy—and she said that she was very glad to see Rodolphus and Annie. She talked with them some time, and then asked Ellen to get them some luncheon. Ellen accordingly went into the other room and set the table for luncheon, by *her* window as she called it. This window was a very pleasant one, near her table. The luncheon con

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sisted of a pie, some cake, warm from the oven, and some baked apples, and cream. Ellen said that she made the cake, and the pie, and baked the apples herself.

The children ate their luncheon together very happily, and then spent some time in walking about the yards, the barns, and the garden, to see what was to be seen. Rodolphus walked about quietly and behaved well. In fact, he was always a good boy at his aunt's, and obeyed all her directions—she would not allow him to do otherwise.

At length Rodolphus and Annie set out on their return home. It was a long walk, but in due time they reached home in safety. Rodolphus determined not to give the money back to his father, and so he hid it in a crevice, which he found in a part of the fence behind his rabbit house. He put the rabbits in their house, and put a board up before the door to keep them in.

That night when Mrs. Linn took off Annie's stockings by the kitchen fire, when she was going to put her to bed, she found them very damp.

"Why, Annie," she said, "what makes your stockings so damp? You must have got into the water somewhere to-day."

Annie did not answer. Rodolphus had enjoined it upon her not to tell their mother of their adventure on the raft, and so she did not know what to say.

"Damp!" said Rodolphus. "Are they damp? Let me feel." So he began to feel of Annie's stockings.

"No," said he, "they are not damp. *I* can't feel that they are damp."

"They certainly are," said his mother. "They are very damp indeed."

"Then," said Rodolphus, "we must have spilled some water into them when we were getting a drink, Annie, at the well." Annie said nothing, and Mrs. Linn hung the stockings up to dry.

III. SICKNESS.

Ellen's aunt was the sister of Mr. Linn, Ellen's father; and her name was Anne. Ellen used to call her Aunt Anne. Her husband's name was Randon, so that sometimes Ellen called her Aunt Randon.

Though Mr. Randon's house appeared rather small, as seen from the road by any one riding by, it was pretty spacious and very comfortable within. Mr. Randon owned several farms in different places, and he was away from home a great deal attending to his other farms and to the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which he had upon them. During these absences Mrs. Randon of course remained at home with Ellen. There was a girl named Martha who lived at the house to do the work of the family, and also a young man named Hugh. Hugh was employed in the mornings and evenings in taking care of the barns and the cattle, and in the day-time, especially in the winter, he hauled wood—sometimes to the house for the family to burn, and sometimes to the village for sale.

The family lived thus very happily together, whether Mr. Randon was at home or away. Mrs. Randon could not walk about the house at all, but was, on the other hand, confined all day to her bed or her sofa; but she knew every thing that was done, and gave directions about every thing. Ellen was employed as messenger to carry her aunt's directions out, and to bring back intelligence and answers. Mrs. Randon knew exactly what was in every room, and where it was in the room. She knew what was in every drawer, and what was on every shelf in every closet, and what and how much was in every bin in the cellar. So that if she wanted any thing she could direct Ellen where to go to get it with a certainty that it would be exactly there. The house was very full of furniture, stores, and supplies, and all was so well arranged and in such an orderly and complete condition, that in going over it every room that the visitor entered seemed pleasanter than the one seen before.

On one occasion, Rodolphus himself had proof of this admirable order. He had cut his finger in the shed, and when he came in, Mrs. Randon, after binding it up very nicely, turned to Ellen, and said,

"Now, Ellen, we must have a cot. Go up into the garret, and open the third trunk, counting from the west window. In the right-hand front corner of this trunk you will find a small box. In the box you will find three cots. Bring the smallest one to me."

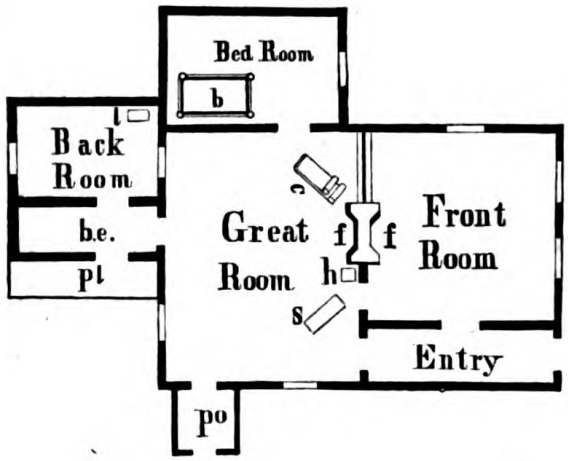
Ellen went and found every thing as Mrs. Randon had described it.

There was a room in the front part of the house called the Front Room, which was usually kept shut up. It was furnished as a parlor very prettily. It had very full curtains to the windows, a soft carpet on the floor, and a rug before the fire-place. There was a bookcase in this room, with a desk below. Mr. Randon kept his valuable papers in this desk, and the book-case above was filled with interesting books. There were several very pretty pictures on the walls of this room, and some curious ornaments on the mantle shelf. The blinds of the windows in this apartment were generally closed and the curtains drawn, and Ellen seldom went into it, except to get a new book to read to her aunt, out of the secretary.

The room which the family generally used was a back room. It was quite large, and it had a very spacious fire-place in it. Being larger than any other room in the house it was generally called the Great Room. The windows of this room looked out upon a pretty green yard, with a garden and an orchard beyond. There was a door too at one end of the room opening to a porch. In this porch was an outer door, which led to a large yard at the end of the house. This was the door that Antonio had driven up to, when he brought Rodolphus and Annie to see Ellen. On the other side of the kitchen from the porch-door, was a door leading to Mrs. Randon's bed-room. The situation of these rooms, and of the other apartments of the house as well as of the principal articles of furniture hereafter

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to be described, may be perfectly understood by the means of the following plan.

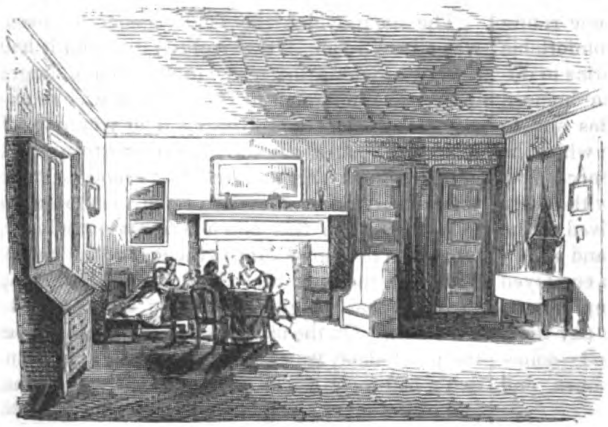


PLAN OF MRS. RANDON'S HOUSE

REFERENCES.

B. Bed in Mrs. Randon's bed-room.
W. The closed windows
B. E. Back entry.
pl. Back Platform.
P. Porch.
C. Mrs. Randon's couch or sofa.
ff. Fire-places.
H. Hugh's seat.
S. Settle.
L. Lutie's bed.

Mrs. Randon was accustomed to remain in her bedroom almost all the time in the summer, but in the winter she had her sofa or couch brought out and placed by the side of the fire-place in the great room, as represented in the plan. Here, in the long stormy evenings of winter, the family would live together very happily. Mrs. Randon would lie reclining upon her sofa, knitting, and talking to Martha and Ellen while they were getting supper ready. Ellen would set the table, while Martha would bake the cakes and bring up the milk out of the cellar, and make the tea; and then when all was ready, they would move the table up close to Mrs. Randon's sofa, and after lifting her up and supporting her with pillows at her back, they would themselves sit down on the other side of the table, and all eat their supper together in a very happy manner.



THE GREAT ROOM.

Then, after supper, when the table had been put away, and a fresh fire had been made on the great stone hearth, Ellen would sit in a little rocking-chair by her aunt's side, and read aloud some interesting story, while Martha sat knitting on the settle, at the other side of the fire, and Hugh, on a bench in the corner, occupied himself with making clothes-pins, or shaping teeth for rakes, or fitting handles into tools, or some other work of that kind. Hugh found that unless he had such work to do, he always fell asleep while Ellen was reading.

Ellen found that her aunt, instead of growing better, rather grew worse. She was very pale, though very delicate and beautiful. Her fingers were very long, and white, and tapering. Ellen thought that they grew longer and more tapering every day. At last, one winter evening, just after tea, and before Hugh and Martha had come in to sit down, Ellen went up to the sofa, and kneeling down upon a little bear-skin rug which was there, and which had been put there to look warm and comfortable, although the poor invalid could never put her feet upon it, she bent down over her aunt and said,

"It seems to me Aunt Anne, that you don't get better very fast."

The patient, putting her arm over Ellen's neck, and drawing Ellen down closely to her, kissed her, but did not answer.

"Do you think you shall ever get well, aunty?" said Ellen.

"No," said her aunt, "I do not think that I shall. I think that before a great while I shall die."

"Why, aunty!" said Ellen. She was much shocked to hear such a declaration. "I *hope* you will not die," she continued presently, speaking in a very low and solemn manner. "What shall I do if you should die?—What makes you think that you will die?"

"There are two reasons why I think that I shall die," said her aunt. "One is, that I feel that I am growing weaker and weaker all the time. I have grown a great deal weaker within a few days."

"Have you?" said Ellen, in a tone of great anxiety and concern.

"Yes," said her aunt. "The other reason that makes me think that I am going to die is greater still; and that is I begin to feel so *willing* to die."

"I thought that you were always willing to die," said Ellen. "I thought we ought to be all willing to die, always."

"No," said her aunt, "or yes, in

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one sense we ought. We ought always to be willing to submit to whatever God shall think best for us. But as to life and death, we ought undoubtedly, when we are strong and well, to desire to live."

"God means," she continued, "that we should desire to live, and that we should do all that we can to prolong life. He has given us an instinct impelling us to that feeling. But when sickness comes and death is nigh, then the instinct changes. We do not *wish* to live then—that is, if we feel that we are prepared to die. It is a very kind and merciful arrangement to have the instinct change, so that when we are well, we can be happy in the thought of living, and when we are sick and about to die, we can be happy in the thought of dying. Our instincts often change thus, when the circumstances change."

"Do they?" said Ellen, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said her aunt. "For instance, when you were an infant, your mother's instinctive love for you led her to wish to have you always near her, with your cheek upon her cheek, and your little hand in her bosom. Mothers all have such an instinct as that, while their children are very young. It is given to them so that they may love to have their children very near them while they are so young and tender that they would not be safe if they were away.

"But *now*," she continued, "you have grown older, and the instinct has changed. Your mother loves you just as much as she did when you were an infant, but she loves you in a different way. She is willing to have you absent from her, if you are only well provided for and happy."

"And is it so with death?" asked Ellen.

"Yes," replied her aunt; "when we are well, we love life, and we ought to love it. It then seems terrible to die. God means that it should seem terrible to us then. But when sickness comes and we are about to die, then he changes the feeling. Death seems terrible no more. We become perfectly willing to die."

Here Mrs. Randon paused, and Ellen remained still, thinking of what she had heard, but without speaking. After a few minutes her aunt continued.

"I have had a great change in my feelings within a short time, about dying," said she, "I have always, heretofore, desired to live and to get well; and it has seemed to me a terrible thing to die;—to leave my pleasant home, and my husband, and my dear Ellen, and to see them no more. But somehow or other, lately, all this is changed. I feel now perfectly willing to die. It does not seem terrible at all. I have been a great sinner all my days, but I feel sure that my sins are forgiven for Christ's sake, and that if I die I shall be happy where I go, and that I shall see my husband and you too there some day."

Ellen laid her head down by the side of her aunt's, with her face to the pillow and her cheek against her aunt's cheek, but said nothing.

"When I am gone," continued her aunt, "you will go home and live with your mother again."

"Shall I?" said Ellen, faintly.

"Yes," replied her aunt, "it will be better that you should. You can do a great deal of good there. You can gradually get the house in order, taking one thing at a time, and so not only help your mother, but make it more pleasant and comfortable for your father. You can also teach Annie, and be a great help to her as she grows up; and you can also perhaps do a great deal of good to Rodolphus."

"I don't know what I shall do with Rodolphus," said Ellen. "He troubles my mother very much indeed."

"I know he does," said her aunt, "but then you will soon get a great influence over him, and it is possible that you will succeed in making him a good boy."

As Mrs. Randon said this, Ellen heard the sound of a door opening in the back entry, and a stamping of feet upon the floor, as if some one were coming in out of the snow.

"There comes Hugh," said Ellen, "and I think there is going to be a storm."

Signs of a gathering storm had in fact been appearing all that day. For several days before, the weather had been very clear and cold, but that morning the cold had diminished, and a thin haze had gradually extended itself over the sky. At sunset the sky looked thick and murky toward the southeast, and it became dark much sooner than usual. A moment after Ellen had spoken, Hugh came in. He said that it was snowing, and that two or three inches of snow had already fallen; and that if it snowed much during the night he should not be able to go into the woods the next morning.

When Ellen rose the next morning and looked at the windows, she saw that the snow was piled up against the panes of glass on the outside, and on going to the window to look out, she found that it was snowing still, and that all the old snow and all the roads and tracks upon it, were entirely covered. Ellen went out into the great room, and there she found a blazing fire in the fireplace, and Martha before it getting breakfast ready. Pretty soon Hugh came in.

"What a great snow-storm," said Ellen.

"No," said Hugh, "it is not a very great snow-storm. It does not snow very fast."

"Can you go into the woods to-day?" said Ellen.

"Yes," said Hugh, "I am going into the woods for a load of wood to haul to the village. The snow is not very deep yet."

Hugh went to the woods, got his load, hauled it to the village, and returned to dinner. After dinner he went again. Ellen was almost afraid to have him go away in the afternoon, for her aunt appeared to be more and more unwell. She lay upon her sofa by the side of the fire, silent and still, apparently without pain, but very faint and feeble. She spoke very seldom, and then only in a whisper. At one time about the middle of the afternoon, Ellen went and stood a moment at the window to see the snow driving by—blown by the wind along the crests of the drifts, and over the walls, down the road. When she turned round, she saw that her aunt was

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beckoning to her with her white and slender finger. Ellen went immediately to her.

"Is Hugh going to the village this afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes, aunt," said Ellen, "I believe he is."

"I wish you would ask him to call at my brother George's, and tell him that I am very sick, and ask him if he can not come up and see me this evening."

"Yes, aunt," said Ellen, "I will."

Ellen accordingly watched for Hugh when he came down the mountain-road with the load of wood, on the way to the village. She gave him the message, standing at the stoop-door. The wind howled mournfully over the trees of the forest, and the air was thick with falling and driving snow. Hugh said that he had almost concluded not to go to the village. The snow had become so deep, and the storm was increasing so fast, that he doubted very much whether he could get back if he should go. On receiving Ellen's message, however, he decided at once to go on. He could get *to* the village well enough, he said, for it was a descending road all the way; but there would be more uncertainty about the return.

So he started his four oxen again, and they went wallowing on, followed by the great loaded sled, with the runners buried in the drift. Hugh's cap and shaggy coat, and the handkerchief which he had tied about the collar of his coat, after turning it up to cover his ears, were all whitened with the snow, and from among all these various mufflings his face, reddened with the cold, peeped out, though almost wholly concealed from view.

As soon as Hugh was gone, Ellen, who was by this time almost blinded by the snow which the wind blew furiously into her face and eyes, came into the house and shut the door.

Ellen watched very diligently all the afternoon for the coming of her father. She hoped that he would bring her mother with him. She went to the window again and again, and looked anxiously down the road, but nothing was to be seen but the thick and murky atmosphere, the increasing drifts, and the scudding wreaths of snow. The fences and the walls gradually disappeared from view; the great wood pile in the yard was soon completely covered and concealed; and a deep drift, of the form of a wave just curling over to break upon the shore, slowly rose directly across the entrance to the yard, until it was higher than the posts on each side of the gateway, so that Ellen began to fear that if her father and mother should come, they would not be able to get into the yard.

At length it gradually grew dark, and then, though Ellen went to the window as often as before, and attempted to shade her eyes from the reflection of the fire, by holding up her hands to the side of her face, she could watch these changes no longer. Nothing was to be seen, but the trickling of the flakes down the panes of glass on the outside, and a small expanse of white immediately below the window.

In the mean time, within the room where Ellen's aunt was reposing, all seemed, at least in appearance, very bright and cheerful. A great log was lying across the andirons, behind and beneath which there was a blazing and glowing fire. There was a tin baker before this fire, with a pan of large apples in it, which Martha was baking, to furnish the table with, for the expected company. Martha herself was busy at a side-table too, making cakes for supper. The tea-kettle was in a corner, with a column of steam rising gently from the spout, and Ellen's little gray kitten, Lutie, was in the other corner asleep. Ellen herself was busy, here and there, about the room. She went often to the window, even after it was too dark to see, and she watched her aunt continually with a countenance expressive of much affection and concern. Her aunt lay perfectly quiet and still, as if she were asleep, only she would now and then open her eyes and smile upon Ellen, if she saw Ellen looking at her, and then close them again.

The couch that she was lying upon had little wheels at the four corners of it toward the floor, so that it could be moved to and fro. Ellen had been accustomed, when the time arrived for her aunt to go to bed, to ask Martha to help her move the couch into the bedroom, by the side of the bed, and then assist her in moving the patient from one to the other. Ellen, accordingly, about an hour after it became dark, went to her aunt's couch, and asked her in a gentle tone if she would not like to go to bed. But her aunt said no. She would not be moved, she said, but would remain as she was until her brother should come. She said, too, that Martha and Ellen might eat their supper when it was ready, and leave her where she was.

Martha and Ellen finished their supper about seven o'clock. Martha then took her place upon the settle with her knitting-work as usual, and Ellen went and sat down upon the little bear-skin rug, and leaned her head toward her aunt. Her aunt put out her hand toward Ellen's cheek and pressed her head gently down upon the pillow, by the side of her own, and then very slowly and feebly moved her fingers, once or twice, down the hair on Ellen's temple, as if she were pleased to have her little niece lying near her. Ellen shut her eyes, and for a few minutes enjoyed very much the thought that she was such an object of affection to one whom she loved so much; but after a few minutes, she began to lose her consciousness, and soon fell fast asleep.

She slept more than an hour. It was in fact nearly half-past eight when she awoke. She raised her head and looked up. She found that Martha had fallen asleep too. Her knitting-work had dropped from her hand. Ellen did not wish to disturb her, so she rose softly, went to the fire, and put up a brand which had fallen down, and then crossed the room to the window, parted the curtains, and putting her face close to the glass, attempted to look out. Nothing was to be seen. She listened. Nothing was to be heard but the dreadful roaring of the wind, and

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the clicking of the snow-flakes against the windows.

Ellen came back to the couch again, and looked at her aunt as she lay with her cheek upon her pillow, apparently asleep. At first Ellen thought that she was really asleep, but when she came near, she found that her eyes were not entirely closed. She kneeled down by the side of the couch and said gently, "Aunt Anne, Aunt Anne, how do you feel now?"

Ellen saw that her aunt moved a little, and she heard a faint whispering sound, but there was no audible answer.

Ellen was now frightened. She feared that her aunt might be dying. She went to Martha and woke her. Martha started up much alarmed. Ellen told her that she was afraid that her aunt was dying. Martha went to the couch. She thought so too.

"I must go," said she, "to some of the neighbors and get them to come."

"But you can not get to any of the neighbors," said Ellen.

"Perhaps I can," said Martha, "and at any rate I must try."

So Martha began to prepare herself, as well as she could, to go out into the storm, Ellen standing by, full of apprehension and anxiety, and helping her so far as she was able to do so. There was a neighbor who lived about a quarter of a mile from the house, by a road which lay through the woods, and which was, therefore, ordinarily not very much obstructed with the snow. It was to this house that Martha was going to attempt to make her way. When she was ready, she went forth, leaving Ellen with her aunt alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

"TO-MORR punkt at 'leven wir schiff for St. Petersburg," was the polyglot announcement by which all of us, Swedes, Germans, English, and one solitary American, were given to understand at what hour on the ensuing day we were to commence our voyage from Stockholm for the Russian capital. With praiseworthy punctuality the steam was up at the appointed hour of eleven, and as our steamer shot out into the Baltic we took our farewell view of Stockholm, the "City of Piles." As we steamed northward we dashed through archipelago after archipelago of islands, some with bold and rocky shores, and others sloping greenly down to the tranquil sea. Having passed the Aland Islands, one of which, not thirty miles from the coast of Sweden, has been seized and strongly fortified by her powerful and unscrupulous neighbor, we turned into a narrow inlet, and touched Russian soil at Abo, the ancient capital of Finland.

Here we made our first acquaintance with those fascinating gentry, whom his Imperial Majesty deputes to watch that nothing treasonable or contraband finds entrance into his dominions. Our intercourse here was, however, brief, our passports merely being demanded, and permission granted us to go on shore while the steamer was detained. At Cronstadt and St. Petersburg we formed a more intimate if not more agreeable acquaintance with these functionaries. Setting out again we coasted eastward up the Gulf of Finland, passing the grim fortress of Sveaborg, with its eight hundred guns, and garrison of fifteen thousand men, and shot up the beautiful bay to Helsingfors, one of the great naval stations of Russia. Touching at Revel, on the opposite shore of the Gulf of Finland, we ran due east up the Gulf, encountering the great Russian summer fleet, which was performing its annual manœuvres, and on the morning after leaving Helsingfors came in sight of the shipping and fortifications of Cronstadt. As we crept slowly up the narrow and winding channel, by which alone the harbor can be reached, and passed successively the grim lines of batteries which command every portion of it, we were forced to confess that it formed a fitting outpost to a great military power.

Cronstadt is not only the chief naval dépôt of Russia, but is properly the port of St. Petersburg, as the capital is inaccessible to vessels drawing more than eight or nine feet of water. Hence Cronstadt is included in the St. Petersburg customs-district, and vessels clear indifferently for either, and are subject to only a single customs-house examination. It forms the key to the capital, which would be entirely at the mercy of any fleet which should once pass its batteries. It has therefore been fortified so strongly as to be apparently impregnable to all the navies of the world. We came to anchor under the guns of the fortress; and were soon put under the charge of our amiable friends of the custom-house, who took complete possession of the deck, while the passengers and officers of the vessel were directed to repair to the cabin to give an account of themselves, their occupations, pursuits, and designs to these rude and filthy representatives of the Czar. It was well for us that we had been in a measure hardened to these annoyances by our previous Continental experiences. Police and custom-house functionaries are nowhere famous for civility, but the rudest and most unendurable specimens of that class whom it has ever been my fortune to encounter are the lower orders of the Russian officials. We could, however, congratulate ourselves that the infliction was light in comparison to what it would have been had we proceeded by land from Abo. There trunks, pockets, and pocket-books are liable to repeated searches at different stations along the route. We were told of travelers who had their boxes of tooth-powder carefully emptied, and their soap-balls cut in two, in quest of something treasonable or contraband.

But there is an end to all things human, even to Russian police-examinations. Our passports were luckily all in order, and as our steamer was cleared for St. Petersburg we escaped the vexations attendant upon an inspection of luggage and a change of vessel. Every thing was put under seal, even to an ancient umbrella which

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had borne the brunt of many a shower in half the countries of Europe, to say nothing of storms it had weathered previous to its transatlantic voyage.

After our seven hours' detention, we found ourselves at last steaming up the transparent Neva, and straining our eyes to get a first view of the City of Peter. After something more than an hour's paddling against the rapid current of the river, the gilt dome of the Cathedral first caught the eye, followed by the sight of dome after dome, tower upon tower, spire after spire, gilt and spangled with azure stars, long before the flat roofs and walls of the city were visible.

No sooner had our steamer touched the granite *quai* than it was taken possession of by a horde of custom-house and police officers, a shade or two less filthy and disgusting than their Cronstadt brethren; for it is a noticeable fact, the higher you proceed in official grade, the more endurable do the Russian officials become, till you reach the heads of the departments, who are as civil and well-behaved a body of functionaries as ever clasped fingers upon a bribe. A few copecks or rubles, as the case may require, insinuated into the expectant palms of the searching officials have a wonderful tendency to abate the rigor of the examinations, which being completed, and a silver ruble paid to the officer in attendance, the traveler is at liberty to go on shore in search of a hotel or lodgings.

The instructed traveler will resist the seductions of the Russian hotels, with their magnificent fronts, and Russian, German, and French signboards; for once past the portals he will find that the noble staircases and broad passages are filthy beyond all western imagination; and the damask curtains and velvet sofas are perfect parks for all those "small deer" who make day and night hideous. If he be wise, he will make his way to some boarding-house upon the *Quai Anglais*, conducted by an emigrant from some country where the primitive faith in the virtues of dusters and soap and water is cherished.

No sooner is the stranger established than he must take an interpreter, and make the best of his way to the police office, to get a permit of residence. This he obtains after an interrogation from a very civil functionary, to whom must be paid a proportionate fee. But this permit is good only for the capital and its immediate vicinity. If the Russians are slow to welcome the coming, they are none the more ready to speed the parting guest. Mr. Smith and his friend Brown must not leave the capital till they have published an advertisement announcing their intention in three successive numbers of the Gazette, an operation which consumes a space of from a week to ten days.

These preliminaries duly attended to, we were at liberty to commence our examination of St. Petersburg. The traveler who first sees the city under a summer sun is always struck with amazement. Its public places are so vast, its monuments so numerous and imposing, its quays so magnificent, and its edifices, public and private, so enormous, and constructed apparently of materials so massive and enduring, that he is ready to pronounce it the most magnificent city upon earth.

A century and a half ago the low marshy shores of the Neva, and the islands formed by the branches into which it separates just before it empties itself into the Gulf of Finland were inhabited only by a few scattered Finnish fishermen. But commanding the entrance to Lake Ladoga, it was a military position of some importance, and the Swedes had long maintained there a fortress, the possession of which had been often unavailingly contested by the Russians, up to 1703, when Peter the Great made himself master of it. He determined to found upon this desolate spot the future capital of his vast empire, and at once commenced the task, without waiting for peace to confirm the possession of the site. He assembled a vast number of the peasantry from every quarter of his empire, and pushed forward the work with the energy of an iron will armed with absolute power. The surrounding country, ravaged by long years of war, could furnish no supplies for these enormous masses, and the convoys which brought them across Lake Ladoga were frequently detained by contrary winds. Ill fed and worse lodged, laboring in the cold and wet, multitudes yielded to the hardships, and the foundations of the new metropolis were laid at the cost of a hundred thousand lives, sacrificed in less than six months.

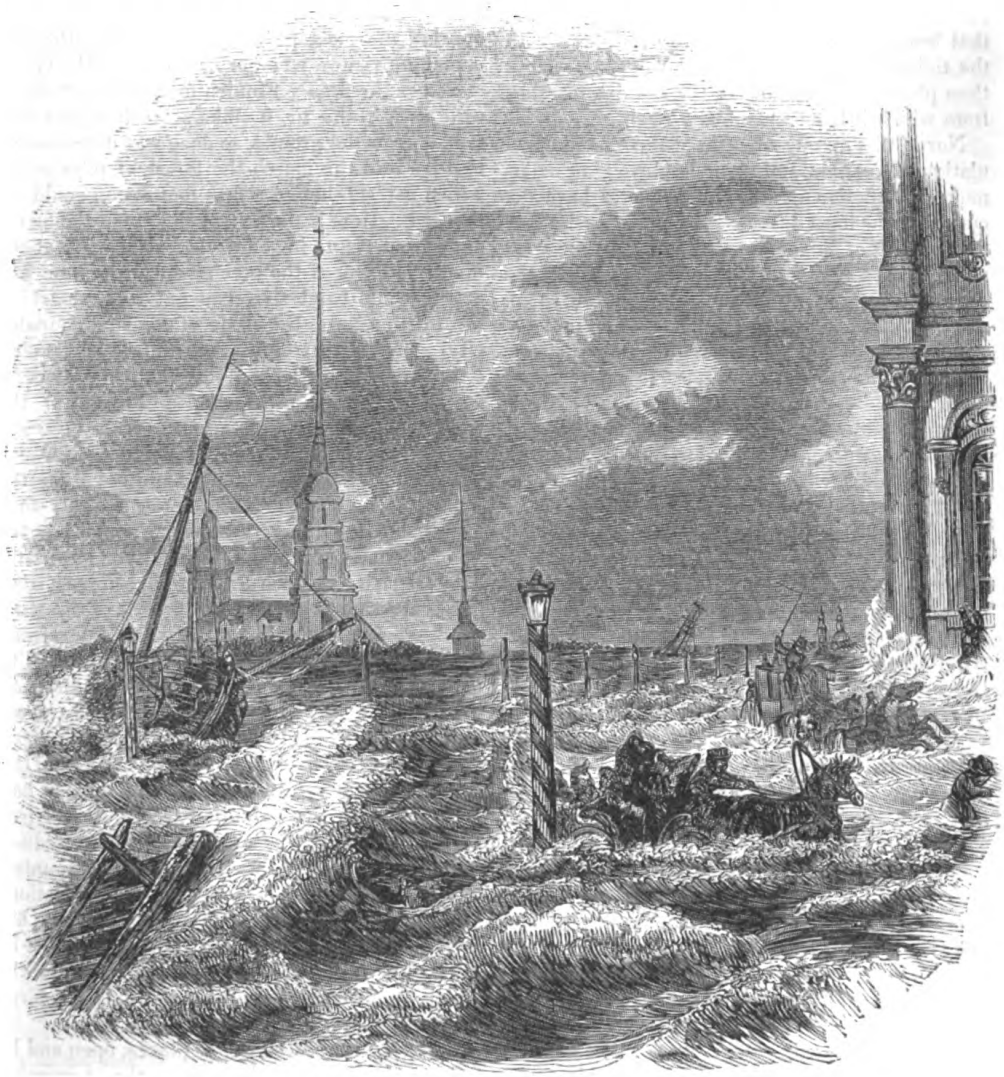
With Peter to will was to perform; he willed that a capital city should be built and inhabited, and built and inhabited it was. In April, 1714, a ukase was issued directing that all buildings should be erected in a particular manner; another, three months later, ordered a large number of nobles and merchants to erect dwellings in the new city. In a few months more another ukase prohibited the erection of any stone mansion in any other portion of the empire, while the enterprise of the capital was in progress; and that the lack of building materials should be no obstacle, every vessel, whether large or small, and every peasant's car which came to the city, was ordered to bring a certain specified number of building stones. The work undertaken with such rigid determination, and carried on with such remorseless vigor by Peter, was continued in the same unflinching spirit by his successors; and the result was the present St. Petersburg, with its aspect more imposing than that of any other city on the globe, but bearing in its bosom the elements of its own destruction, the moment it is freed from the control of the iron will, which created and now maintains it:—a fitting type and representative of the Russian Empire.

The whole enterprise of founding and maintaining St. Petersburg was and is a struggle against nature. The soil is a marsh so deep and spongy that a solid foundation can be attained only by constructing a subterranean scaffolding of piles. Were it not for these the city would sink into the marsh like a stage ghost through the trap-door. Every building of any magnitude

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rests on piles; the granite quays which line the Neva rest on piles. The very foot-pavements can not be laid upon the ground, but must be supported by piles. A great commercial city is maintained, the harbor of which is as inaccessible to ships, for six months in the year, as the centre of the desert of Sahara. In the neighboring country no part produces any thing for human sustenance save the Neva, which furnishes ice and fish. The severity of the climate is most destructive to the erections of human hands; and St. Petersburg, notwithstanding its gay summer appearance, when it emerges from the winter frosts, resembles a superannuated belle at the close of the fashionable season; and can only be put in proper visiting order by the assiduous services of hosts of painters and plasterers. Leave the capital for a half century to the unrepaired ravages of its wintry climate, and it would need a Layard to unearth its monuments.

But sure as are the wasting inroads of time and the climate, St Petersburg is in daily peril of an overthrow whose accomplishment would require but a few hours. The Gulf of Finland forms a vast funnel pointing eastward, at the extremity of which stands the city. No portion of the city is fifteen feet above the ordinary level of the water. A strong westerly wind, blowing directly into the mouth of the funnel, piles the water up so as to lay the lower part of the city under water. Water is as much dreaded here, and as many precautions are taken against it, as in the case of fire in other cities. In other cities alarm-signals announce a conflagration; here they give notice of an inundation. The firing of an alarm-gun from the Admiralty, at intervals of an hour, denotes that the lower extremes of the islands are under water, when flags are hung out from the steeples to give warning of danger. When the water reaches the streets, alarm-guns are fired every quarter of an hour. As the water rises the alarms grow more and more frequent, until minute-guns summon boats to the assistance of the drowning population.



THE INUNDATION OF 1824.

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So much for the lower jaw of the monster that lies in wait for the Russian capital; now for the upper:—Lake Ladoga, which discharges its waters through the Neva, is frozen over to an enormous thickness during the long winter. The rapid northern spring raises its waters and loosens the ice simultaneously; when the waters of the Gulf are at their usual level, the accumulated ice and water find an easy outlet down the broad and rapid Neva. But let a strong west wind heap up the waters of the Gulf just as the breaking up of Lake Ladoga takes place, and the waters from above and from below would suffice to inundate the whole city, while all its palaces, monuments, and temples would be crushed between the masses of ice, like "Captain Ahab's" boat in the ivory jaws of "Moby Dick." Nothing is more probable than such a coincidence. It often blows from the west for days together in the spring; and it is almost a matter of certainty that the ice will break up between the middle and the end of April. Let but a westerly storm arise on the fatal day of that brief fortnight, and farewell to the City of the Czars. Any steamer that bridges the Atlantic may be freighted with the tidings that St. Petersburg has sunk deeper than plummet can sound in the Finnish marshes from which it has so magically risen.

Nor is this merely a matter of theory and speculation. Terrible inundations, involving enormous destruction of life and property have occurred. The most destructive of these took place on the 17th of November, 1824. A strong west wind heaped the waters of the Gulf up into the narrow funnel of the Neva, and poured them, slowly at first, along the streets. As night began to close in the rise of the waters became more and more rapid. Cataracts poured into doors, windows, and cellars. The sewers spouted up columns, like whales in the death-agony. The streets were filled with abandoned equipages, and deserted horses struggling in the rising waters. The trees in the public squares were crowded with those who had climbed them for refuge. During the night the wind abated, and the waters receded. But the pecuniary damage of that one night is estimated at twenty millions of dollars, and the loss of lives at eight thousand. All through the city a painted line traced upon the walls designates the height to which the waters reached. Were ever house-painters before engaged upon a task so ghastly? But suppose that, instead of November, April had been written as the date of this inundation, when the waters from the Lake above had met those from the Gulf below; St. Petersburg would have been numbered among the things that were—*Ilium fuit*.

Nothing of the kind can be more imposing than the view of St. Petersburg from the tower of the Admiralty upon some bright June day, such as that on which I first beheld it from that post. Under foot, as it seemed, from the galleries, lay the Admiralty-yards, where great ships were in process of erection, destined for no nobler service than to perform their three months' summer cruise in the Baltic, and to be frozen immovably in the harbors for six months out of twelve The will of the Czar can effect much, but it can not convert Russia into a naval power until he can secure a seacoast, and harbors which can not be shut up to him by a single hostile fortification. Russia can not be a maritime power till she is mistress of the entrance to the Baltic and the Black Sea.

To the right and the left of the Admiralty stretch the great squares upon which stand the principal public edifices and monuments of the capital; the Winter Palace, with its six thousand constant occupants; the *Hotel de l'Etat Major*, whence go forth orders to a million of soldiers, the Senate House, and the Palace of the Holy Synod, the centres of temporal and spiritual law for the hundred nations blended into the Russian Empire; the Church of St. Isaac, with its four porticoes, the lofty columns of which, sixty feet in height, are each of a single block of granite, and the walls of polished marble; its cupola covered with copper overlaid with gold, gleaming like another sun, surmounted by a golden cross, and forming the most conspicuous object to the approaching visitor, whether he comes up the Gulf, or across the dreary Finnish marshes; yet, high as it rises in the air, it sinks scarcely a less distance below the ground, so deep was it necessary to drive into the marsh the forest of piles upon which it rests, before a firm foundation could be secured. Here is the Statue of Peter—the finest equestrian statue in the world—reining his steed upon the brink of the precipice up which he has urged it, his hand stretched out in benediction toward the Neva, the pride of his new-founded city. Here is the triumphal column to Alexander, "the Restorer of Peace," the whole elevation of which is 150 feet, measuring to the head of the angel who—the cross victorious over the crescent—bears the symbol of the Christian faith above the capital cast from cannon captured from the Turks. The shaft is a single block eighty-four feet in height—the largest single stone erected in modern times; and it would have been still loftier had it not been for the blind unreasoning obedience to orders, so characteristic of the Russian. When the column had been determined upon, orders were dispatched to the quarries to detach, if possible, a single block for the shaft of the length of eighty-four feet, though with scarcely a hope that the attempt would succeed. One day a dispatch was received by the Czar from the superintendent, with the tidings that a block had been detached, free from flaw, one hundred feet long; but that he was about to proceed to reduce it to the required length. The sovereign mounted in hot haste to save the block from mutilation, and to preserve a column so much exceeding his hopes. But he was too late; and arrived just in time to see the sixteen feet severed from the block, which would otherwise have been the noblest shaft in the world.

The length of these public places, open and in full view, right and left, from the Admiralty tower, is a full mile.

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Stretching southward from the tower lies the "Great Side" of St. Petersburg, cut into three concentric semicircular divisions, of which the Admiralty is the centre, by three canals, and intersected by the three main avenues or *Prospekts* (Perspectives). These three Perspectives diverge like the spokes of a wheel from the Admiralty and run straight through the city, through the sumptuous quarters of the aristocracy, the domains of commerce, and the suburbs of the poor; while the view is closed by the mists rising from the swamps of Ingermanland.

Turning from the "Great Side," and looking northward, the arms of the Neva diverge from near the foot of the Admiralty tower, as the Perspectives do from the southern side. The width of the Neva, its yielding bottom and shores, and the masses of ice which it sweeps down, make the erection of bridges so difficult that they are placed at very rare intervals, so that a person might be obliged to go miles before reaching one. But the stream is enlivened by boats and gondolas ready to convey passengers from one bank to the other. We were never weary of watching with a glass from the Admiralty tower, alternately, the river gay with boats and shipping, and the Perspectives thronged with their brilliant and motley crowd. With a somewhat different, but certainly no less absorbing interest, we gazed down from the same elevation into the works of the citadel, upon Petersburg Island, whose minutest details were clearly visible. This citadel is useless as a defense of the city against a hostile attack; but it furnishes a ready means of commanding the capital, and furnishes a refuge for the government in case of an insurrection. Like the fortifications of Paris, it is designed not so much to defend as to control the city.

St. Petersburg is certainly the most imposing city, and Russia is the most imposing nation in the world—at first sight. But the imposing aspect of both is to a great extent an *imposition*. The city tries to pass itself off for granite, when a great proportion is of wood or brick, covered with paint and stucco, which peels off in masses before the frosts of every winter, and needs a whole army of plasterers and painters every spring to put it in presentable order. You pass what appears a Grecian temple, and lo, it is only a screen of painted boards. A one-storied house assumes the airs of a loftier building, in virtue of a front of another story bolted and braced to its roof. And much even that is real is sadly out of place. Long lines of balconies and pillars and porticoes, which would be appropriate to Greece or Italy, are for the greater part of the year piled with snow-drifts. St. Petersburg and Russian civilization are both of a growth too hasty, and too much controlled from without, instead of proceeding from a law of inward development, to be enduring.

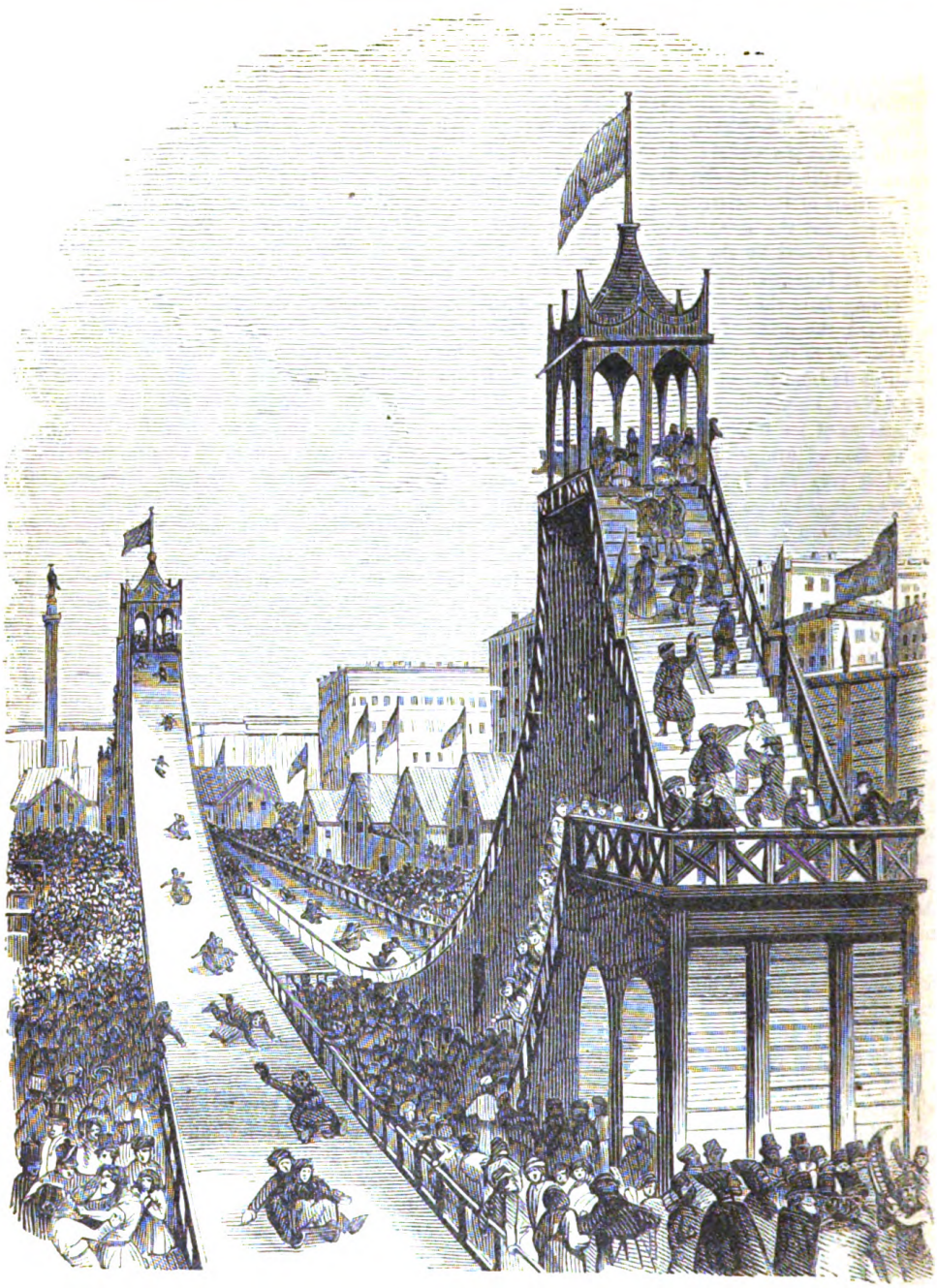
The capital to be seen to advantage must be viewed during the few weeks of early summer; or in the opening winter, when the snow forms a pavement better than art can produce, and when the cold has built a continuous bridge over the Neva, without having as yet become severe enough to drive every body from the streets.

The Neva is the main artery through which pours the life-blood of St. Petersburg. But the life-current is checked from the time when the ice is too far weakened by the returning sun to be passable, and not yet sufficiently broken up to float down to the Gulf. At that time all intercourse between portions of the city on its opposite banks is suspended. Every body is anxious for the breaking-up of the ice. Luxuries from more genial climes are waiting in the Baltic for the river to be navigable. No sooner is the ice so far cleared as to afford a practicable passage for a boat, than the glad news is announced by the artillery of the citadel, and, no matter what the hour, the commandant and his suite hurry into a gondola and push over to the Imperial palace, directly opposite. The commandant fills a large goblet with the icy fluid, and presents it to the Emperor, informing him that his gondola, the first which has that year crossed the river, is the precursor of navigation. The Czar drains the cup to the health of the capital, and returns it, filled with ducats, to the commandant. Formerly it was observed, by some mysterious law of natural science, that this goblet grew larger and larger, year by year, so that the Czar who had swallowed Poland without flinching, and stood ready to perform the same operation upon Turkey, stood in danger of suffocation from his growing bumpers. Some wise man at last suggested that this tendency to the enlargement of the goblet might be counteracted, by limiting the number of ducats returned by way of acknowledgment. The suggestion was acted upon, and, greatly to the comfort of the Imperial purse and stomach, was found to be perfectly successful. The sum now given is two hundred ducats. This goblet of Neva water is surely the most costly draught ever quaffed since the time when brown-fronted Cleopatra dissolved the pearl in honor of mad Mark Antony.

The most striking winter spectacle of St. Petersburg, to a foreigner, is that of the ice mountains. They are in full glory during "Butter Week"—of which more anon—when Russia seems to forget her desire to be any thing but Russian. The great Place of the Admiralty is given up to the popular celebrations, and filled with refreshment-booths, swings, and slides. To form these ice mountains a narrow scaffold is raised to the height of some thirty or forty feet. This scaffold has on one side steps for the purpose of ascending it; on the other it slopes off, steeply at first, and then more gradually, until it finally terminates on a level. Upon this long slope blocks of ice are laid, over which water is poured, which by freezing unites the blocks, and furnishes a uniform surface, down which the merry crowd slide upon sledges, or more frequently upon blocks of smooth ice cut into an appropriate form.

Two of these mountains usually stand opposite and fronting each other, their tracks lying close together, side by side.

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ICE MOUNTAINS.

This is a national amusement all over Russia. Ice mountains are raised in the court-yards of all the chief residents in the capital. And an imitation of them, for summer use, covered with some polished wood, instead of ice, is often found in the halls of private dwellings. In the Imperial palace is such a slide, built of mahogany.

Street-life in St. Petersburgh presents many aspects strange to one who comes fresh from the capitals of other countries. One of the first things which will strike him is the silence and desertion of most of the streets. The thronging, eager crowd of other cities is here unknown. There is room enough, and to spare here. Broad streets, lined with rows of palaces, are as silent and lonely as deserted Tadmor, and a solitary *droshka* breaking the uniformity of the loneliness, heightens the effect. Leaving these broad, still streets, and mingling in the throng that presses in and through the Admiralty Place, the Nevskoi Perspective, or the Place of St. Isaac, the most noticeable feature, at first glance, is the preponderance of the military. The ordinary garrison of the capital amounts to 60,000 men. The Russian army comprises an almost infinite variety of uniforms, and specimens of these, worn by

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the *élite* of every corps, are constantly in the capital.

There are the Tartar guards, and the Circassian guards, Cossacks from the Don, from the Ural, and from Crimea; guards with names ending with "*off*" and "*ski*," unpronounceable by Western lips. The wild Circassian—enacting the double part of soldier and hostage—silver-harnessed and mail-coated, alternates with the skin-clad Cossack of the Ural, darting, lance in rest, over the parade-ground. There are regiments uniform not only in size of the men, color of the horses, and identity of equipments, but in the minutiæ of personal appearance. Of one, all the men are pug-nosed, blue-eyed, and red bearded; of another, every man has a nose like a hawk, with eyes, hair and beard as black as a raven's wing. Half the male population of St. Petersburg wear uniform; for, besides these 60,000 soldiers, it is worn by officers of every grade, by the police, and even by professors of the university, and by teachers and pupils in the public schools.

Turning from the military to the civil portion of the population, the same brilliant variety of costumes every where meets the eye. The sober-suited native of western and civilized Europe, jostles the brilliant silken robes of the Persian or Bokharian; the Chinaman flaunts his dangling pig-tail, ingeniously pieced out by artificial means, in the face of the smoothly-shorn Englishman; the white-toothed Arab meets the tobacco-stained German; Yankee sailors and adventurers, portly English merchants, canny Scotchmen, dwarfish Finlanders, stupid Lettes, diminutive Kamtschatkians, each in his own national costume, make up a lively picture; while underlying all, and more worthy of note than all, are the true Russian peasantry; the original stock out of which Peter and his successors have fashioned their mighty empire.

The Russian of the lower orders is any thing but an inviting personage, at first sight. The name by which they have been designated, in their own language, time out of mind, describes them precisely. It is *tschornoi narod*, "the dirty people," or as we might more freely render it, "The Great Unwashed." An individual of this class is called a *mujik*. He is usually of middle stature, with small light eyes, level cheeks, and flat nose, of which the tip is turned up so as to display the somewhat expanded nostril. His pride and glory is his beard, which he wears as long and shaggy as nature will allow. The back of the head is shaved closely; and as he wears nothing about his neck, his head stands distinctly away from his body. His ideal of the beauty of the human head, as seen from behind, seems to be to make it resemble, as nearly as may be, a turnip. He is always noisy and never clean; and when wrapped in his sheepskin mantle, or *caftan* of blue cloth reaching to his knees, might easily enough be taken for a bandit. As he seldom thinks of changing his inner garments more than once a week, and as his outer raiment lasts half his lifetime, and is never laid aside during the night, and never washed, he constantly affords evidence of his presence any thing but agreeable to the organs of smell. But a closer acquaintance will bring to light many traits of character which belie his rude exterior; and will show him to be at bottom a good-natured, merry, friendly fellow. His most striking characteristic is pliability and dexterity. If he does not possess the power of originating, he has a wonderful faculty of copying the ideas of others, and of yielding himself up to carry out the conceptions of any one who wishes to use him for the accomplishment of his ends. There is an old German myth which says that the Teutonic race was framed, in the depths of time, out of the hard, unyielding granite. The original material of the Russian race must have been Indian rubber, so easily are they compressed into any form, and so readily do they resume their own, when the pressure is removed. The raw, untrained *mujik* is drafted into the army, and in a few weeks attains a precision of movement more like an automaton than a human being. He becomes a trader, and the Jews themselves can not match him in cunning and artifice.

The *mujik* is a thoroughly good-tempered fellow. Address him kindly, and his face unbends at once, and you will find that he takes a sincere delight in doing you a kindness. In no capital of Europe are the temptations to crimes against the person so numerous as in St. Petersburg, with its broad lonely streets, unlighted at night, and scantily patrolled; but in no capital are such crimes of so rare occurrence.

But the *mujik* has two faults. He is a thorough rogue, and a great drunkard. He will cheat and guzzle from sheer love for the practices; and without the least apparent feeling that there is any thing out of the way in so doing. But in his cups he is the same good-natured fellow. The Irishman or Scotchman when drunk is quarrelsome and pugnacious; the German or the Englishman, stupid and brutal; the Spaniard or Italian, revengeful and treacherous. The first stages of drunkenness in the *mujik* are manifested by loquacity. The drunker he is the more gay and genial does he grow; till at last he is ready to throw himself upon the neck of his worst enemy and exchange embraces with him. When the last stage has been reached, and he starts for his home, he does not reel, but marches straight on, till some accidental obstruction trips him up into the mire, where he lies unnoticed and unmolested till a policeman takes charge of him. This misadventure is turned to public advantage, for by an old custom every person, male or female, of what grade soever, taken up drunk in the street by the police, is obliged the next day to sweep the streets for a certain number of hours. In our early rambles we often came across a woeful group thus improving the ways of others, in punishment for having taken too little heed of their own.

In vino veritas may perhaps be true of the juice of the grape; but it is not so of the bad brandy which is the favorite drink of the *mujik*.

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PUNISHMENT FOR DRUNKENNESS.

He is never too drunk to be a rogue, but yet you do not look upon his roguery as you do upon that of any other people. He never professes to be honest; and does not see any reason why he should be so. He seems so utterly unconscious of any thing reprehensible in roguery, that you unconsciously give him the benefit of his ignorance. If he victimizes you, you look upon him as upon a clever professor of legerdemain, who has cheated you in spite of your senses; but you hardly hold him morally responsible. Upon the whole, though you can not respect the *mujik*, you can hardly avoid having a sort of liking for him.

Perhaps the most thoroughly Russian of all the *tschornoi narod* are the *isvoshtshiks*, or public drivers; at least they are the class with whom the traveler comes most immediately and necessarily into contact, and from whom he derives his idea of them. Such is the extent of St. Petersburg, that when the foreigner has sated his curiosity with the general aspect of the streets, he finds that he can not afford time to walk from one object of interest to another. Moreover, in winter—and here winter means fully six months in the year—the streets are spread with a thick covering of snow, which soon becomes beaten up into powdered crystals, through which locomotion is as difficult as through the deepest sands of Sahara; and the wind whirls these keen crystals about like the sand-clouds of the desert. Every body not to the manner born, whose pleasures or avocations call him abroad, is glad to draw his mantle over his face, and creeping into a sledge, wrap himself up as closely as he may in furs. In spring and summer, when the streets are usually either a marsh or choked with intolerable dust, pedestrianism is equally disagreeable. All this has called into requisition a host of Jehus, so that the stranger who has mastered enough Russian to call out *Davai ishvoshtshik!* "Here, driver!" or even lifts his hand by way of signal, has seldom need to repeat the summons.

Like his cart-borne kindred, the Tartars and Scythians, the *ishvoshtshik* makes his vehicle his home. In it he eats, drinks, and often sleeps, rolling himself up into a ball in the bottom, to

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present as little surface as possible to the action of the cold.—Russian-like, he always names a price for his services that will leave ample room for abatement. But once engaged, and he is for the time being your servant, and accepts any amount of abuse or beating as the natural condition of the bargain.

The *mujik* of every class seems indeed to be born ready bitted, for the use of any one who has a hand steady enough to hold the reins. They are the best servants in the world for one who has the gift of command. It is this adaptation between the strong-willed autocrats who since Peter have swayed the destinies of Russia, and the serviceable nature of the people, that has raised the empire to its present position. A single weak ruler would change the whole destiny of Russia.

Notwithstanding the hardships of their lives, the *isvoshtshiks* are good-natured, merry, harmless, fellows, whether waiting for a fare or bantering a customer. But they have one thorn; and that is the pedestrian. Woe to the driver who runs against a foot-man; fine and flogging are his portion. If the pedestrian be thrown down, visions of Siberia float before the driver's eye; to say nothing of the pleasant foretaste of the policeman's cane and the confiscation of his vehicle.



ISHVOSHTSHIKS.

Notwithstanding the general characteristic of laxity of principle, instances are by no means wanting of the most scrupulous and even romantic fidelity on the part of the Russians of the lower orders. It would be an interesting subject of investigation, how far this patent trait of national character is to be attributed to inherent constitutional defects in the race; and how far to the state of serfdom in which they have existed from generation to generation. But the investigation does not fall within the scope of our "Recollections."

Our friends in the greasy sheepskins or woolen caftans have strong religious tendencies, though they may smack a little too much of those of the light-fingered Smyrniote whom we detected purchasing candles to light before his patron saint, with the first-fruits of the purse of which he had not ten minutes before relieved our pocket. In all places where men congregate there are pictures of saints before which the *mujik* crosses himself on every occasion. In an inn or restaurant each visitor turns to the picture and crosses himself before he sits down to eat. If a *mujik* enters your room he crosses himself before saluting you. Every church is saluted with a sign of the cross. At frequent intervals in the streets little shrines are found, before which every body stops and makes the sacred sign, with bared head. The merchant in the *gostinnoi dvor* or bazaar, every now and then walks up to his *bog* or saint, and with a devout inclination prays for success in trade.

No one has seen St. Petersburg who has not been there at Easter. The Greek Church finds great virtues in fasting; and a prolonged fast-time implies a subsequent carnival. The rigor of the Russian fasts strictly excludes every article of food containing the least particle of animal matter. Flesh and fowl are, of course, rigorously *tabooed;* so are milk, eggs, butter; and even sugar, on account of the animal matter used in refining it, of which a small portion might possibly remain. The fast preceding Easter, called, by way of eminence, "The Great Fast," lasts seven full weeks, and is observed with a strictness unknown even in Catholic countries. The lower classes refrain even from fish during the first and last of these seven weeks, as well as on Wednesdays and Fridays in the remaining five. When we reflect how large a part some or all of these animal substances form of the *cuisine* of all northern nations, and in Russia most of all, we shall be ready to believe that this Great Fast is an important epoch in the Russian calendar, and is not to be encountered without a preparatory period of feasting, the recollection of which may serve to mitigate the enforced abstinence.

Among the upper classes in St. Petersburg balls, routs, and all carnival revelries begin to crowd thick and fast upon each other as early as the commencement of February. But the mass of the people compress these preparatory exercises into the week before the beginning of the fast. This is the famous *Massländitza* or "Butter Week," which contains the sum and sub-

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stance of all Russian festivity. All the butter that should naturally have gone into the consumption of the succeeding seven weeks is concentrated into this. Whatever can be eaten with butter is buttered; what can not, is eschewed. The standard dish of the week is *blinni*, a kind of pancake, made with butter, fried in butter, and eaten with butter-sauce. For this one week the great national dish of *shtshee* or cabbage-soup is banished from the land.

Breakfast dispatched, then come the amusements. Formerly the swings, ice-mountains, and temporary theatres were erected upon the frozen plain of the Neva. But some years since, the ice gave way under the immense pressure, and a large number of the revelers were drowned. Since that time the great square of the Admiralty has been devoted to this purpose. For days previous, long trains of sledges are seen thronging to the spot, bearing timbers, poles, planks, huge blocks of ice, and all the materials necessary for the erection of booths, theatres, swings, and slides. These temporary structures are easily and speedily reared. A hole is dug in the frozen ground, into which the end of a post is placed. It is then filled with water, which under the influence of a Russian February binds it in its place as firmly as though it were leaded into a solid rock. The carnival commences on the first Sunday of the Butter Week, and all St. Petersburg gives itself up to sliding and swinging, or to watching the sliding and swinging of others. By a wise regulation eating and drinking shops are not allowed in the square, and the staple potable and comestibles are tea, cakes, and nuts. Few more animated and stirring sights are to be seen than the Admiralty square at noon, when the mirth is at the highest among the lower orders, and when all the higher classes make their appearance driving in regular line along a broad space, in front of the booths, reserved for the equipages. Every body in St. Petersburg of any pretensions to rank or wealth keeps a carriage of some kind; and every carriage, crowded with the family in their gayest attire, joins in the procession.

Butter Week, with its *blinni* and ice mountains passes away all too quickly, and is succeeded by the grim seven weeks' fast. The Admiralty square looks desolate enough, lumbered over with fragments of the late joyous paraphernalia, and strewed with nut-shells and orange-peel. Public amusements, of almost all kinds are prohibited, and time passes on with gloomy monotony, only broken by a stray saint's day, like a gleam of sunshine across a murky sky. It is worth while to be a saint, in Russia, if his day falls during the Great Fast, for it will be sure to be celebrated with most exemplary fervor.

As the fast draws near its close, preparation s on tiptoe for a change. The egg-market begins to rise, owing to the demand for "Easter-eggs," for on that day it is customary to present an egg to every acquaintance on first greeting him. This has given rise to a very pretty custom of giving presents of artificial eggs of every variety of material, and frequently with the most elegant decorations. The Imperial glass manufactory furnishes an immense number of eggs of glass, with cut flowers and figures, designed as presents from the Czar and Czarina.

Saturday night before Easter at last comes and goes. As the midnight hour which is to usher in Easter-day approaches, the churches begin to fill. The court appears in the Imperial chapel in full dress; and the people, of all ages, ranks, and conditions, throng their respective places of worship. Not a priest, however, is to be seen until the midnight hour strikes, when the entrance to the sanctuary of the church is flung open, and the song peals forth—*Christohs vosskress! Christohs vosskress ihs mortvui*—"Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!" The priests in their richest robes press through the throng, bowing and swinging their censers before the shrine of the saints, repeating the "Christ is risen!" The congregation grasp each other's hands, those acquainted, however distantly, embracing and kissing, repeating the same words. The churches are at once in a blaze of illumination within and without; and all over the city cannons boom, rockets hiss, and bells peal in token of joy. The Great Fast is over, and the Easter festival has begun.

In the churches the ceremony of blessing the food is going on. The whole pavement, unencumbered with pews or seats, is covered with dishes ranged in long rows, with passages between for the officiating priests, who pace along, sprinkling holy water to the right and left, and pronouncing the form of benediction; the owner of each dish all the while on a keen look-out that his food does not fail of receiving some drops of the sanctifying fluid. Before daylight all this is accomplished; and then come visitings and banquets, congratulations of the season, bowings, hand-shakings, and, above all, kissing.

All Russia breaks out now into an Oriental exuberance of kisses. What arithmetic shall undertake to compute the osculatory expenditure? Every member of a family salutes every other member with a kiss. All acquaintances,



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however slight, greet with a kiss and a *Christohs vaskress*. Long-robed *mujiks* mingle beards and kisses, or brush their hirsute honors over the



faces of their female acquaintances. In the public offices all the *employées* salute each other and their superiors. So in the army. The general embraces and kisses all the officers of the corps;



the colonel of a regiment those beneath him, besides a deputation of the soldiers; and the captain salutes all the men of his company. The



Czar does duty at Easter. He must of course salute his family and retinue, his court and attendants. But this is not all. On parade he goes through the ceremony with his officers, and a selected body of privates, who stand as representatives of the rest, and even with the sentinels at the palace gates. So amid smiles and handshakings, and exclamations of "Christ has arisen!" pass on the days of the Easter festival. Ample amends are made for the long abstinence of the Great Fast, by unbounded indulgence in the coveted animal food, to say nothing of the copious libations of brandy—evidences of which are visible enough in groups of amateur street-sweepers who subsequently are seen plying their brooms in the early morning hours. Such is St. Petersburg, when most Russian.

A LOVE AFFAIR AT CRANFORD.

I AM tempted to relate it, as having interested me in a quiet sort of way, and as being the latest intelligence of Our Society at Cranford.

I thought, after Miss Jenkyns's death, that probably my connection with Cranford would cease; at least that it would have to be kept up by correspondence, which bears much the same relation to personal intercourse that the books of dried plants I sometimes see ("Hortus Siccus," I think they call the thing), do to the living and fresh flowers in the lanes and meadows. I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, by receiving a letter from Miss Pole (who had always come in for a supplementary week after my annual visit to Miss Jenkyns), proposing that I should go and stay with her; and then, in a couple of days after my acceptance, came a note from Miss Matey, in which, in a rather circuitous and very humble manner, she told me how much pleasure I should confer, if I could spend a week or two with her, either before or after I had been at Miss Pole's; "for," she said, "since my dear sister's death, I am well aware I have no attractions to offer; it is only to the kindness of my friends that I can owe their company."

Of course, I promised to come to dear Miss Matey, as soon as I had ended my visit to Miss Pole; and the day after my arrival at Cranford, I went to see her, much wondering what the house would be like without Miss Jenkyns, and rather dreading the changed aspect of things. Miss Matey began to cry as soon as she saw me. She was evidently nervous from having anticipated my call. I comforted her as well as I could; and I found the best consolation I could give, was the honest praise that came from my heart as I spoke of the deceased. Miss Matey slowly shook her head over each virtue as it was named, and attributed to her sister; at last she could not restrain the tears which had long been silently flowing, but hid her face behind her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear Miss Matey!" said I, taking her hand—for indeed I did know in what way to tell her how sorry I was for her, left deserted in the world. She put down her handkerchief, and said,

"My dear, I'd rather you did not call me

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Matey. *She* did not like it; but I did many a thing she did not like, I'm afraid—and now she's gone! If you please, my love, will you call me Matilda?"

I promised faithfully, and began to practice the new name with Miss Pole that very day; and, by degrees, Miss Matilda's feelings on the subject were known through Cranford, and the appellation of Matey was dropped by all, except a very old woman who had been nurse in the rector's family, and had persevered through many long years, in calling the Miss Jenkynses "the girls;" she said "Matey," to the day of her death.

My visit to Miss Pole was very quiet. Miss Jenkyns had so long taken the lead in Cranford, that, now she was gone, they hardly knew how to give a party. The Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, to whom Miss Jenkyns herself had always yielded the post of honor, was fat and inert and very much at the mercy of her old servants. If they chose her to give a party, they reminded her of the necessity for so doing; if not, she let it alone. There was all the more time for me to hear old-world stories from Miss Pole, while she sat knitting, and I making my father's shirts. I always took a quantity of plain sewing to Cranford; for, as we did not read much, or walk much, I found it a capital time to get through my work. One of Miss Pole's stories related to the love affair I am coming to; gradually, not in a hurry, for we are never in a hurry at Cranford.

Presently, the time arrived, when I was to remove to Miss Matilda's house. I found her timid and anxious about the arrangements for my comfort. Many a time, while I was unpacking, did she come backward and forward to stir the fire, which burned all the worse for being so frequently poked.

"Have you drawers enough, dear?" asked she. "I don't know exactly how my sister used to arrange them. She had capital methods. I am sure she would have trained a servant in a week to make a better fire than this, and Fanny has been with me four months."

This subject of servants was a standing grievance, and I could not wonder much at it; for if gentlemen were scarce, and almost unheard of in the "genteel society" of Cranford, they or their counterparts—handsome young men—abounded in the lower classes. The pretty, neat servant-maids had their choice of desirable "followers;" and their mistresses, without having the sort of mysterious dread of men and matrimony that Miss Matilda had, might well feel a little anxious, lest the heads of their comely maids should be turned by the joiner, or the butcher, or the gardener; who were obliged by their callings, to come to the house; and who, as ill-luck would have it, were generally handsome and unmarried. Fanny's lovers, if she had any—and Miss Matilda suspected her of so many flirtations, that, if she had not been very pretty, I should have doubted her having one—were a constant anxiety to her mistress. She was forbidden, by the articles of her engagement, to have "followers;" and though she had answered innocently enough, doubling up the hem of her apron as she spoke, "Please, ma'am, I never had more than one at a time," Miss Matey prohibited that one. But a vision of a man seemed to haunt the kitchen. Fanny assured me that it was all fancy; or else I should have said myself that I had seen a man's coat-tails whisk into the scullery once, when I went on an errand into the store-room at night; and another evening when, our watches having stopped, I went to look at the clock, there was a very odd appearance, singularly like a young man squeezed up between the clock and the back of the open kitchen-door; and I thought Fanny snatched up the candle very hastily, so as to throw the shadow on the clock-face, while she very positively told me the time half-an-hour too early, as we found out afterward by the church-clock. But I did not add to Miss Matey's anxieties by naming my suspicions, especially as Fanny said to me, the next day, that it was such a queer kitchen for having odd shadows about it, she really was almost afraid to stay; "for you know, Miss," she added, "I don't see a creature from six o'clock tea, till missus rings the bell for prayers at ten."

However, it so fell out that Fanny had to leave; and Miss Matilda begged me to stay and "settle her" with the new maid; to which I consented, after I had heard from my father that he did not want me at home. The new servant was a rough, honest-looking country-girl, who had only lived in a farm-place before; but I liked her looks when she came to be hired; and I promised Miss Matilda to put her in the ways of the house. These said ways were religiously such as Miss Matilda thought her sister would approve. Many a domestic rule and regulation had been a subject of plaintive whispered murmur, to me, during Miss Jenkyns's life; but now that she was gone, I do not think that even I, who was a favorite, durst have suggested an alteration. To give an instance: we constantly adhered to the forms which were observed, at meal times, "in my father the rector's house." Accordingly, we had always wine and dessert; but the decanters were only filled when there was a party; and what remained was seldom touched, though we had two wine glasses apiece every day after dinner, until the next festive occasion arrived; when the state of the remainder wine was examined into, in a family council. The dregs were often given to the poor; but occasionally when a good deal had been left at the last party (five months ago, it might be) it was added to some of a fresh bottle, brought up from the cellar. I fancy poor Captain Brown did not much like wine; for I noticed he never finished his first glass, and most military men take several. Then, as to our dessert, Miss Jenkyns used to gather currants and gooseberries for it herself, which I sometimes thought would have tasted better fresh from the trees; but then, as Miss Jenkyns observed, there would have been nothing for dessert in summer-time. As it was, we felt very genteel with our two glasses

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apiece, and a dish of gooseberries at the top, of currants and biscuits at the sides, and two decanters at the bottom. When oranges came in, a curious proceeding was gone through. Miss Jenkyns did not like to cut the fruit; for, as she observed, the juice all ran out, nobody knew where; sucking (only, I think, she used some more recondite word) was in fact the only way of enjoying oranges; but then there was the unpleasant association with a ceremony frequently gone through by little babies; and so, after dessert, in orange season, Miss Jenkyns and Miss Matey used to rise up, possess themselves each of an orange in silence, and withdraw to the privacy of their own rooms, to indulge in sucking oranges.

I had once or twice tried, on such occasions, to prevail on Miss Matey to stay; and had succeeded in her sister's life-time. I held up a screen, and did not look, and, as she said, she tried not to make the noise very offensive; but now that she was left alone, she seemed quite horrified when I begged her to remain with me in the warm dining-parlor, and enjoy her orange as she liked best. And so it was in every thing. Miss Jenkyns's rules were made more stringent than ever, because the framer of them was gone where there could be no appeal. In every thing else Miss Matilda was meek and undecided to a fault. I have heard Fanny turn her round twenty times in a morning about dinner, just as the little hussy chose; and I sometimes fancied she worked on Miss Matilda's weakness, in order to bewilder her, and to make her feel more in the power of her clever servant. I determined that I would not leave her till I had seen what sort of a person Martha was; and, if I found her trustworthy, I would tell her not to trouble her mistress with every little decision.

Martha was blunt and plain-spoken to a fault; otherwise she was a brisk, well-meaning, but very ignorant girl. She had not been with us a week before Miss Matilda and I were astounded one morning by the receipt of a letter from a cousin of hers, who had been twenty or thirty years in India, and who had lately, as we had seen by the Army List, returned to England, bringing with him an invalid wife, who had never been introduced to her English relations. Major Jenkyns wrote to propose that he and his wife should spend a night at Cranford, on his way to Scotland—at the inn, if it did not suit Miss Matilda to receive them into her house; in which case they should hope to be with her as much as possible during the day. Of course, it must suit her, as she said; for all Cranford knew that she had her sister's bedroom at liberty; but I am sure she wished the Major had stopped in India and forgotten his cousins out and out.

"Oh! how must I manage?" asked she, helplessly. "If Deborah had been alive, she would have known what to do with a gentleman-visitor. Must I put razors in his dressing-room? Dear! dear! and I've got none. Deborah would have had them. And slippers, and coat-brushes?" I suggested that probably he would bring all these things with him. "And after dinner, how am I to know when to get up, and leave him to his wine? Deborah would have done it so well; she would have been quite in her element. Will he want coffee, do you think?" I undertook the management of the coffee, and told her I would instruct Martha in the art of waiting, in which it must be owned she was terribly deficient; and that I had no doubt Major and Mrs. Jenkyns would understand the quiet mode in which a lady lived by herself in a country town. But she was sadly fluttered. I made her empty her decanters, and bring up two fresh bottles of wine. I wished I could have prevented her from being present at my instructions to Martha; for she continually cut in with some fresh direction, muddling the poor girl's mind, as she stood open-mouthed, listening to us both.

"Hand the vegetables round," said I (foolishly, I see now—for it was aiming at more than we could accomplish with quietness and simplicity); and then, seeing her look bewildered, I added, "Take the vegetables round to people, and let them help themselves."

"And mind you go first to the ladies," put in Miss Matilda. "Always go to the ladies before gentlemen, when you are waiting."

"I'll do it as you tell me, ma'am," said Martha; "but I like lads best."

We felt very uncomfortable and shocked at this speech of Martha's; yet I don't think she meant any harm; and, on the whole, she attended very well to our directions, except that she "nudged" the Major, when he did not help himself as soon as she expected, to the potatoes, while she was handing them round.

The Major and his wife were quiet, unpretending people enough when they did come; languid, as all East Indians are, I suppose. We were rather dismayed at their bringing two servants with them, a Hindoo body-servant for the Major, and a steady elderly maid for his wife; but they slept at the inn, and took off a good deal of the responsibility by attending carefully to their master's and mistress's comfort. Martha, to be sure, had never ended her staring at the East Indian's white turban, and brown complexion, and I saw that Miss Matilda shrunk away from him a little as he waited at dinner. Indeed, she asked me, when they were gone, if he did not remind me of Blue Beard? On the whole, the visit was most satisfactory, and is a subject of conversation even now with Miss Matilda; at the time it greatly excited Cranford, and even stirred up the apathetic and Honorable Mrs. Jamieson to some expression of interest when I went to call and thank her for the kind answers she had vouchsafed to Miss Matilda's inquiries as to the arrangement of a gentleman's dressing-room—answers which I must confess she had given in the wearied manner of the Scandinavian prophetess—

"Leave me, leave me to repose."

And *now* I come to the love affair.

It seems that Miss Pole had a cousin, once or twice removed, who had offered to Miss Matey

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long ago. Now, this cousin lived four or five miles from Cranford on his own estate; but his property was not large enough to entitle him to rank higher than a yeoman; or rather, with something of the "pride which apes humility," he had refused to push himself on, as so many of his class had done, into the ranks of the squires. He would not allow himself to be called Thomas Holbrook, Esq.; he even sent back letters with this address, telling the postmistress at Cranford that his name was Mr. Thomas Holbrook, yeoman. He rejected all domestic innovations; he would have the house door stand open in summer, and shut in winter, without knocker or bell to summon a servant. The closed fist or the knob of the stick did this office for him, if he found the door locked. He despised every refinement which had not its root deep down in humanity. If people were not ill, he saw no necessity for moderating his voice. He spoke the dialect of the country in perfection, and constantly used it in conversation; although Miss Pole (who gave me these particulars) added, that he read aloud more beautifully and with more feeling than any one she had ever heard, except the late Rector.

"And how came Miss Matilda not to marry him?" asked I.

"Oh, I don't know. She was willing enough, I think; but you know Cousin Thomas would not have been enough of a gentleman for the Rector, and Mrs. and Miss Jenkyns."

"Well! but they were not to marry him," said I, impatiently.

"No; but they did not like Miss Matey to marry below her rank. You know she was the Rector's daughter, and somehow they are related to Sir Peter Arley: Miss Jenkyns thought a deal of that."

"Poor Miss Matey!" said I.

"Nay, now, I don't know any thing more than that he offered and was refused. Miss Matey might not like him—and Miss Jenkyns might never have said a word—it is only a guess of mine."

"Has she never seen him since?" I inquired.

"No, I think not. You see, Woodley, Cousin Thomas's house, lies half-way between Cranford and Misselton; and I know he made Misselton his market-town very soon after he had offered to Miss Matey; and I don't think he has been into Cranford above once or twice since—once, when I was walking with Miss Matey in High-street; and suddenly she darted from me, and went up Shire-lane. A few minutes after I was startled by meeting Cousin Thomas."

"How old is he?" I asked, after a pause of castle-building.

"He must be about seventy, I think, my dear," said Miss Pole, blowing up my castle, as if by gunpowder, into small fragments.

Very soon after—at least during my long visit to Miss Matilda—I had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Holbrook; seeing, too, his first encounter with his former love, after thirty or forty years' separation. I was helping to decide whether any of the new assortment of colored silks which they had just received at the shop, would help to match a gray and black mousseline-de-laine that wanted a new breadth, when a tall, thin, Don Quixote-looking old man came into the shop for some woolen gloves. I had never seen the person (who was rather striking) before, and I watched him rather attentively, while Miss Matey listened to the shopman. The stranger wore a blue coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and gaiters, and drummed with his fingers on the counter until he was attended to. When he answered the shop-boy's question, "What can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day, sir?" I saw Miss Matilda start, and then suddenly sit down; and instantly I guessed who it was. She had made some inquiry which had to be carried round to the other shopman.

"Miss Jenkyns wants the black sarcenet two-and-twopence the yard;" and Mr. Holbrook had caught the name, and was across the shop in two strides.

"Matey—Miss Matilda—Miss Jenkyns! God bless my soul! I should not have known you. How are you? how are you?" He kept shaking her hand in a way which proved the warmth of his friendship; but he repeated so often, as if to himself, "I should not have known you!" that any sentimental romance which I might be inclined to build, was quite done away with by his manner.

However, he kept talking to us all the time we were in the shop; and then waving the shopman with the unpurchased gloves on one side, with "Another time, sir! another time!" he walked home with us. I am happy to say my client, Miss Matilda, also left the shop in an equally bewildered state, not having purchased either green or red silk. Mr. Holbrook was evidently full with honest, loud-spoken joy at meeting his old love again; he touched on the changes that had taken place; he even spoke of Miss Jenkyns as "Your poor sister! Well, well! we have all our faults;" and bade us good-by with many a hope that he should soon see Miss Matey again. She went straight to her room; and never came back till our early tea-time, when I thought she looked as if she had been crying.

A few days after, a note came from Mr. Holbrook, asking us—impartially asking both of us—in a formal, old-fashioned style, to spend a day at his house—a long June day—for it was June now. He named that he had also invited his cousin, Miss Pole; so that we might join in a fly, which could be put up at his house.

I expected Miss Matey to jump at this invitation; but, no! Miss Pole and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to go. She thought it was improper; and was even half-annoyed when we utterly ignored the idea of any impropriety in her going with two other ladies to see her old lover. Then came a more serious difficulty. She did not think Deborah would have liked her to go. This took us half a day's good hard talking to get over; but, at the first sentence of relenting, I seized the opportunity, and wrote

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and dispatched an acceptance in her name—fixing day and hour, that all might be decided and done with.

The next morning she asked me if I would go down to the shop with her; and there, after much hesitation, we chose out three caps to be sent home and tried on, that the most becoming might be selected to take with us on Thursday.

She was in a state of silent agitation all the way to Woodley. She had evidently never been there before; and, although she little dreamt I knew any thing of her early story, I could perceive she was in a tremor at the thought of seeing the place which might have been her home, and round which it is probable that many of her innocent girlish imaginations had clustered. It was a long drive there, through paved jolting lanes. Miss Matilda sate bolt upright, and looked wistfully out of the windows, as we drew near the end of our journey. The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral. Woodley stood among fields; and there was an old-fashioned garden, where roses and currant-bushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty back-ground to the pinks and gilly-flowers; there was no drive up to the door; we got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight box-edged path.

"My cousin might make a drive, I think," said Miss Pole, who was afraid of ear-ache, and had only her cap on.

"I think it is very pretty," said Miss Matey, with a soft plaintiveness in her voice, and almost in a whisper; for just then Mr. Holbrook appeared at the door, rubbing his hands in very effervescence of hospitality. He looked more like my idea of Don Quixote than ever, and yet the likeness was only external. His respectable housekeeper stood modestly at the door to bid us welcome; and, while she led the elder ladies upstairs to a bed-room, I begged to look about the garden. My request evidently pleased the old gentleman; who took me all round the place, and showed me his six-and-twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet. As we went along, he surprised me occasionally by repeating apt and beautiful quotations from the poets, ranging easily from Shakspeare and George Herbert to those of our own day. He did this as naturally as if he were thinking aloud, that their true and beautiful words were the best expression he could find for what he was thinking or feeling. To be sure he called Byron "my Lord Byron," and pronounced the name of Goethe strictly in accordance with the English sound of the letters—"As Goëthe says, 'Ye ever verdant palaces,'" &c. Altogether, I never met with a man, before or since, who had spent so long a life in a secluded and not impressive country, with ever-increasing delight in the daily and yearly change of season and beauty.

When he and I went in, we found that dinner was nearly ready in the kitchen—for so I suppose the room ought to be called, as there were oak dressers and cupboards all round, all over by the side of the fire-place, and only a small Turkey-carpet in the middle of the flag-floor. The room might have been easily made into a handsome dark-oak dining-parlor, by removing the oven, and a few other appurtenances of a kitchen, which were evidently never used; the real cooking-place being at some distance. The room in which we were expected to sit was a stiffly furnished, ugly apartment; but that in which we did sit was what Mr. Holbrook called the counting-house, where he paid his laborers their weekly wages, at a great desk near the door. The rest of the pretty sitting-room—looking into the orchard, and all covered over with dancing tree-shadows—was filled with books. They lay on the ground, they covered the walls, they strewed the table. He was evidently half ashamed and half proud of his extravagance in this respect. They were of all kinds—poetry, and wild weird tales prevailing. He evidently chose his books in accordance with his own tastes, not because such and such were classical, or established favorites.

"Ah!" he said, "we farmers ought not to have much time for reading; yet somehow one can't help it."

"What a pretty room!" said Miss Matey, *sotto voce*.

"What a pleasant place!" said I, aloud, almost simultaneously.

"Nay! if you like it," replied he; "but can you sit on these great black leather three-cornered chairs? I like it better than the best parlor; but I thought ladies would take that for the smarter place."

It was the smarter place; but, like most smart things, not at all pretty, or pleasant, or homelike; so, while we were at dinner, the servant-girl dusted and scrubbed the counting-house chairs, and we sate there all the rest of the day.

We had pudding before meat; and I thought Mr. Holbrook was going to make some apology for his old-fashioned ways, for he began,

"I don't know whether you like newfangled ways."

"Oh! not at all!" said Miss Matey.

"No more do I," said he. "My housekeeper *will* have things in her new fashion; or else I tell her, that when I was a young man, we used to keep strictly to my father's rule, 'No broth, no ball; no ball, no beef;' and always began dinner with broth. Then we had suet puddings, boiled in the broth with the beef; and then the meat itself. If we did not sup our broth, we had no ball, which we liked a deal better; and the beef came last of all, and only those had it who had done justice to the broth and the ball. Now folks begin with sweet things, and turn their dinners topsy-turvy."

When the ducks and green pease came, we looked at each other in dismay; we had only two-pronged, black-handled forks. It is true, the steel was as bright as silver; but, what were we to do? Miss Matey picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs, much as Aminé ate her grains of rice after her previous feast with the Ghoul. Miss Pole sighed over

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her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted; for they *would* drop between the prongs. I looked at my host: the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shoveled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungenteel thing; and, if Mr. Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would, probably, have seen that the good pease went away almost untouched.

After dinner, a clay-pipe was brought in, and a spittoon; and, asking us to retire to another room, where he would soon join us, if we disliked tobacco-smoke, he presented his pipe to Miss Matey, and requested her to fill the bowl. This was a compliment to a lady in his youth; but it was rather inappropriate to propose it as an honor to Miss Matey, who had been trained by her sister to hold smoking of every kind in utter abhorrence. But if it was a shock to her refinement, it was also a gratification to her feelings to be thus selected; so she daintily stuffed the strong tobacco into the pipe; and then we withdrew.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matey, softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. "I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!"

"What a number of books he has!" said Miss Pole, looking round the room. "And how dusty they are!"

"I think it must be like one of the great Dr. Johnson's rooms," said Miss Matey. "What a superior man your cousin must be!"

"Yes!" said Miss Pole; "he is a great reader; but I am afraid he has got into very uncouth habits with living alone."

"Oh! uncouth is too hard a word. I should call him eccentric; very clever people always are!" replied Miss Matey.

When Mr. Holbrook returned, he proposed a walk in the fields; but the two elder ladies were afraid of damp and dirt; and had only very unbecoming calashes to put over their caps; so they declined; and I was again his companion in a turn which he said he was obliged to take, to see after his niece. He strode along, either wholly forgetting my existence, or soothed into silence by his pipe—and yet it was not silence exactly. He walked before me, with a stooping gait, his hands clasped behind him; and, as some tree, or cloud, or glimpse of distant upland pastures struck him, he quoted poetry to himself; saying it out loud in a grand, sonorous voice, with just the emphasis that true feeling and appreciation give. We came upon an old cedar-tree, which stood at one end of the house;

> "More black than ash-buds in the front of March,
> A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade."

"Capital term—'layers!' Wonderful man!" I did not know whether he was speaking to me or not; but I put in an assenting "wonderful," although I knew nothing about it; just because I was tired of being forgotten, and of being consequently silent.

He turned sharp round. "Ay! you may say 'wonderful.' Why, when I saw the review of his poems in 'Blackwood,' I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way), and ordered them. Now, what color are ash-buds in March?"

Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

"What color are they, I say?" repeated he, vehemently.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

"I knew you didn't. No more did I—an old fool that I am! till this young man comes and tells me. 'Black as ash-buds in March.' And I've lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black; they are jet-black, madam." And he went off again, swinging along to the music of some rhyme he had got hold of.

When he came home nothing would serve him but that he must read us the poems he had been speaking of; and Miss Pole encouraged him in his proposal, I thought, because she wished me to hear his beautiful reading, of which she had boasted; but she afterward said it was because she had got to a difficult part of her crotchet, and wanted to count her stitches without having to talk. Whatever he had proposed would have been right to Miss Matey; although she did fall sound asleep within five minutes after he began a long poem called "Locksley Hall," and had a comfortable nap, unobserved, till he ended; when the cessation of his voice wakened her up, and she said, feeling that something was expected, and that Miss Pole was counting:

"What a pretty book!"

"Pretty! madam! it's beautiful! Pretty, indeed!"

"Oh, yes! I meant beautiful!" said she, fluttered at his disapproval of her word. "It is so like that beautiful poem of Dr. Johnson's my sister used to read—I forget the name of it; what was it, my dear?" turning to me.

"Which do you mean, ma'am? What was it about?"

"I don't remember what it was about, and I've quite forgotten what the name of it was; but it was written by Dr. Johnson, and was very beautiful, and very like what Mr. Holbrook has just been reading."

"I don't remember it," said he, reflectively, "but I don't know Dr. Johnson's poems well. I must read them."

As we were getting into the fly to return, I heard Mr. Holbrook say he should call on the ladies soon, and inquire how they got home; and this evidently pleased and fluttered Miss Matey at the time he said it; but after we had lost sight of the old house among the trees, her sentiments toward the master of it were gradually absorbed into a distressing wonder as to whether Martha had broken her word, and seized on the opportunity of her mistress's absence to have a "follower." Martha looked good, and steady, and composed enough, as she came to help us

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out; she was always careful of Miss Matey, and to-night she made use of this unlucky speech:

"Eh! dear ma'am, to think of your going out in an evening in such a thin shawl! It is no better than muslin. At your age, ma'am, you should be careful."

"My age!" said Miss Matey, almost speaking crossly, for her; for she was usually gentle. My age! Why, how old do you think I am, that you talk about my age?"

"Well, ma'am! I should say you were not far short of sixty; but folks' looks is often against them—and I'm sure I meant no harm."

"Martha, I'm not yet fifty-two!" said Miss Matey, with grave emphasis; for probably the remembrance of her youth had come very vividly before her this day, and she was annoyed at finding that golden time so far away in the past.

But she never spoke of any former and more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Holbrook. She had probably met with so little sympathy in her early love, that she had shut it up close in her heart; and it was only by a sort of watching, which I could hardly avoid, since Miss Pole's confidence, that I saw how faithful her poor heart had been in its sorrow and its silence.

She gave me some good reason for wearing her best cap every day, and sate near the window, in spite of her rheumatism, in order to see, without being seen, down into the street.

He came. He put his open palms upon his knees, which were far apart, as he sate with his head bent down, whistling, after we had replied to his inquiries about our safe return. Suddenly, he jumped up.

"Well, madam! have you any commands for Paris? I'm going there in a week or two."

"To Paris!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am! I've never been there, and always had a wish to go; and I think if I don't go soon, I mayn't go at all; so as soon as the hay is got in I shall go, before harvest-time."

We were so much astonished, that we had no commissions.

Just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, with his favorite exclamation:

"God bless my soul, madam! but I nearly forgot half my errand. Here are the poems for you, you admired so much the other evening at my house." He tugged away at a parcel in his coat-pocket. "Good-by, Miss," said he; "good-by, Matey! take care of yourself." And he was gone. But he had given her a book, and he had called her Matey, just as he used to do thirty years ago.

"I wish he would not go to Paris," said Miss Matilda, anxiously. "I don't believe frogs will agree with him; he used to have to be very careful what he ate, which was curious in so strong-looking a young man."

Soon after this I took my leave, giving many an injunction to Martha to look after her mistress, and to let me know if she thought that Miss Matilda was not so well; in which case I would volunteer a visit to my old friend, without noticing Martha's intelligence to her.

Accordingly I received a line or two from Martha every now and then; and, about November, I had a note to say her mistress was "very low, and sadly off her food;" and the account made me so uneasy, that, although Martha did not decidedly summon me, I packed up my things and went.

I received a warm welcome, in spite of the little flurry produced by my impromptu visit, for I had only been able to give a day's notice. Miss Matilda looked miserably ill; and I prepared to comfort and cosset her.

I went down to have a private talk with Martha.

"How long has your mistress been so poorly?" I asked, as I stood by the kitchen fire.

"Well! I think it's better than a fortnight; it is, I know: it was one Tuesday after Miss Pole had been here that she went into this moping way. I thought she was tired, and it would go off with a night's rest; but, no! she has gone on and on ever since, till I thought it my duty to write to you, ma'am."

"You did quite right, Martha. It is a comfort to think she has so faithful a servant about her. And I hope you find your place comfortable?"

"Well, ma'am, missus is very kind, and there's plenty to eat and drink, and no more work but what I can do easily—but—" Martha hesitated.

"But what, Martha?"

"Why, it seems so hard of missus not to let me have any followers; there's such lots of young fellows in the town; and many a one has as much as offered to keep company with me; and I may never be in such a likely place again, and it's like wasting an opportunity. Many a girl as I know would have 'em unbeknownst to missus; but I've given my word, and I'll stick to it; or else this is just the house for missus never to be the wiser if they did come: and it's such a capable kitchen—there's such good dark corners in it—I'd be bound to hide any one. I counted up last Sunday night—for I'll not deny I was crying because I had to shut the door in Jem Hearn's face; and he's a steady young man, fit for any girl; only I had given missus my word." Martha was all but crying again; and I had little comfort to give her, for I knew, from old experience, of the horror with which both the Miss Jenkynses looked upon "followers;" and in Miss Matey's present nervous state this dread was not likely to be lessened.

I went to see Miss Pole the next day, and took her completely by surprise; for she had not been to see Miss Matilda for two days.

"And now I must go back with you, my dear, for I promised to let her know how Thomas Holbrook went on; and I'm sorry to say his housekeeper has sent me word to-day that he hasn't long to live. Poor Thomas! That journey to Paris was quite too much for him. His housekeeper says he has hardly ever been round his fields since; but just sits with his hands on his knees in the counting-house, not reading or any thing, but only saying, what a wonderful city

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Paris was! Paris has much to answer for, if it's killed my cousin Thomas, for a better man never lived."

"Does Miss Matilda know of his illness?" asked I; a new light as to the cause of her indisposition dawning upon me.

"Dear! to be sure, yes! Has she not told you? I let her know a fortnight ago, or more, when first I heard of it. How odd, she shouldn't have told you!"

Not at all, I thought; but I did not say any thing. I felt almost guilty of having spied too curiously into that tender heart, and I was not going to speak of its secrets—hidden, Miss Matey believed, from all the world. I ushered Miss Pole into Miss Matilda's little drawing-room; and then left them alone. But I was not surprised when Martha came to my bedroom door, to ask me to go down to dinner alone, for that missus had one of her bad headaches. She came into the drawing-room at tea-time; but it was evidently an effort to her; and, as if to make up for some reproachful feeling against her late sister, Miss Jenkyns, which had been troubling her all the afternoon, and for which she now felt penitent, she kept telling me how good and how clever Deborah was in her youth; how she used to settle what gowns they were to wear at all the parties (faint, ghostly ideas of dim parties far away in the distance, when Miss Matey and Miss Pole were young!) and how Deborah and her mother had started the benefit society for the poor, and taught girls cooking and plain sewing; and how Deborah had once danced with a lord; and how she used to visit at Sir Peter Arley's, and try to remodel the quiet rectory establishment on the plans of Arley Hall, where they kept thirty servants; and how she had nursed Miss Matey through a long, long illness, of which I had never heard before, but which I now dated in my own mind as following the dismissal of the suit of Mr. Holbrook. So we talked softly and quietly of old times, through the long November evening.

The next day Miss Pole brought us word that Mr Holbrook was dead. Miss Matey heard the news in silence; in fact, from the account on the previous day, it was only what we had to expect. Miss Pole kept calling upon us for some expression of regret, by asking if it was not sad that he was gone: and saying,

"To think of that pleasant day last June, when he seemed so well! And he might have lived this dozen years if he had not gone to that wicked Paris, where they are always having revolutions."

She paused for some demonstration on our part. I saw Miss Matey could not speak, she was trembling so nervously; so I said what I really felt: and after a call of some duration—all the time of which I have no doubt Miss Pole thought Miss Matey received the news very calmly—our visitor took her leave. But the effort at self-control Miss Matey had made to conceal her feelings—a concealment she practiced even with me, for she has never alluded to Mr. Holbrook again, although the book he gave her lies with her Bible on the little table by her bedside; she did not think I heard her when she asked the little milliner of Cranford to make her caps something like the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson's, or that I noticed the reply,

"But she wears widows' caps, ma'am?"

"Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows', of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

This effort at concealment was the beginning of the tremulous motion of head and hands which I have seen ever since in Miss Matey.

The evening of the day on which we heard of Mr. Holbrook's death, Miss Matilda was very silent and thoughtful; after prayers she called Martha back, and then she stood uncertain what to say.

"Martha!" she said at last; "you are young," and then she made so long a pause that Martha, to remind her of her half-finished sentence, dropped a courtesy, and said:

"Yes, please, ma'am; two-and-twenty last third of October, please, ma'am."

"And perhaps, Martha, you may some time meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers; but if you meet with such a young man, and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. God forbid!" said she, in a low voice, "that I should grieve any young hearts." She spoke as if she were providing for some distant contingency, and was rather startled when Martha made her ready, eager answer:

"Please, ma'am, there's Jim Hearn, and he's a joiner, making three-and-sixpence a day, and six foot one in his stocking-feet, please ma'am; and if you'll ask about him to-morrow morning, every one will give him a character for steadiness; and he'll be glad enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound."

Though Miss Matey was startled, she submitted to Fate and Love.

ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS.

DURING a short stay on the Essequibo, a little monkey of the Jackowai Ris tribe, in return for some slight attention I had shown him, permitted me so far to gain his favor and confidence, that he was seldom away from my person; indeed, he treated me like one mentioned by a distinguished traveler, which every morning seized on a pig belonging to a mission on the Orinoco, and rode on its back during the whole day, while it wandered about the savannahs in search of food. Nothing pleased him better than to perch on my shoulder, when he would encircle my neck with his long hairy tail, and accompany me in all my rambles. His tail formed a no very agreeable neckcloth, with the thermometer above one hundred degrees; but he seemed so disappointed when I refused to carry him, that it was impossible to leave him behind. In appearance he was particularly engaging—squirrel-like in form—with a light brown coat slightly tinged with yellow, and arms and legs of a reddish cast

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—pleasingly contrasting with a pale face, and small black muzzle; the expressive and merry twinkle of his sparkling black eye betokened fun, roguery, and intelligence. The Jackowai Ris are a fierce race, and approach the carnivora in their habits and dispositions. One reason of our intimacy was the sameness of our pursuits—both being entomologists; but he was a far more indefatigable insect-hunter than myself. He would sit motionless for hours among the branches of a flowering shrub or tree, the resort of bees and butterflies, and suddenly seize them when they little expected danger. Timid in the presence of strangers, he would usually fly to the branches of a neighboring tree at their approach, uttering a plaintive cry, more resembling a bird than an animal. He was apt to be troublesome, even to me, unless I found him some amusement; this, fortunately, was not difficult; for his whole attention was soon engrossed by a flower, or by a leaf from my note-book, which he would industriously pull to pieces, and throw on the surface of the water, earnestly watching the fragments with his quick black eye, as they glided away.

At other times, when sitting on my shoulder, he was an incessant plague, twitching the hairs from my head by twos and threes, filling my ears with fragments of plants and other rubbish, and taking a malicious pleasure in holding on by those members when the boat lurched, and he was in danger of falling. I think it was one of the same family that Humboldt found capable of recognizing, as resemblances of their originals, even uncolored zoological drawings; and would stretch out its hand to endeavor to capture the bees and grasshoppers. I was unable to test the sagacity of my little comrade, as the only accessible work with engravings was a copy of Schomburgk's "Fishes of Guiana;" and when I showed him the plates he manifested no signs of a knowledge of any of his finny compatriots; never, perhaps, having seen them. He was dreadfully afraid of getting himself wet, particularly his hands and feet; in this respect showing a very different disposition to a large long-haired black monkey, belonging to a family settled a short distance from our residence.

This animal—an object of the greatest terror to the little Jackowinki, from his having caught him one day and ducked him in the river—was one of the most tractable and docile I ever remember having met. He was in the habit of accompanying his master in all his fishing and shooting expeditions, taking his allotted seat in the canoe, and plying his small paddle for hours together with the utmost gravity and composure; all the while keeping excellent time, and being never "out of stroke." Like his companions, he would now and then dip the handle of his paddle in the water, to destroy the squeaking grate of the dry surface, and again would lean over the side and wash his hands. His domestic habits were perfectly human. The first thing every morning he cleansed his teeth, by taking a mouthful of water, and using his finger as a tooth-brush; like the other members of the family, whom he also imitated in their daily bath in the river. Perhaps one at least of these peculiarities was not entirely imitative, as a credible authority (Captain Stedman, in his "Narrative of an Expedition to Surinam") assures us that he once saw a monkey at the water's edge, rinsing his mouth, and appearing to clean his teeth with his fingers.

As for my little friend, I intended to bring him home; but the day before my departure he suddenly decamped. We were taking our usual trip up the creek, and I was just thinking of returning, when, on rounding a sharp bend in the tortuous channel, I perceived two Jackowinkis sitting on a branch about twenty yards distant, as yet unaware of our vicinity, and from their chattering and grimaces seemingly engaged in some matrimonial squabble. Anxious to obtain a specimen for stuffing, I fired at one, which proved to be the male, who dropped to the ground.

When he saw his brother fall, he seemed instantly to understand that I was a murderer. He took immediate revenge. He sprang to my shoulder, tore a handful of hair from my head, and swiftly clambered away among the overhanging branches. When I recovered from surprise at this unexpected attack, he had paused in his flight; and, with his face turned toward me, was grinning, showing his sharp little teeth, and throwing down glances of fierceness and hate. In another instant he was pursuing the female, whose plaintive twitterings were distinctly audible, as she scampered away among the trees. In the course of time, he no doubt managed to console the widow; and, free from all shackles and restraints, is probably, at this moment, quietly enjoying a married life in his native woods.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

I.

MY family, by the paternal side, was originally of Berne, in Switzerland, whence a branch of it removed to the Milanese, to improve its fortunes. The name of Reding—well-known in the Cantons—was sustained with credit by my father. He inherited a thriving mill and farm, about a quarter of a league from the straggling village and venerable Castle of St. Michael, within sight of the Tyrolese Alps. Traveling to Zurich, where he had distant connections, he returned with a companion who weaned him from the desire of wandering any more.

The Castle of St. Michael, with the estate on which our little property was situated, belonged to an Austrian noble, who managed it by deputy, and lived in courtly splendor at Vienna. Count Mansfeldt was equitably represented by his steward, Engel; and under him, our house enjoyed prosperity from the days of my grandsire.

I had but one sister; my mother was the sole superintendent of her education; she thought the feminine mind, so susceptible of impressions, should never be spontaneously consigned to foreign culture. Katherine was worthy of her preceptress. It is not for me to dilate upon her excellence—a portrait by my hand might be deemed

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the glowing creation of a brother's fondness. It is enough to mention the strength of our attachment. I was two years her senior; and when her age qualified her for sharing in childish pastimes, she was the welcome partner of all my amusements. I showered into her lap the first flowers of spring, and brought her the wild-strawberry from heights where few would venture. In her friendship, I reposed the confidence of ripening boyhood—frequently were the overflowings of a sanguine temperament repressed by her mildness. With innocent wiles she endeavored to vail my errors from parental eyes; when I did incur displeasure, her accustomed gayety was gone, and the voice that recalled her truant smile, was ever that which pardoned the offender.

II.

I was entering my twentieth year, when our situation underwent an important change. Our landlord was gathered to his ancestors, having bequeathed his Lombardy estate to his second son, Count Rainer. Engel, the good old steward, was soon after dismissed from office, and retired, with the fruits of faithful service, to his native town in Carniola.

Count Rainer was a captain in the imperial army. He was with his regiment at Pavia when informed of his father's death. Devolving his authority on an emancipated sergeant of hussars, the purveyor of his libertine pleasures, he dispatched him to St. Michael to wring money from the tenantry, and prepare for his reception.

Ludolf was a swaggering bravo, emulous, at middle age, of the vices of profligate youth. On his arrival, he circulated a pompous intimation that he came vested with full powers to treat with the vassals of the count, and renew their engagements.

My sister had gone to the village to make purchases, and I left the mill at vesper chime with the intention of meeting her. The path was abrupt, and little frequented. I was cherishing discontent at the husbandman's unvaried existence, when I was roused by the distant accents of a female in distress. They were clearly distinguishable, and I rushed to the quarter whence they proceeded. In a corner of an open spot, backed by a deep ditch, fenced with luxuriant underwood, Katherine was keeping a man, unknown to me, at bay: he was above the middle size, and in his beard and costume affected the fashion of the military. He faced me as I approached, and my sister, with disordered dress and agitated frame, flew to my side. Defenseless as I was, my first impulse was to chastise the ruffian, though he wore a sabre; but consideration for the terrified girl, who clung to me imploringly, induced me to forego my purpose. We had not receded many paces, when Katherine relinquished her hold, and uttered a warning cry: the hand of violence was already at my throat; and a harsh voice, unsteady from rage or intemperance, demanded why a contemptible slave dared to interfere with the representative of Count Rainer.

Unequal to my opponent in bulk and inert force, I was far above him in activity and the resources of a vigorous constitution. A sudden jerk freed me from his hold, and a well-applied push sent him reeling to the verge of the ditch. He drew his weapon with a rapidity on which I had not calculated; Katherine's coolness saved my life: she arrested his arm in its sweep. Ere he could disengage himself, I collected all my energy for one buffet, and laid him supine in the reservoir of mud.

III.

Count Rainer was greeted at St. Michael with the show of rustic rejoicing usual on the appearance of a new master. He was accompanied by a train of riotous associates. The roar of Bacchanalian merriment shook the dusky halls of his patrimonial fabric, which, in the blaze of unwonted festivity, seemed to have renewed its youth. Naught, from the evening of the rencounter, had we heard or seen of Ludolf. His rudeness might have originated in the coarse jocularity of a soldier, stimulated by too fervid an application to the bottle. Prudence required that I should abstain from needlessly irritating a man whose enmity might mar my father's arrangements with his lord: I therefore avoided the chance of collision.

I was strolling about the fields with my gun on my shoulder, when a pet pigeon of Katherine's whirred past me, pursued by a hawk. I fired at the bird of prey, which dropped in an adjoining meadow. Springing across the intervening hedge, I found myself in the presence of a group of mounted sportsmen and their attendants. One of the horsemen was examining the dead hawk; his attention was directed toward me by a retainer, in whose brawny proportions, husky voice, and ferocious mustaches, I recognized my adversary, Ludolf.

My gun was demanded, in the name of Count Rainer: I refused to surrender it. The party formed a circle around, pinioned me, and wrested it from me, ere I could attempt resistance. "Mr. Steward," said the count, "you may now acquaint your friend with the consequences of destroying a nobleman's falcon."

The ready villain and his servile followers dragged me to the earth; they profaned my person by stripes. When they left me in my abasement, the air felt pestilent with their brutal laughter.

I lay with my face to the greensward long after their departure. My brain was eddying in a hell-whirl. I could have welcomed the return of chaos, that the circumstance of my shame might be obliterated in the clash of contending elements. Had the sun been blotted from the heavens, and the summer earth turned to blackness and desolation, I should have thought them fit and natural occurrences. I raised my burning brow; but the orb of day was riding high in his glory, and the meadow-grass and wild flowers were fresh and fragrant as if they had not witnessed the act of degradation. I discovered that a stranger had been regarding me with a vigilant eye. I confronted him, and darted at him a de-

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vouring glance; his firm, contemplative look remained unaltered. Placing a hand on my shoulder, he said, "Albert Reding, consider me your friend."

"I know you not," I answered, "nor care to know you." He smiled benevolently:

"Young man, I am no Austrian. I shall be with you to-morrow."

IV.

The stranger kept his word: on the ensuing day he came to our dwelling. Making, he said, a tour through the north of Italy, the picturesque scenery tempted him to prolong his sojourn at St. Michael. In his excursions, he had chanced to hold random converse with my father, whom he professed to value as the worthy descendant of an independent and intelligent people.

I had forborne to grieve my family by the story of my disgrace, nor had it yet been detailed to them by the officious communicativeness of pretended friends. Our visitor made no allusion to it, but expatiated very agreeably on topics of general interest. He described the passes of the Alps with the accuracy of a mountaineer, and displayed an intimacy with the localities of the cantons that filled my parents with pleasure and surprise. In pursuit of knowledge he had traversed the most remarkable sections of the globe; and his observations, affluent in instruction, proved that his wanderings had been of a different order from the capricious migrations of sight-seeking wealth.

The warmth with which I seconded some of his sentiments appeared to please him. He complimented my father on my education; adding, that the judgment with which I developed its resources designated me for a wider sphere of action than belonged to a tiller of the soil of Lombardy. I had been vain enough to entertain the same opinion; and its confirmation by a competent authority was balm to my spirit. Gladly I acceded to his request, of guiding him to the Baron's Font, a romantic cascade, where, to use his own language, he sighed to offer allegiance to Nature.

My companion noted the peculiarities of the route, and committed to writing the information I furnished respecting the district. We rested on the summit of a steep, skirted by the foaming stream of the cascade, beyond which rose wooded grounds in bold acclivity, mellowing, with their dusky greenness, the gloomy grandeur of a mouldering tower.

The stranger abruptly adverted to the hateful humiliation of the preceding day. He descanted on the contumely I had suffered, with a vehement bitterness that chafed my young blood to flame. I denounced endless hostility against the count and his minions. He calmly commented on the futility of the threat. In the frenzy of exasperation, I insinuated the possibility of resorting to the darkest means of accomplishing revenge. He replied, that in cooler moments I would spurn the idea of Italian vengeance. Requiring a pledge of secrecy, he proceeded to point out an honorable mode of lowering the crest of the oppressor.

"My name," he said, "is Philippon—my profession, a military engineer, in the service of the French Republic. The armies of Liberty only await the capture of Toulon to sever the chains of Italy. I am terminating a secret journey of observation through Piedmont and the Milanese. Come with me to Paris, and join the standard of Freedom. In France, no parchment barrier excludes untitled youth from fame and fortune; draw a blade in her cause, and relieve the place of your nativity from the thralldom of its petty tyrant. These brutal and stolid Austrians must be driven to their land of hereditary bondage—justice demands it. The time has gone by for insulted and injured Humanity to shed tears in secret. Five dreary years I pined in the dismal solitudes of the Bastile—I saw it fall, amid the curses of my countrymen; and never shall the spirit of a liberated nation taste repose, until every stronghold of remorseless power is patent to the winds of heaven as yon grim old fortress, where the Count Rainers of the past outraged with impunity the natural equality of man!"

The majesty of generous indignation irradiated his brow: the eloquent thunders of the Roman forum seemed to roll around me. I agreed to attend him to the capital of the young Republic.

V.

Bent on entering the field of martial adventure, I anticipated much difficulty in obtaining the concurrence of my father. A lover of tranquillity, he had sickened at the sanguinary measures that had crimsoned the cradle of the French Revolution. Yielding also to age and infirmity, he had been accustomed to the prospect of resigning to me the chief management of our affairs. The narrative of my shame, however, which led him to tremble for the consequences, determined him against opposing my departure. Of my military project, and the pursuits of my patron, I made no disclosure—I barely stated the fact, that he had promised to provide for me at Paris, and proposed, in the mean time, giving me employment as an amanuensis.

Sorrow and joy are twin daughters of affection. Notwithstanding the excitement of curiosity and ambition, reluctantly and despondingly I crossed our humble threshold. I went away at night, and this added to the melancholy character of the separation. My mother was unwell, and at her bedside I received her blessing. The features of my gentle-natured sister gave dim and pallid testimony to the fullness of her affliction. When I had parted with my parents, she escorted me to the extremity of the orchard. "Oh, Albert!" were the only words she had power to utter; and her face looked so mournful—so heart-appealing, in the moonlight—that to desert her smote me as a sin. One embrace, and I bounded off like a chamois—then paused, till weeping relieved my soul—Katherine! Katherine!

VI.

I remained about a year at Paris in the house of my patron. Toulon had fallen, and the army of Italy had commenced operations by a successful movement on the Sardinian frontier. Profit-

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ing by the opportunity I possessed of studying the theory of the military art, I was rewarded with a commission in a regiment of the line—one of those destined for the invasion of the Milanese. I received, with alacrity, the order to proceed to Nice. I was shocked and disgusted by the dreary spectacle of civil broil, and I thirsted for distinction. The memory of wrong also rankled in my bosom, and in my dreams I planted the revolutionary banner on the battlements of St. Michael, and heard myself hailed in the halls of the insolent Austrian with the acclamations due to a hero.

I joined my regiment; but a government weakened by vacillations in its form, and dissensions in the capital, permitted the army, with which my hopes were associated, to languish ill-appointed and inactive. Instead of running a career of glory, it was forced to contend with the most depressing privations. In my despondency, a long-delayed letter arrived from my father. Its contents were almost limited to the earnest request, that I would immediately hasten home.

Its emphatic urgency, unaccompanied by explanation, assured me that all went not well. I would fain have obeyed the summons, but it was impracticable. The Directory, established in authority, ordered the army of Italy to the field. General Bonaparte, an officer in his twenty-sixth year, marshaled the way to the Alps.

Napoleon's campaigns in 1796 are familiar to all Europe. It was my fortune to be present in the most remarkable engagements, and to escape without a wound. When Wurmser, after repeated defeats, succeeded in recruiting his forces in the Tyrol, a strong body of our troops, headed by the commander-in-chief, advanced against a division of 20,000 Austrians stationed at Roveredo. Our line of march lay through the district of my birth. A few hours before we were in motion I was summoned to the quarters of the general. It was the well-known characteristic of this extraordinary man scrupulously to ascertain the extent of his resources, even to the qualifications of an individual soldier.

Aware of my knowledge of the country he was about to penetrate, he wished to make it subservient to his purpose. He questioned me as to the correctness of some local information, which I perceived had been derived from the documents of Philippon. Satisfied on these points, he sportively inquired, if I had any dislike to act as his herald to my old neighbors. I related my obligations to our German superior, and he promised me ample powers for discharging them in full.

We were evidently unexpected. No artificial obstacle opposed our progress, and we proceeded with unexampled celerity. Our advanced posts were only separated from St. Michael by a few miles of broken ground, when I was dispatched with a detachment to surprise it. The troops halted in a chestnut grove, about half a league from the mill, while I, grappling a fowling-piece, assuming a light hunting-cap, and covering my uniform with an ordinary cloak, went forth to reconnoitre the place, and to provide for the safety of my relatives.

I skirted round the village and castle, which I found were occupied by a company of Hungarian infantry under Count Rainer. Not anticipating the irruption of an enemy into their secluded fastness, camp indulgences had relaxed order. My informer, a poor peasant, seemed afraid of confiding to a stranger his opinion of the count and his followers. I asked concerning my family, but with the name of Reding he was unacquainted.

It was the beginning of September. There had been a continuance of unusually sultry weather, and the melting of the mountain snows had swelled the stream at St. Michael to an impetuous torrent. Twilight was approaching when I reached a sheltered position opposite the castle. The waters dashed furiously against the base of the building, and the crazy supports of the antiquated bridge quivered like a harpstring.

I resolved on a nocturnal attack, and was about to seek a passing interview with the dear domestic circle, when, looking toward the castle, I saw what stayed my step. A female ran wildly to the stream, pursued by some menials, in the rear of whom, on horseback, came the count their master. The fugitive cleared the bridge just as her pursuers gained it. At that moment the centre of the infirm structure gave way to the torrent. Concealed among the trees, I perceived the female on bended knees, distractedly blessing God for her deliverance; and I knew that it was Katherine, my only—my beloved sister!

I fired a shot at him who had been foremost in the chase—the infamous Ludolf—as he clambered up a remnant of the shattered bridge. He stood unhurt amidst the group that surveyed me, while I sheltered the dove of my boyhood in my bosom. In the confusion I exposed my uniform; the alarm was given, and every instant became precious. I supported Katherine until out of sight of the foe. "Fly!" I cried; "fly to our parents, dear sister! tell them I shall bring glad tidings in the morning!"

I counseled in vain. The sense of injury had unsettled her mind—she hung helplessly upon me—her lips moved, but I could distinguish nothing of what she spoke, save the repetition of the words, "Home! I have no home!"—Oh, God! she was sadly altered!

A bugle echoed among the cliffs. I bore her to a cavern, the discovery of my youth, and wrapped her in my cloak. Hurrying, by familiar paths, with a speed I had never before exerted, I rejoined my associates.

VII.

An intricate and circuitous track brought us at midnight to the isolated church of St. Michael, commanding the village and the narrow road to the castle. We crouched in the church-yard, until every sound ceased, and the lights that had blazed in different directions were no longer visible. Leaving part of my force to intercept the communication with the village, I led the remainder to a point of the fortress which I had scaled in my youthful rambles.

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The pacing of the sentinels, and the noisy vigils of the count and his guests, were clearly audible as I descended the ivied wall. My party followed, one by one, and our success would have been signally complete, but for the accidental discharge of a musket. This was answered by a volley from the guard, the din of arms, and the hasty gathering of a tumultuous body of defenders. Ordering my men to keep close and follow me, we pressed forward to a private door that opened into the body of the pile.

This barrier was quickly shattered by a shower of balls, and in a second the great hall resounded with the groans of the dying and the shouts of the triumphant. In that arena of slaughter I was collected as I am now. Once had Rainer's bloated visage confronted me in the fray, but the baleful meteor vanished, and bootless to me was the issue of the conflict, until blade or bullet did its work on him and his subordinate.

The hall gave indications of a carousal. The red wine streaming from flagons overturned in struggle, mingled with the life-drops of the wassailers. Death derived a more appalling aspect from the relics of recent revelry. Some intoxicated wretches had been bayoneted with the goblets in their hands. One had fallen backward on the hearth above the burning embers; he was mortally wounded, and the blood gushed freely in the flames. I stooped to raise him from his bed of torture. The streaks of gore did not disguise the lineaments of Ludolf. The reprobate had closed his reckoning with mortality.

Victory was ours, but discipline was at an end; I could with difficulty muster sentinels for the night; the cellars were ransacked, and weariness and intemperance soon produced their effects. Sending confidential messengers to attend to my sister's safety, and convey intelligence to my father, I prepared to await the dawn of morning.

Feverish from anxiety, I felt no inclination to grant my wearied limbs repose. My brain was racked with the thought of Katherine, and apprehension for my parents. I had seen enough to convince me that Rainer had done his worst. What confederate demon had enabled him to escape me?

I paced from post to post, execrating the sluggish march of time. Leaning over an eminence near the broken bridge, I listened to the turbulent music of the waters. A subterraneous opening cut in the rocky soil below communicated with the vaults of the castle. Hearing the echo of a foot-fall, I bent cautiously over the outlet. A lamp glimmered beneath. A muffled figure raised it aloft to guide its egress, then extinguished it hastily. The light fell on the face of the count.

I grasped his cloak as he emerged, but, slipping it from his shoulders, he retreated toward a shelving wood-walk on the margin of the stream. Had he gained it, the darkness must have saved him. Both my pistols missed fire. I outstripped in the race, and bore him back to the very edge of the ravine. He made a thrust at me with his sword. I neither paused for a trial of skill, nor attempted to ward off the weapon; the butt-end of a pistol found its way to his forehead; not a sound passed his lips; down he went—down—down—passively bounding over the jagged declivity, till a heavy plash told that he was whirling with the torrent.

Vengeance was satisfied: I recoiled involuntarily from the scene of the encounter. Suddenly arose an explosion, as if a volcano had torn up the foundation of the castle: I was felled to the earth ere I could speculate upon the cause.

VIII.

My campaigns were over. Rainer had laid a train, and fired the powder magazine of his captured hold. The bravest of my men perished; and I, crushed beneath a fragment of the toppling towers, lived to curse the art that returned me mutilated and miserable, to a world in which I was henceforth to have no portion.

I left the hospital a phantom, and set forth on a pilgrimage, the performance of which was the only business that remained to me in life. The tide of battle had ebbed from St. Michael, when I crawled up its steep—the church and castle were blackened ruins—the habitations of the villagers roofless and deserted—the mill a shapeless mass of timber and stones. Our orchard was unfolding the buds of spring—I fancied that the hoary apple-trees wore the aspect of friends—the voice of singing floated on my ear, as I neared the dwelling of my infancy, and the fountain of my heart re-opened.

Close to the spot where our pretty porch once stood, a matron, in the garb of extreme penury, was bending over the trampled remains of a plot of flowers. Her features were only partially revealed, but the mountain melody she sang could not be mistaken—I fell at my mother's feet! Shading back the hair from my scarred temples, she asked me if I had come from her children!

Mercy was vouchsafed to her and to me. She soon slumbered with the clods of the valley. My father had died, ere my departure from France; and the story of our injuries from the Austrian lightened the burden of remorse for the shedding of blood. I have discovered no trace of Katherine since I quitted her at the cave.

A MASKED BALL AT VIENNA.

IT is a bitterly cold night, and the snow which has been for three days tumbling down upon the roofs and pavements of Vienna, tumbles down upon us still. The theatres, which get through their performances by half-past nine, are closed already; and there is a lull now in the muffled streets. I mean to go out as a muffled man, and use the ticket I have bought for a Masked Ball at the palace. The sale of tickets for such balls, which take place now and then during the winter, raises enormous sums, which are applied to charitable purposes, so that the luxury of the rich is made to minister, in this case, also to the comforts of the poor.

Here I stand ankle-deep in snow, and look up at the palace; all the windows on the first story are being lighted up, and cold gentlemen converging toward the door from all parts, are the members of Strauss's band. And now lights

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have begun to flash about the streets, and masks are beginning to arrive. Splendid carriages of the nobility; and positively some of the imperial family do not disdain to be among the first arrivals! The beau from the suburbs, in a light fiacre. Actresses and officers in their broughams. Sledges from the country, drawn by merry little horses, frisking through the snow, and jingling bells over their harness. A chaos of lights, a coachman, and the long poles of sedan chairs in the way of a chaos of legs, hats, shoulders, coach-tops, and every thing else, powdered with snow that tumbles silently and steadily upon the scene of riot. A crush of revelers upon the staircase. Half-past eleven; all the most important people having now entered—except myself—it is quite time for me to follow to the ball-room.

A vast room. Think of the Great Exhibition, if you want a notion of it; and take off a discount for exaggeration. Walk to the end of this room, and a door opens into another ball-room, almost twice as large. In each of these great halls, there are raised orchestras, in which the bands are stationed; and when one band ceases playing, another is prepared immediately to begin. Galleries, to which you ascend by flights of stairs at each end, run round both the rooms; and into these galleries open innumerable ice and supper-rooms, passages, and out-of-the-way cells, wherein you may lose yourself, but not your company. Masks are to be found sitting in every corner; wherever a mask is, there is mischief.

You see nothing vulgar, no rude costume, no monstrous noses, no absurd pairs of spectacles, or woolly wigs. You hear no boisterous shouts of mirth; beautiful music reigns incessantly supreme over all other sounds. Only the ladies are disguised; their faces are hidden behind elegant little black silk masks, and they vie with each other in the costliness and beauty of their costumes and dominoes. The men are all in simple evening dress; they walk about, defenseless game, and yield sport in abundance to the dames and damsels. Most of the ministers are here—grave, steady gentlemen, with bald heads or gray hair. Each of them is surrounded by a swarm of masks—princesses, perhaps—milliners, perhaps—and some of them are evidently making wry mouths at what they are obliged to hear. This is the time for home truths. The ladies at a masked ball make good use of their disguise, and scatter about their wholesome mischief abundantly.

A vision in black and gold beckons to me. I place myself at her disposal. "You are an Englishman," the vision says; "I know you." "How, madam!" "By your awkwardness." "Are Britons awkward?" "Yes, and wearisome. Go, you are not amusing. Take care of your gloves; they are so large that I fear they will fall off." The vision laughs at me and vanishes. I have a secret or two which I don't mean to print. I did think that those mysteries were locked up in my bosom. If you ever happen to be at Vienna, with some secrets in your keeping, and desire to know whether you hold them safe, go to a Masked Ball. Mocking voices, behind black silk masks, will very much surprise you with some samples of the penetration proper to a sex which seems, in Vienna, to be made of Blue Beard wives. Twenty ladies honor me with minute details of the contents of one compartment in my mind, which I had considered quite a patent safe, with a fastening like that of the box in the talisman of Oromanes.

The night wears on; at three o'clock the instrumental music ceases, but the music of the mischievous and merry tattlers still continues to be ringing in all ears, and making them to tingle. Every man is destined to go home abundantly informed and criticised upon the subject of his foibles. Until six o'clock, supping, and taking tea and coffee, will continue, and the relish for amusement will be as keen as ever. Nobody is dancing—nobody has danced; that is no part of the business. At length, the multitude has dwindled down to a few stragglers; the remainder of the cloaks, and coats, and wrappers, are brought out and scattered, as so many hints to their possessors, in the middle of the great room. We immediately dive and scramble for them. In another hour, the lights are put out; all is over, and I travel home over the snow.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

I WAS still young, when a sudden reverse of fortune deprived me of a kind father and affluence at the same time. A home was offered for my acceptance by Mrs. Priestly, a widow lady, whom I had never seen since my infancy, distance and circumstances having combined to effect this separation. Mrs. Priestly was not only my godmother, but she had been the earliest chosen friend of my own lamented mother, and now came forward to extend succor to the destitute orphan. In former years, I remembered to have heard that she had suffered deep sorrow, from the loss of her only child, a fine boy, who was heir to a princely fortune, independent of his mother's considerable possessions. There were rumors afloat, at the period of this bereavement, of a peculiarly distressing nature—strange, half-suppressed whispers of some fearful accident that had rendered the widow childless; but the memory of these things had passed away, and Mrs. Priestly's first despair and agony had settled down to a resigned melancholy. On her fine countenance premature age was stamped, a smile seldom visible, while her mourning garb was never cast aside; she was a lifelong mourner.

The outward aspect of Lodimer—so Mrs. Priestly's domain was called—was but little in accordance with the sad heart of its owner, for a more cheerful or animated scene I had rarely witnessed. The villa, surrounded by colonnades, stood on the side of a gently swelling hill, at the base of which flowed a broad and sparkling river, on which numerous boats and picturesque-looking barges were continually passing and repassing. Roses and thatch, light French windows and exotics, trimly-kept pleasure-grounds, slop-

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ing down to the water's edge, drooping willows and silver birches were accessories, doubtless, to produce an effect of combined elegance and grace, while on the opposite banks richly wooded hills were studded with white cottages, glancing in the sunshine; though even during rainy seasons Lodimer never looked gloomy, an indescribable air of joyousness and hilarity pervading it. The calamity which overshadowed Mrs. Priestly's existence had not occurred at this pleasant home, but at the distant seat of the widow's brother, Mr. Lovell, of Lovell Castle, where she and her son were on a visit at the time; and still Mrs. Priestly continued to pay an annual visit thither, never leaving Lodimer save for that purpose, but leading a life of extreme seclusion. I had the satisfaction of believing that my society tended to enhance the comfort of Mrs. Priestly; who, with the utmost delicacy and kindness, lavished a thousand nameless attentions—trifling in themselves, but keenly felt by the dependent; calling me her adopted daughter, while her candor demanded and received my grateful thanks, for I fully appreciated the excellent motives actuating Mrs. Priestly's avowal. She wished to prevent false expectations on my part, and yet to set at rest all anxiety respecting the future; informing me, that the bulk of her wealth she designed to bequeath to her nephew, Mr. Lovell's son, but that a moderate provision was secured for her dear orphan god-daughter. But my agitation gave place to surprise, when Mrs. Priestly continued, addressing me, "You have sense and discretion beyond your years, Evelin, my love, and when you came to reside here with me, I determined first to ascertain if this were the case, ere I confided my secret to your keeping—for I *have* a secret—which may not be mentioned at Lovell Castle, when you accompany me thither shortly. A few miles hence, an individual resides, to whom I intend shortly to introduce you. He is a most unfortunate person, and desires the strictest privacy; but Mr. Edwin is not unhappy, because he knows the 'peace within which passeth show,' while his intellectual attainments are of the highest order. But, in case you should weave a romance, Evelin, out of these details," added Mrs. Priestly, faintly smiling, "it is but fair I warn you, that romance and Edwin may not be coupled together, for he is—alas! poor fellow—an unsightly and deformed creature; his captivations are those only of the heart and mind—in this he shines pre-eminent. Again let me remind you, my love, not to allude to Mr. Edwin in conversation; forget him altogether, except when you speak to me. I know that you are not tormented with feminine curiosity, or I would tell you to ask no questions. This is my secret, Evelin, which I fearlessly confide to your keeping."

However, Mrs. Priestly did me more than justice, for though I certainly endeavored to indulge no idle speculations on the forbidden topic, yet I was not apathetic enough to forget it; more especially after accompanying Mrs. Priestly to see her mysterious friend, whose *ménage*, to say nothing of himself, might have excused a far more insensible person than I was for feeling a strong interest and sympathy. Surrounded by thick woods on all sides save one, which opened toward the same river that washed the emerald turf of Lodimer, we came to a small spot of ground resembling a "clearing," and I fancied we were transported to those wild western lands I had so often read of—the old ivy-covered hunting-lodge in the midst adding much to the real beauty of the picture, though detracting somewhat from its savage charms. Quantities of feathered tribes were strutting about within the inclosure, or enjoying themselves in various attitudes of indolence or security; an immense aviary extended down one side of the clearing, fitted up with the view of affording as much solace and liberty of movement as possible to the inmates. The whole place seemed alive with fowls of the air, and we beheld a human form within the wire-work of the aviary, literally covered with birds, small and large, wherever they could find a resting-place—on head, arms, or back—and many more were fluttering and crowding over and around him, as Mr. Edwin—for it was he—proceeded to dispense food to his loving flock. Presently he made his escape, and approached us, with a jay perched on one shoulder and a magpie on the other, appearing to hold whispering discourse with their benefactor, who fondly caressed and chirruped to them in turn. He was of middling stature, perceptibly and painfully deformed; but his countenance was such an one as Raphael would have loved to portray—holy, placid, and spiritual, beyond any mortal face I have looked upon before or since. His voice was inexpressibly touching and melodious; it thrilled the heart of the listener, for there was an intonation of sadness in its tone, though the words were cheerful, as he cordially and warmly welcomed us. We followed him into a long, low-roofed apartment, the windows of which looked out on woodland vistas, and on all sides, from floor to ceiling, it was lined with books, and cases containing stuffed birds, for Mr. Edwin was devoted to the study of ornithology, and almost rivaled Audubon in patient watching and research. A married couple, of quiet and orderly habits, formed the domestic establishment at Ivy Lodge; and the profound stillness and solitude of this sylvan retreat was unbroken, save by the cooing of the cushat dove, the song-birds' varied notes, the sonorous hooting of the white owl up among the eaves, and the occasional screams of the splendid peacocks ringing through the greenwood glades.

Here was the paradise of the feathered creatures, here they were all fostered and protected; and Mr. Edwin had attained the mysterious art of taming the wild denizens of the woods as surely and wonderfully, if not quite as rapidly, as did that celebrated Arab horse-leech exert his skill on quadrupeds, whispering in the ear of vicious and hitherto untamable steeds, who immediately became docile and subdued. Even shy and stately swans knew this lonely clearing

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on the river banks, and frequently came to be fed by Mr. Edwin's gentle hand; the swans had a nest here among the reeds, and broods of cygnets were reared in this haven of peace. Mr. Edwin had made many beautiful copies of rare birds, which he could not otherwise preserve, the colors being brilliant and true to nature, as well as the size of each specimen; and I felt not a little delighted when he accepted my timid offer of assistance in this branch of his study, for I was afraid that my poor efforts would fall far short of his masterly productions. But Mrs. Priestly re-assured me, and she told Mr. Edwin that he had found a valuable coadjutor, for bird-painting had always been quite a passion with me—a strange taste, perhaps, for a young lady, though I know not why it should be considered more out of the way than copying flowers from nature. However, I exerted myself to the utmost, and succeeded well, for he gave my drawings unqualified approbation, and was eloquent in thanking me. I am sure the amiable recluse read my heart at once, and saw how eagerly and gratefully I availed myself of this opportunity, trifling as it was, of gratifying Mrs. Priestly, to whom I owed so much; for her affection toward Mr. Edwin rendered attentions bestowed on him personally felt and acknowledged by her. This similarity of taste, together with our mutual love and veneration for Mrs. Priestly, induced that kindly communion between Mr. Edwin and myself which afterward ripened into a lasting friendship, cemented by time. He was, indeed, wise unto salvation. Learned not only in this world's lore, but in that wisdom which maketh not ashamed, he bore his daily cross most meekly, and yet most manfully. Deeply alive to the beautiful, keenly sensitive on all points, tender-hearted and affectionate, he lived alone in the woodland solitude, not, I was convinced, from any morbid disinclination to encounter his kind on account of his personal affliction (he was too humble and good for that), but from some unknown and mysterious cause, some hidden sorrow, which rendered solitude in a retreat like this desirable. At Lodimer, I never gazed on the gay and sparkling river, without remembering that it flowed onward toward the swan's nest among the reeds. I never gazed on the thick, rich woods, or heard the wood-pigeon's cooing across the waters at the hushed evening hour, without a sensation of tranquillity and peace stealing over my spirit, as fancy pictured the lonely lodge, the soft twittering around it, and the dense shadows beyond.

I obeyed Mrs. Priestly, and never asked a question concerning Mr. Edwin, but I pondered much on this interesting subject; and whenever my thoughts turned away from the vanities of this world, they always rested with satisfaction on the ornithologist.

As the time drew nigh for our departure to Lovell Castle, I observed a degree of restlessness on Mr. Edwin which I had not hitherto noticed, and frequent gloomy abstraction, which he vainly endeavored to shake off in our presence. Mrs. Priestly often conversed alone with him, when traces of agitation were visible on her countenance, and tears on his; and when she bade him farewell, these words lingered on his lips—"Tell dear Mildred how happy I am."

Lovell Castle was a dark, frowning pile, bearing an ancient date, while some portions were more antiquated still, and had fallen into disuse. It was a real castle of the olden time; I had often read of such with interest and delight, but now I could explore for myself. Here were dungeons and vaulted chambers, trap-doors and loop-holes, intricate passages, secret hiding-places, and curious old oaken chests, battlements and turrets, carved work and tapestry, banqueting hall and chapel—in short, all the appendages necessary for romance in feudal days.

The family consisted of Mr. Lovell, Mildred, his eldest daughter by a first wife, and Harold and Rose, the children of the second Mrs. Lovell, who had died when Rose was an infant. Mildred was tenderly beloved by Mrs. Priestly; and, as she never quitted her hypochondriacal father, it was principally to see this dear niece that the widow left her quiet home on the margin of Lodimer's blue waters. I was absolutely startled by the extraordinary and striking likeness between the ornithologist and Mildred Lovell—the same placid, sweet expression of countenance, the same gentle, winning manners, too. While in unobtrusive performance of her duties toward God and man, this good daughter and sister journeyed onward through life, ministering to the comfort and well-being of all, but without exacting a meed of praise or a single glance of admiration. Mildred was nobody at Lovell Castle; but, had she been absent, her absence would have been universally bewailed, and her value known: they were perhaps too used to the blessing to appreciate it, even as the sun shines day after day, and we do not remark it as any thing unusual.

Rose was a volatile, thoughtless girl, yet affectionate and kind-hearted withal, and dearly loved her elder sister, who had indeed filled the place of a mother to her. Rose had elastic, unvarying spirits, which were not unwelcome in that dull old place, and kept the inmates from stagnation. She and Harold were the father's darlings, though all Mr. Lovell's hope and pride centred in his son. Pre-eminently beautiful in person, active and graceful, Harold Lovell was born the same year as his deceased cousin, Jocelyn Priestly, and the youths had strongly resembled each other, not only in person but in disposition. The partial parents had not, perhaps, read those dispositions truthfully; or in both their children they might have traced evil propensities, which went far to counterbalance the good—revengeful passions, and a proneness to selfish indulgence, which not all their brilliant acquirements and feats of gallant prowess could conceal from a close observer of character. They were at the same school together, and at Lovell Castle for the vacation, when that sad catastrophe took place which plunged the family in irremediable

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affliction. Mr. Lovell, who had always been a nervous, ailing man, never recovered the shock, and latterly he had sunk into complete indolence, and left the care and management of his affairs entirely to Harold, who, however, ill-fulfilled his duties. The aversion which Mrs. Priestly entertained toward her nephew, and which she vainly strove to conceal, had once been the source of painful contention between Mr. Lovell and his sister, though now it had settled down into a silent grief never alluded to by either of them. All these particulars I had heard from Rose; and much I was amazed at Mrs. Priestly's conduct, coupled with the avowal she had made to me respecting the disposal of her property in favor of her nephew; but I knew her to be a just and strong-minded woman, and felt sure there was some mystery connected with these family details, which Rose was bursting to disclose, the first convenient opportunity. But I gave her no encouragement to do so, for I thought that, had Mrs. Priestly wished me to know the secret motives by which she was actuated, her confidence would have been already bestowed; and it seemed a breach of trust, or dishonorable, to gain the knowledge by other means. The sweet benignity of Mildred Lovell, her untiring patience and unaffected cheerfulness, as well as the strong resemblance of feature, continually reminded me of Mr. Edwin, and I pondered often on the parting words which I had heard him address to Mrs. Priestly—"Tell dear Mildred how happy I am."

And what was Mildred to Mr. Edwin? Wherefore was he exiled and alone? What had he done that his name was forbidden to be spoken at Lovell? These ideas constantly haunted me, despite my determination to exclude such idle questionings concerning the mysterious affair. Rose sometimes communicated some portion of her own gay spirit to me: we were thrown much together, for Mildred was constantly occupied with her invalid parent, and Mrs. Priestly shared the duties of her beloved niece. But I often desired the solitude which was more congenial to my turn of mind, though it was not always easy to obtain it, as Rose, from a mistaken kindness, continually watched my movements, and accompanied me wheresoever I desired to go. It was impossible to check the affectionate girl in a direct manner; but I discovered that there was one locality particularly avoided by all the inmates of the castle, which had fallen into decay, and was seldom approached by Rose. This was the western wing or turret; and thither, accordingly, I often bent my steps, in search of quietude, and also of a magnificent prospect to be viewed from the summit. In this sumptuous home at Lovell Castle, my thoughts often wandered to Ivy Lodge on Lodimer's banks, and its lonely occupant, apart from the vanities of life, contented and cheerful under afflictions which were, I felt sure, of no common nature. I compared the pious recluse with the heir of Lovell, toward whom an inexpressible feeling of repugnance reigned in my breast. Harold was devoted to field sports and the pleasures of the table; he was, in fact, the real master, consulting only his own time and inclinations on all occasions. His bloated, though still handsome countenance, evidenced excess; while a dictatorial manner, as of one unused to reproof or contradiction, was habitual. A constant restlessness and irritability, a quick turn of the eye, a wild glance, betokened a mind ill at ease. He was a scoffer at religion, too, an unkind brother, and an undutiful son to the doating father, who yet believed and saw no faults in his offspring. Despite her brother's harshness, Rose, with devoted sisterly affection, extenuated Harold's conduct, and it was very beautiful to witness her womanly tenderness and forbearance. It might be that Mildred was the child of another mother, and that circumstances had somewhat weakened the ties of blood; but notwithstanding her general kindness of demeanor toward all, including Harold, there was a perceptible shade of coldness when addressing him. She never volunteered an embrace, to be cast off, like the persevering, warm-hearted Rose; she never clung to her brother, praying him to remain at home, when he was about to engage in any hazardous or foolish exploit. No; there was some sin or sorrow which had weaned and divided this brother and sister, until the erring one should turn and repent. And who could doubt that Mildred Lovell would open wide her arms to receive the penitent?"

I had sought my favorite deserted turret, to contemplate a glorious sunset behind the distant mountains, when Rose joined me on the summit, from whence we gazed on the dizzy depth below. She was unusually serious and pale; her laugh was hushed, and she spoke in whispers.

"Why do you choose this spot, Evelin, to indulge your reveries?" she said, "for I can not bear to remain here; and Harold would not ascend this western tower for all the universe."

"And why is it so distasteful to you, Rose?" I inquired, with some curiosity, "for the view is the most superb I ever witnessed. Is this wing of the castle *haunted?*" I added, with a smile, taking her arm, and making a step nearer to the edge, guarded only by a very low, broad parapet.

She convulsively drew me back, exclaiming—"Oh! Evelin, if you knew the dreadful recollections attached to this turret, you would not marvel at my being so nervous. *I* do not believe it is haunted, but there are folks who do. They report that white fleecy shadows hover around it by night, though perhaps the owls and birds building in the crevices may account for the supposed supernatural appearances."

"And wherefore, Rose, is this turret in such bad repute? What are the dreadful recollections attached to it? A legend of olden times, perhaps?"

"Alas, Evelin," responded my companion, "'tis a reality of our own. My poor cousin, Jocelin Priestly, met with his fearful end here. He fell from this dizzy height on the shaven turf beneath, and lived but a few moments afterward."

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"But how did this fatal accident occur, Rose?" I inquired. "Why have you never mentioned it before?"

Paler than ever, Rose replied, with a faltering voice, "Because it was *not* an *accident*, Evelin" (she shivered, and put her lips close to my ear). "He was cast down intentionally."

"By whom, Rose?" My heart throbbed violently; strange thoughts were rushing through my brain.

"I dare not tell you; I am forbidden to reveal more. I was very young at the time, and things were hushed up; but poor Milly has been a changed being ever since."

"Mildred!" I exclaimed, in surprise; "what effect could this tragedy have on her, more than on other members of your family?"

"It had, it had, Evelin, because she desired to screen the guilty; but ask me no more, and let us quit this hateful place."

My mind was bewildered and uneasy. Who could the guilty person alluded to be, and wherefore such a mystery preserved? The wildest conjectures disturbed my imagination, while redoubled love and sympathy were given to the bereaved mother. But this tangled web was soon to be unraveled—unraveled in an awful and sudden manner, for that avenging arm was outstretched which no mortal can withstand.

We were preparing to return home, and I was happy in the near prospect of seeing dear Lodimer so soon. Harold Lovell left the castle at early morn in high health and spirits, to attend a race meeting, some few miles off, with several boon companions. A quarrel arose, and Harold, deeming himself insulted, and more than half inebriated, struck a desperate gambler, who demanded satisfaction on the spot. Harold fell, mortally wounded, and was borne back to Lovell on a litter, late in the evening. The father's despair, blessedly merged in insensibility, the sister's agony, we draw a vail over.

Mrs. Priestly, Mildred, and myself, with the medical attendants, alone were calm and of use, so far, indeed, as human aid extended. The domestics were wildly running hither and thither, but to no purpose: Harold Lovell was rapidly dying. Mrs. Priestly supported the expiring sufferer; she bathed his temples, and spoke words of peace. You would have deemed him the son of her fondest love, all dislike merged in pity and the tenderest solicitude. Suddenly Harold opened his glazing eyes to their widest extent; he recognized her, while a shudder convulsively shook his whole frame. He essayed to articulate, and at length these broken sentences were heard, "Forgive me, Aunt Priestly—*now* forgive. 'Twas I did it! Edwin is innocent; I am the murderer. Oh! mercy! mercy!"

Mrs. Priestly had sank down beside the couch, as with clasped hands she raised her streaming eyes to heaven; then burying her face, she murmured—"I do forgive you, poor boy, and so does Edwin, freely." The spirit passed into eternity as she spoke these words. I saw Mildred fling herself into Mrs. Priestly's arms, and I remember no more, for, unused to such scenes, my strength succumbed.

Mr. Lovell and his son were laid side by side in the family vault on the same day; the broken-hearted father surviving his beloved child but a few hours. That son's dying confession was repeated to him, although he took no notice at the time, and lived not to make restitution to the innocent; but to his daughters, as co-heiresses, the whole of his immense wealth descended; and yet Mr. Lovell left a son—a good, noble-hearted son, whom he had unjustly disinherited. When the disinherited was told that the only words his departed parent had spoken after receiving his death-blow, the only token of consciousness he had evinced was in faintly murmuring, "Bless Edwin, my son," that son valued the world's wealth but as dross in comparison; nor would he have exchanged those precious words for all the uncounted riches of the globe! His father then had believed him innocent, and had blessed him; and Edwin, the ornithologist of Ivy Lodge, came to Lovell Castle, justly lord of all, but owning nothing save a thankful heart and a peaceful mind, to be clasped in the arms of his faithful sister Mildred, for they were twins, and linked together in heart. Then, and not till then, were the following particulars narrated to Rose and myself by Mrs. Priestly. Rose mourned deeply for her brother, but justice to the living demanded full disclosure of the truth.

Edwin had never been a favorite with his father, a fall in infancy having rendered him unsightly, and probably occasioned the delicate health which induced that love of studious repose so opposite to those qualities which Mr. Lovell admired in his younger son. A tutor was provided for Edwin at home, while Harold, with his cousin, Jocelin Priestly, was sent to a public school. With unfeeling thoughtlessness, Jocelin used often to amuse himself by joking at the expense of Edwin's personal deformity, calling him "hunchback," and many other nicknames, all of which the amiable youth bore with unflinching patience and fortitude, ever returning good for evil. The quarrels and rivalry between Harold and Jocelin were violent and unceasing; and, previous to the last vacation, they had risen to a fiercer pitch than formerly, Jocelin Priestly having carried off a prize from Harold, which the latter declared was unfair. Jocelin's spirits were outrageous, and in reckless levity he made so unceasing a butt of the unfortunate elder brother, that Edwin determined to keep himself as much aloof as possible from the boisterous pair, whose bickerings and headstrong passion disturbed his equanimity. Mildred, whose love and veneration for her beloved brother was returned by him with a depth of affection which only the isolated can feel, vainly tried to make peace and preserve concord. Mrs. Priestly, with a mother's doating partiality for an only child, never *allowed* Jocelin to be in fault, though she would chide his exuberant spirits, and liked not that he should wound the gentle Edwin, whom she dearly loved. Mr. Lovell, on the other hand, laughed at the

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lads' faults; and, when he could not laugh, winked at them: "Edwin was a milk-sop, and Harold and Jocelin fine, high-spirited, handsome fellows, who would grow wiser as they grew older." Mrs. Priestly "hoped so"—she "prayed so; and Jocelin was so clever and handsome, that a little steadiness was all he needed; there was nothing else amiss." So argued the blind mother; and, next to Harold, his uncle Lovell's affections were lavished on this nephew.

When these two youths made their appearance at the castle, Edwin frequently retired to the western turret, where he could read and meditate alone, and enjoy the lovely landscape. Here he was resting on a projecting stone, which served as a bench, part of the edifice screening him from view, when Jocelin Priestly appeared on the summit with a telescope in hand, and, with boyish recklessness, jumped on the low parapet, balancing himself on the extreme verge, as he applied the glass to his eye. In another moment Harold came leaping up the turret-stairs, boiling with furious passion; and, darting forward, he clutched at the glass, screaming, as he did so, "How dare you take my telescope, sir, when you know I forbade you?" There was a struggle, a violent thrust, succeeded by a scream of horror and despair, and Edwin beheld his brother Harold alone on that dizzy height.

All this had passed in a moment of time apparently. Harold looked round with a wild, terrified glance, and fled, Edwin's limbs refusing to sustain him in his efforts to reach the parapet, as he lost consciousness, and swooned. Jocelin Priestly's fall had been noticed by a gardener, who gave an instant alarm; but the ill-fated lad expired in his distracted mother's arms, after articulating, "I am murdered."

Edwin was found on the summit of the western turret, his incoherent exclamations and agitation being considered proofs of guilt by his father and tutor. He solemnly asseverated his innocence, but refused to enter into particulars until his brother Harold returned, for Harold was absent, it was supposed, in the adjacent woodlands, where he ofttimes resorted to practice with his gun. When he did return, Harold with well-acted surprise heard the dreadful tidings, and demanded, in a careless manner, where Edwin had been at the time? When informed that he was found on the summit of the tower, and of the deceased's fearful avowal in his dying moments, Harold exclaimed, "Edwin has indeed avenged himself on poor Jocelin." And Edwin was branded as the dastardly wretch who had taken his cousin's life thus!

Edwin denied the foul deed with indignation and horror; but, when Harold's words were repeated to him, he hung his head, and blushed scarlet. He spoke no more, save to affirm his innocence; and, when questioned as to Jocelin Priestly having been near him on the tower just before he met with his death, Edwin admitted the fact; but, when further pressed, he became confused, and painful internal struggles were evident.

Mr. Lovell discarded his son forever. He would not harbor, he said, one who had vengefully taken the life of his beloved nephew; the law, indeed, could not reach the criminal, but a father's malediction could! So the hapless Edwin was disowned and disinherited by his indignant parent, who granted him a stipend barely sufficient for subsistence, and thrust him forth as an alien. Harold had not encountered his brother's placid gaze; he shrank from being alone with him, and when Edwin begged for an audience, it was refused. Mildred protested her brother's innocence. Edwin had never swerved from truth in his life; and, strange to say, there was another who sided with Mildred, and that other, the miserable mother of the victim. She had scrutinized and watched Harold Lovell closely; and when Edwin knelt beside her, and said, with quiet, but impressive calmness, "I am innocent, aunt; I never injured a hair of my cousin's head," he was believed by that jealous, breaking heart.

"But you were *there*, Edwin," cried the poor lady; "you witnessed it: he came not to his end by fair means. Speak—your brother—was it *he* did this foul deed, for he envied and hated my son—the base, cowardly traitor!"

Passion choked Mrs. Priestly's utterance, and Edwin was mute. Neither prayers nor entreaties induced him to explain past circumstances connected with the direful catastrophe. He bore the burden of another's guilt; he bore in silence the contumely that should have been heaped on another, and was banished from the parental roof. But conviction found its way to Mrs. Priestly's heart; and, though Mr. Lovell was implacable, nor would listen to a suspicion implied that he *might* be deceived, *the mother* intuitively shrank from contact with the false-hearted Harold Lovell. As years progressed, the truth became more and more firmly impressed on her mind; and to him, accused by his own father of being her only child's destroyer, she left the bulk of her fortune, and established the outcast in her near vicinity, firmly trusting that the Almighty, in his own good time, would bring the real culprit to light. *Her* heart fixed on this culprit, but Mr. Lovell continued in error and darkness. Those precious words spoken in his last hour proved, however, that darkness was dissipated, and error abandoned, when the dying man murmured a blessing on his exiled son, who had sacrificed himself to shield an ungrateful brother from shame and opprobrium.

Within two years after her father and brother's decease, Rose rewarded the long and sincere attachment of a neighboring squire by becoming his wife. Lovell Castle was sold, and Mildred repaired to Lodimer; while, on the original site of Ivy Lodge, a more commodious dwelling was in course of preparation. There she resided with her beloved brother for the remainder of their joint lives, and Mr. Edwin found in his sweet companion not only a valuable coadjutor in his favorite pursuits, but an absolute rival in the affections of his feathered pets; while the

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swan's nest among the reeds on Lodimer's fair waters continued to be as carefully preserved and guarded as it had been during the solitary years of the now happy ornithologist.

A CHILD'S TOY.

THE afternoon was drawing in toward evening; the air was crisp and cool, and the wind near the earth, steady but gentle; while above all was as calm as sleep, and the pale clouds—just beginning in the west to be softly gilded by the declining sun—hung light and motionless. The city, although not distant, was no longer visible, being hidden by one of the many hills which give such enchantment to the aspect of *our* city. There was altogether something singularly soothing in the scene—something that disposed not to gravity, but to elevated thought. As we looked upward, there was some object that appeared to mingle with the clouds, to form a part of their company, to linger, mute and motionless like them, in that breathless blue, as if feeling the influence of the hour. It was not a white-winged bird that had stolen away to muse in the solitudes of air: it was nothing more than a paper kite.

On that paper kite we looked long and intently. It was the moral of the picture; it appeared to gather in to itself the sympathies of the whole beautiful world; and as it hung there, herding with the things of heaven, our spirit seemed to ascend and perch upon its pale bosom like a wearied dove. Presently we knew the nature of the influence it exercised upon our imagination; for a cord, not visible at first to the external organs, though doubtless felt by the inner sense, connected it with the earth of which we were a denizen. We knew not by what hand the cord was held so steadily. Perhaps by some silent boy, lying prone on the sward behind yonder plantation, gazing up along the delicate ladder, and seeing unconsciously angels ascending and descending. When we had looked our fill, we went slowly and thoughtfully home along the deserted road, and nestled, as usual, like a moth, among our books. A dictionary was lying near; and with a languid curiosity to know what was said of the object that had interested us so much, we turned to the word, and read the following definition: Kite—*a child's toy*.

What wonderful children there are in this world, to be sure! Look at that American boy, with his kite on his shoulder, walking in a field near Philadelphia. He is going to have a fly; and it is famous weather for the sport, for it is in June—June, 1752. The kite is but a rough one, for Ben has made it himself, out of a silk handkerchief stretched over two cross-sticks. Up it goes, however, bound direct for a thunder-cloud passing overhead; and when it has arrived at the object of its visit, the flier ties a key to the end of his string, and then fastens it with some silk to a post. By and by he sees some loose threads of the hempen-string bristle out and stand up, as if they had been charged with electricity. He instantly applies his knuckles to the key, and as he draws from it the electrical spark, this strange little boy is struck through the very heart with an agony of joy. His laboring chest relieves itself with a deep sigh, and he feels that he could be contented to die that moment. And indeed he was nearer death than he supposed; for as the string was sprinkled with rain, it became a better conductor, and gave out its electricity more copiously; and if it had been wholly wet, the experimenter might have been killed upon the spot. So much for *this* child's toy. The splendid discovery it made—of the identity of lightning and electricity—was not allowed to rest by Ben Franklin. By means of an insulated iron rod the new Prometheus drew down fire from heaven, and experimented with it at leisure in his own house. He then turned the miracle to a practical account, constructing a pointed metallic rod to protect houses from lightning. One end of this true magic wand is higher than the building, and the other end buried in the ground; and the submissive lightning, instead of destroying life and property in its gambols, darts direct along the conductor into the earth. We may add that Ben was a humorous boy, and played at various things as well as kite-flying. Hear this description of his pranks at an intended pleasure-party on the banks of the Schuylkill: "Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than water—an experiment which we have some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock; and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrical battery."

We now turn to a group of capital little fellows who did something more than fly their kite These were English skippers, promoted somehow to the command of vessels before they had arrived at years of discretion; and chancing to meet at the port of Alexandria in Egypt, they took it into their heads—these naughty boys—that they would drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar. This pillar had often served them for a signal at sea. It was composed of red granite, beautifully polished, and standing 114 feet high, overtopped the town. But how to get up? They sent for a kite, to be sure: and the men, women, and children of Alexandria, wondering what they were going to do with it, followed the toy in crowds. The kite was flown over the Pillar, and with such nicety, that when it fell on the other side the string lodged upon the beautiful Corinthian capital. By this means they were able to draw over the Pillar a two-inch rope, by which one of the youngsters "swarmed" to the top. The rope was now in a very little while converted into a sort of rude shroud, and the rest of the party followed, and actually drank their punch on a spot which, seen from the surface of the earth, did not

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appear to be capable of holding more than one man.

By means of this exploit it was ascertained that a statue had once stood upon the column—and a statue of colossal dimensions it must have been to be properly seen at such a height. But for the rest—if we except the carvings of sundry initials on the top—the result was only the knocking down of one of the volutes of the capital, for boys are always doing mischief; and this was carried to England by one of the skippers, in order to execute the commission of a lady, who, with the true iconoclasm of her country, had asked him to be so kind as to bring her a piece of Pompey's Pillar.

Little fellows, especially of the class of bricklayers, are no great readers, otherwise we might suspect that the feat of the skipper-boys had conveyed some inspiration to Steeple Jack. Who is Steeple Jack? asks some innocent reader at the Antipodes. He is a little, spare creature who flies his kite over steeples when there is any thing to do to them, and lodging a cord on the apex, contrives by its means to reach the top without the trouble of scaffolding. No fragility, no displacement of stones, no leaning from the perpendicular, frightens Steeple Jack. He is as bold as his namesake, Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and does as wonderful things. At Dunfermline, not long ago, when the top of the spire was in so crazy a state that the people in the street gave it a wide berth as they passed, he swung himself up without hesitation, and set every thing to rights. At the moment we write, his cord is seen stretched from the tall, slim, and elegant spire of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, which is to receive, through his agency, a lightning-conductor; and Jack only waits the subsidence of a gale of wind to glide up that filmy rope like a spider. He is altogether a strange boy, Steeple Jack. Nobody knows where he roosts upon the earth, if he roosts any where at all. The last time there was occasion for his services, this advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman*: "Steeple Jack is wanted at such a place immediately"—and immediately Steeple Jack became visible.

In 1827 the child's toy was put to a very remarkable use by one Master George Pocock. This clever little fellow observed that his kite sometimes gave him a very strong pull, and it occurred to him that if made large enough it might be able to pull something else. In fact, he at length yoked a pair of large kites to a carriage, and traveled in it from Bristol to London, distancing in grand style every other conveyance on the road. A twelve-foot kite, it appears, in a moderate breeze, has a one-man power of draught, and when the wind is brisker, a force equal to 200 lbs. The force in a rather high wind is as the squares of the lengths; and two kites of fifteen and twelve feet respectively, fastened one above the other will draw a carriage and four or five passengers at the rate of twenty miles an hour. But George's invention went beyond the simple idea. He had an extra line which enabled him to vary the angle of the surface of his kites with the horizon, so as to make his aerial horses go fast or slow as he chose; and side lines to vary the direction of the force, till it came almost to right angles with the direction of the wind. His kites were made of varnished linen, and might be folded up into small compass. The same principle was successfully applied by a nautical lad of the name of Dansey to the purpose of saving vessels in a gale of wind on "the dread lee shore." His kite was of light canvas.

In India, China, and the intermediate countries, the aggregate population of which includes one-half of mankind, kites are the favorite toy of both old and young boys, from three years to threescore and ten. Sometimes they really resemble the conventional dragon, from which, among Scotch children, they derive their name, sometimes they are of a diamond shape, and sometimes they are like a great spider with a narrow waist. Our Old Indian is eloquent on kites, and the glory of their colors, which, in the days of other years, made her girlish heart leap, and her girlish eyes dazzle. The kite-shop is like a tulip-bed, full of all sorts of gay and gorgeous hues. The kites are made of Chinese paper, thin and tough, and the ribs of finely-split bamboo. A wild species of silkworm is pressed into the service, and set to spin *nuck* for the strings—a kind of thread which, although fine, is surprisingly strong. Its strength, however, is wanted for aggression as well as endurance; and a mixture composed of pounded glass and rice gluten is rubbed over it. Having been dried in the sun, the prepared string is now wound upon a handsome reel of split bamboo inserted in a long handle. One of these reels, if of first-rate manufacture, costs a shilling, although coarser ones are very cheap; and of the nuck, about four annas, or sixpence worth, suffices for a kite

In a Hindoo town the kite-flying usually takes place on some common ground in the vicinity, and there may be seen the young and old boys in eager groups, and all as much interested in the sport as if their lives depended upon their success. And sometimes, indeed, their fortunes do. Many a poor little fellow bets sweetmeats upon his kite to the extent of his only anna in the world; and many a rich baboo has more rupees at stake than he can conveniently spare But the exhilarating sport makes every body courageous; and the glowing colors of the kites enable each to identify his own when in the air, and give him in it, as it were, a more absolute property. Matches are soon made. Up go the aerial combatants, and, with straining eyes and beating hearts, their fate is watched from below But their masters are far from passive, for this is no game of chance, depending upon the wind Kite-flying is in these countries an art and mystery; and some there be who would not disclose their recipe for the nuck-ointment, if their own grandfathers should go upon their knees to ask it

Sometimes an event occurs on the common. It is the ascent of a pair of kites of a *distingué* air, and whose grand and determined manner

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presumption, gain credit for possessing a knowledge of its arcana—for the ability necessary to plumb its profounder depths and unravel its intricacies. The successful practice of this imposture, for it is nothing less, has led, and is still leading, many to sacrifice accuracy for variety, both in those departments which their circumstances, rightly considered, demand that they should thoroughly understand, and in those branches which tend only to add grace and finish to a liberal education.

In "those days," the chance was that genius often passed away unnoticed or neglected. In "the good time come," we fear that a similar injustice will be done, and in a larger measure. The modest, the sound-thinking, and really learned, will withdraw from a field where they find as companions or competitors only strutting jackdaws and noisy shallow smatterers, who have decided that they were born for other purposes than to tread in the work-a-day paths of life. A portion of the old as well as the "rising generation" would do well to look to the present state of things. There is too often a desire on the part of parents to push their children into positions for which they are totally unfitted. There is a sphere for all, which, when chosen with a due regard to ability, and not adopted through caprice or vanity, will lead to usefulness in society and comfort to the individual.

We have little fear of that audacious phase in the character of the "rising generation," which devotes itself to a probing of those things which have to do with our eternal destiny. A well-conducted inquiry of this kind is a healthy symptom, and tends to fix good impressions: and, as for those whose temerity exceeds their judgment, the Christian knows that his bulwarks are too many and strong ever to be shaken by any blast of human breath or stroke of human hand. Still, let every stumbling-block be removed, and no safeguard neglected, which may be of service to those of feeble knees or weak and timorous mind.

The "rising generation" are those upon whom the hopes of the world will ere long rest, who are soon to have the reins of government in their own hands, and must play their part in the great drama of life, at a time when its stage affords more ample room for the development of true nobility, richer opportunities for distinguishing a life by action, and of signalizing it by discoveries almost magical—a time, in short, open to greater achievements than any that have been won since this globe was first spun into space. The greater the talent and the wealth of opportunity, so much more are the dangers increased, and the more wily the machinations of the Spirit of Evil. While the "rising generation" adopt as their motto "Excelsior," and cultivate an inquiring spirit, let it always be an earnest and definite one, not "blown about by every wind of doctrine," not falling into every quagmire of vain conceit, until the mental eye is so besmeared that it can no longer discern the true zenith. Yet, withal, it is not necessary to tread exclusively in the old paths, as they are somewhat contemptuously styled; there is need and verge enough for pioneering new ones. "Beat the bushes; there is still plenty of game to be raised." But do not disdainfully discard the experience of those who have gone before. We do not insinuate by this that age and priority combined make an oracle. Yet there are comparatively few men who can not tell something that is worth hearing—communicate some bit of knowledge which may save you the disbursement of some of those high school fees which, as Thomas Carlyle keenly observes, must be paid for experience.

It has been iterated and reiterated, that there is no royal road to knowledge. This is true of knowledge, as it is true of any thing that is worth having. And this brings to our recollection a manifestation of spirit displayed by some portions of the "rising generation" to which we have not yet adverted. This is called the non-mercantile idea—a growing dislike to all manual and merely commercial pursuits, and an over-fondness for what are known as the learned, and more especially the literary professions. This desire, we fear, proceeds often from a wish to avoid labor; and, where this is the case, we can assure all such that literature is not the sphere for indolence.

We neither impugn the honesty nor ignore the talents of the "rising generation." We would only tender them a parting advice: Think, learn, and act, reverently and cautiously, and in the spirit of that philosophy which has won for England her most enduring laurels—which taught her Newton to discard for years, until fact supported theory, what was perhaps the broadest glimpse of truth ever vouchsafed to the human mind. Do so, as they dread the realization of the outline drawn by the master-hand of Jean Paul Richter—"The new-year's night of an unhappy man." His graphic picture we hold up to the gaze of the "rising generation." The season is appropriate. We are all fond at this time of retrospection, and are full of resolves for the future. Perhaps we may strike some chord now in jarring dissonance, that may yet vibrate to divinest harmony.

"An old man stood on the new-year's midnight at the window, and gazed with a look of long despair, upward to the immovable, ever-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was then so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood near him; it was covered over only with the snow of age, not with the green of youth; and he brought nothing with him out of the whole rich life, nothing with him, but errors, sins, and disease, a wasted body, a desolated soul, the breast full of poison, an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth turned round to-day, as spectres, and drew him back again to that bright morning on which his father first placed him at the cross-road of life, which, on the right hand, leads by the sun-path of virtue into a wide peaceful land full of light and of harvests, and full of angels, and which, on the left hand, descends

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into the mole-ways of vice, into a black cavern, full of down-dropping poison, full of aiming serpents, and of gloomy, sultry vapors.

"Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and the drops of poison on his tongue. And he knew now where he was!

"Frantic, and with unspeakable grief, he called upward to Heaven, 'Oh! give me back my youth again! O, father! place me once more at the cross-path of life, that I may choose otherwise than I did.' But his father and his youth had long since passed away.

"He saw fiery exhalations dancing on the marshes, and extinguishing themselves in the church-yard, and he said, 'These are the days of my folly!' He saw a star fly from heaven, and, in falling, glimmer and dissolve upon the earth. 'That am I!' said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse dug therein further in its wounds.

"His flaming fancy showed him sleepwalkers, slinking away on the house-tops; and a windmill raised up its arms threateningly to destroy him; and a mask that remained behind in the empty charnel-house assumed by degrees his own features.

"In the midst of this paroxysm, suddenly the music for the new year flowed down from the steeple, like distant church anthems. He became more gently moved. He looked round on the horizon and upon the wide world, and thought on the friends of his youth, who, better and more happy than he, were now instructors of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blest men, and he exclaimed, 'Oh! I also might have slumbered like you, this new year's night with dry eyes, had I chosen it. Ah, I might have been happy, beloved parents! had I fulfilled your new year's wishes and instructions.'

In feverish recollection of the period of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask with his features raised itself up in the charnel-house—at length, through the superstition which, on the new year's night, beholds spirits and futurity, it grew to a living youth in the position of the beautiful boy of the capitol, pulling out a thorn; and his former blooming figure was bitterly placed as a phantasma before him.

"He could behold it no longer, he covered his eyes. A thousand hot, draining tears streamed into the snow. He now only softly sighed, inconsolably and unconsciously, 'Only come again, youth! come again!'

"And it came again, for he had only dreamed so fearfully on the new year's night. He was still a youth. His errors alone had been no dream; but he thanked God that, still young, he could turn round in the foul ways of vice, and fall back on the sun-path which conducts into the pure land of harvests.

"Turn with him, youthful reader, if thou standest on his path of error! This frightful dream will, in future, become thy judge; but shouldst thou one day call out, full of anguish, 'Come again, beautiful youth!' it would not come again."

A TASTE OF AUSTRIAN JAILS.

AT the "Fête de Dieu," in Vienna religious rites are not confined to the places of worship—the whole city becomes a church. Altars rise in every street, and high mass is performed in the open air, amid clouds of incense and showers of holy water. The Emperor himself and his family swell the procession.

I am an English workman; and, having taken a cheering glass of Kronewetter with the worthy landlord of my lodgings, I sauntered forth to observe the day's proceedings. I crossed the Platz of St. Ulrick, and thence proceeded to the high street of Mariahilf—an important suburb of Vienna. I passed two stately altars on my way, and duly raised my hat, in obedience to the custom of the country. A little crowd was collected round the parish church of Mariahilf; and, anticipating that a procession would pass, I took my stand among the rest of the expectant populace. A few assistant police, in light blue-gray uniforms with green facings, kept the road.

A bustle about the church-door, and a band of priests, attendants, and—what pleased me most—a troop of pretty little girls came, two and two, down the steps, and into the road. I remember nothing of the procession but those beautiful and innocent children, adorned with wreaths and ribbons for the occasion. I was thinking of the rosy faces I had left at home, when my reflections were interrupted by a peremptory voice, exclaiming, "Take off your hat!" I should have obeyed with alacrity at any other moment; but there was something in the manner and tone of the "Polizerdiener's" address which touched my pride, and made me obstinate. I drew back a little. The order was repeated; the crowd murmured. I half turned to go; but, the next moment, my hat was struck off my head by the police-assistant.

What followed was mere confusion. I struck the "Polizerdiener;" and, in return, received several blows on the head from behind with a heavy stick. In less than ten minutes I was lodged in the police-office of the district; my hat broken and my clothes bespattered with the blood which had dropped, and was still dropping, from the wounds in my head.

I had full time to reflect upon the obstinate folly which had produced this result; nor were my reflections enlivened by the manners of the police-agents attached to the office. They threatened me with heavy pains and punishments; and the Polizerdiener whom I had struck assured me, while stanching his still-bleeding nose, that I should have at least "three months for this."

After several hours' waiting in the dreary office, I was abruptly called into the commissioner's room. The commissioner was seated at a table with writing materials before him, and commenced immediately, in a sharp, offensive tone, a species of examination. After my name and country had been demanded, he asked:

"Of what religion are you?"

"I am a Protestant."

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"So! Leave the room."

I had made no complaint of my bruises, because I did not think this the proper place to do so; although the man who dealt them was present. He had assisted, stick in hand, in taking me to the police-office. He was in earnest conversation with the Polizerdiener, but soon left the office. From that instant I never saw him again; nor, in spite of repeated demands, could I ever obtain redress for, or even recognition of the violence I had suffered.

Another weary hour, and I was consigned to the care of a police-soldier; who, armed with sabre and stick, conducted me through the crowded city to prison. It was then two o'clock.

The prison, situated in the Spenzler Gasse, is called the "Polizer-Hampt-Direction." We descended a narrow gut, which had no outlet, except through the prison gates. They were slowly opened at the summons of my conductor. I was beckoned into a long gloomy apartment, lighted from one side only; and having a long counter running down its centre; chains and handcuffs hung upon the walls.

An official was standing behind the counter. He asked me abruptly:

"Whence come you?"

"From England," I answered.

"Where's that?"

"In Great Britain; close to France."

The questioner behind the counter cast an inquiring look at my escort.

"Is it?" he asked.

The subordinate answered him, in a pleasant way, that I had spoken the truth. Happily an Englishman, it seems, is a rarity within those prison walls.

I was passed into an adjoining room, which reminded me of the back parlor of a Holywell-street clothes-shop, only that it was rather lighter. Its sides consisted entirely of sets of great pigeon-holes, each occupied by the habiliments or effects of some prisoner.

"Have you any valuables?"

"Few enough." My purse, watch, and pin were rendered up, ticketed, and deposited in one of the compartments. I was then beckoned into a long paved passage or corridor down some twenty stone steps, into the densest gloom. Presently I discerned before me a massive door studded with bosses, and crossed with bars and bolts. A police-soldier, armed with a drawn sabre, guarded the entrance to Punishment-Room, No. 1. The bolts gave way; and, in a few moments, I was a prisoner within.

Punishment Room, No. 1, is a chamber some fifteen paces long by six broad, with a tolerably high ceiling and whitened walls. It has but two windows, and they are placed at each end of one side of the chamber. They are of good height, and look out upon an inclosed graveled space, variegated with a few patches of verdure. The room is tolerably light. On each side are shelves, as in barracks, for sleeping. In one corner, by the window, is a stone sink; in another, a good supply of water.

Such is the prison; but the prisoners! There were forty-eight—gray-haired men and puny boys—all ragged, and stalking with slippered feet from end to end with listless eyes. Some, all eagerness; some, crushed and motionless; some, scared and stupid; now singing, now swearing, now rushing about playing at some mad game; now hushed or whispering, as the loud voice of the Vater (or father of the ward) is heard above the uproar, calling out "Ruke!" ("Order!")

On my entrance, I was instantly surrounded by a dozen of the younger jail-birds, amid a shout of "Ein Zuwachs! Ein Zuwachs!" which I was not long in understanding to be the name given to the last comer. "Was haben sie?" (What has he done?) was the next eager cry. "Struck a Polizerdiener!" "Ei! das ist gut!" was the hearty exclamation; and I was a favorite immediately. One dirty, villainous-looking fellow, with but one eye, and very little light in that, took to handling my clothes; then inquired if I had any money "up above?" Upon my answering in the affirmative my popularity immediately increased. They soon made me understand that I could "draw" upon the pigeon-hole bank to indulge in any such luxuries as beer or tobacco.

People breakfast early in Vienna; and, as I had tasted nothing since that meal, I was very hungry; but I was not to starve; for soon we heard the groaning of bolts and locks, and the police-soldier who guarded the door, appeared, bearing in his hand a red earthen pot, surmounted by a round flat loaf of bread "for the Englishman." I took my portion with thanks, and found that the pipkin contained a thick porridge made of lentils, prepared with meal and fat; in the midst of which was a piece of fresh boiled beef. The cake was of a darkish color, but good wholesome bread. Altogether, the meal was not unsavory. Many a greedy eye watched me as I sat on the end of the hard couch, eating my dinner. One wretched man seeing that I did not eat all, whispered a proposal to barter his dirty neckerchief—which he took off in my presence—for half of my loaf. I satisfied his desires, but declined the recompense. My half-emptied pipkin was thankfully taken by another man, under the pretense of "cleaning it!"

One of my fellow-prisoners approached me.

"It is getting late," said he; "do you know what you have got to do?"

"No."

"You are the 'Zuwachs'" (latest accession), "and it is your business to empty and clean out the 'Kiefel!'" (the sink, &c.)

"The devil!"

"But I dare say," he added, carelessly, "if you pay the Vater a 'mass-bier,'" (something less than a quart of beer), "he will make some of the boys do it for you."

"With all my heart."

"Have you a rug?"

"No."

"You must ask the corporal, at seven o'clock; but I dare say the Vater will find you one—for a 'mass-bier'—if you ask him."

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I saw that a mass-bier would do a great deal in an Austrian prison.

The Vater, who was a prisoner like the rest, was appealed to. He was a tall, burly-looking young man, with a frank countenance. He had quitted his honest calling of butcher, and had taken to smuggling tobacco into the city. This was a heavy crime; for the growth, manufacture, and sale of tobacco, is a strict Imperial monopoly. Accordingly, his punishment had been proportionately severe—two years' imprisonment. The sentence was now approaching completion; and, on account of good conduct, he had received the appointment of Vater to Punishment Room, No. 1. The benefits were enumerated to me with open eyes by one of the prisoners —"Double rations, two rugs, and a mass-bier a day!"

The result of my application to the Vater was the instant calling out of several young lads, who crouched all day in the darkest end of the room —a condemned corner, abounding in vermin; and I heard no more of the sink, and so forth. The next day a new-comer occupied my position.

At about seven o'clock the bolts were again withdrawn, the ponderous door opened, and the corporal—who seemed to fill the office of ward-inspector—marched into the chamber. He was provided with a small note-book and a pencil, and made a general inquiry into the wants and complaints of the prisoners. Several of them asked for little indulgencies. All these were duly noted down to be complied with the next day—always supposing that the prisoner possessed a small capital "up above." I stepped forward, and humbly made my request for a rug.

"You!" exclaimed the corporal, eying me sharply. Oh! you are the Englishman?—No!"

I heard some one near me mutter: "So; struck a policeman! No mercy for him from the other policemen—any of them."

The Vater dared not help me; but two of his most intimate friends made me lie down between them; and swaddled in their rugs, I passed the night miserably. The hard boards, and the vermin, effectually broke my slumbers.

The morning came. The rules of the prison required that we should all rise at six, roll up the rugs, lay them at the heads of our beds, and sweep out the room. Weary and sore, I paced the prison while these things were done. Even the morning ablution was comfortless and distressing; a pocket-handkerchief serving but indifferently for a towel

Restless activity now took full possession of the prisoners. There was not the combined shouting or singing of the previous day; but there was independent action, which broke out in various ways. Hunger had roused them; the prison allowance is one meal a day; and although, by husbanding the supply, some few might eke it out into several repasts, the majority had no such control over their appetite. Tall, gaunt lads, just starting into men, went roaming about with wild eyes, purposeless, pipkin in hand, although hours must elapse before the meal would come. Caged beasts pace their narrow prisons with the same uniform and unvarying motion.

At last eleven o'clock came. The barred door opened, and swiftly, yet with a terrible restraint —knowing that the least disorder would cost them a day's dinner—the prisoners mounted the stone steps, and passed slowly, in single file, before two enormous caldrons. A cook, provided with a long ladle, stood by the side of each; and, with a dextrous plunge and a twist, a portion of porridge and a small block of beef were fished up and dashed into the pipkin extended by each prisoner. Another official stood ready with the flat loaves. In a very short time the whole of the prisoners were served.

Hunger seasoned the mess; and I was sitting on the bedstead-end enjoying it, when the police-soldier appeared on the threshold, calling me by name.

"You must leave—instantly."

"I am ready," I said, starting up.

"Have you a rug?"

"No."

I hurried out into the dark passage. I was conducted to the left; another heavy door was loosened, and I was thrust into a gloomy cell, bewildered, and almost speechless with alarm. I was not alone. Some half-dozen melancholy wretches crouching in one corner, were disturbed by my entrance, but half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when the police-soldier again appeared, and I was hurried out. We proceeded through the passage by which I had first entered. In my way past the nest of pigeon-holes "up above," some—only a few—of my valuables were restored to me. Presently a single police-soldier led me into the open street.

The beautiful air and sunshine! how I enjoyed them as we passed through the heart of the city. Bei'm Magistrat, at the corner of the Kohlmarket, was our destination. We entered its porticoed door, ascended the stone stairs, and went into a small office, where the most repulsive-looking official I have any where seen, noted my arrival in a book. Thence we passed into another pigeon-holed chamber, where I delivered up my little property, as before, "for its security." A few minutes more, and I was safely locked in a small chamber, having one window darkened by a wooden blind. My companions were a few boys, a courier—who, to my surprise, addressed me in English—and a man with blazing red hair.

In this place, I passed four days, occupied by what I suppose I may designate "my trial." The first day was enlivened by a violent attack which the jailer made upon the red-headed man for looking out of the window. He seized the fiery locks, and beat their owner's head against the wall. I had to submit that day to a degrading medical examination.

On the second day I was called to appear before the "*Rath*," or council. The process of examination is curious. It is considered necessary to the complete elucidation of a case, that the whole life and parentage of the accused should be made known; and I was thus exposed

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to a series of questions which I had never anticipated.—The names and countries of both my parents; their station; the ages, names, and birthplaces of my brothers and sisters; my own babyhood, education, subsequent behavior, and adventures; my own account, with the minutest details, of the offense I had committed. It was more like a private conference than an examination. The Rath was alone—with the exception of his secretary, who diligently recorded my answers. While being thus perseveringly catechised, the Rath sauntered up and down; putting his interminable questions in a friendly chatty way, as though he were taking a friendly interest in my history, rather than pursuing a judicial investigation. When the examination was concluded, the secretary read over every word to me, and I confirmed the report with my signature.

The Rath promised to do what he could for me; and I was then surprised and pleased by the entrance of my employer. The Rath recommended him to write to the British Embassy in my behalf, and allowed him to send me outer clothing better suited to the interior of a prison than the best clothes I had donned to spend the holiday in.

I went back to my cell with a lightened heart. I was, however, a little disconcerted on my return by the courier, who related an anecdote of a groom of his acquaintance, who had persisted in smoking a cigar while passing a sentinel; and who, in punishment therefor, had been beaten by a number of soldiers, with willow rods; and whose yells of pain had been heard far beyond the prison walls. What an anticipation! Was I to be similarly served! I thought it rather a suspicious circumstance that my new friend appeared to be thoroughly conversant with all the details (I suspect from personal experience) of the police and prison system of Vienna. He told me (but I had no means of testing the correctness of his information) that there were twenty Ratherrn, or Councillors; that each had his private chamber, and was assisted by a confidential secretary; that every offender underwent a private examination by the Rath appointed to investigate his case—the Rath having the power to call all witnesses, and to examine them, singly, or otherwise, as he thought proper; that on every Thursday the "Rathsherrn" met in conclave; that each Rath brought forward the particular cases which he had investigated, explained all its bearings, attested his report by documentary evidence prepared by his secretary, and pronounced his opinion as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted. The question was then decided by a majority.

On the third day, I was suddenly summoned before the Rath, and found myself side by side with my accuser. He was in private clothes.

"Herr Tuci," exclaimed the Rath, trying to pronounce my name, but utterly disguising it, "you have misinformed me. The constable says he did not *knock* your hat off—he only *pulled* it off."

I adhered to my statement. The Polizerdiener nudged my elbow, and whispered, "Don't be alarmed—it will not go hard with you."

"Now, constable," said the Rath; "what harm have you suffered in this affair?"

"My uniform is stained with blood."

"From *my* head!" I exclaimed.

"From my nose," interposed the Polizerdiener.

"In any case it will wash out," said the Rath

"And you," he added, turning to me—"are you willing to indemnify this man for damage done?"

I assented; and was then removed.

On the following morning I was again summoned to the Rath's chamber. His secretary—who was alone—met me with smiles and congratulations: he announced to me the sentence—four days' imprisonment. I am afraid I did not evince that degree of pleasure which was expected from me; but I thanked him; was removed; and, in another hour, was reconducted to Punishment Room, No. 1.

The four days of sentence formed the lightest part of the adventure. My mind was at ease: I knew the worst. Additions to my old companions had arrived in the interval. We had an artist among us, who was allowed, in consideration of his talents, to retain a sharp cutting implement fashioned by himself from a flat piece of steel—knives and books being, as the most dangerous objects in prison, rigidly abstracted from us. He manufactured landscapes in straw, gummed upon pieces of blackened wood. Straw was obtained, in a natural state, of green, yellow, and brown; and these, when required, were converted into differently-tinted reds, by a few hours' immersion in the Kiefel. He also kneaded bread in the hand, until it became as hard and as plastic as clay. This he modeled into snuff boxes (with strips of rag for hinges, and a piece of whalebone for a spring), draughts, chess-men, pipe-bowls, and other articles. When dry, they became hard and serviceable; and he sold them among the prisoners and the prison officials. He obtained thus a number of comforts not afforded by the prison regulations.

On Sunday, I attended the Catholic chapel attached to the prison—a damp, unwholesome cell. I stood among a knot of prisoners, enveloped in a nauseous vapor; whence arose musty, mouldy, rotten effluvia which gradually overpowered my senses. I felt them leaving me, and tottered toward the door. I was promptly met by a man who seemed provided for emergencies of the kind; for, he held a vessel of cold water; poured some of it into my hands, and directed me to bathe my temples. I partly recovered; and, faint and dispirited, staggered back to the prison. I had not, however, lain long upon my bed (polished and slippery from constant use), when the prison guard came to my side, holding in his hand a smoking basin of egg soup "for the Englishman." It was sent by the mistress of the kitchen. I received the offering of a kind heart to a foreigner in trouble, with a blessing on the donor

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On the following Tuesday, after an imprisonment of, in all, nine days, during which I had never slept without my clothes, I was discharged from the prison. In remembrance of the place, I brought away with me a straw landscape and a bread snuff-box, the works of the prison artist.

On reaching my lodging I looked into my box. It was empty.

"Where are my books and papers?" I asked my landlord.

The police had taken them on the day after my arrest.

"And my bank-notes?"

"Here they are!" exclaimed my landlord, triumphantly. "I expected the police; I knew you had money somewhere, so I took the liberty of searching until I found it. The police made particular inquiries about your cash, and went away disappointed, taking the other things with them."

"Would they have appropriated it?"

"Hem! Very likely—under pretense of paying your expenses."

On application to the police of the district, I received the whole of my effects back. One of my books was detained for about a week; a member of the police having taken it home to read, and being as I apprehend, a slow reader.

It was a matter of great astonishment, both to my friends and to the police, that I escaped with so slight a punishment.

WHO KNEW BEST?

ON the outskirts of the little town of Bernau, with a garden between it and the road, stands the house of Master Baptist Heinzelmann, a respectable citizen and cabinet-maker, or *Tischlermeister*, as the Germans call it, so surrounded and overshadowed by tall trees and shrubs, that it reminds you of true contentment, which is always quiet and retiring where it reigns in the heart. Nimble vine-branches climb up the walls and over the roof, so thick and shady, that birds build their nests among them, and rest every night under the sheltering leaves. Besides this there is no other garnishment or decoration to be seen about the dwelling, although Master Heinzelmann is in very comfortable circumstances. As it had come down from his father and grandfather, so stood the house at the time of our tale; one story, compact and solid. From the garden you entered the spacious outer room, the ordinary play-place of the children, and from that into the *living-room*, and from that into the large workshop, where Master Heinzelmann kept his ten or a dozen journeymen at work from one year's end to another, without reckoning the apprentices. His business flourished greatly, for the townsfolk preferred to go to him whenever they had orders to give or purchases to make. His workmanship was tasteful and durable, and what was more than all, he overcharged no one, which pleased people, and on that account they did not mind the walk to his house, although it was, as before said, a little off the road, and out of the way.

What the house wanted in grandeur and ornament, was made up by the contentment and the gentle and full-hearted happiness which had taken up their abode within it. Free from cares of whatever sort, Master Heinzelmann passed his days in the circle of his family. Providence had bestowed on him a good-looking, intelligent wife and three healthy and lively children, on whom his whole affections hung, and when they assembled each evening, after the labors of the day, none looked comelier and happier than they. At seven o'clock, Master Heinzelmann left off work, and dismissed his men; the noise of saws, hammers, and planes ceased, and a peaceful stillness reigned in the house; and he, having put on his comfortable in-doors jacket, filled a pipe, and looked about for his family. In summer, he found them nearly always in the garden, or in the outer room, near the open door, from whence there was a pleasant view over the sweet-scented flower-beds. His wife welcomed his coming with a friendly nod and a cheerful smile, and the children ran to meet him, clung to his hands, and strove to climb up for a kiss. Such was Baptist Heinzelmann's daily pleasure, abounding in all that makes life happy. After lifting up and embracing his children, he would sit and listen to their lively prattle, or watch their simple sports, in which he himself often took a part, while their mother made ready the evening meal. When this was over, they went and sat in the pretty summer-house, and talked about the little occurrences of the day. There was always something to relate, concerning the children, or the housekeeping, or the garden, or of other matters, nor was there any lack of simple gossip, which, however insignificant it might seem, yet had a meaning and an interest for a family bound together by the strongest ties of love. Father, mother, children, enjoyed the quiet gladness of a household into which the noise of the great world without seldom penetrated. And in what else does happiness consist, than in gladness and contentment? He who possesses them needs to ask for nothing further. Had Master Heinzelmann always remembered that, he would have saved himself from much toil and vexation.

One fine summer evening the Tischlermeister left his workshop as usual, put on his lounging-jacket, lit his pipe, and turned his steps toward the front room, from whence came the noise of merry laughter and shouts of fun. Softly he approached behind the open door which concealed him from his wife and children, leant himself at his ease on the lower half, and looked smilingly down on the frolics of his little ones. The mother, with the youngest girl on her lap, sat on the doorstep, while Fritz and Hans crawled about the floor. They were playing a hundred tricks with the kitten, which had come into the world only a few weeks before. Fritz had got a piece of colored cloth for a plaything, and flung it across the room, but with a thread cunningly fastened to it, so that he might pull it back again. The kitten, according to the manner of young cats, leaped and seized the lure with comical an-

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tics, but just as she fancied it was fast between her paws, came a sudden pull, and away flew the prize, while she looked after it with ludicrous astonishment. Then rose bursts of merriment and shouts of delight, and the mother, glad in her children's pleasure, laughed with them, and took care that the old cat should not disturb their sport by any sudden outbreak of ill-temper.

Master Heinzelmann looked on for a little while, and amused himself, without being seen, with his children's diversions. All at once, however, he made a grave face, and said, "Enough, little ones; let the kitten go, and come to supper. Come, dear wife, it is all ready."

As soon as the children heard their father's voice, they thought no more about the kitten, but sprang up and ran toward him with merry faces. But he did not hug and kiss them as he was accustomed to do; he gave them only a short salute, and the same to his wife, who came toward him with her hand held out, and the youngest child on her arm.

"Baptist," she said, "dear husband, we have had rare fun this afternoon; you should see how cleverly Fritz can spring about with the kitten! But what is the matter? You look angry. Has any thing happened to vex you?"

"Not exactly vexatious," replied Heinzelmann, "and yet as I saw you sitting there so pleasantly, I was a little fretted to think that I had promised Master Vollbracht to go into town this evening. I would much rather stay at home with you."

"Go to town, Baptist, to-day?" asked Frau Margaret in astonishment. "And what have you to do there?"

"Oh, it is about some town affairs," answered Baptist; "I don't myself know rightly what they are; when Master Vollbracht told me, I did not altogether understand, but, at all events, I promised to go for a short hour, so as to be quit of him. You know well, Margaret, that to speak truly, the locksmith is no special friend of mine—he is too fond of the public-house. Still a promise is a promise, and I must keep my word; so let us have supper quickly, for the sooner there, the sooner shall I be back again."

Frau Margaret said nothing, although it could be seen in her face, that her husband's going out in the evening was not at all agreeable to her. She went and got the supper ready, Master Heinzelmann ate a few mouthfuls hastily, and then rose up and put on his coat.

"Good-by, Margaret," he said, "good-night, children! I expect to be at home again soon, wife."

"Go, then," she answered with a cheerful look, "and I will wait for you; but do not stay too long."

Baptist promised, and went. Frau Margaret felt uneasy as she looked after him. It was the first evening since their marriage that she had been left alone in the house. When she heard the garden gate shut behind her husband, she became fearful, and pressed her hand over her eyes, out of which a few tears had forced their way. Presently, however, she said to herself—"Timid heart! what matters it if you are left alone for once! It will not happen often, for he loves me; yes, and the children too How can I be so silly!"

So she thought, and then put on a cheerful face, and played and talked to the children, as though nothing had happened. But that pure gladness, which leaps from the care-free heart as a clear spring, was wanting She sent the youngsters to bed earlier than usual, and placed herself at the window, and looked silently forth into the garden, which the moon, with its pale light, seemed to have covered with a vail of silver. Thus she waited for her husband's return At ten o'clock she hoped he would come; by-and-by eleven struck, he was still absent; another anxious half-hour passed—at last he came She heard his footsteps still far off, heard the garden-gate creak, and flew to meet him.

"So late! you bad man," she cried merrily, but with a slight reproach in the tone of her voice

"I could not do otherwise, dear wife," replied Baptist, who was visibly a little excited "You should only have been there! They paid me great honor, and when I was coming away at ten o'clock, they all cried out for me to stay, that my opinion had great weight with them, and so, really I could not leave. But you should have gone to bed, Margaret."

"No; I was not at all tired," answered the wife. "But, now, make haste in; you are heated, and the cool night air may do you harm."

Lovingly she drew him into the house, and listened patiently to all that he had to tell about the matters that had been talked over in the town, and how he had settled and determined nearly every question, because of his consequence and station.

"There's only one thing vexes me," he said lastly, "I was obliged to promise to go again Two evenings in the week are fixed on for the meetings, and as every body was in favor, I could not well say no. However, it is but two evenings; the whole history won't last longer"

If Frau Margaret was alarmed at the beginning of the evening, she was now doubly fearful Her quiet in-door happiness seemed to be all at once threatened by some great danger. She trembled to think that her husband could find pleasure away from home—away from his children, and she had the sense to foresee the consequences. But she remained silent, for she was too bewildered to find words to express her apprehensions, and then, she knew that when her husband had once made a promise, nothing would lead him to break it. This made her sorrow the greater, and for the first time since her marriage, her pillow was wet with tears. She, however, concealed her sadness from her husband; she hoped that the good old habits would rule again, and make him dislike passing his evenings away from home.

Although Frau Margaret was prudent and sensible, she deceived herself in this matter. Truly enough, Baptist at first went out for the evening

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unwillingly, and not without a struggle, but gradually this resistance disappeared, and at last he longed for the hour which led him among his companions. He was a man of clear judgment, knew how to deliver his words neatly, and his comfortable circumstances gave him a certain importance, so that, quite naturally, in course of time he gave the tone to the company, and his sayings were received as oracles. That flattered his vanity, which therein got full satisfaction, and before long, he wondered in secret how he could have lived so many years in the background, and had so little to do with the world. The political and religious questions of the day, about which he had never before troubled himself, began to excite his eager attention. He read newspapers, journals, pamphlets, and became a great politician—at least in the eyes of himself and his companions. The magic circle of his calm and peaceful happiness was broken. Baptist himself had done it, but without a foreboding of what he had destroyed. He fancied himself happier than ever, and could not see that all his household joys were blighted.

But Margaret saw and felt it. She mourned in secret; the evenings when she sat at home alone were sad and sorrowful for her, and at last, as Baptist left off observing any rule in his outgoing, but longed more and more to be away from home, she plucked up a heart, and begged of him to leave her no more.

"But why not!" rejoined Heinzelmann; "we do nothing wrong. We debate about matters for the good of the town and of the state. There must be great changes, Margaret, before things can be better with us. But, presto, it will come."

"Oh, Baptist, what concern have you with the town and the state?" answered Frau Margaret. "Look at your family, that is your town and state. When you are with it, and fulfill your duty rightfully, then are you one of the best of citizens. Consider well: the skin is nearer than the fleece."

"Yes, wife, but what do you mean by that?" said Baptist, a little angrily. "Perhaps I am not fulfilling my duty?"

"No longer the same as formerly, dear husband. Don't take it ill, Baptist, but my heart and conscience compel me—I must tell you. You neglect your business a little. Yesterday, you know, the town-clerk wanted his coffer; but you—you went out at five, and the coffer was not finished."

"Eh, what!" cried Baptist, snappishly. "I had business in town—we were to lay a memorial before the magistrates about the pavement, and that could not be done without me; and the town-clerk can have his coffer to-day."

"No, dear husband," replied the wife, "he sent a little while ago to say that he had got one; and now, you see, the coffer must be kept on hand unsold."

"The town-clerk is an old fool," continued Baptist, fretfully. "These aristocrats!—they always want to ride on the necks of us honest tradcrs. But patience! Our turn will come some day."

"But, dearest husband," said Maagaret, soothingly, "the town-clerk has always been very agreeable and friendly with you, and it is certainly not his fault, that the coffer was not ready at the right time. Many go out for wool and come home shorn. Had you thought more of the skin than of the fleece, you would have saved yourself all this trouble. You understand: your business—that's the skin; the street paving—that's the fleece."

"Yes, I understand well enough what you mean," rejoined the Tischlermeister, "but I understand it quite otherwise! You, however, do not understand me: men were meant for general affairs, for great matters. Their mind stretches far beyond the narrow circle of housewifery. Only let me alone, and don't mix yourself up in things which don't concern you, and which you don't understand."

Frau Margaret saw plainly that her remonstrance made no impression, and she remained silent. But her sad and downcast looks spoke more loudly to the heart of her husband than her words. Heinzelmann found that her view was not far wrong, after all, and made an attempt to withdraw from his companions, and again live a domestic life. But his attempt failed. Vanity, and the desire to appear somebody, led him back again to his crooked ways, and soon they became worse.

The insurrection at Paris broke out—the Republic was proclaimed—and the news of these events fell on the minds of the German people like a spark in a barrel of gunpowder. Blow followed blow, feelings grew hot, and almost every town had its own revolution. That was something for Master Baptist Heinzelmann. He was called to the head of the Democratic party, and made the leader of a revolutionary club, and spouted speeches full of fire and flame; the mob cried hurrah! held up their hands for him—he became drunk with triumph—was chosen town-councilor—a great man, as he thought, and leader of the people. He was near being elected Deputy to the Diet, and sent as representative to the Parliament at Berlin. Master Baptist swam in pleasures—Frau Margaret swam in tears. Her husband triumphed—she sat at home and wept. Her husband walked proudly about, and looked radiant with joy—she was full of mournfulness, and the feeling of happiness seemed to have disappeared from her heart forever.

Master Heinzelmann appeared to be totally changed. He troubled himself no longer about his business, but left every thing to his work men. Every morning early, he left home to fulfill his new vocation as leader of the people, and to labor for their happiness. He saw not that his own happiness was going to ruin in the mean time. He used to return home late, worn-out, weary, and hoarse with much speechifying and shouting, and ill-tempered into the bargain. Scarcely had he exchanged a few sulky words with his poor wife, than he betook himself to bed. He rarely saw his children: the pleasant evenings in the front-room had all vanished as a

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dream, and could not be recalled. Instead of merry laughter, and joyful cries, and glad shoutings, there was nothing to be heard but the low, sad sobs of Frau Margaret. Peace and contentment seemed to have fled from the house, as well as from the hearts of all its inmates. Yes—all! for to confess the truth, Master Baptist Heinzelmann found, little by little, that although his new life in the busy current of politics brought plenty of excitement, it by no means brought contentment; and instead of making him happy, it laid upon him rather a burden of cares, vexations, hardships, and losses of many kinds. At first it went well enough—but how went it afterward! His party, which in truth was not a small one, listened to him right willingly when he held forth and displayed his political knowledge, but they also had no objection to a cool drink now and then between the fiery speeches. So Master Baptist, from time to time, in order to keep up his popularity, was obliged to let a cask of ale go the rounds, and that was not quite so pleasant to him as to be listened to with attention, and to hear the hurrahs when he said something a little more violent than usual. Besides, there were other leaders of the people as well as he, who stood in high favor with the mob, but who had very little money, while Master Heinzelmann was well-to-do, and could afford to offer a sacrifice on the altar of his country, and—he offered it. Only, somehow or other, the sacrifice was wanted so often, and that was not much to the liking of the Tischlermeister. In the end—and that worried him the most—his journeymen became refractory all of a sudden. They wished also to have property of their own, and demanded higher wages. Baptist Heinzelmann liked revolutions very well, but not against himself, and so he told all his hands to go to Jericho, and for a time his business went to sleep. From this it happened that orders did not come in quite so numerously as before, which puzzled Baptist not a little. He began to turn it over in his mind, and all at once he bethought himself of what his good-hearted wife had said to him one day: "Remember! the skin is nearer than the fleece." Never had the truth of this proverb come before him so strikingly and forcibly, as now that his delusions were losing their strength. A singular and irresistible longing to return once more to his former tranquil and retired, and yet happy life, overcame him. What was the selfish love of the mob, against the pure and true love of wife and children? a painted bubble in comparison with a bright and costly jewel. Baptist Heinzelmann plucked up a heart; toward evening he left the council-house and went home. No one was in the garden; it lay there in deep stillness. He stole down a by-path to his workshop, where now but three hands were employed out of the dozen that formerly worked therein, and threw off his Sunday clothes, put on his dear old comfortable jacket, his cap on his head, reached down the clay pipe which had had such a long rest, lit it, and then went softly through the inner to the other room. Wife and children sat, as often before, on the threshold, not lively as they used to be, but particularly quiet and downcast—even merry Fritz had scarcely a word to say for himself. The sun was dropping down to his setting, and cast golden streams of light through the thick foliage of the vine which enwreathed the door and window, down upon the clean boards of the floor. Sweet odors were borne in on the air from the garden, the birds chirped and twittered their last evening notes, and peace and tranquillity reigned around, except in the hearts which once knew nothing else than joy and contentment.

Heinzelmann leant over the door, and for a time looked at his family in silence. The past came before his mind as pleasant pictures. "What a fool was I!" he said inwardly to himself; "what more blessed happiness can there be, than the happiness in the circle of one's own family! What a fool was I, not to see this long ago: that I could so long be blinded by stupid vanity and foolish pride! But there is yet time, and I will not let it escape."

"Margaret," he said aloud, and with friendly voice.

"Baptist—is that you? and so early!" she cried, and sprang up; "and what do I see! in the old cap and jacket! Are you not going out again?"

"Not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor afterward," answered he, smiling. "With the old dress, I have found again my old heart. The skin is nearer than the fleece, my Margaret, my good, dear wife!"

"Oh, goodness!" she exclaimed, "what do you say? what do I hear? am I not in a dream?"

"If you are dreaming that the old contentment has come back again," replied Baptist, "then is your dream a true one. I have grown wise at last, Margaret."

"Thank God!" stammered the Frau; "and instead of handling the pen, you will now work with the plane—will you?"

"Yes, Margaret, stick to that which I know, and leave it to others to bungle at politics. In short, I have given up my post—I am no longer town-councilor. I am now only what I was before—Tischlermeister Baptist Heinzelmann! Am I welcome to you as such?"

With a shriek of delight, Frau Margaret fell into her husband's open arms. Long and close was their embrace, and the sense of newly-quickened joy brought sweet tears from the wife's heart. The children understood not what was going on; but they saw that their father was glad and contented, and they were glad and contented too. Until late at night, they sat together in the garden, rejoicing in their new-found happiness.

Baptist became truly the Tischlermeister of former days, and suffered himself to be no more drawn into temptation. A burnt child shuns the fire; and he knew now the difference between family joys and worldly joys. His late friends and companions came entreating him to take part once more in their proceedings, but Baptist

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put them off with a laugh, and answered, "Not so, dear friends—the skin is nearer than the fleece! In-doors there, at the work-bench, is my post. Other people understand politics and government better than I—I leave the task to them."

The friends and companions tried again two or three times—Heinzelmann, however, remained firm; they gave up and came no more. But the old customers returned, and the old journeymen also, who had thought better of their strike—and above all, the old joy of tranquil, domestic life.

Baptist would not change with any one. And Frau Margaret!—only go by the house some day toward evening, when she is playing with the children, or sitting with them and her husband in the garden; then, when you hear her clear, silvery laugh, then, I can believe, you will no more ask if she is happy. Such a laugh can come only from a truly happy heart.

MY FIRST PLACE.

MY father died before I can remember any thing. My mother had a hard life; and it was all that she could do to keep herself and me. We lived in Birmingham, in a house where there were many other lodgers. We had only one room of our own; and, when my mother went out to work, she locked the door and left me there by myself. Those were dreary days. When it was summer, and the bright sun shone in at the window, I thought of the green fields that I used to see sometimes on Sundays, and I longed to be sitting under a shady tree, watching the little lambs, and all young things that could play about. When it was winter, I used to sit looking at the empty grate, and wishing to see the bright blaze which never came. When mother went away in the winter mornings, she told me to run about to warm myself; and, when I was tired and began to feel cold, to get into the blankets on the bed. Many long and wearisome hours I passed in those blankets; listening and listening to every step upon the stairs, expecting to hear mother's step. At times I felt very lonely; and fancied, as it began to grow darker and darker, that I could see large, strange shapes rising before me; and, though I might know that it was only my bonnet that I looked at, or a gown of mother's hanging up behind the door, or something at the top of the old cupboard, the things seemed to grow larger and larger, and I looked and looked till I became so frightened, that I covered my head with the blanket, and went on listening for mother's return. What a joyful sound to me was the sound of the key put into the door-lock! It gave me courage in an instant: then I would throw away the blanket; and, raising my head with a feeling of defiance, would look round for the things that had frightened me, as if to say, "I don't care for you now." Mother would light the fire, bring something from the basket, and cook our supper. She would then sit and talk to me, and I felt so happy that I soon forgot all that had gone before.

Mother could not always get work. I was glad then; for those days were the Sundays of my life; she was at home all day; and although we often had nothing to eat but bread and potatoes, she had her tea; and the potatoes always tasted to me at these times better than they did on other days. Mother was not a scholar, so she could not teach me much in that way; but she taught me how to keep our room clean and free from dust. I did not know much of other children; but I had a little cousin about my own age, who came sometimes on Sundays with my aunt, and sometimes we went to see them.

At last mother was taken ill—so very ill that she could not go out to work, and as I could not do for her all that was wanted to be done, my aunt came to be with us. Mother became worse and worse, and the doctor said he did not think she would ever get better. I heard him say this to aunt, and he said it in such a way as if he thought I could not feel; and I do think there are some people who think that children can not feel; but I *did* feel it very much. Aunt used to sit up at nights. I had a little bed made in a corner of the room on the floor. One night after I had cried myself to sleep, I started up from a bad dream about dear mother. At first I could not remember where I was, not being used to my strange bed; but, when I did remember, I saw that the rush-light was just burning out. All was very quiet. The quietness frightened me. The light flared for an instant, and then it was gone; but it showed me my aunt lying on the floor with her head leaning on the bed; she was fast asleep. I thought mother was asleep, too, and I did not dare to speak. Softly creeping out of bed, I groped my way, as well as I could to mother's side. I listened, but I heard no sound; I got nearer to her; I could not hear her breathe; I put out my hand to feel her face; the face was clammy and almost cold. "Mother! dear mother!" I cried. The cry awoke my aunt; she got a light. Mother was dead.

I can not remember what happened for a long time afterward; for I was very ill, and was taken to my aunt's house. I was very miserable when I got better again. I felt quite alone in the world; for though aunt was kind, her kindness was not like mother's kindness. Whenever I could get to be by myself, I used to think of poor mother; and often in the long, long nights, I would lie awake thinking about her, fancying that she was near, saying things to comfort me. Poor mother!

Time passed on, and by degrees I began to feel happier; for through the interest of a kind lady—a Mrs. Jones—I was got into a school, where I was kept entirely, and taught not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and to do needle-work; but was also taught how to do every branch of household work, so as to qualify me to be a servant. At the age of sixteen, suitable places were provided for the girls.

I pass over my school-days. They were very happy ones; but, when I was selected to be the servant of a lady in London, I was very miserable at parting from every body that I knew in the world, and at going among strangers who would not love me one bit.

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It rained heavily on the day I left; and every thing to be seen out of the window of the railway train looked dismal and dripping. When I got to the station, in London, I went into the waiting-room. I waited a long time: one after another went away, till at last I was left alone to watch the pouring rain as it fell faster and faster. I was beginning to feel very dismal indeed, when a smartly dressed young woman came into the waiting-room. At first I thought she was a lady; she came toward me, "Are you the young person from Birmingham?" she said. I was up in a moment, saying, "Yes, ma'am," courtesying as I spoke. But the minute afterward I was sorry that I had courtesied; for I was sure *she* was no my mistress.

We were soon in the cab. "Well," said my companion, whom I soon knew to be Maria Wild, the housemaid, "and so you took me to be your mistress, did you?" and she laughed in a disagreeable way; "I shan't forget your humble courtesy, and I'll try to keep you up to it." The house at which we stopped was a pretty stone house, standing at a little distance from the road, surrounded by a nice garden. I was glad it was in the country, for the sight of trees and green fields always called to mind those happy Sundays when dear mother was alive. But the country looked very gloomy just then; every thing seemed as dull as I was.

I was chilly and shivering, and glad to creep to the fire; no one was in the kitchen. The kettle was boiling: it sounded cheerily, like the voice of friends I had often heard. The tea-things were set ready, and every thing around looked comfortable. By-and-by in came Maria and another servant—the cook. She was so smart! I looked at her timidly. "Well!" she said, "now for your courtesy." I knew at once that Maria had been telling her about my mistake. I looked grave, and felt very uncomfortable; but I did not courtesy. "Come, come," said she, "I'll excuse you to-night; you shall have some tea to cheer you up a bit. But don't look so down-hearted, girl; this'll never do; you must pluck up."

Then we sat down. She asked me a great many questions, all about the place I had come from; the relations that I had; every thing about the school; what I had done there; till at last I was quite tired of answering. Then I asked some questions in my turn.

The family consisted of a master and mistress, three children (all young), and four servants. My business, I heard, was the care of the second drawing-room, to help the nurse till two o'clock, and after that time to help the cook. I wished that it had fallen to my chance to have had a place more decidedly a *one* place than this seemed to be; but I did not dare to say a word. I was very much tired, and cook told me that I might go to bed; for mistress (who was out) would not return till too late to speak to me that night. Very glad I was to go. I was to sleep in the room with the cook and housemaid; but had a small bed to myself. Tired as I was, I could not sleep. When they came into the room, they believed me to be asleep, and they went on talking for a long time. I wished not to hear what they said; for though I could not understand half of it, I was sure that what they talked about was very wrong. With such companions I felt that I could never be happy. I longed for morning, that I might write at once to the matron of my school and tell her so.

But what would the matron say? I knew well that she would chide me; for in the very last advice she gave me, she said that I must expect, when I went into the world, to meet with evil-speakers and with evil-doers, and that it must be my constant care to keep myself unspotted from bad example. I thought of this over and over again, and determined that, whatever might happen, I would try to do right. Besides, I had not seen the nurse yet; she might be a person that I could like; and in this hope I went to sleep.

When I awoke, the bright sunlight was shining in through the window; I was alone in the room, and I was sure that it was very late. I was dressing hurriedly when the door softly opened. It was Maria Wild. "How soundly you have slept!" she said; "I had not the heart to awake you; but you must make haste now, for mistress is down, and has asked for you, and we have finished breakfast." I was not long in following her. The cook had kept some tea warm for me; her manner seemed kinder, and I wished that I could forget what had passed. By-and-by the parlor bell rang. It was for me; and, with a beating heart, I prepared to go into the presence of my first mistress.

What a pretty, sweet, gentle lady! and so very young that I could scarcely believe she could be my mistress. She spoke to me most gently, hoped I should prove a good girl; and, without entering into the nature of my duties, merely said that the cook and the nurse would put me in the right way. Dear lady! she was like many other ladies who marry as soon as they leave school; and who, without knowing any thing at all about the management of a house, rush into housekeeping.

I wish I could have had all my instructions from my mistress. As it was, I had three distinct mistresses; my real one knowing less about what I did, than either of the others. I was often very much tempted to peep into the beautiful books which were lying about the drawing-room I had the care of. As I dusted them with my brush, once or twice I could not resist; and, one morning I opened the prettiest, in which there were such beautiful engravings, that I turned them all over till I came to the end. One engraving seemed so very interesting that I could not resist reading a little of the story which told about it. I was standing with the book in one hand, the dusting brush in the other, forgetting every thing else, when I was startled by the sound of my own name. I turned round and saw my mistress. "Fanny!" repeated my mistress, "this is very wrong; I do not allow this." I could not speak, but I felt myself turn very red,

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and I put the book hastily on the table. I did not try to make any excuse for what I had done. I was touched by the gentleness with which my mistress had reproved me.

Several weeks passed. I was very miserable, but I struggled hard to bear all as well as I could. I was sure that both the nurse and the cook gave me a great many things to do that they ought to have done themselves; so that I had very little rest, and was very tired when night came. I was certain that I was a restraint on what they had to say to each other: they were by no means sure of me; and, when I entered the kitchen unexpectedly, I knew by their altered tone and manners that they spoke of something different to what they had been speaking about before. I saw many signs pass between them, which they did not think I saw. Sometimes I knew they were trying to see how far they might trust me, and I had a strong wish that they would find out they *never* would be able to trust me.

One day I was cleaning the children's shoes in a little out-house near the kitchen, when my mistress came down to give orders for dinner. The cook did not know I was there. Most of what was said I could hear very distinctly; for the kitchen-door was open. "Oh! indeed, ma'am," said the cook, "these young girls eat a great deal; you'd be astonished to see how she makes away with the puddings."—"Change of air has given her an appetite, I suppose," said my mistress.—"Yes, indeed, ma'am; but if it was an appetite in moderation, I should say nothing about it; but to see her eat in the way she does—why, ma'am, yesterday, besides the pudding left from the nursery, I had made another for our dinner, and though Mary and I took only the least morsel, there was not a bit left."—"Indeed!" said my mistress, and left the kitchen.

It was hard work for me to keep quiet. Twice I went toward the kitchen-door. I felt myself burn all over with anger; but I was struck dumb by the falsehoods I had heard. There had been no pudding for dinner the day before, and having had a headache, I had eaten no meat; nor could I have been tempted even by the savory-looking veal cutlets that the cook had prepared for herself and Mary. For some time after my mistress had left the kitchen I remained quite still; indeed, I was scarcely able to move; then I made a rush toward the kitchen-door, intending to upbraid the cook with her wickedness; but again I checked myself. I waited till I could leave the out-house and pass up the back stairs without being seen; then I went into the room where I slept, threw myself upon my little bed, and cried bitterly.

I was roused by the nurse, who had been seeking the children's shoes to take the children out to walk. I washed my eyes, and went out with them. The baby was a nice chubby little thing, about seven months old, but he was what the nurse called "lumpish, and had no spring," so that he was very heavy to carry. When we went out to walk, the nurse always carried baby till we got out of sight of the house; then she gave him to me; and when we returned she always took him again at the same place. After taking one turn on the heath "promenade," we went down by the sand-pits, and walking on till we came to a retired place, the nurse seated herself near a heather bush, and took a book. My arms ached so very much that I should have been glad to sit down too; but she told me to go on, the other children following me. After I had walked some distance, baby awoke, and began to cry. I could not comfort him. The more I tried, the louder he screamed, and the two little children, frightened at his screams, began to cry too. I turned to go back, but we had gone further than I thought; and the road being irregular, we had picked our way round many tall bushes of heather, all looking so much alike—that I did not know which way to take. In great trouble what to do, and scarcely being able to hold the baby any longer, I shouted "Nurse! nurse!" as loud as I could shout; but so great was the noise made by the screaming of the children, that my voice could not be heard. Presently, however, to my great relief, the nurse suddenly appeared from behind the bush, near which we were sitting.

What a face of rage she had! "How dare you," she said, "how dare you go so far?" Then snatching the child from my arms, she would not hear a word; but as soon as she had made him and the rest of the children quiet, she went on abusing me very much indeed.

We were still some way from home when the church clock chimed a quarter to two. Suddenly the nurse stopped, put her hand into her pocket, and looked very much frightened. "I've left the book," she said, "left it on the bank; run—run directly—make haste—don't lose a moment, or it may be gone." I stood still; for I felt angry at having been scolded so undeservedly. "Go! go this instant!" I was too late; the book was gone! I scarcely dared to go back. "Not find it!" said the nurse, when I came up to her; "it must be there; you've done this on purpose." When we had reached home, she flung the baby hurriedly into my arms. "I'll go myself," she said.

The book I had seen her take out of her pocket looked very much like one placed on a side-table in the room of which I had charge, and so great was my curiosity to know if it really were the same, that I could not resist going down to see; so putting the baby (who had begun to cry again) upon the bed, and telling the little ones to sit still for a minute, down I went. The book was not on the table. I was sure that I had dusted and placed it there that very morning, and I now felt certain that *that* book was the lost one. The nurse returned, but without the book. She seemed very much hurried, and was very cross. She could not have been more so if the book had been lost by any fault of mine. She asked me if I knew the name of it. I told her that I did not; taking care not to mention my suspicion—nay, my certainty—that it was the very book I had dusted and placed on the table that morning.

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The next day a great change seemed to have come over both the nurse and the cook; their manner was much kinder than ever it had been before. Neither of them said a cross word; yet I was almost certain that the nurse had been telling the cook that I had overheard what she had said to my mistress. The cause of this change puzzled me at first, but I soon suspected that they each wanted to coax me; the one to say nothing about "the large appetite," the other about the lost book.

Since the loss of the book, every time the bell had rung, my heart leaped as though it would burst through my body, and I looked anxiously at Mary Wild when she came into the kitchen again; but nothing came of all this. One day, Mary, having a bad fit of toothache, I had to wait at table. That very afternoon mistress sent to speak to me; she was sitting in the inner drawing-room. Strange to say, that much as I had thought about the book, at that very moment I had forgotten all about it, and almost started when mistress said, "Fanny, I want to know if you have misplaced a book that was on that table: it is nearly a week since I missed it, but not chancing to want it till now, I forgot to make inquiry about it." I turned very red. I could not speak. My mistress looked questioningly into my face. "Do you know where it is, Fanny?" "No—yes—no, indeed, ma'am, no." "Fanny, Fanny! I am sure you are not speaking the truth; there is something wrong—you *do* know something about it." And she looked fixedly on my face. I became redder still, but did not answer. "Where is it? what is become of it?" "Indeed, I have had nothing to do with the loss of that book." "To do with the *loss*? Then you allow that you do know that it is lost! How can you know this without having something to do with it?" "Oh! pray, ma'am, pray, pray ask the nurse." "The nurse! what can she possibly have to do with the loss of that book?" Again I was silent. The bell was rung, and the nurse ordered to come down. A glance at her face told me that she knew what was going on. "Nurse," said my mistress, "Fanny asks me to go to you to account for the loss of a book which has been missing for some days out of this room. Do you know any thing about it?" "I, ma'am!" said the nurse, pretending to be very much surprised. "Yet I can't say that I know nothing about a book that *was* in this room." Then turning to me—"Did you not put it back again? you know very well that I threatened to tell mistress about it; and I'm very sorry, now, that I did not tell her."

The only word I could say was, "Nurse!"

"I am sure, ma'am," said the nurse, "I should have been very sorry to say any thing against her—and if you had not found her out, I should not have told about her. She is but young, ma'am, and may improve—but, indeed, ma'am, never in my life did I see a young girl tell a lie with such a face of innocence." I was bursting with shame and vexation. "May I speak, ma'am! Oh! pray hear me—it was not I: it was *she* who lost the book. Do let me speak, ma'am; pray let me tell you—" "No, you shall have no inducement to tell more falsehoods. I fear I shall be obliged to send you home again; I can not have any one with my children who tells untruths." And she pointed to the nurse to open the door for me. As she was doing so, nurse said, "She told me, ma'am, how you had caught her reading one morning, when—" Here she shut me out and herself in.

If I had had money enough to take me to Birmingham, I believe I should not have staid in the house an hour longer; but how often have I been thankful that I had not; for, if I had gone away then, nothing could ever have cleared me in the eyes of my mistress, and I should have been disgraced forever.

Though I had been five months in my place, I had written but two letters; one to my aunt, the other to the matron. I was never allowed a light to take up-stairs, so that I had no opportunity of writing there. It was late when the servants came to bed that night; and, after having cried a great deal, I was just dropping to sleep when they came into the room. I did not sleep long. When I awoke, there was darkness in the room again, and the servants were snoring. Then all at once the thought came into my head that I would get up and write a letter to my aunt. I slipped on a few things. It was too dark for me to be able to see any thing in the room, and I did not know where the candle had been put Very much disappointed, I was preparing to get into bed again, when I remembered the lamp standing on the centre-table in the inner drawing-room; that room of which I had the charge I opened the door softly, and found my way into the drawing-room. I flamed up a match, which gave light long enough for me to find the lamp; then I flamed up another, and lighted it. The lamp gave but a dull light; all in the house was so quiet, and every thing looked so dusky, that I was frightened, and went on trembling more than before. There was paper in the case before me, and there were pens in the inkstand, but I never thought of using *those*. My own paper and pens were under the tray of my work-box, and that was in the kitchen. The lamp was not too large to be easily carried; so, taking it up with care, I went into the kitchen. The two cats on the hearth roused up when I opened the door. One rushed out and began to mew loudly. How frightened I was! I waited, hoping the cats might settle again; but they began mewing louder than ever, looking up to my face, and then rubbing themselves against the meat-screen. I was sure that they smelt something that they wanted me to give them; so I went toward the meat-screen to see what it was. There I saw a hand-basket, and something wrapped up in a cloth. Pushing the meat-screen cautiously aside, I lifted the basket out. Within I found a medley of things that would have puzzled wiser heads than mine to know how they could come together. There was a thick slice of uncooked veal, two sausages, a slice of raw salmon, some green

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pease, and seven new potatoes, half a pot of raspberry jam, a nutmeg, and half a cucumber. I did not dare to untie the bundle—which was folded up very carefully—but I could feel bits of candles, and a basin among the oddments it seemed to contain. I put the basket quickly down again. The cats had been mewing about me all this time. At length I did contrive to escape. I had reached the drawing-room, placed the lamp on the table, when I saw the two bits of burnt matches which I had forgotten to pick up, and which might have left traces of my wanderings. There was another bit somewhere. In my gladness to have remembered this, I moved the lamp quickly, and in carrying it toward the floor, I knocked the glass against the edge of the table; it fell to shivers, and the light was extinguished. What was to be done? Nothing: there was nothing to be done but to leave things just as they were, and to creep into bed again.

In the morning I hurried down, fearful lest any of the servants should chance to go into the drawing-room before I had picked up the broken glass. I opened the shutters, and soon found that the shattered glass was not all the injury that had been done. There was lamp-oil on the beautiful carpet! There seemed no end to my troubles.

"Broken the lamp-glass!" said the cook, as I passed through the kitchen with the broken bits of glass; "what ever will you do?"—"I can do nothing but tell mistress."—"Then I'll tell you what to do; take my advice, and deny it." "Deny what?"—"Why, that you've broken the lamp-glass."—"What! tell my mistress a lie? how can you give me such wicked advice?"—"Well; it's no business of mine," said the cook; "if you won't tell her a lie, *I'll* tell her the truth." I determined, however, to speak first. I could not go about my usual work till I had spoken to my mistress; and yet, when I heard the dining-room door open, and knew that she would be coming up, I ran out of the room, and went up-stairs; my courage failed me, and I hardly dared to go down again. From the top of the stairs I saw her go into the room, and I saw the cook following her. I expected every moment to be called. Soon the door opened, and the cook came out. I heard her say, distinctly, "Indeed, ma'am, I'm afraid she'll turn out badly; but I've done what I can to make her confess." At the sound of the opening of the door, with a sudden determination, I had rushed down stairs, and was within a few steps of the room as the cook came out. On seeing me, she shut the door quickly, and turned quite red; then, speaking in a voice on purpose for my mistress to hear, she said, "What! have you been listening?" I made no answer; but went into the room.

There was an expression of displeasure on the face of my mistress as she looked at me. She asked, "How did you break the lamp-glass? Tell me the truth—for though I may pardon the accident, I will not pardon any falsehood about it."

I begged that I might tell her every thing, and that I might begin from the day when I came to my place. I did so. I told her all, and very much in the same way that I have just been writing it now. She listened to me with great attention, and at parts of what I told her, I could see her countenance change very much indeed. When I had done, she said, "Fanny, you have told me that which has shocked me very much. I can say nothing further to you till I have spoken to Mr. Morgan; meantime you must be silent, and go on as usual."

Mr. Morgan was at that time from home, and not expected for some days. Meanwhile, Mrs. Morgan had missed several bottles of wine from the cellar. She had a distinct knowledge of three bottles that were not in their places.

The morning after his arrival he did not go to London as usual. He and my mistress were talking together in the study for a long time. I knew well what they were talking about, and so flurried did I feel, that I could hardly get on with my work. At length I met mistress as she was going up-stairs. She said she was coming to bid me go into the study; and her manner was so kind that I obeyed her without fear. My master, too, spoke very kindly to me. I found that my mistress had written to tell him what had been passing at home in his absence, and that he, chancing to be at Dudley, which is only a short distance from Birmingham, had gone there to make further inquiry about me; that he had been at the school, had seen the matron, and had also seen my aunt. All that he had heard about me had satisfied him, and convinced him that what I had told my mistress was nothing but the truth. "Is this your handkerchief, Fanny?" said my master, taking up one from a side table. "Yes, sir, it is," I said, unfolding it, "and here is my name marked; it was given to me by a favorite little schoolfellow, and I feared I had lost it."—"Where do you think I found this handkerchief, Fanny?"—"Indeed, sir, I can't tell; but, thank you, sir, for I am so glad it is found." "I found it in the wine-cellar." I must have looked very much alarmed, for my mistress said kindly, "Don't look so frightened, Fanny." My master rang the bell: it was answered by Mary Wild. "Stay here," he said; "and, Fanny, go and tell the nurse to come down." When the nurse entered, he rang the bell again. No one came. Indeed, there was no one to come but the cook; and that not being *her* bell, she did not think of answering it. "Shall I tell her, sir?" said Mary Wild, who, as well as the nurse, now beginning to suspect something was wrong, turned very pale. "No!" said my master, angrily, "no one shall leave the room." Just then the door opened, and the cook entered. The plausible smooth face she had put on was gone in an instant, on seeing what was the state of things. After a moment's silence, he began "This handkerchief," he said, "though marked with Fanny's name, was not put in the wine-cellar by her." He looked sternly at the cook—"Silence!" he said, to the cook, when she tried

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to speak. He then went on: "If the three bottles of wine stolen out of the cellar are still in the house, they *shall* be found—here is a search warrant, and at the door is a policeman, ready to enforce its execution. There is no escape, and in confession is the best chance of mercy." Mary Wild looked at the cook. I shall never forget that woman's face at that moment. She seemed choking with feelings that she tried to hide, and uncertain what it would be the best for her to do; she went at last toward the door, and suddenly opening it, was rushing out of the room and up-stairs. "Stop!" cried my master, following her.—"I must go," she said, "I am ill. This sudden shock—to think that I—that it should come to this—to be suspected."—And then she screamed, and tried to throw herself into a fit; but the fit would not come. Mr. Morgan said, "You had better be quiet, and submit quietly to what you can not escape from."—"I will," she screamed out; "I have nothing to fear—I am innocent; only let me go up-stairs; only let me have a few minutes to—" "Not an instant," said my master. He then opened the window, and called to the policeman, who had been waiting in the garden. The boxes of each of the servants were examined. In the cook's box were found two of the bottles, besides many things belonging to my mistress—cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, chamber-towels, silk-stockings, and many other articles, marked with the names of visitors who had been staying in the house. Folded up in some crumpled bits of paper, and put into the sleeve of an old gown, was a silver fork, that had been lost more than a year ago, and that mistress had supposed to have been stolen by the housemaid who had lived there before Mary Wild came. In the nurse's box were several things that looked very unlikely to be her own, but they did not belong to mistress. In a corner of the nursery cupboard was the third bottle of wine; that also had been opened. In Mary Wild's box there was nothing to excite suspicion.

When the examination was over, master gave the cook in charge to the policeman. The nurse was told to leave the house within an hour. She would have had much to say, but master would not hear her.

A month's notice was given to Mary Wild. I was glad of it; for though I knew that she had entered into many of the wicked cook's deceptions, there was a something about her that made me think she would have been good, if she had not been under such evil influence. All had been so sudden, that I almost fancied it had been a dream. For a few days we went on without other servants, and I thought things had never been so comfortable as they were during this time; but Mary Wild was taken so very ill, that a doctor was sent for. She became worse and worse, and I scarcely ever left her. In her delirium she would talk about things that had passed between the cook and herself; and though she did not know what she was saying, I felt sure that what she said *had been*. A very long time she was ill; then a sudden change took place; and she was out of danger. Poor thing! how quiet, and patient, and sorrowful she was: and how grateful for every thing that was done for her! Mistress was so much touched by the many signs of sorrow Mary had shown, that she allowed her to remain in her place. Though I was so young, only just seventeen, my mistress, knowing that I was fond of the children, trusted them to my care. She engaged another nurse for three months to "put me in the way." At the end of that time she sent to the school for another girl to fill the place which had been mine. Very great was my delight to find that she was the one who had been my most favorite schoolfellow; the very girl who had given me the handkerchief.

The cook was committed for trial; her sentence was six months' imprisonment. What became of the nurse I never knew.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gayety in front of Señor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow—wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*, Starkey master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Señor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey, of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelvemonth previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Señor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Señora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *et cetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Among these, belonging to the American mer-

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chants, were a number of barrels of gunpowder, that had proved unsalable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the northwest, with the intention, it seemed, of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humor, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havanna and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Capt. Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which every where intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendors of the intensely-lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Señora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The señor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away," said Señora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, "till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements."

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humor into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out, "I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable."

"Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*" shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!"

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. "Let us proceed," he said, in a quick whisper, "to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption." He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped toward Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said, "I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall—"

"Thank you, Mr. Desmond," replied the English captain; "but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duelist, and shall not fight M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. "Not fight!"

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. "Not fight, Captain Starkey!" said Mr. Desmond, with grave earnestness, after a painful pause: "you, whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!"

"I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duel ing upon principle."

"A coward upon principle!" fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step toward Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

"Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you."

"But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!" exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; "or, by Heaven, I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!"

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace

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coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Señora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

"The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!" shouted Dupont, with triumphant mockery.

"I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman," exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; "but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that—"

Señora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterward we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Señora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Señora Arguellas toward the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongfully interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: "*Lâche!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. "*Ecoutez*, monsieur," said Captain Starkey: "individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica." He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forward. The passengers, colored as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apeak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in dueling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the northwest, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behavior of every body that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter of an hour afterward Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first-mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at the moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of "Fire! fire!"—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amid the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up,

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as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the forecastle. The two or three minutes he was gone —it could scarcely have been more than that— seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigor, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me; "Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment." Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: "You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish."

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively toward the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. "Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember," he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, "that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!"

It was marvelous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. "Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you"—and he named them—"remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear."

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as colored, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. "Back, back!" he shouted. "We must have funeral order here —first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Señora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!"

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's Herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!" roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: "or if you will, look there but for a moment," and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. "Men," he added, "let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

"Pull off," was the order: "you are deep enough for safety."

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

"Stay one moment; pass along Señor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!"

The next boat was quickly loaded; the colored lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

"You are a noble fellow," said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; "and I was but a fool to—"

"Pass on," was the reply: "there is no time to bandy compliments."

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

"Hold on a moment!" he cried. "Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;" and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: "Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again."

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered among us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining colored man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

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"Can she bear another?" he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

"We must, and will, sir; since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us."

"Stay one moment; I can not quit the ship while there's a living soul on board." He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. "Now pull for your lives!" The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. "We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart: there may be a chance yet." All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterward assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Señora Arguellas till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up every where through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descrying the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterward a swiftly-propelled pilot-boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat

"The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!"

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: "A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!"

"That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice!" exclaimed the foremost pilot. "Hurra, then, for the prize!" and away both sped with eager vigor, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt while this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbor. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognized the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterward we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honor—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. "I was very early left an orphan," he said, "and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs. ——." (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must

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be still familiar). "Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behavior during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is—" Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Señor Arguellas' countenance, which just then happened to be turned toward him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Señora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that so completely put him out, I can not say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havanna; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied, as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major: at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez buccaneering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you!

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

CHRISTMAS-DAY came—presents were to be exchanged. My friend Albert B—— and I were deputed to go to Bremen to make purchases, the choice thereof being left to our discretion. This, be it understood, was for the behoof of some of our gentlemen friends; the ladies had long been prepared with their offerings, which almost, in every case, were the work of their own hands.

We started on foot; it was genial frosty weather. At Oslebshausen, which is half-way, we rested, and took a glass of wine. Then we continued our march, and at last caught sight of the windmill, which marks the entrance to the town. Breakfast was the first thing to be thought of, so we went and breakfasted in a house situated in a street called the "Bishop's Needle." Then we hunted about in various shops, and finally arrived, not a little laden, at the office of the Lesmona omnibus. Here we deposited our goods, and secured our places; after which, as we had a couple of hours before us, we repaired to Stehely and Jansen's, the chief café of Bremen, to pass the time and read the papers.

Toward dusk we reached Lesmona, and our constituents immediately selected, each according to his taste, the articles we had brought them. For my part, as I was that evening a guest at the house of my friend the pastor, I betook myself thither with the trifling gifts I had bought for his children. I was destined to receive in return presents from them and other members of his family. How they were exchanged, I shall presently relate. I begin at the beginning of the ceremony; for the celebration of Christmas-day is, indeed, a ceremony in most parts of Germany.

The pastor's house is, when you look at it in front, a long, low building, with a prodigiously high thatched roof. If you go to the gable, however, you will find that there are actually three stories in it, two being in the said roof. The middle of the ground floor is occupied by a large hall, which gives access to all the chambers, and has a branch leading to one end of the edifice. At this end there is a door, on passing by which, you find yourself in the place where the cows, pigs, and other animals are kept. When I speak of the other animals, I should except the storks, who, on their arrival in spring, from Egypt or elsewhere, find their usual basket-work habitations about the chimneys all ready to receive them. One would imagine, by the way, that they brought from their winter quarters something like the superstition of the old inhabitants of the Nile valley, so great is the worship of the Germans for these birds, and so enthusiastically is their arrival hailed. No one would ever dare to murder a stork. A similar protection is extended to nightingales. The consequense is, that, being unmolested, the "solemn bird of night" becomes very tame. In the suburbs of Hamburg are numerous villas, and there, in a friend's garden, I have passed and repassed under the bough where, within the reach of my arm, a nightingale was singing. He not only showed no fear, but, being of a vain character, as nightingales naturally are, he strained his little throat the more that he saw I listened to him.

But to return to the pastor's house. In the corner of the hall of which I have spoken, was the "Christmas Tree." Some of those who

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read these sketches may have seen an engraving of Luther on a Christmas evening, his wife and children beside him. The tree represented in that engraving was the exact prototype of the one I now saw. It was of a species of fir, and on all its branches were fixed small wax-tapers. These, at the given hour, were lighted. Immediately, a procession of the village-school children entered, and placed themselves in order. Then the pastor appeared, and after a short prayer gave out a psalm. He conducted the music himself, and, as he had for some time been teaching the young people a little singing, it was much better than usual, more especially as there were no braying men to spoil it. The air was that brave old composition of the great reformer, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* ("A strong tower is our God"). Nothing nobler in psalmody exists.

After another short prayer, and a few words by way of speech, sundry rewards and prizes were distributed. The greater part of these were the handiwork of the pastor's family. I refer, of course, to the useful articles of dress and other things, which domestic female hands know how to sew, and knit, and embroider. Many tracts were distributed. A blessing was pronounced, and the children withdrew.

It was now our turn. The family assembled in the saloon—a fine apartment, about thirty feet in length. A long table, covered with a white cloth, extended down the centre. At this every one had his place—I among the rest. But it was not for a repast. Each had previously entered and deposited his or her Christmas boxes at the part of the table assigned to those to whom they were offered. We all had thus a little heap. As the greatest secresy is preserved up to the moment of the general entry, we had all the pleasure of a surprise. The curiosity of the children, and also of those who were not children, as they examined their gifts was most amusing. I, for my part, received among other things the following:—Sundry articles got up by the family fingers; a little box, covered with beads, for holding lucifer-matches; a German toy, meant to be instructive; a long chain in beads, intended for the decoration of a pipe. This pipe was in sugar, and was accompanied by a note in verse. The note I still have, but the pipe melted away in the damp of winter. I never could ascertain to whom I was indebted for this gift.

A little later, evening worship was celebrated, and then we supped. Long that night, after I had laid my head on my pillow, was I kept awake by the thoughts raised by the kind, hearty, and genial character of those with whom I had passed the evening, and of the good, old-fashioned, hearty ceremony in which I had participated.

Many a merry Christmas to these my friends!

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

OF all Miracles, the most wonderful is that of Life—the common, daily life which we carry about with us, and which every where surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not!

It is our daily familiarity with Life, which obscures its wonders from us. We live, yet remember it not. Other wonders attract our attention, and excite our surprise; but this, the great wonder of the world, which includes all others, is little regarded. We have grown up alongside of Life, with Life within us and about us; and there is never any point in our existence, at which its phenomena arrest our curiosity and attention. The miracle is hid from us by familiarity, and we see it not.

Fancy the earth without Life!—its skeleton ribs of rock and mountain unclothed by verdure, without soil, without flesh! What a naked, desolate spectacle,—and how unlike the beautiful aspect of external nature in all lands! Nature, ever-varied and ever-changing—coming with the spring, and going to sleep with the winter—in constant rotation. The flower springs up, blooms, withers, and falls, returning to the earth from whence it sprung, leaving behind it the germs of future being; for nothing dies; not even Life, which only gives up one form to assume another. Organization is traveling in an unending circle.

The trees in summer put on their verdure; they blossom; their fruit ripens—falls; what the roots gathered up out of the earth returns to earth again; the leaves drop one by one, and decay, resolving themselves into new forms, to enter into other organizations; the sap flows back to the trunk; and the forest, wood, field, and brake compose themselves to their annual winter's sleep. In spring and summer the birds sang in the boughs, and tended their young brood; the whole animal kingdom rejoiced in their full bounding life; the sun shone warm, and nature rejoiced in greenness. Winter lays its cold chill upon this scene; but the same scene comes round again, and another spring recommences the same "never-ending, still beginning" succession of vital changes. We learn to expect all this, and become so familiar with it, that it seldom occurs to us to reflect how much harmony and adaptation there is in the arrangement—how much of beauty and glory there is every where, above, around, and beneath us.

But were it possible to conceive an intelligent being, abstracted from our humanity, endowed with the full possession of mind and reason, all at once set down on the earth's surface—how many objects of surpassing interest and wonder would at once force themselves on his attention. The verdant earth, covered with its endless profusion of forms of vegetable life, from the delicate moss to the oak which survives the revolutions of centuries; the insect and animal kingdom, from the gnat which dances in the summer's sunbeams, up to the higher forms of sentient being; birds, beasts of endless diversity of form, instinct, and color; and, above all, Man—"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;"—these would, to such an intelligence, be a source of almost endless interest.

It is life which is the grand glory of the world

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it was the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? is not the fresh air delicious because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them? Without Life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life, intelligence, understanding, to know and adore Him, and to trace His finger in the works that He hath made?

Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone: of these, not fewer than 100,000 distinct species are already known and described; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Wherever you penetrate, that life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist; in the depths of ocean, in the arid desert, or at the icy polar regions. The air teems with life. The soil which clothes the earth all round, is swarming with life, vegetable and animal. Take a drop of water, and examine it with a microscope: lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within Life, exists other life, until it recedes before the powers of human vision. The parasitic animalcule, which preys upon or within the body of a larger animal, is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself. So minute are living animalcules, that Ehrenberg has computed that not fewer than five hundred millions can subsist in a single drop of water, and each of these monads is endowed with its appropriate organs, possesses spontaneous power of motion, and enjoys an independent vitality.

In the very ocean deeps, insects, by the labor of ages, are enabled to construct islands, and lay the foundations of future continents. The coral insect is the great architect of the southern ocean. First a reef is formed; seeds are wafted to it, vegetation springs up, a verdant island exists; then man takes possession, and a colony is formed.

Dig down into the earth, and from a hundred yards deep, throw up a portion of soil—cover it so that no communication can take place between that earth and the surrounding air. Soon you will observe vegetation springing up—perhaps new plants, altogether unlike any thing heretofore grown in that neighborhood. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of these seeds been preserved deep in the earth's bosom! Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must have been wrapped up there more than 2000 years before. It was planted, was rained and dewed upon, the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, bursting forth and blooming into a beauteous Dahlia!

At the North Pole, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red color. Examine it by the microscope, and, lo! it is covered with mushrooms, growing on the surface of the snow as their natural abode.

A philosopher distills a portion of pure water, secludes it from the air, and then places it under the influence of a powerful electric current. Living beings are stimulated into existence, the *acari Crossii* appear in numbers! Here we touch on the borders of a great mystery; but it is not at all more mysterious than the fact of Life itself. Philosophers know nothing about it, further than it *is*. The attempt to discover its cause, inevitably throws them back upon the Great First Cause. Philosophy takes refuge in religion.

Yet man is never at rest in his speculations as to causes; and he contrives all manner of theories to satisfy his demands for them. A favorite theory nowadays is what is called the Development theory, which proceeds on the assumption, that one germ of being was originally planted on the earth, and that from this germ, by the wondrous power of Life, all forms of vegetable and animal life have progressively been developed. Unquestionably, all living beings are organized on one grand plan, and the higher forms of living beings, in the process of their growth, successively pass through the lower organized forms. Thus, the human being is successively a monad, an a-vertebrated animal, an osseous fish, a turtle, a bird, a ruminant, a mammal, and lastly an infant Man. Through all these types of organization, Tiedemann has shown that the brain of man passes.

This theory, however, does nothing to explain the causes of life, or the strikingly diversified, and yet determinate characters of living beings; why some so far transcend others in the stages of development to which they ascend, and how it is that they stop there—how it is that animals succeed each other in right lines, the offspring inheriting the physical structure and the moral disposition of their parents, and never, by any chance, stopping short at any other stage of being—man, for instance, never issuing in a lion, a fish, or a polypus. We can scarcely conceive it possible that, had merely the Germ of Being been planted on the earth, and "set a-going," any thing like the beautiful harmony and extraordinary adaptation which is every where observable throughout the animated kingdoms of Nature, would have been secured. That there has been a grand plan of organization, on which all living beings have been formed, seems obvious enough; but to account for the diversity of being, by the theory that plants and animals have gradually advanced from lower to higher stages of being by an inherent power of self-development, is at variance with known facts, and is only an attempt to get rid of one difficulty by creating another far greater.

Chemists are equally at fault, in endeavoring to unvail the mysterious processes of Life. Before its power they stand abashed. For Life controls matter, and to a great extent overrules its combinations. An organized being is not held together by ordinary chemical affinity; nor can chemistry do any thing toward compounding organized tissues. The principles which enter into the composition of the organized being are few, the chief being charcoal and water, but into what wondrous forms does Life mould these com-

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mon elements! The chemist can tell you what these elements are, and how they are combined, when dead; but when living, they resist all his power of analysis. Rudolphi confesses that chemistry is able to investigate only the lifeless remains of organized beings.

There are some remarkable facts connected with Animal Chemistry—if we may employ the term—which show how superior is the principle of Life to all known methods of synthesis and analysis. For example, much more carbon or charcoal is regularly voided from the respiratory organs alone, of all living beings—not to speak of its ejection in many other ways—than can be accounted for, as having in any way entered the system. They also produce and eject much more nitrogen than they inhale. The mushroom and mustard plant, though nourished by pure water containing no nitrogen, give it off abundantly; the same is the case with zoophytes attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea; and reptiles and fishes contain it in abundance, though living and growing in pure water only. Again, plants which grow on sand containing not a particle of lime, are found to contain as much of this mineral as those which grow in a calcareous soil; and the bones of animals in New South Wales, and other districts where not an atom of lime is to be found in the soil, or in the plants from which they gather their food, contain the usual proportion of lime, though it remains an entire mystery to the chemist where they can have obtained it. The same fact is observable in the egg-shells of hens, where lime is produced in quantities for which the kind of food taken is altogether inadequate to account: as well as in the enormous deposits of coral-rock, consisting of almost pure lime, without any manifest supply of that ingredient. Chemistry fails to unravel these mysterious facts; nor can it account for the abundant production of soda, by plants growing on a soil containing not an atom of soda in any form: nor of gold in bezoards; nor of copper in some descriptions of shell-fish. These extraordinary facts seem to point to this—that many, if not most, of the elements which chemists have set down as simple, because they have failed to reduce them further, are in reality compound; and that what we regard as Elements, do not signify matters that are undecompoundable, but which are merely undecompounded by chemical processes. Life, however, which is superior to human powers of analysis, resolves and composes the ultimate atoms of things after methods of its own, but which to chemists will probably ever remain involved in mystery.

The last mystery of Life is Death. Such is the economy of living beings, that the very actions which are subservient to their preservation, tend to exhaust and destroy them. Each being has its definite term of life, and on attaining its acme of perfection, it begins to decay, and at length ceases to exist. This is alike true of the insect which perishes within the hour, and of the octogenarian who falls in a ripe old age. Love provides for the perpetuation of the species. "We love," says Virey, "because we do not live forever: we purchase love at the expense of our life." To die, is as characteristic of organized beings as to live. The one condition is necessary to the other. Death is the last of life's functions. And no sooner has the mysterious principle of vitality departed, than the laws of matter assert their power over the organized frame.

"Universal experience teaches us," says Liebig, "that all organized beings, after death, suffer a change, in consequence of which their bodies gradually vanish from the surface of the earth. The mightiest tree, after it is cut down, disappears, with the exception, perhaps of the bark, when exposed to the action of the air for thirty or forty years. Leaves, young twigs, the straw which is added to the soil as manure, juicy fruits, &c., disappear much more quickly. In a still shorter time, animal matters lose their cohesion; they are dissipated into the air, leaving only the mineral elements which they had derived from the soil.

"This grand natural process of the dissolution of all compounds formed in living organizations, begins immediately after death, when the manifold causes no longer act under the influence of which they were produced. The compounds formed in the bodies of animals and of plants, undergo, in the air, and with the aid of moisture, a series of changes, the last of which are, the conversion of their carbon into carbonic acid, of their hydrogen into water, of their nitrogen into ammonia, of their sulphur into sulphuric acid. Thus their elements resume the forms in which they can again serve as food to a new generation of plants and animals. Those elements which had been derived from the atmosphere take the gaseous form and return to the air; those which the earth had yielded, return to the soil. Death, followed by the dissolution of the dead generation, is the source of life for a new one. The same atom of carbon which, as a constituent of a muscular fibre in the heart of a man, assists to propel the blood through his frame, was perhaps a constituent of the heart of one of his ancestors; and any atom of nitrogen in our brain has perhaps been a part of the brain of an Egyptian or of a negro. As the intellect of the men of this generation draws the food required for its development and cultivation from the products of the intellectual activity of former times, so may the constituents or elements of the bodies of a former generation pass into, and become parts of our own frames.

The greatest mystery of all remains. What of the Spirit—the Soul? The vital principle which bound the frame together has been dissolved; what of the Man, the being of high aspirations, "looking before and after," and whose "thoughts wandered through eternity?" The material elements have not died, but merely assumed new forms. Does not the spirit of man, which is ever at enmity with nothingness and dissolution, live too? Religion in all ages has dealt with this great mystery, and here we leave it with confidence in the solution which it offers

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PERSONAL SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

MOST undoubtedly I was a spoilt child. When I recollect certain passages of my thrice happy early life, I can not have the slightest doubt about the matter, although it contradicts all foregone conclusions, all nursery and school-room morality, to say so. But facts are stubborn things. Spoilt I was. Every body spoilt me, most of all the person whose power in that way was greatest, the dear papa himself. Not content with spoiling me in-doors, he spoilt me out. How well I remember his carrying me round the orchard on his shoulder, holding fast my little three-year-old feet, while the little hands hung on to his pig-tail, which I called my bridle (those were days of pig-tails), hung so fast, and tugged so heartily, that sometimes the ribbon would come off between my fingers, and send his hair floating, and the powder flying down his back. That climax of mischief was the crowning joy of all. I can hear our shouts of laughter now.

Nor were these my only rides. This dear papa of mine, whose gay and careless temper all the professional *etiquette* of the world could never tame into the staid gravity proper to a doctor of medicine, happened to be a capital horseman; and abandoning the close carriage, which, at that time, was the regulation conveyance of a physician, almost wholly to my mother, used to pay his country visits on a favorite blood-mare, whose extreme docility and gentleness tempted him, after certain short trials round our old course, the orchard, into having a pad constructed, perched upon which I might occasionally accompany him, when the weather was favorable, and the distance not too great. A groom, who had been bred up in my grandfather's family, always attended us; and I do think that both Brown Bess and George liked to have me with them almost as well as my father did. The old servant proud, as grooms always are, of a fleet and beautiful horse, was almost as proud of my horsemanship; for I, cowardly enough, Heaven knows, in after-years, was then too young and too ignorant for fear—if it could have been possible to have had any sense of danger when strapped so tightly to my father's saddle, and inclosed so fondly by his strong and loving arm. Very delightful were those rides across the breezy Hampshire downs on a sunny summer morning; and grieved was I when a change of residence from a small town to a large one, and going among strange people who did not know our ways, put an end to this perfectly harmless, if somewhat unusual pleasure.

But the dear papa was not my only spoiler. His example was followed, as bad examples are pretty sure to be, by the rest of the household. My maid Nancy, for instance, before we left Hampshire, married a young farmer; and nothing would serve her but I must be bridesmaid. And so it was settled.

She was married from her own home, about four miles from our house, and was to go to her husband's after the ceremony. I remember the whole scene as if it were yesterday! How my father took me himself to the church-yard gate, where the procession was formed, and how I walked next to the young couple hand-in-hand with the bridegroom's man, no other than the village blacksmith, a giant of six-feet-three, who might have served as a model for Hercules. Much trouble had he to stoop low enough to reach down to my hand; and many were the rustic jokes passed upon the disproportioned pair, who might fitly have represented Brobdig nag and Liliput. My tall colleague proved, however, as well-natured as giants commonly are every where but in fairy tales, and took as good care of his little partner as if she had been a proper match for him in age and size.

In this order, followed by the parents on both sides, and a due number of uncles, aunts, and cousins, we entered the church, where I held the glove with all the gravity and importance proper to my office; and so contagious is emotion, and so accustomed was I to sympathize with Nancy, that when the bride cried, I could not help crying for company. But it was a love-match, and between smiles and blushes Nancy's tears soon disappeared, and so by the same contagion did mine. The happy husband helped his pretty wife into her own chaise-cart, my friend the blacksmith lifted me in after her, and we drove gayly to the large, comfortable farm-house where her future life was to be spent.

It was a bright morning in May, and I still remember when we drove up to the low wall which parted the front garden from the winding village road, the mixture of affection and honest pride which lighted up the face of the owner. The square, substantial brick house, covered with a vine, the brick porch garlanded with honeysuckles and sweet-brier, the espalier apple-trees on either side the path in full flower, the double row of thrift with its dull pink bloom, the stocks and wall-flowers under the window, the huge barns full of corn, the stacks of all shapes and sizes in the rick-yard, cows and sheep and pigs and poultry told a pleasant tale of rural comfort and rural affluence.

The bride was taken to survey her new dominions by her proud bridegroom, and the blacksmith finding me, I suppose, easier to carry than lead, followed close upon their steps with me in his arms.

Nothing could exceed the good-nature of my country beau; he pointed out bantams and peafowls, and took me to see a tame lamb, and a tall, staggering calf, born that morning; but for all that, I do not think I should have submitted so quietly to the indignity of being carried, I, who had ridden thither on Brown Bess, and was at that instant filling the ostensible place of bridesmaid, if it had not been for the chastening influence of a little touch of fear. Entering the

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poultry-yard I had caught sight of a certain turkey-cock, who erected that circular tail of his, and swelled out his deep-red comb and gills after a fashion familiar to that truculent bird, but which up to the present hour I am far from admiring. A turkey at Christmas well roasted with bread sauce, may have his merits; but if I meet him alive in his feathers, especially when he swells them out and sticks up his tail, I commonly get out of his way even now, much more sixty years ago. So I let the blacksmith carry me.

Then we went to the dairy, so fresh and cool and clean—glittering with cleanliness! overflowing with creamy riches! and there I had the greatest enjoyment of my whole day, the printing with my own hands a pat of butter, and putting it up in a little basket covered with a vine leaf, to take home for the dear mamma's tea. Then we should have gone to the kitchen, the back kitchen, the brew-house, the wash-house, and the rest of the bride's new territories, but this part of the domicil was literally too hot to hold us; the cooking of the great wedding dinner was in full activity, and the bridegroom himself was forced to retreat before his notable mother, who had come to superintend all things for the day.

So back we drew to the hall, a large square brick apartment, with a beam across the ceiling, a wide yawning chimney, and wooden settles with backs to them; where many young people being assembled, and one of them producing a fiddle, it was agreed to have a country dance until dinner should be ready, the bride and bridegroom leading off, and I following with the bridegroom's man.

Oh, the blunders, the confusion, the merriment of that country dance! No two people attempted the same figure; few aimed at any figure at all; each went his own way; many stumbled; some fell, and every body capered, laughed, and shouted at once. My partner prudently caught me up in his arms again, for fear of my being knocked down and danced over, which, considering some of the exploits of some of the performers, seemed by no means impossible, and would have been a worse catastrophe than an onslaught of the turkey-cock.

A summons to dinner put an end to the glee. Such a dinner! The plenty of Camacho's wedding was but a type of my Nancy's. Fish from the great pond, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, boiled fowls and a gammon of bacon, a green goose and a sucking pig, plum puddings, apple pies, cheese-cakes and custards, formed a part of the bill of fare, followed by home-brewed beer and home-made wine, by syllabub, and by wedding cake. Every body ate enough for four, and there was four times more than could by any possibility be eaten. I have always thought it one of the strongest proofs of sense and kindness in my pretty maid, that she rescued me from the terrible hospitality of her mother-in-law, and gave me back unscathed into my father's hands, when, about three o'clock, he arrived to reclaim me

The affluence and abundance of that gala day—the great gala of a life-time—in that Hampshire farm-house, I have never seen surpassed.

This was my first appearance as a bridesmaid. My next, which took place about a twelvemonth after, was of a very different description.

A first cousin of my father, the daughter of his uncle and guardian, had, by the death of her mother's brother, become a wealthy heiress; and leaving her picturesque old mansion in Northumberland, Little Harle Tower, a true border keep overhanging the Warsbeck, for a journey to what the Northumbrians of that day emphatically call "the South," came after a season in London to pass some months with us. At our house she became acquainted with the brother of a Scotch duke, an Oxford student, who, passing the long vacation with his mother, had nothing better to do than to fall in love. Each had what the other wanted—the lady money, the gentleman rank; and as his family were charmed with the match, and hers had neither the power nor the wish to oppose it, every thing was arranged with as little delay as lawyers, jewelers, coach-makers, and mantua-makers would permit.

How the first step in the business, the inevitable and awful ceremonial of a declaration of love and a proposal of marriage, was ever brought about, has always been to me one of the most unsolvable of mysteries—an enigma without the word.

Lord Charles, as fine a young man as one should see in a summer's day, tall, well-made, with handsome features, fair capacity, excellent education, and charming temper, had an infirmity which went nigh to render all these good gifts of no avail: a shyness, a bashfulness, a timidity most painful to himself, and distressing to all about him. It is not uncommon to hear a quiet, silent man of rank unjustly suspected of pride and haughtiness; but there could be no such mistake here—his shamefacedness was patent to all men. I myself, a child not five years old, one day threw him into an agony of blushing, by running up to his chair in mistake for my papa. Now I was a shy child, a very shy child, and as soon as I arrived in front of his lordship, and found that I had been misled by a resemblance of dress, by the blue coat and buff waistcoat, I first of all crept under the table, and then flew to hide my face in my mother's lap; my poor fellow-sufferer, too big for one place of refuge, too old for the other, had nothing for it but to run away, which, the door being luckily open, he happily accomplished.

That a man with such a temperament, who could hardly summon courage enough to say, "How d'ye do?" should ever have wrought himself up to the point of putting the great question, was wonderful enough; that he should have submitted himself to undergo the ordeal of what was called in those days a public wedding, was more wonderful still.

Perhaps the very different temper of the lady may offer some solution to the last of these riddles; perhaps (I say it in all honor, for there is

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no shame in offering some encouragement to a bashful suitor) it may assist us in expounding them both.

Of a certainty, my fair cousin was pre-eminently gifted with those very qualities in which her lover was deficient. Every thing about her was prompt and bright, cheerful and self-possessed. Nearly as tall as himself, and quite as handsome, it was of the beauty that is called showy—a showy face, a showy figure, a showy complexion. We felt at a glance that those radiant, well-opened, hazel eyes, had never quailed before mortal glance, and that that clear, round cheek, red and white like a daisy, had never been guilty of a blush in its whole life. Handsome as she was, it was a figure that looked best in a riding-habit, and a face that of all head-dresses, best became a beaver hat; just a face and figure for a procession; she would not have minded a coronation: on the contrary, she would have been enchanted to have been a queen-regent; but, as a coronation was out of the question, she had no objection, taking the publicity as a part of the happiness, to a wedding as grand as the resources of a country town could make it.

So a wedding procession was organized, after the fashion of Sir Charles Grandison, comprising the chief members of each family, especially of the ducal one; an infinite number of brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, cousins and clansfolk, friends and acquaintances, all arranged in different carriages, according to their rank; ladies, gentlemen, servants, and horses, decorated with white and silver favors, in so long a line, that it extended from Coley Avenue to St. Mary's Church. The first carriage, a low phaeton, drawn by ponies led by grooms, containing three children, two of five and six years old, niece and nephew of the bridegroom, who, with myself (already a lady of experience in that line), were to officiate as bride-maidens and bridegroom's man; the last, also an open carriage, with only the bride and my dear papa, who gave her away.

How well I recollect the crowd of the street, the crowd of the church-yard, the crowd of the church! There was no crying at this wedding though; no crying, and far fewer smiles.

The young couple proceeded to Bath and Clifton from the church door; and the rest of the procession returned to our house to eat bridecake, drink to the health of the new-married pair, and be merry at their leisure; after which many dispersed, but the members of the two families and the more intimate friends remained to dinner; and in the confusion of preparing to entertain so large a party, the servants, even those belonging to the nursery, were engaged in different ways, and we children, left to our own devices, and finding nearly the whole house free to our incursions, betook ourselves to a game at hide-and-seek.

Now in honor of the day, and of the grand part we had filled in the grand ceremony of the morning, we small people had been arrayed in white from top to toe, Master Martin in a new suit of jean, richly braided, his sister and myself in clear muslin frocks, edged with lace, and long Persian sashes, the whole width of the silk, fringed with silver, while all parties, little boy and little girls, had white beaver hats and heavy ostrich plumes. We young ladies had, as matter of course, that instinctive respect for our own finery which seems an innate principle in womankind; moreover, we were very good children, quiet, orderly, and obedient. Master Martin, on the other hand, our elder by a year, had some way or other imbibed the contempt at once for fine clothes and for the authorities of the nursery, which is not uncommon among his rebellious sex: so the first time it fell to his lot to hide, he ensconced himself in the very innermost recesses of the coal-hole, from which delightful retirement he was dragged, after a long search, by his own maid, who had at last awakened from the joys of gossiping and making believe to help in the housekeeper's room, to the recollection that Lady Mary might possibly inquire after her children. The state of his apparel and of her temper may be more easily imagined than described. He, duke's grandson though he were, looked like nothing better or worse than a chimney-sweeper. She stormed like a fury. But as all the storming in the world would not restore the young gentleman or his bridal suit to their pristine state of cleanliness, she took wit in her anger and put him to bed, as a measure partly of punishment, partly of concealment; the result of which was, that he, the culprit, thoroughly tired with excitement and exercise, with play and display, and well stuffed with dainties to keep him quiet, was consigned to his comfortable bed, while we, pattern little girls, had to undergo the penalty of making our appearance and our courtesies in the drawing-room, among all the fine folks of *our* Camacho's wedding, and to stay there, weariest of the many weary, two or three hours beyond our accustomed time. With so little justice are the rewards and punishments of this world distributed—even in the nursery!

MARRIED POETS.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING—ROBERT BROWNING.

Married poets! Charming words are these, significant of congenial gifts, congenial labor, congenial tastes;—quick and sweet resources of mind and of heart, a long future of happiness, live in those two words. And the reality is as rare as it is charming. Married authors we have had of all ages and of all countries; from the Daciers, standing stiff and stately under their learning, as if it were a load, down to the Guizots, whose story is so pretty, that it would sound like a romance to all who did not know how often romance looks pale beside reality; from the ducal pair of Newcastle, walking stately and stiff under their strawberry-leafed coronets, to William and Mary Howitt, ornaments of a sect to whom coronets are an abomination. Married authors have been plentiful as blackberries, but married poets have been rare indeed! The last instance, too, was rather a warning than an example. When Caroline Bowles changed her own loved and honored name to become the wife of the

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great and good man Robert Southey, all seemed to promise fairly, but a slow and fatal disease had seized him even before the wedding-day, and darkened around him to the hour of his death. In the pair of whom I am now to speak, the very reverse of this sad destiny has happily befallen, and the health of the bride, which seemed gone forever, has revived under the influence of the climate of Italy, of new scenes, new duties, a new and untried felicity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is too dear to me as a friend to be spoken of merely as a poetess. Indeed such is the influence of her manners, her conversation, her temper, her thousand sweet and attaching qualities, that they who know her best are apt to lose sight altogether of her learning and of her genius, and to think of her only as the most charming person that they have ever met. But she is known to so few, and the peculiar characteristics of her writings, their purity, their tenderness, their piety, and their intense feeling of humanity and of womanhood, have won for her the love of so many, that it will gratify them without, I trust, infringing on the sacredness of private intercourse to speak of her not wholly as a poetess, but a little as a woman. When in listening to the nightingale, we try to catch a glimpse of the shy songster, we are moved by a deeper feeling than curiosity.

My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Every body who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality, or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sun-beam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, the authoress of the "Essay on Mind," was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was *out*. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly that, in spite of the difference of age, intimacy ripened into friendship, and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper.

The next year was a painful one to herself and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for above a twelvemonth at her father's house in Wimpole-street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and in talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay, and *there* occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially of devotional feeling, to her poetry. I have so often been asked what could be the shadow that had passed over that young heart, that now that time has softened the first agony it seems to me right that the world should hear the story of an accident in which there was much sorrow, but no blame.

Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel, for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one; after the catastrophe, no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who was traveling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church-door, and almost on every cliff for miles and miles along the coast, handbills, offering large rewards for linens cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best; one, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow

This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling, that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea; and she told me herself, that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skillful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight.

Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I, myself, have often joyful-

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ly traveled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening, without entering another house); reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.

Gradually her health improved. About four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and such happiness!

The same visit to London that brought me acquainted with my beloved friend, Elizabeth Barrett, first gave me a sight of Mr. Browning. It was at a period that forms an epoch in the annals of the modern drama—the first representation of "Ion."

I had the honor and pleasure of being the inmate of Mr. and Mrs. Serjeant Talfourd (my accomplished friend has since worthily changed his professional title—but his higher title of poet is indelible), having been, I believe, among the first who had seen that fine play in manuscript. The dinner party consisted merely of Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Landor, and I think Mr. Forster. By a singular coincidence it was our host's birthday, and no one present can forget the triumph of the evening—a triumph of no common order as regarded the number, the quality, or the enthusiasm of the audience; the boxes being crammed to the ceiling, and the pit filled, as in an elder day, with critics and gentlemen.

A large party followed the poet home to supper, a party comprising distinguished persons of almost every class; lawyers, authors, actors, artists, all were mingled around that splendid board; healths were drunk and speeches spoken, and it fell to the lot of the young author of "Paracelsus" to respond to the toast of "The Poets of England." That he performed this task with grace and modesty, and that he looked still younger than he was, I well remember; but we were not introduced, and I knew him only by those successive works which redeemed the pledge that "Paracelsus" had given, until this very summer, when going to London purposely to meet my beloved friend, I was by her presented to her husband. Ah! I hope it will not be fifteen years before we look each other in the face again!

INCIDENTS OF A VISIT AT THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

The name of Blamire has always a certain interest for me, in consequence of a circumstance, which, as it took place somewhere about five-and-forty years ago, and has reference to a flirtation of twenty years previous, there can not now be much harm in relating.

Being with my father and mother on a visit about six miles from Southampton, we were invited by a gentleman of the neighborhood to meet the wife and daughters of a certain Dr. Blamire. "An old friend of yours and mine," quoth our inviter to my father. "Don't you remember how you used to flirt with the fair lady when you and Babington were at Haslar? Faith, if Blamire had not taken pity on her, it would have gone hard with the poor damsel! However, he made up to the disconsolate maiden, and she got over it. Nothing like a new love for chasing away an old one. You must dine with us to-morrow. I shall like to see the meeting."

My father did not attempt to deny the matter. Men never do. He laughed, as all that wicked sex do laugh at such sins twenty years after, and professed that he should be very glad to shake hands with his old acquaintance. So the next day we met.

I was a little curious to see how my own dear mother, my mamma that was, and the stranger lady, my mamma that might have been, would bear themselves on the occasion. At first, my dear mother, an exceedingly ladylike, quiet person, had considerably the advantage, being prepared for the *rencontre* and perfectly calm and composed; while Mrs. Blamire, taken, I suspect, by surprise, was a good deal startled and flustered. This state of things, however, did not last. Mrs. Blamire having got over the first shock, comported herself like what she evidently was, a practiced woman of the world—would talk to no one but ourselves—and seemed resolved not only to make friends with her successful rival, but to strike up an intimacy. This by no means entered into my mother's calculations. As the one advanced the other receded, and, keeping always within the limits of civility, I never heard so much easy chat put aside with so many cool and stately monosyllables in my life.

The most diverting part of this scene, very amusing to a stander-by, was, that my father, the only real culprit, was the only person who throughout maintained the appearance and demeanor of the most unconscious innocence. He complimented Mrs. Blamire on her daughters (two very fine girls)—inquired after his old friend, the Doctor, who was attending his patients in a distant town—and laughed and talked over bygone stories with the one lady, just as if he had not jilted her—and played the kind and attentive husband to the other, just as if he had never made love to any body except his own dear wife.

It was one of the strange domestic comedies which are happening around us every day, if we were but aware of them, and might probably have ended in a renewal of acquaintance between the two families but for a dispute that occurred toward the end of the evening between Mrs. Blamire and the friend in whose house we were staying, which made the lady resolve against accepting his hospitable invitations, and I half suspect hurried her off a day or two before her time.

This host of ours was a very celebrated person—no other than William Cobbett. Sporting,

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not politics, had brought about our present visit and subsequent intimacy. We had become acquainted with Mr. Cobbett two or three years before, at this very house, where we were now dining to meet Mrs. Blamire. Then my father, a great sportsman, had met him while on a coursing expedition near Alton—had given him a greyhound that he had fallen in love with—had invited him to attend another coursing meeting near our own house in Berkshire—and finally, we were now, in the early autumn, with all manner of pointers, and setters, and greyhounds, and spaniels, shooting ponies, and gun-cases, paying the return visit to him.

He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon River, which divided his (Mr. Cobbett's) territories from the beautiful grounds of the old friend where we had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. His own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence—always struck me as not being unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time almost to overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there, then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this burner of French fleets and cutter-out of Spanish vessels, as one should see in a summer day. He lay about under the trees reading Selden on the Dominion of the Seas, and letting the children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and sometimes an elderly lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog; fine sailor-like creatures all. Then there was a very learned clergyman, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the "Quarterly," with his wife and daughter—exceedingly clever persons. Two literary gentlemen from London and ourselves completed the actual party; but there was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number

I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality, the putting every body completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and every thing was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Every thing was excellent—every thing abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and every thing went on with such quiet regularity that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet, motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, *Ailie Dinmont*, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children.

At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and get rid of as speedily as possible. There was something of *Dandie Dinmont* about him, with his unfailing good-humor and good spirits—his heartiness—his love of field sports, and his liking for a foray. He was a tall, stout man, fair, and sun-burnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was, I think, the most athletic and vigorous person that I have ever known. Nothing could tire him. At home in the morning he would begin his active day by mowing his own lawn, beating his gardener, Robinson, the best mower, except himself, in the parish, at that fatiguing work.

For early rising, indeed, he had an absolute passion, and some of the poetry that we trace in his writings, whenever he speaks of scenery or of rural objects, broke out in his method of training his children into his own matutinal habits. The boy who was first down stairs was called the lark for the day, and had, among other indulgences, the pretty privilege of making his mother's nosegay, and that of any lady visitors. Nor was this the only trace of poetical feeling that he displayed. Whenever he described a place, were it only to say where such a covey lay, or such a hare was found sitting, you could see it, so graphic—so vivid—so true was the picture. He showed the same taste in the purchase of his beautiful farm at Botley, Fairthorn; even in the pretty name. To be sure, he did not give the name, but I always thought that it unconsciously influenced his choice in the purchase. The beauty of the situation certainly did. The fields lay along the Bursledon River, and might have been shown to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruit, and flowers. His green Indian corn—his Carolina beans—his water-melons, could hardly have been exceeded at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid, and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or a more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of china-asters, of cloves, of mignonnette, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, as, without grave faults on either side, people do lose sight of one another: but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

While we were there, a grand display of English games, especially of single-stick and wrestling, took place under Mr. Cobbett's auspices.

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Players came from all parts of the country—the south, the west, and the north—to contend for fame and glory, and also, I believe, for a well-filled purse; and this exhibition which—quite forgetting the precedent set by a certain princess, *de jure*, called Rosalind, and another princess, *de facto*, called Celia—she termed barbarous, was the cause of his quarrel with my mamma that might have been, Mrs. Blamire.

In my life I never saw two people in a greater passion. Each was thoroughly persuaded of being in the right, either would have gone to the stake upon it, and of course the longer they argued the more determined became their conviction. They said all manner of uncivil things; they called each other very unpretty names; she got very near to saying, "Sir, you're a savage;" he did say, "Ma'am, you're a fine lady;" they talked, both at once, until they could talk no longer, and I have always considered it as one of the greatest pieces of Christian forgiveness that I ever met with, when Mr. Cobbett, after they had both rather cooled down a little, invited Mrs. Blamire to dine at his house the next day. She, less charitable, declined the invitation, and we parted.

As I have said, my father and he had too much of the hearty English character in common not to be great friends; I myself was somewhat of a favorite (I think because of my love for poetry, though he always said not), and I shall never forget the earnestness with which he congratulated us both on our escape from such a wife and such a mother. "She'd have been the death of you!" quoth he, and he believed it. Doubtless, she, when we were gone, spoke quite as ill of him, and believed it also. Nevertheless, excellent persons were they both; only they had quarreled about the propriety or the impropriety of a bout at single-stick! Such a thing is anger!

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRENCH EMIGRATION.

In my childhood I knew many of the numerous colony which took refuge in London from the horrors of the First French Revolution. The lady at whose school I was educated, and he was so much the more efficient partner that it was his school rather than hers, had married a Frenchman, who had been secretary to the Comte de Moustiers, one of the last embassadors, if not the very last, from Louis Seize to the Court of St. James's. Of course he knew many emigrants of the highest rank, and indeed of all ranks; and being a lively, kind-hearted man, with a liberal hand, and a social temper, it was his delight to assemble as many as he could of his poor countrymen and countrywomen around his hospitable supper-table.

Something wonderful and admirable it was to see how these dukes and duchesses, marshals and marquises, chevaliers and bishops, bore up under their unparalleled reverses! How they laughed and talked, and squabbled, and flirted, constant to their high heels, their rouge, and their furbelows, to their old liaisons, their polished sarcasms, their cherished rivalries! They clung even to their *marriages de convenance*, and the very habits which would most have offended our English notions, if we had seen them in their splendid hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain, won tolerance and pardon when mixed up with such unaffected constancy, and such cheerful resignation.

For the most part these noble exiles had a trifling pecuniary dependency; some had brought with them jewels enough to sustain them in their simple lodgings in Knightsbridge or Pentonville, to some a faithful steward contrived to forward the produce of some estate too small to have been seized by the early plunderers; to others a rich English friend would claim the privilege of returning the kindness and hospitality of by-gone years But very many lived literally on the produce of their own industry, the gentlemen teaching languages, music, fencing, dancing, while their wives and daughters went out as teachers or governesses, or supplied the shops with those objects of taste in millinery or artificial flowers for which their country is unrivaled. No one was ashamed of these exertions; no one was proud of them. So perfect and so honest was the simplicity with which they entered upon this new course of life, that they did not even seem conscious of its merit. The hope of better days carried them gayly along, and the present evil was lost in the sunshiny future.

Here and there, however, the distress was too real, too pressing to be forgotten; in such cases our good schoolmaster used to contrive all possible measures to assist and to relieve. One venerable couple I remember well. They bore one of the highest names of Brittany, and had possessed large estates, had lost their two sons, and were now in their old age, their sickness, and their helplessness, almost entirely dependent upon the labor of Mdlle. Rose, their grand-daughter. Rose—what a name for that pallid, drooping creature, whose dark eyes looked too large for her face, whose bones seemed starting through her skin, and whose black hair contrasted even fearfully with the wan complexion from which every tinge of healthful color had long flown!

For some time these interesting persons regularly attended our worthy governess's supper-parties, the objects of universal affection and respect. Each seemed to come for the sake of the other; Mademoiselle, always bringing with her some ingenious straw-plaiting to make into the fancy bonnets which were then in vogue, rarely raised her head from her work, or allowed herself time to make a hasty meal. It was sad to think how ceaseless must be the industry by which that fair and fragile creature could support the helpless couple who were cast upon her duty and her affection! At last they ceased to appear at the Wednesday parties, and very soon after (Oh! it is the poor that help the poor!) we heard that the good Abbé Calonne (brother to the well-known minister) had undertaken for a moderate stipend the charge of the venerable count and countess, while Mdlle. Rose,

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with her straw-plaiting, took up her abode in our school-room, working as indefatigably through our verbs and over our exercises as she had before done through the rattle of the tric-trac table and the ceaseless clatter of French talk.

Now this school of ours was no worse than other schools; indeed it was reckoned among the best conducted, but some way or other the foul weed called exclusiveness had sprung up among the half dozen great girls who, fifty years ago, "gave our little senate laws," to a point that threatened to choke and destroy every plant of a more wholesome influence. Doubtless, long, long ago the world and the world's trials, prosperity with the weariness and the bitterness it brings, adversity with the joys it takes away, have tamed those proud hearts! But, at the time of which I speak, no committee of countesses deciding upon petitions for vouchers for a subscription ball; no chapter of noble canonesses examining into the sixteen quarters required for their candidate; could by possibility inquire more seriously into the nice questions of station, position, and alliance than the unfledged younglings who constituted our first class. They were merely gentlemen's daughters, and had no earthly right to give themselves airs; but I suspect that we may sometimes see in elder gentlewomen the same disproportion, and that those who might, from birth, fortune, and position assume such a right, will be the very last to exert their privilege. Luckily for me I was a little girl, protected by my youth and insignificance from the danger of a contagion which it requires a good deal of moral courage to resist. I remember wondering how Mdlle. Rose, with her incessant industry, her open desire to sell her bonnets, and her shabby cotton gown, would escape from our censors. Happily she was spared, avowedly because her birth was noble—perhaps because, with all their vulgar denunciations of vulgarity, their fineries, and their vanities, the young girls were better than they knew, and respected in their hearts the very humility which they denounced.

If, however, there was something about the fair Frenchwoman that held in awe the spirit of girlish impertinence, chance soon bestowed upon them, in the shape of a new pupil, an object which called forth all their worst qualities, without stint and without impediment.

The poor child who was destined to become their victim, was a short, squat figure, somewhere about nine or ten years of age; awkward in her carriage, plain in her features, ill-dressed and over-dressed. She happened to arrive at the same time with the French dancing-master, a marquis of the *ancien régime*, of whom I am sorry to say, that he seemed so at home in his Terpsichorean vocation, that no one could hardly fancy him fit for any other. (Were not *les marquis* of the old French comedy very much like dancing-masters? I am sure Molière thought so.) At the same time with the French dancing-master did our new fellow-pupil arrive, led into the room by her father; he did not stay five minutes, but that time was long enough to strike Monsieur with a horror evinced by a series of shrugs which soon rendered the dislike reciprocal. I never saw such a contrast between two men. The Frenchman was slim, and long, and pale; and allowing always for the dancing-master air, which in my secret soul I thought never could be allowed for, he might be called elegant. The Englishman was the beau ideal of a John Bull, portentous in size, broad, and red of visage; loud of tongue, and heavy in step; he shook the room as he strode, and made the walls echo when he spoke. I rather liked the man, there was so much character about him, and in spite of the coarseness, so much that was bold and hearty. Monsieur shrugged to be sure, but he seemed likely to run away, especially when the stranger's first words conveyed an injunction to the lady of the house "to take care that no grinning Frenchman had the ordering of his Betsy's feet. If she must learn to dance, let her be taught by an honest Englishman." After which declaration, kissing the little girl very tenderly, the astounding papa took his departure.

Poor Betsy! there she sat, the tears trickling down her cheeks, little comforted by the kind notice of the governess and the English teacher, and apparently insensible to the silent scorn of her new companions. For my own part, I entertained toward her much of that pity which results from recent experience of the same sort of distress—

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I was a little girl myself, abundantly shy and awkward, and I had not forgotten the heart-tug of leaving home, and the terrible loneliness of the first day at school. Moreover, I suspected that in one respect, she was much more an object of compassion than myself; I believed her to be motherless; so when I thought nobody was looking or listening, I made some girlish advances toward acquaintanceship, which she was still too shy or too miserable to return, so that, easily repelled myself, as a bashful child is, our intercourse came to nothing. With my elders and betters, the *cancan*, who ruled the school, Betsy stood if possible lower than ever. They had had the satisfaction to discover not only that he lived in the Borough, but that her father (horror of horrors!) was an eminent cheesefactor!—a seller of Stilton! That he was very rich, and had a brother an alderman, rather made matters worse. Poor Betsy only escaped being sent to Coventry by the lucky circumstance of her going that metaphorical journey of her own accord, and never under any temptation speaking to any body one unnecessary word.

As far as her lessons went she was, from the false indulgence with which she had been treated, very backward for her age. Our school was, however, really excellent as a place of instruction: so no studies were forced upon her, and she was left to get acquainted with the house and its ways, and to fall into the ranks as she could.

For the present she seemed to have attached

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herself to Mdlle. Rose, attracted probably by the sweetness of her countenance, her sadness, and her silence. Her speech could not have attracted Betsy, for in common with many of her exiled country-folk, she had not in nearly ten years' residence in England learned to speak five English words. But something had won her affection. She had on first being called by the governess, from the dark corner in which she had ensconced herself, crept to the side of the young Frenchwoman, had watched her as she wove her straw plaits, had attempted the simple art with some discarded straws that lay scattered upon the floor; and when Mademoiselle so far roused herself as to show her the proper way, and to furnish her with the material, she soon became a most efficient assistant in this branch of industry.

No intercourse took place between them. Indeed, as I have said, none was possible, since neither knew a word of the other's language. Betsy was silence personified; and poor Mdlle. Rose, always pensive and reserved, was now more than ever dejected and oppressed. An opportunity of returning to France had opened to her, and was passing away. She herself was too young to be included in the list of emigrants, and interest had been made with the French Consul for the re-admission of her venerable parents, and perhaps for the ultimate recovery of some property still unsold. But her grandfather was so aged, and her grandmother so sickly, that the expenses of a voyage and a journey, then very formidable to the old and the infirm, were beyond her means, beyond even her hopes. So she sighed over her straw-plaiting, and submitted.

In the mean time the second Saturday arrived, and with it a summons home to Betsy, who, for the first time gathering courage to address our good governess, asked "if she might be trusted with the bonnet Mdlle. Rose had just finished, to show her aunt—she knew she would like to buy that bonnet, because Mademoiselle had been so good as to let her assist in plaiting it." How she came to know that they were for sale nobody could tell; but our kind governess ordered the bonnet to be put into the carriage, told her the price—(no extravagant one!)—called her a good child, and took leave of her till Monday.

Two hours after Betsy and her father re-appeared in the school-room. "Ma'amselle," said he, bawling as loud as he could, with the view, as we afterward conjectured, of making her understand him. "Ma'amselle, I've no great love for the French, whom I take to be our natural enemies. But you're a good young woman; you've been kind to my Betsy, and have taught her how to make your fallals; and moreover you're a good daughter: and so's my Betsy. She says that she thinks you're fretting, because you can't manage to take your grandfather and grandmother back to France again;—so as you let her help you in that other handy-work, why you must let her help you in this." Then throwing a heavy purse into her lap, catching his little daughter up in his arms, and hugging her to the honest breast where she hid her tears and her blushes, he departed, leaving poor Mdlle. Rose too much bewildered to speak or to comprehend the happiness that had fallen upon her, and the whole school the better for the lesson.

THE DREAM OF THE WEARY HEART

THE Weary Heart lay restlessly on his bed, distracted with the strife of the day. Wearied indeed was he in heart, and wavering in the simple faith which had blessed his childhood. The world was no more beautiful to him, his fellow-man was no more trustworthy, and heaven was no longer regarded as his distant, though native home. One thing only seemed, to his changed heart, the same; it was the ever-varying, ever-constant moon, which shed her broad, fair light as serenely on his aching brow as when he nestled, a happy child, upon his mother's breast.

Soothed by this pure light, the Weary Heart slept at length; and in his sleep, his troubled and toil-worn mind went back—back to the early hours of life—back to the lone old house, so loved in childhood, so seldom thought of now. In this old home all seemed yet unchanged, and he would fain have busied himself in tracing out memories of the past; but a low sweet voice bade him gaze steadfastly on the lozenge panes of the long lattice window, where the sun of the early spring-tide was shining gayly through the mazy branches of the old elm-tree, and bordering its traceries with glimpses of purple and golden light. But gradually, and even as he looked, the sun became brighter and hotter, and as his heat momentarily strengthened, Weary Heart saw the green leaves creep out, one by one, and place themselves daily between the window and the sun, so as to intercept his fiercest rays; until at length, when the sun had attained his greatest power, these leaves were all arranged so as to shade the window, as a bird overshadows her young; and the room was as much refreshed by the cool green light, as it had formerly been gladdened by the spring-tide beams. Then Weary Heart was softened; yet he feared to breathe, lest the dread winter-time should come, when the cool leaves which brought balm to his heart, should fall away from him and die.

Gradually, however, the sun became lower in the heavens, and his heat was less fervid upon the earth. Then the leaves went noiselessly away, in the same order in which they had come One by one, they crept silently out of sight, like earnest hearts whose mission is fulfilled; and yet so glad were they for the consciousness of the good which they had been given power to do, that when the Weary Heart observed them more closely, he could see how bright a glow of joy decked even their dying moments, and in how frolicsome a dance many of them delighted ere they lay down on the cold earth to die.

The dark winter had now come on, and anxiously poor Weary Heart watched the lozeng

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panes. He saw the branches stand up bare and desolate against the gray and chilly sky; but soon he saw beautiful things come and sport upon them. The snow piled itself in fairy ridgeways along the boughs, and even on the slenderest twigs; then the sun would shine brightly out for an hour at mid-day, and melt the quiet snow, and the laughing drops would chase each other along the branches, sometimes losing all identity, each in the bosom of its fellow—sometimes falling in glittering showers to the ground. [And he saw that it was from these glittering showers that the snowdrops sprang]. Then, when the sun was gone down, the frost would come; and in the morning the silver drops would be found, spell-bound in their mirth; some hanging in long, clear pendants, full of bright lights and beautiful thoughts, far above the rest—and others, shorter and less brilliant, with one part transparent, and another part looking more like the snow of which they were born. But these last always hung hand-in-hand. And when the sun came out again by day, these were always the last to disappear; for they also were like faithful and kindly hearts. They were partly raised far above their original nature, and yet they still bore many traces of the source from whence they sprang. And when the beautiful crystals faded away like the brilliant yet chilly mind, which has no sympathy or trust for its fellows, the others would still remain, hand-in-hand, to cheer and deck the naked tree.

Sometimes, too, in the early days of February, the sun would shine fiercely out ere the green leaves had come to shade the room at noon-day; but then came a winged messenger to sit on the dry branches, and to tell the Weary Heart, in a sweet song, that the real spring was not *yet* upon the earth; but that at the right time the leaves would most surely reappear, and "fail not." And when he had repeated his message, he would add another stanza, and tell how *he* needed the shady foliage even more than man himself, but that he pined not for it, because *he knew* that to all things there was an appointed season; and that when his nesting-time came, so would the green leaves come also to shelter and encircle the frail home of his young ones.

The pale moon went down, and the day broke upon the earth, and Weary Heart went forth to his daily toil. But he bore not with him the fevered mind and the throbbing pulse which had been his companions for long and dreary months. His vision had faded, but the green leaves were ever before his eyes. The song of his dream-bird rang not in his ears, but his faith and trust were restored to him; and he once more took his place in creation as an elevated, yet dependent child of Heaven—one in the mighty brotherhood of human hearts—one in the band of willing students of the teachings of the glorious sun and stars, of the opening flowers and the sparkling streams, of the singing birds and the ever-varying clouds, of every form of beauty in which God has written his message of love, and of mercy, and of truth, for man's behoof.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN GHOSTS.

ECLIPSES have been ascribed sometimes to the hunger of a great dragon, who eats the sun, and leaves us in the dark until the blazing orb has been mended. Numerous instances are ready to the memory of any one of us, in illustration of the tendency existing among men to ascribe to supernatural, fantastic causes, events wonderful only by their rarity. All that we daily see differs from these things no more than inasmuch as it is at the same time marvelous and common. We know very well that the moon, seen once by all, would be regarded as an awful spectre: open only to the occasional vision of a few men, no doubt she would be scouted by a large party as a creation of their fancy altogether.

The list of facts that have been scouted in this way, corresponds pretty exactly to the list of human discoveries, down to the recent improvements in street-lighting and steam locomotion. The knowledge of the best of us is but a little light which shines in a great deal of darkness. We are all of us more ignorant than wise. The proportion of knowledge yet lying beyond the confines of our explorations, is as a continent against a cabbage garden. Yet many thousands are contented to believe, that in this little bit of garden lies our all, and to laugh at every report made to the world by people who have ventured just to peep over the paling. It is urged against inquiries into matters yet mysterious—mysterious as all things look under the light of the first dawn of knowledge—Why should we pry into them, until we know that we shall be benefited by the information we desire? All information is a benefit. All knowledge is good. Is it for man to say, "What is the use of seeing?"

We are in the present day upon the trace of a great many important facts relating to the imponderable agencies employed in nature. Light, heat, and electricity are no longer the simple matters, or effects of matter, that they have aforetime seemed to be. New wonders point to more beyond. In magnetism, the researches of Faraday and others, are beginning to open in our own day, the Book of Nature, at a page of the very first importance to the naturalist; but the contents of which until this time have been wholly unsuspected. Behind a cloudy mass of fraud and folly, while the clouds shift, we perceive a few dim stars, to guide us toward the discovery of wondrous truths. There are such truths which will hereafter illustrate the connection, in many ways still mysterious, between the body of man and the surrounding world. Wonderful things have yet to be revealed, on subjects of a delicate and subtle texture. It behooves us in the present day, therefore, to learn how we may keep our tempers free from prejudice, and not discredit statements simply because they are new and strange, nor, on the other hand, accept them hastily without sufficient proof.

On questionable points, which are decided by research and weight of evidence, it would be well

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if it were widely understood that it is by no means requisite for every man to form an Ay or Nay opinion. Let those who have no leisure for a fair inquiry play a neutral part. There are hundreds of subjects which we have never examined, nor ever could or can examine, upon which we are all, nevertheless, expressing every day stubborn opinions. We all have to acquire some measure of the philosophic mind, and be content to retain a large army of thoughts, equipped each thought with its crooked bayonet, a note of interrogation. In reasoning, also, when we do reason, we have to remember fairly that "not proven" does not always mean untrue. And in accepting matters on testimony, we must rigidly preserve in view the fact, that, except upon gross objects of sense, very few of us are qualified by training as observers. In drawing delicate conclusions from the complex and most dimly comprehended operations of the human frame observed in men and women, the sources of fallacy are very numerous. To detect and acknowledge these, to get rid of them experimentally, is very difficult, even to the most candid and enlightened mind.

I have no faith in ghosts, according to the old sense of the word, and I could grope with comfort through any amount of dark old rooms, or midnight aisles, or over church-yards, between sunset and cock-crow. I can face a spectre. Being at one time troubled with illusions, I have myself crushed a hobgoblin by sitting on its lap. Nevertheless, I do believe that the great mass of "ghost stories," of which the world is full, has not been built entirely upon the inventions of the ignorant and superstitious. In plain words, while I, of course, throw aside a million of idle fictions, or exaggerated facts, I do believe in ghosts—or, rather, spectres—only I do not believe them to be supernatural.

That, in certain states of the body, many of us in our waking hours picture as vividly as we habitually do in dreams, and seem to see or hear in fair reality that which is in our minds, is an old fact, and requires no confirmation. An ignorant or superstitious man fallen into this state, may find good reason to tell ghost stories to his neighbors. Disease, and the debility preceding death, make people on their death-beds very liable to plays of this kind on their failing faculties; and one solemnity, or cause of dread, thus being added to another, seems to give the strength of reason to a superstitious feeling.

Concerning my own experience, which comes under the class of natural ghost-seeing, above mentioned, I may mention in good faith that, if such phantoms were worth recalling, I could fill up an hour with the narration of those spectral sights and sounds which were most prominent among the illusions of my childhood. Sights and sounds were equally distinct and life-like. I have run up-stairs obedient to a spectral call. Every successive night for a fortnight, my childish breath was stilled by the proceedings of a spectral rat, audible, never visible. It nightly, at the same hour, burst open a cupboard door, scampered across the floor, and shook the chair by my bedside. Wide awake and alone in the broad daylight, I have heard the voices of two nobodies gravely conversing, after the absurd dream fashion, in my room. Then as for spectral sights: During the cholera of 1832, I, then a boy, walking in Holborn, saw in the sky, the veritable flaming sword which I had learned by heart out of a picture in an old folio of "Paradise Lost." And round the fiery sword there was a regular oval of blue sky to be seen through parted clouds. It was a fact not unimportant, that this phantom sword did not move with my eye, but remained for some time, apparently, only in one part of the heavens. I looked aside and lost it. When I looked back there was the image still. There are hallucinations which arise from a disordered condition of the nervous system; they are the seeing or the hearing of what is not, and they are not by any means uncommon. Out of these there must, undoubtedly, arise a large number of well-attested stories of ghosts, seen by one person only. Such ghosts ought to excite no more terror than a twinge of rheumatism, or a nervous headache.

There can be no doubt, however, that, in our minds or bodies, there are powers latent, or nearly latent, in the ordinary healthy man, which, in some peculiar constitutions, or under the influence of certain agents, or certain classes of disease, become active, and develop themselves in an extraordinary way. It is not very uncommon to find people who have acquired intuitive perception of each other's current thoughts, beyond what can be ascribed to community of interests, or comprehension of character.

Zschokke, the German writer and teacher, is a peculiarly honorable and unimpeachable witness. What he affirms, as of his own knowledge, we have no right to disbelieve. Many of us have read the marvelous account given by him of his sudden discovery, that he possessed the power in regard to a few people—by no means in regard to all—of knowing, when he came near to them, not only their present thoughts, but much of what was in their memories. The details will be found in his Autobiography, which, being translated, has become a common book among us. When, for the first time, while conversing with some person, he acquired a sense of power over the secrets of that person's past life, he gave, of course, little heed to his sensation. Afterward, as from time to time the sense recurred, he tested the accuracy of his impressions, and was alarmed to find that, at certain times, and in regard to certain persons, the mysterious knowledge was undoubtedly acquired. Once when a young man at the table with him was dismissing very flippantly all manner of unexplained phenomena as the gross food of ignorance and credulity, Zschokke requested to know what he would say if he, a stranger, by aid of an unexplained power, should be able to tell him secrets out of his past life. Zschokke was defied to do that; but he did it. Among other things he described a certain upper room, in which

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there was a certain strong box, and from which certain moneys, the property of his master, had been abstracted by that young man; who, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed the theft.

Many glimmerings of intuition, which at certain times occur in the experience of all of us, and seem to be something more than shrewd or lucky guesses, may be referred to the same power which we find, in the case just quoted, more perfectly developed. Nothing supernatural, but a natural gift, imperceptible to us in its familiar, moderate, and healthy exercise, brought first under our notice when some deranged adjustment of the mind has suffered it to grow into excess—to be. if we may call it so, a mental tumor.

We may now come to a new class of mysteries —which are receiving, for the first time in our own day, a rational solution.

The blind poet, Pfeffel, had engaged, as amanuensis, a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing. When the blind poet walked abroad, Billing also acted as his guide. One day, as they were walking in the garden, which was situated at a distance from the town, Pfeffel observed a trembling of his guide's arm whenever they passed over a certain spot. He asked the cause of this, and extracted from his companion the unwilling confession, that over that spot he was attacked by certain uncontrollable sensations, which he always felt where human bodies had been buried. At night, he added, over such spots, he saw uncanny things. "This is great folly," Pfeffel thought, "and I will cure him of it." The poet went, therefore, that very night into the garden. When they approached the place of dread, Billing perceived a feeble light, which hovered over it. When they came nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery, ghost-like form. He described it as the figure of a female with one arm across her body, and the other hanging down, hovering upright and motionless over the spot, her feet being a few hand-breadths above the soil. The young man would not approach the vision, but the poet beat about it with his stick, walked through it, and seemed to the eyes of Billing like a man who beats about a light flame, which always returns to its old shape. For months, experiments were continued, company was brought to the spot, the spectre remained visible always in the dark, but to the young man only, who adhered firmly to his statement, and to his conviction that a body lay beneath. Pfeffel at last had the place dug up, and, at a considerable depth, covered with lime, there was a skeleton discovered. The bones and the lime were dispersed, the hole was filled up, Billing was again brought to the spot by night, but never again saw the spectre.

This ghost story, being well attested, created a great sensation. In the curious book, by Baron Reichenbach, translated by Dr. Gregory, it is quoted as an example of a large class of ghost stories which admit of explanation upon principles developed by his own experiments.

The experiments of Baron Reichenbach do not, indeed; establish a new science, though it is quite certain that they go far to point out a new line of investigation, which promises to yield valuable results. So much of them as concerns our subject may be very briefly stated. It would appear that certain persons, with disordered nervous systems, liable to catalepsy, or to such affections, and also some healthy persons who are of a peculiar nervous temperament, are more sensitive to magnetism than their neighbors They are peculiarly acted upon by the magnet, and are, moreover, very much under the influence of the great magnetic currents of the earth. Such people sleep tranquilly when they are reposing with their bodies in the earth's magnetic line, and are restless, in some cases seriously affected, if they lie across that line, on beds with the head and foot turned east and west, matters of complete indifference to the healthy animal. These "sensitives" are not only affected by the magnet, but they are able to detect, by their sharpened sense, what we may reasonably suppose to exist, a faint magnetic light: they see it streaming from the poles of a magnet shown to them, in a room absolutely dark; and if the sensibility be great, and the darkness perfect, they see it streaming also from the points of fingers, and bathing in a faint halo the whole magnet or the whole hand. Furthermore, it would appear that the affection by the magnet of these sensitives does not depend upon that quality by which iron filings are attracted; that, perfectly independent of the attractive force, there streams from magnets, from the poles of crystals, from the sun and moon, another influence to which the discoverer assigns the name of Odyle. The manifestation of Odyle is accompanied by a light too faint for healthy vision, but perceptible at night by "sensitives." Odyle is generated among other things by heat, and by chemical action. It is generated, therefore, in the decomposition of the human body. I may now quote from Reichenbach, who, having given a scientific explanation upon his own principles, of the phenomena perceived by Billing, thus continues:

"The desire to inflict a mortal wound on the monster, Superstition, which, from a similar origin, a few centuries ago, inflicted on European society so vast an amount of misery, and by whose influence not hundreds, but thousands of innocent persons died in tortures, on the rack and at the stake; this desire made me wish to make the experiment, if possible, of bringing a highly sensitive person, by night, to a churchyard. I thought it possible that they might see, over graves where mouldering bodies lay, something like that which Billing had seen Mademoiselle Reichal had the courage, unusual in her sex, to agree to my request. She allowed me, on two very dark nights, to take her from the Castle of Reisenberg, where she was residing with my family, to the cemetery of the neighboring village of Grünzing

"The result justified my expectations in the fullest measure. She saw, very soon, a light, and perceived, on one of the grave mounds, along its whole extent, a delicate, fiery, as it

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were a breathing flame. The same thing was seen on another grave, in a less degree. But she met neither witches nor ghosts. She described the flame as playing over the graves in the form of a luminous vapor, from one to two spans in height.

"Some time afterward I took her to two great cemeteries, near Vienna, where several interments occur daily, and the grave mounds lie all about in thousands. Here she saw numerous graves, which exhibited the lights above described. Wherever she looked, she saw masses of fire lying about; but it was chiefly seen over all new graves, while there was no appearance of it over very old ones. She described it less as a clear flame than as a dense, vaporous mass of fire, holding a middle place between mist and flame. On many graves this light was about four feet high, so that when she stood on the grave, it reached to her neck. When she thrust her hand into it, it was as if putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed not the slightest uneasiness, as she was, from her childhood, accustomed to such emanations, and had seen, in my experiments, similar lights produced by natural means, and made to assume endless varieties of form. I am convinced that all who are, to a certain degree, sensitive, will see the same phenomena in cemeteries, and very abundantly in the crowded cemeteries of large cities; and that my observations may be easily repeated and confirmed." These experiments were tried in 1844. A postscript was added in 1847. Reichenbach had taken five other sensitive persons, in the dark, to cemeteries. Of these, two were sickly, three quite healthy. All of them confirmed the statements of Mademoiselle Reichel, and saw the lights over all new graves more or less distinctly; "so that," says the philosopher, "the fact can no longer admit of the slightest doubt, and may be every where controlled."

"Thousands of ghost stories," he continues, "will now receive a natural explanation, and will thus cease to be marvelous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as every one knows they did, that not every one was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the imponderable emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. And thus I have, I trust, succeeded in tearing down one of the densest vails of darkened ignorance and human error."

So far speaks Reichenbach; and for myself, reverting to the few comments with which we set out, I would suggest, that Reichenbach's book, though it is very likely to push things too far—to fancy the tree by looking at the seed—is yet not such a book as men of sense are justified in scouting. The repetition of his experiments is very easy if they be correct. There are plenty of "sensitives" to be found in our London hospitals and streets and lanes. Unluckily, however, though we live in an age which produces, every day, new marvels, the old spirit of bigotry, which used to make inquiry dangerous in science and religion, still prevails in the minds of too many scientific men. To be incredulous of what is new and strange, until it has been rigidly examined and proved true, is one essential element of a mind seeking enlightenment. But, to test and try new things is equally essential. Because of doubting, to refuse inquiry, is because of hunger to refuse our food. For my own part, I put these matters into the livery of that large body of thoughts already mentioned, which walk about the human mind, armed each with a note of interrogation. This only I see, that, in addition to the well-known explanations of phenomena, which produce some among the many stories of ghosts and of mysterious forebodings, new explanations are at hand which will reduce into a natural and credible position many other tales by which we have till recently been puzzled.

KEEP HIM OUT!

"WHAT noise is that?" said a judge disturbed in the hearing of a case "It's a man, my lord," was the answer of the doorkeeper. "What does he want?" "He wants to get in, my lord." "Well, keep him out?"

The audience is comfortably seated; the case is going forward; to make room for the newcomer, some must shift their seats, and perhaps be jostled about a little; so they are all perfectly satisfied with the judge's dictum of "Keep him out."

You have yourself been in an omnibus when a stout passenger has presented himself to the conductor, and petitioned for a place. You are all snugly seated—why should you be disturbed? "The seats are full!" "Keep him out!" But the intruder is in, he presses forward to the inner corner, perhaps treading on some testy gentleman's toes. How you hate that new-comer, until you get fairly "shook down" and settled again in your places! The door opens again—another passenger! "Keep him out!" cry the company, and strange to say, the loudest vociferator of the whole, is the very passenger who last came in. He in his turn becomes conservative, after having fairly got a place inside.

It is the same through life. There is a knocking from time to time at the door of the constitution. "What's that noise?" ask the men in power. "It's a lot of men, my lords and gentlemen." "What do they want?" "They want to come in." "Well, keep them out!" And those who are comfortably seated within the pale, re-echo the cry of "Keep them out." Why should they be disturbed in their seats, and made uncomfortable?

But somehow, by dint of loud knocking, the men, or a rush of them, at length do contrive to get in; and after sundry shovings and jostlings, they get seated, and begin to feel comfortable, when there is another knocking louder than before. Would you believe it? the last accommodated are now the most eager of all to keep the

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door closed against the new-comers; and "Keep them out!" is their vociferous cry.

Here is a batch of learned men debating the good of their order. They are considering how their profession may be advanced. What is the gist of their decisions?—the enactment of laws against all intruders upon their comfort and quiet. They make their calling a snug monopoly, and contrive matters so that as few as possible are admitted to share the good things of their class. "Keep them out!" is the cry of all the learned professions.

"Keep them out!" cry the barristers, when the attorneys claim to be admitted to plead before certain courts. "Keep them out!" cry the attorneys, when ordinary illegal men claim to argue a case before the county court. "Keep her out!" cry both barristers and attorneys, when Mrs. Cobbett claims to be heard in her imprisoned husband's cause. "What! a woman plead in the courts! If such a thing be allowed, who knows where such license is to end?" And she is kept out accordingly.

"Keep them out!" cry the apothecaries, when a surgeon from beyond the Tweed or the Irish Channel claims to prescribe and dispense medicine to English subjects. "Keep them out!" cry the doctors, when the Homœopathists offer the public their millionth-grain doses. "Keep them out!" cry physicians and surgeons and apothecaries of all ranks, when it is proposed to throw open the profession to the female sex.

But you find the same cry among the working classes of every grade. Mechanics and tradesmen insist on all applicants for admission to their calling serving long apprenticeships. If the apprenticeships are not served, then "Keep them out!" is the word. Shoulder to shoulder they exclude the applicants for leave to toil. "Knobsticks" are pelted. They must join the union—must be free of the craft—must conform to the rules—subscribe to the funds—pay the footings, and so on; otherwise they are kept out with a vengeance.

In the circles of fashion the same cry is frequent. A new man appears in society. "Who is he?" "Only So-and-so!" He is a retired grocer, or as Cobbett called Sadler, "a linen-draper;" and the exclusive class immediately club together for the purpose of "Keeping him out." He is "cut." Even the new man of high-sounding title is accounted as nothing among the old families who boast of their "blue blood." Wealth goes a great way, but still that does not compensate for the accident of birth and connections among these classes.

Every class has its own standard. The money classes have theirs too. Even tradesmen and their wives go in sets, and there is always some class outside their own set, which they contrive to "keep out." The aristocratic contagion thus extends from the highest to the verge of the lowest class of society in England. Is not monopoly the rule among us, whenever we can find an opportunity of establishing it? Monopoly or exclusivism in art, in theology, in trade, in literature, in sociology. Look at the forty Royal Academicians setting their backs up against every new-comer in art, and combining with one accord to "Keep him out." That is the monopoly of art; and people at large call it a humbug: but they are not more tolerant or wise when their own craft comes to be dealt with. Each in his turn is found ready to combine with somebody else, to "keep out" all intruders on their special preserves. The "Flaming Tinman," in Lavengro, pummels and puts to flight the poor tinker who intrudes upon his beat; the costers combine to keep out freshmen from theirs; English navvies band together to drive Irish navvies off their contracts; and Irish tenants pick off, from behind a hedge, the intruders upon their holdings. Even the searchers of the sewers maintain a kind of monopoly of their unholy calling, and will recognize no man as a brother who has not been duly initiated in the mysteries of the search. The sewer-searcher is as exclusive in his way as the leader of fashion at Almacks. "Keep him out!" is, in short, the watchword of all classes, of all ranks, of all callings, of all crafts, of all interests. We used to "keep out" the foreign corn-grower, but though he may now come in, there is exclusiveness and monopoly in ten thousand other forms, which no legislation can ever touch.

STORY OF REMBRANDT.

AT a short distance from Leyden may still be seen a flour-mill with a quaint old dwelling-house attached, which bears, on a brick in a corner of the wide chimney, the date of 1550. Here, in 1606, was born Paul Rembrandt. At an early age he manifested a stubborn, independent will, which his father tried in vain to subdue. He caused his son to work in the mill, intending that he should succeed him in its management; but the boy showed so decided a distaste for the employment, that his father resolved to make him a priest, and sent him to study at Leyden. Every one knows, however, that few lads of fifteen, endowed with great muscular vigor and abundance of animal spirits, will take naturally and without compulsion to the study of Latin grammar. Rembrandt certainly did not; and his obstinacy proving an overmatch for his teacher's patience, he was sent back to the mill, when his father beat him so severely, that next morning he ran off to Leyden, without in the least knowing how he should live there. Fortunately he sought refuge in the house of an honest artist, Van Zwaanenberg, who was acquainted with his father.

"Tell me, Paul," asked his friend, "what do you mean to do with yourself, if you will not be either a priest or a miller? They are both honorable professions: one gives food to the soul, the other prepares it for the body."

"Very likely," replied the boy; "but I don't fancy either; for in order to be a priest, one must learn Latin; and to be a miller, one must bear to be beaten. How do *you* earn your bread?"

"You know very well I am a painter"

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"Then I will be one, too, Herr Zwaanenberg; and if you will go to-morrow and tell my father so, you will do me a great service."

The good-natured artist willingly undertook the mission, and acquainted the old miller with his son's resolution.

"I want to know one thing," said Master Rembrandt, "will he be able to gain a livelihood by painting?"

"Certainly, and perhaps make a fortune."

"Then if you will teach him, I consent."

Thus Paul became the pupil of Van Zwaanenberg, and made rapid progress in the elementary parts of his profession. Impatient to produce some finished work, he did not give himself time to acquire purity of style, but astonished his master by his precocious skill in grouping figures, and producing marvelous effects of light and shade. The first lessons which he took in perspective having wearied him, he thought of a shorter method, and *invented* perspective for himself.

One of his first rude sketches happened to fall into the hands of a citizen of Leyden who understood painting. Despite of its evident defects, the germs of rare talent which it evinced struck the burgomaster; and sending for the young artist, he offered to give him a recommendation to a celebrated painter living at Amsterdam, under whom he would have far more opportunity of improvement than with his present instructor.

Rembrandt accepted the offer, and during the following year toiled incessantly. Meantime his finances were dreadfully straitened; for his father, finding that the expected profits were very tardy, refused to give money to support his son, as he said, in idleness. Paul, however, was not discouraged. Although far from possessing an amiable or estimable disposition, he held a firm and just opinion of his own powers, and resolved to make these subservient first to fortune and then to fame. Thus while some of his companions, having finished their preliminary studies, repaired to Florence, to Bologna, or to Rome, Paul, determined, as he said, not to lose his own style by becoming an imitator of even the mightiest masters, betook himself to his paternal mill. At first his return resembled that of the Prodigal Son. His father believed that he had come to resume his miller's work; and bitter was his disappointment at finding his son resolved not to renounce painting.

With a very bad grace he allowed Paul to displace the flour-sacks in an upper loft, in order to make a sort of studio, lighted by only one narrow window in the roof. There Paul painted his first finished picture. It was a *portrait* of the mill. There, on the canvas, was seen the old miller, lighted by a lantern which he carried in his hand, giving directions to his men, occupied in ranging sacks in the dark recesses of the granary. One ray falls on the fresh, comely countenance of his mother, who has her foot on the last step of a wooden staircase.* Rembrandt took this painting to the Hague, and sold it for 100 florins. In order to return with more speed, he took his place in the public coach. When the passengers stopped to dine, Rembrandt, fearing to lose his treasure, remained in the carriage. The careless stable-boy who brought the horses their corn forgot to unharness them, and as soon as they had finished eating, excited probably by Rembrandt, who cared not for his fellow-passengers, the animals started off for Leyden, and quietly halted at their accustomed inn. Our painter then got out, and repaired with his money to the mill.

Great was his father's joy. At length these silly daubs, which had so often excited his angry contempt, seemed likely to be transmuted into gold, and the old man's imagination took a rapturous flight. "Neither he nor his old horse," he said, "need now work any longer; they might both enjoy quiet during the remainder of their lives. Paul would paint pictures, and support the whole household in affluence."

Such was the old man's castle in the air; his clever, selfish son soon demolished it. "This sum of money," he said, "is only a lucky windfall. If you indeed wish it to become the foundation of my fortune, give me one hundred florins besides, and let me return to Amsterdam: there I must work and study hard."

It would be difficult to describe old Rembrandt's disappointment. Slowly, reluctantly, and one by one, he drew forth the 100 florins from his strong-box. Paul took them, and with small show of gratitude, returned to Amsterdam. In a short time his fame became established as the greatest and most original of living artists. He had a host of imitators, but all failed miserably in their attempts at reproducing his marvelous effects of light and shade. Yet Rembrandt prized the gold which flowed in to him far more than the glory. While mingling the colors which were to flash out on his canvas in real living light, he thought but of his dingy coffers.

When in possession of a yearly income equal to £2000 sterling, he would not permit the agent who collected his rents to bring them in from the country to Amsterdam, lest he should be obliged to invite him to dinner. He preferred setting out on a fine day, and going himself to the agent's house. In this way he saved two dinners—the one which he got, and the one he avoided giving. "So that's well managed!" he used to say.

This sordid disposition often exposed him to practical jokes from his pupils; but he possessed a quiet temper, and was not easily annoyed. One day a rich citizen came in, and asked him the price of a certain picture.

"Two hundred florins," said Rembrandt.

"Agreed," said his visitor. "I will pay you to-morrow, when I send for the picture."

About an hour afterward a letter was handed to the painter. Its contents were as follows:

"Master Rembrandt—During your absence a few days since, I saw in your studio a picture representing an old woman churning butter. I was enchanted with it; and if you will let me

* This picture is believed to be no longer in existence. I have found its description in the work of the historian Decamps.

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purchase it for 300 florins, I pray you to bring it to my house, and be my guest for the day."

The letter was signed with some fictitious name, and bore the address of a village several leagues distant from Amsterdam.

Tempted by the additional 100 florins, and caring little for breaking his engagement, Rembrandt set out early next morning with his picture. He walked for four hours without finding his obliging correspondent, and at length, worn out with fatigue, he returned home. He found the citizen in his studio, waiting for the picture. As Rembrandt, however, did not despair of finding the man of the 300 florins, and as a falsehood troubled but little his blunted conscience, he said, "Alas! an accident has happened to the picture; the canvas was injured, and I felt so vexed that I threw it into the fire. Two hundred florins gone! However, it will be my loss, not yours, for I will paint another precisely similar, and it shall be ready for you by this time to-morrow."

"I am sorry," replied the amateur, "but it was the picture you have burned which I wished to have; and as that is gone, I shall not trouble you to paint another."

So he departed, and Rembrandt shortly afterward received a second letter to the following effect: "MASTER REMBRANDT—You have broken your engagement, told a falsehood, wearied yourself to death, and lost the sale of your picture—all by listening to the dictates of avarice. Let this lesson be a warning to you in future."

"So," said the painter, looking round at his pupils, "one of you must have played me this pretty trick. Well, well, I forgive it. You young varlets do not know the value of a florin as I know it."

Sometimes the students nailed small copper coins on the floor, for the mischievous pleasure of seeing their master, who suffered much from rheumatism in the back, stoop with pain and difficulty, and try in vain to pick them up.

Rembrandt married an ignorant peasant who had served him as cook, thinking this a more economical alliance than one with a person of refined mind and habits. He and his wife usually dined on brown-bread, salt herrings, and small-beer. He occasionally took portraits at a high price, and in this way became acquainted with the Burgomaster Six, a man of enlarged mind and unblemished character, who yet continued faithfully attached to the avaricious painter. His friendship was sometimes put to a severe test by such occurrences as the following:

Rembrandt remarked one day that the price of his engravings had fallen.

"You are insatiable," said the burgomaster.

"Perhaps so. I can not help thirsting for gold."

"You are a miser."

"True; and I shall be one all my life."

"'Tis really a pity," remarked his friend, "that you will not be able after death to act as your own treasurer, for whenever that event occurs, all your works will rise to treble their present value"

A bright idea struck Rembrandt. He returned home, went to bed, desired his wife and his son Titus to scatter straw before the door, and give out, first, that he was dangerously ill, and then dead—while the simulated fever was to be of so dreadfully infectious a nature that none of the neighbors were to be admitted near the sick-room. These instructions were followed to the letter; and the disconsolate widow proclaimed that, in order to procure money for her husband's interment, she must sell all his works, any property that he left not being available on so short a notice.

The unworthy trick succeeded. The sale, including every trivial scrap of painting or engraving, realized an enormous sum, and Rembrandt was in ecstasy The honest burgomaster, however, was nearly frightened into a fit of apoplexy at seeing the man whose death he had sincerely mourned standing alive and well at the door of his studio. Meinherr Six obliged him to promise that he would in future abstain from such abominable deceptions. One day he was employed in painting in a group the likenesses of the whole family of a rich citizen. He had nearly finished it, when intelligence was brought him of the death of a tame ape which he greatly loved. The creature had fallen off the roof of the house into the street. Without interrupting his work, Rembrandt burst into loud lamentations, and after some time announced that the piece was finished. The whole family advanced to look at it, and what was their horror to see introduced between the heads of the eldest son and daughter an exact likeness of the dear departed ape. With one voice they all exclaimed against this singular relative which it had pleased the painter to introduce among them, and insisted on his effacing it.

"What!" exclaimed Rembrandt, "efface the finest figure in the picture? No, indeed; I prefer keeping the piece for myself." Which he did, and carried off the painting.

Of Rembrandt's style it may be said that he painted with light, for frequently an object was indicated merely by the projection of a shadow on a wall. Often a luminous spot suggested, rather than defined, a hand or a head. Yet there is nothing vague in his paintings: the mind seizes the design immediately. His studio was a circular room, lighted by several narrow slits, so contrived that rays of sunshine entered through only one at a time, and thus produced strange effects of light and shade. The room was filled with old-world furniture, which made it resemble an antiquary's museum. There were heaped up in the most picturesque confusion curious old furniture, antique armor, gorgeously-tinted stuffs; and these Rembrandt arranged in different forms and positions, so as to vary the effects of light and color. This he called "making his models sit to him." And in this close adherence to reality consisted the great secret of his art. It is strange that his favorite among all his pupils was the one whose style least resembled his own—Gerard Douw—he who aimed at the most excessive minuteness of delineation, who stopped key-

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holes lest a particle of dust should fall on his pallet, who gloried in representing the effects of fresh scouring on the side of a kettle.

Rembrandt died in 1674, at the age of sixty-eight. He passed all his life at Amsterdam. Some of his biographers have told erroneously that he once visited Italy: they were deceived by the word *Venetiis* placed at the bottom of several of his engravings. He wrote it there with the intention of deluding his countrymen into the belief that he was absent, and about to settle in Italy—an impression which would materially raise the price of his productions. Strange and sad it is to see so much genius united with so much meanness—the head of fine gold with the feet of clay.

THE VIPER.

AT a recent monthly meeting of the Kendal Natural History Society, a letter was read from Mr. W. Pearson, on the natural history of Crossthwaite, from which we give the following extract:—"On the afternoon of 23d July last," says Mr. Pearson, "the servant girl called me into the pantry in a great flurry. She said a hagworm was trying to get in at the window. And there it was, sure enough, raising itself straight up from the window-sill; first trying one pane, and then another; strangely puzzled, no doubt, that what seemed so clear an opening should offer any obstruction. The glass manufacture was evidently a mystery to it. The window being low, it had crawled over a heap of sand lying before it. It had probably smelt something tempting in the pantry, with which it wished to make nearer acquaintance. It was a beautiful creature. Its small head, prominent dark eyes, and pretty mottled skin, might have pleaded strongly for mercy; but, notwithstanding my general habit of sparing these reptiles when I meet with them in my walks, it was approaching too much in the guise of a housebreaker to be pardoned, so I gave orders for its instant execution. Moreover, there is little doubt that it was the same individual who had, in times past, come rather too near us to be pleasant. The year before, I had noticed a viper within a yard or two of our kitchen-door, with his head and about half a foot of his body thrust out from a hole in the wall right behind the kitchen grate. The genial climate had most likely attracted him. Be this as it may, before I could procure a switch to chastise him for his impudence, he very prudently withdrew into his hole, only protruding a part of his head and eyes, with which to make observations. For some days after this, I never entered the house by the back-door without thinking of our new neighbor; and once or twice I had a glimpse of him in his old quarters, but he very warily never exposed more of his precious person than his head and eyes, so that, if it had not been for his unfortunate expedition to the pantry, he might still have been a living hagworm. You are aware that this species of snake has at least three names in England—the viper, adder, and hagworm. The last is our own local term. Some authors class it with the amphibia. An extraordinary narrative appeared lately in the 'Kendal Mercury,' of a snake crossing Connistone Lake, which is at least half a mile wide. It was not the sea-serpent, but our poor little hagworm, that was engaged in this bold navigation. It was, however, unfortunately fallen in with by a piratical boatman, and put to death. Without disputing the truth of the narration, or settling the question how far the viper is amphibious, the remark is obvious, that the poor snake was taken at a disadvantage; for, if it had been equally at home on the water as on land, why did it not save itself by diving as an eel or a frog would have done under like circumstances? Again, why is not the name of the boatman given? Why should he be defrauded of his fair fame? It is to be wished that newspaper editors, in general, were more careful to authenticate their many marvelous tales in natural history. It would be a great satisfaction to the skeptical naturalist. One may easily credit that a viper will occasionally take the water, without going the length of a full belief in the Connistone voyage.

"One day last spring, when angling, I met with one of these snakes, coiled up, within a few feet of the Winster stream, and when disturbed he fled toward the water, though I did not see him enter it. It is curious the variety of situations in which they are to be met with; in the lowest parts of the valleys, and on the tops of our highest hills; sometimes close to our houses, as I have mentioned; in the plain field, and in the roughest wood—hence their name, hagworm; on the roadside, or on the ling moor, where they sometimes bite the sportsman's dog, though I never heard of any fatal consequences. In crossing a turnpike road on a sunny day, they are often tempted to linger, such is their love of warmth, and bask on the heated stones and dust, where they are sure to be killed by the first passenger. They are never spared. Their sinuous tracks across the dusty roads in dry weather may be often observed. On riding out one day this summer, a hagworm crossed the road just before me. It exhibited a beautiful specimen of serpentine motion, and wriggled along with surprising celerity. It was a warm day; and the movements of all these reptiles are wonderfully quickened by a genial atmosphere.

"The ringed, or harmless common snake, if found at all in our district, is, I think, very scarce, for I have never seen one It is said by Latreille and other naturalists to be fond of milk, and that it will sometimes enter farmers' dairies to enjoy its favorite beverage. Does our viper, or hagworm, also possess this refined propensity? It seems probable enough, if one may judge from our pantry adventure. I am here reminded of a pretty little story which I heard in my youth, and which is well known to our rural population.

"A cottage child had been in the habit for some time of taking its porridge every morning into the orchard, to eat there, instead of in the house Its mother was curious to know why it did this. At length it was watched, and found seated under

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an apple-tree in company with a huge serpent, its head dipt in the porringer sharing the child's breakfast. But taking up a greater part of the dish than was consistent with fair play, or quite agreeable to good manners, the child was beating its head with the spoon, saying—'Take at thy own side, Grayface; take at thy own side, Grayface'—the snake submitting to this rather uncourteous treatment with the most praiseworthy patience. Indeed, this reverence for innocence, felt by savage beast or venomous reptile, is a beautiful feature of many of those old romantic tales, from the most simple to be found in rustic life, to the grand allegorical fiction of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' of

> 'Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,
> And the brave Lion slain in her defense.'

"But may there not be some truth, after all, in this tale of the serpent and child? Remember the fact—that serpents have a strange propensity to come near our houses, and are not unfrequently found there, as was exemplified this last summer in our own locality by two instances: the one, that of the pantry burglar; the other, by a large hagworm being caught lying in wait, and killed close to the farm-house below. Then their acknowledged predilection for a milk diet: it is said that, when tamed, they eat it greedily. Giving due weight, therefore, to these two circumstances, is it not probable enough that there is a substratum of truth in this story, and that it is not a mere invention trumped up to please the nursery?"

ESTHER HAMMOND'S WEDDING-DAY.

A FEW years ago, having made known to those whom it might concern that I wanted a footman, there came, among others, to offer himself for the situation, a young man, named George Hammond. He had a slight figure, and a pale, thin, handsome face, but a remarkably sad expression. Although he inspired me with interest, I felt, before I began to question him, that I should hardly like to have that melancholy countenance always under my eye.

"Where have you lived?" I asked.

"I have never been exactly in a situation," he answered.

"Then," said I, interrupting him, "I fear you will not suit me."

"I meant to say," he continued, turning paler than before, as if pained by my ready denial—"I meant to say that although I have never been in a situation, yet I know the duties of a servant, for I have been for several months under Lord Gorton's house-steward, Mr. Grindlay, and he has taught me every thing."

"Did Lord Gorton pay you wages?"

"No; but he allowed me to wait at table, and I acted just as if I had been paid wages."

"Mr. Grindlay is a friend of yours, then?"

"Yes; he has been very kind, and has taken a great deal of pains with me."

"And you think you are fit to undertake such a place as mine?"

"I think I am, and I should try to give satisfaction; for I am very anxious indeed to earn my own living."

"And who is to give you a character?"

"Mr. Grindlay will; he has known me all my life."

During the conversation of which the above is an abridgement, I found that my feelings were veering round to a more favorable quarter for the candidate. Young as he was, I thought I could discern that he had suffered, and that he was anxious to diminish, or repair, his ill fortunes by industry and good conduct. There was a moment, too, in which I fancied I saw the clew to his sorrows. It was when I said, "You are not married, I presume?"

"No," said he.

"Because," I added, "my house is not large, and visitors below are inconvenient."

"I have nobody in the world belonging to me but one sister. And the only friend I have is Mr Grindlay," he replied, with some eagerness, as if to put a period to further inquiries in that direction, while he visibly changed color. Feeling sure there was some painful family history behind, I said no more, but that I would see Mr Grindlay, if he would call on the following day.

"By-the-by," I rejoined, as the young man was leaving the room, "we said nothing about wages; what do you expect?"

"Whatever you are accustomed to give," he answered.

"Very well; I'll speak to Mr Grindlay about it."

It was the situation he was anxious about, clearly; not wages.

On the following morning Mr. Grindlay came.

"You are well acquainted with this young man?" I said.

"I have known him since he was that high," he answered, placing his hand on the table; "and you can't have a better lad; that I'll engage."

"He is honest and sober?"

"You may trust him with untold gold; and as for wine or spirits, such a thing never passes his lips."

"But he has been under your guidance, Mr. Grindlay," I answered; "he is young; do you think he will be able to stand alone?"

"I've no fear of him; none whatever," he replied. "To say the truth, he had an awful lesson before his eyes in regard to excessive drinking. Such a lesson as he'll never forget."

"Indeed!" said I; "his father?"

Mr. Grindlay shook his head. I made no further inquiry then; but agreed to engage George Hammond.

At first, he was so anxious to please, and so nervous lest he should not please, that he tumbled up-stairs in his hurry to answer the bell, and very nearly broke my best decanters. His hand so shook with agitation when I had friends to dinner, lest he should be found deficient, that I momentarily expected to see him drop the plates and glasses on the floor. However, he got through this ordeal without any serious accident; and by

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degrees I discovered that I had found a treasure of fidelity and good service. He lived with me for six years, and then, to my regret, we parted; my only consolation being that our separation was consequent on a plan formed for his advantage.

During the first years, I knew nothing more of George's history than I had gathered from Mr. Grindlay's significant hint at our only interview. I concluded that in that hint the whole mystery was revealed. George's father had been a drunkard, and his vice had probably ruined a decent family. The appearance of George's only visitor, his sister, Esther, confirmed this view; she looked so respectable and so dejected! She never came but on Sunday, and then I was always glad if I could spare George to take a walk with her. After I had learnt his value, I gave him leave to invite her to dine, and to remain the evening with him, whenever he pleased. He told me she worked with a milliner in Pall Mall; and I observed that she always wore black, which I concluded she did from an economical motive. She seemed very shy; and I never troubled her with questions.

George had been with us upward of five years, when we were visited by an old friend whose home was on the opposite side of the earth. He had returned to England, partly to see his relatives, and partly to transact some business respecting a small property he had lately inherited. During his sojourn he frequently dined with us; and, while at table, we did not fail to ply him with questions regarding his experiences in the colony he inhabited. "The great difficulty of *getting along*, as we call it," he answered, one day, "lies in the impossibility of gathering people about us, upon whom we can rely. I have made money," he said, "and have no right to complain; but I should have made twice as much if I had employed honest and intelligent men."

"You should take some abroad with you," I replied.

"I purpose to do something of the kind," he answered; "and, by-the-by, if you should hear of any honest, intelligent young man, who can write good plain English in a legible hand, and who would not object to seek his fortune across the water, let me know."

George was in the room when this was said, and I involuntarily raised my eyes to his face. When I read its expression, a twinge of selfishness brought the color to my cheeks. "Now we shall lose him," I said; and we did lose him. A few days afterward, Mr. Jameson, our colonial friend, told us that he was afraid his conversation had been the means of seducing our melancholy footman. He had found an extremely well-written letter on his table, signed "George Hammond," expressing a wish to accompany him abroad, and dated from our house, which he had at first imagined was a jest of mine. "But I find it is from your servant," he continued, "and I have told him that I can say nothing until I have consulted you on the subject."

"I am afraid I can allege nothing against it," I answered, "if he suits you, and wishes to go. A more trustworthy, excellent person you never can meet with."

"And what are his connections?" inquired Mr. Jameson; "for I would not be accessory to taking any young man out of the country without being sure that he was not doing wrong in leaving it"

For this information I referred him to Mr. Grindlay; with whom an interview was arranged. Mr. Grindlay entered so warmly into the plan, that he declared himself willing to make some pecuniary advances to promote it.

"It is not necessary," said Mr. Jameson. "I shall be very willing to undertake all the expenses of outfit and voyage."

"You are very good, indeed, sir. But," added Mr. Grindlay, "George has a sister, who would break her heart if he left her. She is a good, clever girl, and understands dress-making and millinery well. She works for Madame Roland. I suppose she would easily make a living in the parts you are going to?"

Mr. Jameson was quite agreeable that Esther should be of the party; and Mr. Grindlay undertook the charge of her outfit. "But," said our friend, "before we proceed farther, I must know who these young people are; and that their friends have no reasonable objection to our plan."

"They have no friends!" answered Mr. Grindlay, shaking his gray head; "nobody to make any objection, reasonable or otherwise; but, as you are willing to undertake the charge of them, sir, I think it would be only right that you should know the exact truth."

This was the train of circumstances which led to my acquaintance with the present story.

The parents of George and Esther Hammond kept a small but respectable inn, in one of the southern counties of England. The house was not situated in a town, nor yet very far from one, but it was a pretty rural spot, with a bowling green and garden; and it was a common thing for the inhabitants of the neighboring city to make parties there on Sundays and holidays, to dine and drink cider, for which the house was famous. It was, indeed, an extremely well-kept, clean, comfortable, little inn, the merit of which good keeping was chiefly referred by the public voice to Mrs. Hammond: an industrious, hard-working, thrifty woman. She was generally reputed to be more than thrifty. It was often remarked that when Hammond himself was absent from home, the tables were less liberally served, and the charge higher, than when he was there to moderate her besetting sin—the love of gain. Still, she was an excellent wife, and a good hostess; and she was devoted to her husband and her two children, George and Esther. In short, she was a woman who took every thing in earnest, and she loved her family, as she worked for them, with all her energies. She loved her children wisely, too: for she was extremely anxious to give them the best education she could afford; and, although, as was consistent with her char-

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acter, she kept them somewhat rigidly, she was essentially a kind mother.

Hammond's character was different. He was by nature an easy, liberal, good-natured fellow, with a considerable dash of cleverness and a very well-looking person. In youth he had gone by the name of "Handsome George;" and was still a universal favorite with his friends and customers. The only disputes that ever occurred between Hammond and his wife, arose out of those agreeable qualities. The guests were apt to invite the host into the parlor to drink with them; and when Handsome George once had his legs under his own or any body else's mahogany, he was not disposed to draw them out for some time. If this happened on a Sunday—when there were more parties than one to attend—his wife would get angry, and accuse him of neglecting his business. The husband's imperturbable good-humor, however, soon allayed the irritation.

At length the time arrived when the two children were to leave this pleasant home, to learn something beyond reading and writing, to which their acquirements had yet been limited. They were accordingly sent away to school.

As the business of Hammond's Inn was not sufficient to keep it always lively, the absence of the children was very much felt. The mother was perhaps not less sensible of the privation than the father; as many an involuntary sigh testified. He lamented loudly; and, when there was no business to engage his attention, went listlessly about with his hands in his pockets, or sat gloomily at the door, puffing at his pipe, and spreading the fumes of his tobacco over the jessamine and wild roses that overran the porch. When company came, however, he was merrier; and, when he was invited to "make one," he was apt to drink more freely than formerly.

In process of time, however, a circumstance occurred that diverted Hammond's attention into another channel. A few convivial fellows residing at Tutton, proposed to get up a club, to meet every Saturday night; the winter meetings to be held at an inn called the King's Arms, in the town, and the summer meetings at Hammond's Inn; the members to be elected by ballot. To this last rule, however, there was one exception, and that was in favor of Hammond himself.

"It was no use balloting *him*," they said; "nobody would give him a black ball." He was pleased with this testimony to his popularity; and, in spite of some misgivings on the part of his wife, he addressed his mind heartily to the new project, and fitted up a room, to be held sacred every Saturday night for six months in the year to these convivial meetings.

The chief originator of this scheme was the host of the King's Arms, whose name was Jackson. He was what is called a jolly fellow; extremely fond of company, and able to sing a good song. The other members consisted of tradesmen residing in the town, and some of the upper servants of the neighboring nobility and gentry. Among these last was Mr. Grindlay.

Every body concerned was delighted with the new club; except, perhaps, the wives of the clubbists, who did not look forward to the Saturday nights with the same affection as their husbands. More than one of them was heard to say that it was a good thing Saturday came but once a week, and that if it came oftener, she, for one, wouldn't bear it. Hannah Hammond, although not a woman to express her feelings publicly, did not like this club, in spite of the profits derived from it. She saw that Hammond began to feel that the dull evenings at home contrasted very unpleasantly with the jolly nights at the club As he and the host of the King's Arms grew more intimate, they were apt to console themselves with a few extra meetings. Sometimes Hammond made an excuse to go into the town, and sometimes Jackson came to him; but in the latter case Hannah gave her husband's visitor an indifferent welcome. Jackson seems to have kept *his* wife in better order; she had already discovered that drink is stronger than love. At first, Hammond yielded occasionally, either to frowns or persuasion; but as one ascendency grew, the other declined; and when he was not strong enough to brave his wife's wrath or entreaties, he eluded them, by slipping out when she was off her guard. Once away, he seldom reappeared until the next morning; and, as time advanced, two or three days would elapse before his return. Then, when he came, she scolded, and wept; but men get used to women's tears; and, like petrifying waters, they only harden their hearts as they fall.

So passed a few years; and the girl and boy were no longer children. Esther was a fine young woman of seventeen, and her brother eighteen months older. They had been some time away from the school, and George had been taken home to be instructed to follow his father's business, which had been the parents' original intention, when Hannah's mind was altered. She thought it was a calling that exposed a weak will to temptation, and she dreaded lest her son should get too familiar with his father's habits and associates; so, with Hammond's consent, she procured him a situation in a merchant's counting house; where, being steady and intelligent, he had every prospect of doing well.

She kept Esther at home to be her own assistant and consolation; for she needed both. She attributed all her troubles to Jackson, who had first enticed her husband to drink, and had never since allowed him time to be acted on by better influences. In proportion, therefore, as she loved her husband, she hated Jackson; and, in spite of all, she did love George dearly still It was true, he was no longer Handsome George: his features were bloated, his figure swollen, his hair thin and grizzled, and his dress neglected and dirty; but he was the chosen husband of her youth; and, with Hannah, to love once was to love always.

Jackson had a son, an excellent lad, possessing all his father's good qualities, and none of his bad ones. He and young George had been at school together, and a friendship had arisen between

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them that promised to be enduring; the more so, that Esther Hammond and Henry Jackson were lovers—a secret, the discovery of which was at first very ill received by Hannah. That her Esther should marry the son of Jackson whom she hated, was not to be thought of.

"There's little reason to fear that Harry will take after his father, mother," George would say. "Besides, you'd think it hard if any body made me suffer for father; and, for my part, I think it's enough to cure any body of a love of liquor, to see how it disguises people who would be so different if they could leave it alone."

It was some time before this kind of argument prevailed with Hannah; but it had its effect at length, sustained as it was by the genuine merits of the candidate, by his evident abhorrence of his father's vice, and by his dutiful attentions to his mother. So, by-and-by, he became a welcome visitor to Mrs. Hammond and her daughter; and, all things concurring, it was tacitly understood among them, that some day or other, when they were both old enough, and when Henry should be in a situation to maintain a family, Esther was to be his wife.

This arrangement—now that she was satisfied of Harry Jackson's good character—shed a gleam of comfort on Hannah's dark path; for her path lay dark before her now. The host of the King's Arms was never happy out of Hammond's company; the truth being, that the unfortunate man had grown really fond of George. Hannah's frowns and coldness could not keep him away; and if she, by persuasion or stratagem, contrived to detain her husband at home, Jackson invariably came in search of him. Then, besides all the other griefs and discomforts attending such a state of things, the business of the house began to decline. The respectable townspeople did not like to frequent an inn where the host was always intoxicated; and, to many who had known them in happier days, George Hammond's bloated face, and Hannah's pinched features were not pleasant to behold. If matters went on at this rate, pecuniary embarrassments were not unlikely to be added to her other afflictions; and her dread of this was materially increased by finding that Hammond was beginning to tamper with a small sum of money they had placed in the Tutton Bank, under a mutual agreement that it should remain there, untouched, until Esther's marriage. All this misery she owed to Jackson, even to the last item in her troubles; for she discovered that the money had been drawn out to lend to him.

Matters went on in this way from bad to worse. Mrs. Hammond was miserable, and Mrs. Jackson was breaking her heart, and the business of both houses was going to the dogs, when Hannah resolved on a last effort to avert the impending ruin.

Had she thought her husband utterly corrupted, her scheme would have been vain; but he had moments of remorse still, in which his good heart got the ascendant: and, persuaded by her unshaken love, she believed that if she could but wean him from Jackson's company, he might, by her attachment and vigilance, be reclaimed. It so happened that she had a cousin married to a farmer in a distant part of England; and, one day, taking George in a moment of sobriety and repentance, she made a strong appeal to his feelings and affections. "I know," she said, "that it is Jackson who tempts you to drink, when of yourself you might resist; and I do believe that if the habit were once broken, and your acquaintance with him ceased, we might all be saved yet. Go to my cousin's; she has often invited us, and I'll write to her and say you are ordered change of air for your health. You'll see no drinking there; her husband's a very sober man. You like farming—go into the fields and the gardens, and work with the spade and plough. It will make another man of you, George. When you return, we'll break with Jackson entirely."

The appeal prevailed. George sobbed, threw his arms round his wife's neck, and vowed that he would never touch liquor again. Eventually, with his wardrobe brushed up, he was dispatched on this hopeful expedition.

Such a course of life as this, however, could not be carried on without some evil consequences to himself as well as others; and in spite of the efforts of his miserable wife to keep things together, the house was ill-conducted; custom forsook it; and although, unknown to Hannah, Jackson had by degrees extracted from Hammond every penny of the savings deposited in the bank, he was distressed for money, and could not keep his creditors quiet. Added to this, he fell ill with a severe attack of delirium tremens, and, when matters were at the worst with him, and they thought he would die, Hannah's energetic mind began to form plans for the future. Henry and Esther should be married; the money in the Bank should pay off the most pressing liabilities; the care and industry of the young people should restore the house to its former flourishing condition; Mrs. Jackson, the mother, could live with her son, and they should all be once more happy—for, the tempter gone, George would be sober. Was he not sober now at the pleasant farm-house, where he was living with her friends! Did not every letter of her cousin's praise him, and assure her that he never expressed a desire to drink; and that even although they had been to a christening in the neighborhood, where there was a vast deal of conviviality, George had been so abstemious and cautious, as to delight them all!

But, alas! Jackson recovered, and with his recovery Hannah's plans were frustrated; but she had a fertile brain; and, where the welfare of those she loved was concerned, her energies never slept. She learnt from Harry, that Jackson's creditors were more pressing than ever, and that he did not know which way to turn for money. It was quite certain that if nothing were done, his property would be seized, and his wife turned into the street. Might she not take advantage of these embarrassments, and execute her original plan on condition of his abandoning the neighborhood altogether? Next to his death, his removal would be the best thing. Harry and

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Esther would keep the house; the creditors would be indulgent; and, among the family, they would make an allowance for the support of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson in some distant spot; any sacrifice being preferable to the certain ruin that impended. Mrs. Jackson was afraid that her husband would not consent to the scheme; but she was mistaken; people who are the victims of intemperance are easily won to acquiesce in any measures that are proposed for their advantage; their adherence to them is another affair. But Hannah set to work; and as there was a general sympathy with her laudable endeavor, she met with full success. Such portions of the debt as they could not pay, Harry and Hammond were to become answerable for; and as the business of the King's Arms had once been a profitable one, there was every reason to hope that the young man might lure back the customers, in process of time release his father-in-law from his bond, and find himself a free and prosperous man.

Thus much done, there was no time to be lost. Jackson, well and drunk, might refuse to do what Jackson, sick and sober, had consented to do; so a place was found for himself and his wife, in a part of the country inhabited by her relations, in order that, as she said, if Jackson kept on drinking, she might not be quite alone in the world. Arrangements were then made for the marriage of the young people.

And what said Hammond to all this? He wrote home that he would consent to any thing his wife proposed, and he hoped it might answer as well as she expected. Hannah was sure it would; but, in order to avoid the possibility of mischief, she arranged that her husband should not return until the eve of the wedding; while she had made it a condition that Jackson should depart immediately after it; thus excluding all possibility of a renewal of intercourse.

On a fine evening in June, the mother and daughter sat under the porch, hand-in-hand, watching for the coach that was to drop George at the door. How happy they were! Harry had just left them, in order to spend the last evening with his poor mother, and, as he said, to have an eye to his father's proceedings. Young George was still at his country house; but he was to have a holiday the next day, and to be present at the wedding.

At length there was a sound of wheels, and "Here's the coach!" cried both the women, as the well-loaded vehicle turned round a corner of the road, and appeared in sight. But, to their disappointment, instead of pulling up, the driver only flung down the old portmanteau, and pointed with his thumb toward the town, intimating that he had dropt the owner of it, there, as he passed.

Hannah turned pale. Why had he not come on with the coach? Had he fallen in with Jackson? Her heart sunk within her.

Esther hoped better things; she doubted not that her father had business in the town; but he must know how anxious they would be to see him, and he would surely come soon. Yet, hour after hour slipped by, and he came not. One went to the door, then the other, then the first again, and so on; but no George Hammond appeared. At length, when it was getting quite dusk, they did discern somebody coming toward them with an unsteady step—they saw the figure reel as it approached, before they could distinguish the features, and they turned sick at heart. Hannah groaned, and Esther, grasping her arm, said, "Oh mother! mother!"

But when the person drew near, they perceived that it was not Hammond, but Jackson; and, for a moment, the sight of him, unwelcome object as he was, almost gave them pleasure; it was a relief to find it was not George. But he would come, no doubt, and presently; was probably not far off; and there was the tempter waiting for him.

Angry and disgusted, the two women went into the house, and shut the door. After an irrepressible burst of tears, Hannah bethought herself of sending a lad they kept as hostler, along the road, to try and meet Hammond, and to smuggle him into the house by the back way. The boy went; but, after walking until he was tired, returned, saying he had been to the town, but could see nothing of master. He had, however, met Mr. Harry, who had promised to go in search of him, and bring him home. Finding Jackson sound asleep, and not likely to move, Hannah sent her daughter, and the maid, and the boy to bed, resolving to sit up herself, that she might be ready to admit George when he came. Alas! in what state would he arrive?

To-morrow was his daughter's wedding-day, and as Hannah thought of all they had suffered, the love—that had been flooding from her woman's heart toward her husband returning to her, as she had fondly hoped, to live purely and virtuously the rest of their days—was turned into bitterness and wrath.

It was a weary night as she sat listening to the ticking of the clock, and the slow hours as they struck, until the dawn broke, and then she peeped out to see if Jackson were still at the door. Yes, there he was fast asleep. A pretty condition he would be in to go to church with his son! However, he would be sober when he awoke; and sick at heart, and sad, she went upstairs and stretched herself on the bed beside her daughter.

But she could not sleep; her mind was anxious, and her ears were on the stretch for her profligate; and by-and-by the sparrows on the house-top began to chirp, and the market-carts rolled by on their way to the town, and the laborers' heavy shoes tramped along to the fields where their work lay; and still there was no George! No George! and so, at length, she fell asleep.

She had slept about a couple of hours when she was awakened by Esther's voice. "Mother!" cried the girl, "there's father at the door. You'd better go yourself and let him in!" "I will!" said Hannah, hastily getting out of bed and throw-

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ing on some clothes—"I will;" and she folded her lips with an expression of bitterness.

"Don't be too hard upon him, mother," said Esther—"it's the last time, for Jackson will be gone to-morrow;" and while her mother descended the stairs, the young girl arose, with her heart full of love and happiness—for how could she be sad when that very day was to make her Harry's wife? Her wedding finery was all laid out ready to put on, and she was inspecting it with the innocent vanity of eighteen, when she was startled by a scream—another and another—and it was her mother's voice! Pale and transfixed with terror, she stood with her hands pressed upon her bosom, to still her heart's beating. What could have happened? Then she heard other voices below—men's voices; and with trembling hands, she tried to dress herself, that she might go down and inquire. Suddenly, one cried out, "Where's Esther? Where's my sister?" There was a hasty foot upon the stairs, and George, her brother, pale as death, haggard, disheveled, rushed into the room.

Then there was the tramp of many feet below, and Esther rushed to the door; but George caught her in his arms.

"Wait!" he said, "and I'll tell you all. Jackson got hold of my father last night and made him drink—"

"We know it; but Harry! Oh, where's Harry?"

"Harry heard of it, and told me; and we went to seek him, he one way, I another. It was not till about two hours ago, I heard that father had not long left the Plough, in James-street, and that Harry had been there directly afterward, and gone in pursuit of him; so, being very anxious, I thought I would come on here to see if he was arrived." And here the poor boy's sobs choked his utterance.

"And has any thing happened to my father!" said Esther.

"When I got near the Mill-dam," continued George, "I saw two or three of the millers looking into the water—"

"My poor father! He's drowned!" said Esther, clasping her hands.

"Yes," said George, hesitating; "whether he was seized with delirium, or whether remorse got the better of him, and he was ashamed to come home, there's no telling—"

"But where's Harry?" cried the girl; for George hesitated again.

"He must have overtaken my father, and seen the accident—or must have been trying to prevent his throwing himself in the water—for poor Harry—!" And then there was the tramp of more feet below, and another weight was carried through the passage. "I had him brought here, Esther. I knew you'd wish it—and he would have wished it too!"

This was Esther Hammond's wedding-day! Was not this sorrow enough for one poor house?

Violent in her feelings and affections, Hannah never recovered. Her reason became impaired, and she was released from her sufferings by a death that none could venture to lament. Jackson's creditors having laid claim to the whole of the property, in consequence of Hammond's bond, the young people, eager to fly the scene of so much woe, took the advice of their friend, Mr. Grindlay, and came to seek a maintenance in London.

So ends my tragic little story. I have only to add, that the proposed plan of emigration was carried out, to the infinite advantage of the two young people, and very much to the satisfaction of Mr. Jameson.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

Book IX.—Continued.—CHAPTER IX.

WITH a slow step and an abstracted air, Harley L'Estrange bent his way toward Egerton's house, after his eventful interview with Helen. He had just entered one of the streets leading into Grosvenor-square, when a young man, walking quickly from the opposite direction, came full against him, and drawing back with a brief apology, recognized him, and ex claimed, "What! you in England, Lord L'Estrange! Accept my congratulations on your return. But you seem scarcely to remember me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Leslie. I remember you now by your smile; but you are of an age in which it is permitted me to say that you look older than when I saw you last."

"And yet, Lord L'Estrange, it seems to me that you look younger."

Indeed, this reply was so far true that there appeared less difference of years than before between Leslie and L'Estrange; for the wrinkles in the schemer's mind were visible in his visage, while Harley's dreamy worship of Truth and Beauty seemed to have preserved to the votary the enduring youth of the divinities.

Harley received the compliment with a supreme indifference, which might have been suitable to a Stoic, but which seemed scarcely natural to a gentleman who had just proposed to a lady many years younger than himself.

Leslie resumed—"Perhaps you are on your way to Mr. Egerton's. If so, you will not find him at home; he is at his office."

"Thank you. Then to his office I must redirect my steps."

"I am going to him myself," said Randal, hesitatingly.

L'Estrange had no prepossessions in favor of Leslie, from the little he had seen of that young gentleman; but Randal's remark was an appeal to his habitual urbanity, and he replied with well-bred readiness, "Let us be companions so far."

Randal accepted the arm proffered to him; and Lord L'Estrange, as is usual with one long absent from his native land, bore part as a questioner in the dialogue that ensued.

"Egerton is always the same man, I suppose too busy for illness, and too firm for sorrow?"

"If he ever feel either he will never stoop to

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complain. But indeed, my dear Lord, I should like much to know what you think of his health."

"How? You alarm me!"

"Nay, I did not mean to do that; and, pray, do not let him know that I went so far. But I have fancied that he looks a little worn and suffering."

"Poor Audley!" said L'Estrange, in a tone of deep affection. "I will sound him, and, be assured, without naming you; for I know well how little he likes to be supposed capable of human infirmity. I am obliged to you for your hint—obliged to you for your interest in one so dear to me."

And Harley's voice was more cordial to Randal than it had ever been before. He then began to inquire what Randal thought of the rumors that had reached himself as to the probable defeat of the government, and how far Audley's spirits were affected by such risks. But Randal here, seeing that Harley could communicate nothing, was reserved and guarded.

"Loss of office could not, I think, affect a man like Audley," observed Lord L'Estrange. "He would be as great in opposition—perhaps greater; and as to emoluments—"

"The emoluments are good," interposed Randal, with a half sigh.

"Good enough, I suppose, to pay him back about a tenth of what his place costs our magnificent friend—no, I will say one thing for English statesmen, no man among them ever yet was the richer for place."

"And Mr. Egerton's private fortune must be large, I take for granted," said Randal, carelessly.

"It ought to be, if he has time look to it."

Here they passed by the hotel in which lodged the Count di Peschiera.

Randal stopped. "Will you excuse me for an instant? As we are passing this hotel, I will just leave my card here." So saying, he gave his card to a waiter lounging by the door. "For the Count di Peschiera," said he, aloud.

L'Estrange started; and as Randal again took his arm, said,

"So that Italian lodges here? and you know him?"

"I know him but slightly, as one knows any foreigner who makes a sensation."

"He makes a sensation?"

"Naturally; for he is handsome, witty, and said to be very rich—that is, as long as he receives the revenues of his exiled kinsman."

"I see you are well informed, Mr. Leslie. And what is supposed to bring hither the Count di Peschiera?"

"I did hear something, which I did not quite understand, about a bet of his that he would marry his kinsman's daughter; and so, I conclude, secure to himself all the inheritance; and that he is therefore here to discover the kinsman and win the heiress. But probably you know the rights of the story, and can tell me what credit to give to such gossip."

"I know this, at least, that if he did lay such a wager, I would advise you to take any odds against him that his backers may give," said L'Estrange, drily; and while his lip quivered with anger, his eye gleamed with arch, ironical humor.

"You think, then, that this poor kinsman will not need such an alliance in order to regain his estates?"

"Yes; for I never yet knew a rogue whom I would not bet against, when he backed his own luck as a rogue against Justice and Providence."

Randal winced, and felt as if an arrow had grazed his heart; but he soon recovered.

"And, indeed, there is another vague rumor that the young lady in question is married already—to some Englishman."

This time it was Harley who winced. "Good Heavens! that can not be true—that would undo all! An Englishman just at this moment! But some Englishman of correspondent rank, I trust, or, at least, one known for opinions opposed to what an Austrian would call revolutionary doctrines?"

"I know nothing. But it was supposed, merely a private gentleman of good family. Would not that suffice? Can the Austrian Court dictate a marriage to the daughter as a condition for grace to the father?"

"No—not that!" said Harley, greatly disturbed. "But put yourself in the position of any minister to one of the great European monarchies. Suppose a political insurgent, formidable for station and wealth, had been proscribed, much interest made on his behalf, a powerful party striving against it, and just when the minister is disposed to relent, he hears that the heiress to this wealth and this station is married to the native of a country in which sentiments friendly to the very opinions for which the insurgent was proscribed are popularly entertained, and thus that the fortune to be restored may be so employed as to disturb the national security—the existing order of things; this, too, at the very time when a popular revolution has just occurred in France,* and its effects are felt most in the very land of the exile:—suppose all this, and then say if any thing could be more untoward for the hopes of the banished man, or furnish his adversaries with stronger arguments against the restoration of his fortune? But, pshaw—this must be a chimera! If true, I should have known of it."

"I quite agree with your lordship—there can be no truth in such a rumor. Some Englishman hearing, perhaps, of the probable pardon of the exile, may have counted on an heiress, and spread the report in order to keep off other candidates. By your account, if successful in his suit, he might fail to find an heiress in the bride?"

"No doubt of that. Whatever might be arranged, I can't conceive that he would be al-

* As there have been so many revolutions in France, it may be convenient to suggest that, according to the dates of this story, Harley, no doubt, alludes to that revolution which exiled Charles X. and placed Louis Philippe on the throne.

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owed to get at the fortune, though it might be held in suspense for his children. But, indeed, it so rarely happens that an Italian girl of high name marries a foreigner, that we must dismiss this notion with a smile at the long face of the hypothetical fortune-hunter. Heaven help him, if he exist!"

"Amen!" echoed Randal, devoutly.

"I hear that Peschiera's sister is returned to England. Do you know her too?"

"A little."

"My dear Mr. Leslie, pardon me if I take a liberty not warranted by our acquaintance. Against the lady I say nothing. Indeed, I have heard some things which appear to entitle her to compassion and respect. But as to Peschiera, all who prize honor, suspect him to be a knave —I know him to be one. Now, I think that the longer we preserve that abhorrence for knavery which is the generous instinct of youth, why, the fairer will be our manhood, and the more reverend our age. You agree with me?" And Harley suddenly turning, his eyes fell like a flood of light upon Randal's pale and secret countenance.

"To be sure," murmured the schemer.

Harley surveying him, mechanically recoiled, and withdrew his arm.

Fortunately for Randal, who somehow or other felt himself slipped into a false position, he scarce knew how or why, he was here seized by the arm; and a clear, open, manly voice cried, "My dear fellow, how are you? I see you are engaged now; but look into my rooms when you can, in the course of the day."

And with a bow of excuse for his interruption, to Lord L'Estrange, the speaker was then turning away, when Harley said:

"No, don't let me take you from your friend, Mr. Leslie. And you need not be in a hurry to see Egerton; for I shall claim the privilege of older friendship for the first interview."

"It is Mr. Egerton's nephew, Frank Hazeldean."

"Pray, call him back, and present me to him. He has a face that would have gone far to reconcile Timon to Athens."

Randal obeyed; and after a few kindly words to Frank, Harley insisted on leaving the two young men together, and walked on to Downing-street with a brisker step.

CHAPTER X.

"THAT Lord L'Estrange seems a very good fellow."

"So-so; an effeminate humorist; says the most absurd things, and fancies them wise. Never mind him. You wanted to speak to me, Frank?"

"Yes; I am so obliged to you for introducing me to Levy. I must tell you how handsomely he has behaved."

"Stop; allow me to remind you that I did not introduce you to Levy; you had met him before at Borrowell's, if I recollect right, and he dined with us at the Clarendon—that is all I had to do with bringing you together. Indeed, I rather cautioned you against him than not. Pray, don't think I introduced you to a man who, however pleasant, and perhaps honest, is still a money-lender. Your father would be justly angry with me if I had done so."

"Oh, pooh! you are prejudiced against poor Levy. But, just hear: I was sitting very ruefully, thinking over those cursed bills, and how the deuce I should renew them, when Levy walked into my rooms; and after telling me of his long friendship for my uncle Egerton, and his admiration for yourself, and (give me your hand, Randal) saying how touched he felt by your kind sympathy in my troubles, he opened his pocket-book, and showed me the bills safe and sound in his own possession."

"How?"

"He had bought them up. 'It must be so disagreeable to me,' he said, 'to have them flying about the London money-market, and these Jews would be sure sooner or later to apply to my father. And now,' added Levy, 'I am in no immediate hurry for the money, and we must put the interest upon fairer terms.' In short, nothing could be more liberal than his tone. And he says, 'he is thinking of a way to relieve me altogether, and will call about it in a few days, when his plan is matured.' After all, I must owe this to you, Randal. I dare swear you put it into his head."

"O no, indeed! On the contrary, I still say, 'Be cautious in all your dealings with Levy.' I don't know, I'm sure, what he means to propose. Have you heard from the Hall lately?"

"Yes—to-day. Only think—the Riccaboccas have disappeared. My mother writes me word of it—a very odd letter. She seems to suspect that I know where they are, and reproaches me for 'mystery'—quite enigmatical. But there is one sentence in her letter—see, here it is in the postscript—which seems to refer to Beatrice: 'I don't ask you to tell me your secrets, Frank, but Randal will no doubt have assured you that my first consideration will be for your own happiness, in any matter in which your heart is really engaged.'"

"Yes," said Randal, slowly; "no doubt, this refers to Beatrice; but, as I told you, your mother will not interfere one way or the other —such interference would weaken her influence with the Squire. Besides, as she said, she can't *wish* you to marry a foreigner; though once married, she would— But how do you stand now with the Marchesa? Has she consented to accept you?"

"Not quite: indeed, I have not actually proposed. Her manner, though much softened, has not so far emboldened me; and, besides, before a positive declaration, I certainly must go down to the Hall, and speak at least to my mother."

"You must judge for yourself, but don't do any thing rash: talk first to me. Here we are at my office. Good-by; and—and pray believe

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that, in whatever you do with Levy, I have no hand in it."

CHAPTER XI.

TOWARD the evening, Randal was riding fast on the road to Norwood. The arrival of Harley, and the conversation that had passed between that nobleman and Randal, made the latter anxious to ascertain how far Riccabocca was likely to learn L'Estrange's return to England, and to meet with him. For he felt that, should the latter come to know that Riccabocca, in his movements, had gone by Randal's advice, Harley would find that Randal had spoken to him disingenuously; and, on the other hand, Riccabocca, placed under the friendly protection of Lord L'Estrange, would no longer need Randal Leslie to defend him from the machinations of Peschiera. To a reader happily unaccustomed to dive into the deep and mazy recesses of a schemer's mind, it might seem that Randal's interest, in retaining a hold over the exile's confidence, would terminate with the assurances that had reached him, from more than one quarter, that Violante might cease to be an heiress if she married himself. "But, perhaps," suggests some candid and youthful conjecturer —"perhaps Randal Leslie is in love with this fair creature?" Randal in love! no! He was too absorbed by harder passions for that blissful folly. Nor, if he could have fallen in love, was Violante the one to attract that sullen, secret heart; her instinctive nobleness, the very stateliness of her beauty, womanlike though it was, awed him. Men of that kind may love some soft slave—they can not lift their eyes to a queen. They may look down—they can not look up. But, on the one hand, Randal could not resign altogether the *chance* of securing a fortune that would realize his most dazzling dreams, upon the mere assurance, however probable, which had so dismayed him; and, on the other hand, should he be compelled to relinquish all idea of such alliance, though he did not contemplate the base perfidy of actually assisting Peschiera's avowed designs, still, if Frank's marriage with Beatrice should absolutely depend upon her brother's obtaining the knowledge of Violante's retreat, and that marriage should be as conducive to his interests as he thought he could make it, why—he did not then push his deductions farther, even to himself—they seemed too black; but he sighed heavily, and that sigh foreboded how weak would be honor and virtue against avarice and ambition. Therefore, on all accounts, Riccabocca was one of those cards in a sequence, which so calculating a player would not throw out of his hand: it *might* serve for repique at the worst—it might score well in the game. Intimacy with the Italian was still part and parcel in that knowledge which was the synonym of power.

While the young man was thus meditating, on his road to Norwood, Riccabocca and his Jemima were close conferring in their drawing-room. And if you could have there seen them, reader, you would have been seized with equal surprise and curiosity; for some extraordinary communication had certainly passed between them. Riccabocca was evidently much agitated, and with emotions not familiar to him. The tears stood in his eyes at the same time that a smile, the reverse of cynical or sardonic, curved his lips; while his wife was leaning her head on his shoulder, her hand clasped in his, and, by the expression of her face, you might guess that he had paid her some very gratifying compliment, of a nature more genuine and sincere than those which characterized his habitual hollow and dissimulating gallantry. But just at this moment Giacomo entered, and Jemima, with her native English modesty, withdrew in haste from Riccabocca's sheltering side.

"Padrone," said Giacomo, who, whatever his astonishment at the connubial position he had disturbed, was much too discreet to betray it—"Padrone, I see the young Englishman riding toward the house, and I hope, when he arrives, you will not forget the alarming information I gave to you this morning."

"Ah—ah!" said Riccabocca, his face falling "If the Signorina were but married!"

"My very thought—my constant thought!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "And you really believe the young Englishman loves her?"

"Why else should he come, Excellency?" asked Giacomo, with great *naïveté*.

"Very true; why, indeed?" said Riccabocca. "Jemima, I can not endure the terrors I suffer on that poor child's account. I will open myself frankly to Randal Leslie. And now, too, that which might have been a serious consideration, in case I return to Italy, will no longer stand in our way, Jemima."

Jemima smiled faintly, and whispered something to Riccabocca, to which he replied—

"Nonsense, *anima mia*. I know it *will* behave not a doubt of it. I tell you it is as nine to four, according to the nicest calculations. I will speak at once to Randal. He is too young —too timid to speak himself."

"Certainly," interposed Giacomo; "how could he dare to speak, let him love ever so well?"

Jemima shook her head.

"O, never fear," said Riccabocca, observing this gesture; "I will give him the trial. If he entertain but mercenary views, I shall soon detect them. I know human nature pretty well, I think, my love; and, Giacomo—just get me my Machiavel—that's right. Now, leave me, my dear; I must reflect and prepare myself."

When Randal entered the house, Giacomo, with a smile of peculiar suavity, ushered him into the drawing-room. He found Riccabocca alone, and seated before the fire-place, leaning his face on his hand, with the great folio of Machiavel lying open on the table.

The Italian received him as courteously as usual; but there was in his manner a certain serious and thoughtful dignity, which was, per-

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haps, the more imposing, because but rarely assumed. After a few preliminary observations, Randal remarked that Frank Hazeldean had informed him of the curiosity which the disappearance of the Riccaboccas had excited at the Hall, and inquired carelessly if the Doctor had left instructions as to the forwarding of any letters that might be directed to him at the Casino.

"Letters," said Riccabocca, simply—"I never receive any; or, at least, so rarely, that it was not worth while to take an event so little to be expected into consideration. No; if any letters do reach the Casino, there they will wait."

"Then I can see no possibility of indiscretion; no chance of a clew to your address."

"No! I either."

Satisfied so far, and knowing that it was not in Riccabocca's habits to read the newspapers, by which he might otherwise have learnt of L'Estrange's arrival in London, Randal then proceeded to inquire, with much seeming interest, into the health of Violante—hoped it did not suffer by confinement, &c. Riccabocca eyed him gravely while he spoke, and then suddenly rising, that air of dignity to which I have before referred, became yet more striking.

"My young friend," said he, "hear me attentively, and answer me frankly. I know human nature."—Here a slight smile of proud complacency passed the sage's lips, and his eye glanced toward his Machiavel.

"I know human nature—at least I have studied it," he renewed, more earnestly, and with less evident self-conceit, "and I believe that when a perfect stranger to me exhibits an interest in my affairs, which occasions him no small trouble—an interest (continued the wise man, laying his hand upon Randal's shoulder) which scarcely a son could exceed, he must be under the influence of some strong personal motive."

"Oh, sir!" cried Randal, turning a shade more pale, and with a faltering tone. Riccabocca surveyed him with the tenderness of a superior being, and pursued his deductive theories.

"In your case, what is that motive? Not political; for I conclude you share the opinions of your government, and those opinions have not favored mine. Not that of pecuniary or ambitious calculations; for how can such calculations enlist you on behalf of a ruined exile? What remains? Why the motive which at your age is ever the most natural, and the strongest. I don't blame you. Machiavel himself allows that such a motive has swayed the wisest minds, and overturned the most solid states. In a word, young man, you are in love, and with my daughter Violante."

"Randal was so startled by this direct and unexpected charge upon his own masked batteries, that he did not even attempt his defense. His head drooped on his breast, and he remained speechless.

"I do not doubt," resumed the penetrating judge of human nature, "that you would have been withheld by the laudable and generous scruples which characterize your happy age, from voluntarily disclosing to me the state of your heart. You might suppose that, proud of the position I once held, or sanguine in the hope of regaining my inheritance, I might be over-ambitious in my matrimonial views for Violante; or that you, anticipating my restoration to honors and fortune, might seem actuated by the last motives which influence love and youth; and therefore, my dear young friend, I have departed from the ordinary custom in England, and adopted a very common one in my own country. With us, a suitor seldom presents himself till he is assured of the consent of a father. I have only to say this—If I am right, and you love my daughter, my first object in life is to see her safe and secure; and, in a word—you understand me."

Now, mightily may it comfort and console us ordinary mortals, who advance no pretense to superior wisdom and ability, to see the huge mistakes made by both these very sagacious personages—Dr. Riccabocca, valuing himself on his profound acquaintance with character, and Randal Leslie, accustomed to grope into every hole and corner of thought and action, wherefrom to extract that knowledge which is power! For whereas the sage, judging not only by his own heart in youth, but by the general influence of the master-passion of the young, had ascribed to Randal sentiments wholly foreign to that able diplomatist's nature, so no sooner had Riccabocca brought his speech to a close, than Randal, judging also by his own heart, and by the general laws which influence men of the mature age and boasted worldly wisdom of the pupil of Machiavel, instantly decided that Riccabocca presumed upon his youth and inexperience, and meant most nefariously to take him in.

"The poor youth!" thought Riccabocca, "how unprepared he is for the happiness I give him!"

"The cunning old Jesuit!" thought Randal; "he has certainly learned, since we met last, that he has no chance of regaining his patrimony, and so he wants to impose on me the hand of a girl without a shilling. What other motive can he possibly have? Had his daughter the remotest probability of becoming the greatest heiress in Italy, would he dream of bestowing her on me in this off-hand way? The thing stands to reason."

Actuated by his resentment at the trap thus laid for him, Randal was about to disclaim altogether the disinterested and absurd affection laid to his charge, when it occurred to him that, by so doing, he might mortally offend the Italian—since the cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them—and it might still be conducive to his interest to preserve intimate and familiar terms with Riccabocca; therefore, subduing his first impulse, he exclaimed,

"O, too generous man! pardon me if I have so long been unable to express my amaze, my gratitude; but I can not—no, I can not, while your prospects remain thus uncertain, avail my-

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self of your—of your inconsiderate magnanimity. Your rare conduct can only redouble my own scruples, if you, as I firmly hope and believe, are restored to your great possessions—you would naturally look so much higher than me. Should those hopes fail, then, indeed, it may be different; yet, even then, what position, what fortune, have I to offer to your daughter worthy of her?"

"You are well born: all gentlemen are equals," said Riccabocca, with a sort of easy nobleness. "You have youth, information, talent—sources of certain wealth in this happy country—powerful connections; and, in fine, if you are satisfied with marrying for love, I shall be contented;—if not, speak openly. As to the restoration to my possessions, I can scarcely think that probable while my enemy lives. And even in that case, since I saw you last, something has occurred" (added Riccabocca with a strange smile, which seemed to Randal singularly sinister and malignant) "that may remove all difficulties. Meanwhile, do not think me so extravagantly magnanimous—do not underrate the satisfaction I must feel at knowing Violante safe from the designs of Peschiera—safe, and for ever, under a husband's roof. I will tell you an Italian proverb—it contains a truth full of wisdom and terror:

"'Hai cinquanta Amici?—non basta—hai un Nemico?—è troppo.'*

"Something has occurred!" echoed Randal, not heeding the conclusion of this speech, and scarcely hearing the proverb which the sage delivered in his most emphatic and tragic tone. "Something has occurred! My dear friend, be plainer. What has occurred?" Riccabocca remained silent. "Something that induces you to bestow your daughter on me?"

Riccabocca nodded, and emitted a low chuckle.

"The very laugh of a fiend," muttered Randal. "Something that makes her not worth bestowing. He betrays himself. Cunning people always do."

"Pardon me," said the Italian at last, "if I do not answer your question; you will know later; but, at present, this is a family secret. And now I must turn to another and more alarming cause for my frankness to you." Here Riccabocca's face changed, and assumed an expression of mingled rage and fear. "You must know," he added, sinking his voice, "that Giacomo has seen a strange person loitering about the house, and looking up at the windows; and he has no doubt—nor have I—that this is some spy or emissary of Peschiera's."

"Impossible; how could he discover you?"

"I know not; but no one else has any interest in doing so. The man kept at a distance, and Giacomo could not see his face."

"It may be but a mere idler. Is this all?"

"No; the old woman who serves us said that she was asked at a shop 'if we were not Italians?'"

"And she answered?"

"'No;' but owned that 'we had a foreign servant, Giacomo.'"

"I will see to this. Rely on it that if Peschiera has discovered you, I will learn it. Nay, I will hasten from you in order to commence inquiry."

"I can not detain you. May I think that we have now an interest in common?"

"O, indeed yes; but—but—your daughter! how can I dream that one so beautiful, so peerless, will confirm the hope you have extended to me?"

"The daughter of an Italian is brought up to consider that it is a father's right to dispose of her hand?"

"But the heart?"

"*Cospetto!*" said the Italian, true to his infamous notions as to the sex, "the heart of a girl is like a convent—the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door."

CHAPTER XII.

RANDAL had scarcely left the house, before Mrs. Riccabocca, who was affectionately anxious in all that concerned Violante, rejoined her husband.

"I like the young man very well," said the sage—"very well indeed. I find him just what I expected from my general knowledge of human nature; for as love ordinarily goes with youth, so modesty usually accompanies talent. He is young, *ergo* he is in love; he has talent, *ergo* he is modest—modest and ingenuous."

"And you think not in any way swayed by interest in his affections?"

"Quite the contrary; and to prove him the more, I have not said a word as to the worldly advantages which, in any case, would accrue to him from an alliance with my daughter. In any case; for if I regain my country, her fortune is assured; and if not, I trust" (said the poor exile, lifting his brow with stately and becoming pride) "that I am too well aware of my child's dignity as well as my own, to ask any one to marry her to his own worldly injury."

"Eh! I don't quite understand you, Alphonso. To be sure, your dear life is insured for her marriage portion; but—"

"*Pazzie*—stuff!" said Riccabocca, petulantly; "her marriage portion would be as nothing to a young man of Randal's birth and prospects. I think not of that. But listen; I have never consented to profit by Harley L'Estrange's friendship for me; my scruples would not extend to my son-in-law. This noble friend has not only high rank, but considerable influence—influence with the government—influence with Randal's patron—who, between ourselves, does not seem to push the young man as he might do, I judge by what Randal says. I should write, therefore, before any thing was settled, to L'Estrange, and I should say to him simply, 'I never asked you to save me from penury, but I do ask you to save a daughter of my house from hu-

* Have you fifty friends?—it is not enough. Have you one enemy?—it is too much

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miliation. I can give to her no dowry; can her husband owe to my friend that advance in an honorable career—that opening to energy and talent—which is more than a dowry to generous ambition?'"

"Oh, it is in vain you would disguise your rank!" cried Jemima, with enthusiasm; "it speaks in all you utter, when your passions are moved."

The Italian did not seem flattered by that eulogy. "Pish!" said he, "there you are! rank again!"

But Jemima was right. There was something about her husband that was grandiose and princely, whenever he escaped from his accursed Machiavel, and gave fair play to his heart.

And he spent the next hour or so in thinking over all that he could do for Randal, and devising for his intended son-in-law the agreeable surprises, which Randal was at that very time racking his yet cleverer brains to disappoint.

These plans conned sufficiently, Riccabocca shut up his Machiavel, and hunted out of his scanty collection of books Buffon on Man, and various other psychological volumes, in which he soon became deeply absorbed. Why were these works the object of the sage's study? Perhaps he will let us know soon, for it is clearly a secret known to his wife; and though she has hitherto kept one secret, that is precisely the reason why Riccabocca would not wish long to overburden her discretion with another.

CHAPTER XIII.

RANDAL reached home in time to dress for a late dinner at Baron Levy's.

The Baron's style of living was of that character especially affected both by the most acknowledged exquisites of that day, and, it must be owned, also, by the most egregious *parvenus*. For it is noticeable that it is your *parvenu* who always comes nearest in fashion (so far as externals are concerned) to your genuine exquisite. It is your *parvenu* who is most particular as to the cut of his coat, and the precision of his equipage, and the minutiæ of his *ménage*. Those between the *parvenu* and the exquisite who know their own consequence, and have something solid to rest upon, are slow in following all the caprices of fashion, and obtuse in observation as to those niceties which neither give them another ancestor, nor add another thousand to the account at their banker's;—as to the last, rather indeed the contrary! There was a decided elegance about the Baron's house and his dinner. If he had been one of the lawful kings of the dandies, you would have cried, "What perfect taste!"—but such is human nature, that the dandies who dined with him said to each other, "He pretend to imitate D——! vulgar dog!" There was little affectation of your more showy opulence. The furniture in the room was apparently simple, but, in truth, costly, from its luxurious comfort—the ornaments and china scattered about the commodes were of curious rarity and great value; and the pictures on the walls were gems. At dinner, no plate was admitted on the table. The Russian fashion, then uncommon, now more prevalent, was adopted—fruits and flowers in old Sèvres dishes of priceless *vertu*, and in sparkling glass of Bohemian fabric. No lively servant was permitted to wait; behind each guest stood a gentleman dressed so like the guest himself, in fine linen and simple black, that guest and lackey seemed stereotypes from one plate.

The viands were exquisite; the wine came from the cellars of deceased archbishops and embassadors. The company was select; the party did not exceed eight. Four were the eldest sons of peers (from a baron to a duke); one was a professed wit, never to be got without a month's notice, and, where a *parvenu* was host, a certainty of green-pease and peaches—out of season; the sixth, to Randal's astonishment, was Mr. Richard Avenel; himself and the Baron made up the complement.

The eldest sons recognized each other with a meaning smile; the most juvenile of them, indeed (it was his first year in London), had the grace to blush and look sheepish. The others were more hardened; but they all united in regarding with surprise both Randal and Dick Avenel. The former was known to most of them personally; and to all, by repute, as a grave, clever, promising young man, rather prudent than lavish, and never suspected to have got into a scrape. What the deuce did he do there? Mr. Avenel puzzled them yet more. A middle-aged man, said to be in business, whom they had observed "about town" (for he had a noticeable face and figure)—that is, seen riding in the park, or lounging in the pit at the opera, but never set eyes on at a recognized club, or in the coteries of their "set;"—a man whose wife gave horrid third-rate parties, that took up half-a-column in the *Morning Post* with a list of "The Company Present"—in which a sprinkling of dowagers out of fashion, and a foreign titlé or two, made the darkness of the obscurer names doubly dark. Why this man should be asked to meet *them*, by Baron Levy, too—a decided tuft-hunter and would-be exclusive—called all their faculties into exercise. The wit, who, being the son of a small tradesman, but in the very best society, gave himself far greater airs than the young lords, impertinently solved the mystery. "Depend on it," whispered he to Spendquick—"depend on it the man is the X. Y. of the *Times*, who offers to lend any sums of money from £10 to half-a-million. He's the man who has all your bills; Levy is only his jackall."

"'Pon my soul," said Spendquick, rather alarmed, "if that's the case, one may as well be civil to him."

"*You*, certainly," said the wit. "But I never yet found an X. Y. who would advance me the L. s.; and, therefore, I shall not be more re-

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spectful to X. Y. than to any other unknown quantity."

By degrees, as the wine circulated, the party grew gay and sociable. Levy was really an entertaining fellow; had all the gossip of the town at his fingers'-ends; and possessed, moreover, that pleasant art of saying ill-natured things of the absent, which those present always enjoy. By degrees, too, Mr. Richard Avenel came out; and as the whisper had circulated round the table that he was X. Y., he was listened to with a profound respect, which greatly elevated his spirits. Nay, when the wit tried once to show him up, or mystify him, Dick answered with a bluff spirit, that, though very coarse, was found so humorous by Lord Spendquick and other gentlemen similarly situated in the money-market, that they turned the laugh against the wit, and silenced him for the rest of the night—a circumstance which made the party go off much more pleasantly. After dinner, the conversation, quite that of single men, easy and *débonnair*, glanced from the turf, and the ballet, and the last scandal, toward politics; for the times were such that politics were discussed every where, and three of the young lords were county members.

Randal said little, but, as was his wont, listened attentively; and he was aghast to find how general was the belief that the government was doomed. Out of regard to him, and with that delicacy of breeding which belongs to a certain society, nothing personal to Egerton was said, except by Avenel, who, however, on blurting out some rude expressions respecting that minister, was instantly checked by the Baron.

"Spare my friend, and Mr. Leslie's near connection," said he, with a polite but grave smile.

"Oh," said Avenel, "public men, whom we pay, are public property—aren't they, my lord?" appealing to Spendquick.

"Certainly," said Spendquick, with great spirit—"public property, or why should we pay them? There must be a very strong motive to induce us to do that! I hate paying people. In fact," he subjoined, in an aside, "I never do!"

"However," resumed Mr. Avenel, graciously, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Leslie. As to the feelings of our host, the Baron, I calculate that they have got tolerably tough by the exercise they have gone through."

"Nevertheless," said the Baron, joining in the laugh which any lively saying by the supposed X.Y. was sure to excite—"nevertheless, 'love me, love my dog,' love me, love my Egerton."

Randal started, for his quick ear and subtle intelligence caught something sinister and hostile in the tone with which Levy uttered this equivocal comparison, and his eye darted toward the Baron. But the Baron had bent down his face, and was regaling himself upon an olive.

By-and-by the party rose from table. The four young noblemen had their engagements elsewhere, and proposed to separate without re-entering the drawing-room. As, in Goethe's theory, monads which have affinities with each other are irresistibly drawn together, so these gay children of pleasure had, by a common impulse, on rising from table, moved each to each, and formed a group round the fire-place. Randal stood a little apart, musing; the wit examined the pictures through his eye-glass; and Mr. Avenel drew the Baron toward the sideboard, and there held him in whispered conference. This colloquy did not escape the young gentlemen round the fire-place: they glanced toward each other.

"Settling the per centage on renewal," said one, *sotto voce*.

"X. Y. does not seem such a very bad fellow," said another.

"He looks rich, and talks rich," said a third.

"A decided independent way of expressing his sentiments; those moneyed men generally have."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Spendquick, who had been keeping his eye anxiously fixed on the pair, "do look; X. Y. is actually taking out his pocket-book; he is coming this way. Depend on it he has got our bills—mine is due to-morrow."

"And mine too," said another, edging off. "Why, it is a perfect *guet à pens*."

Meanwhile, breaking away from the Baron, who appeared anxious to detain him, and failing in that attempt, turned aside, as if not to see Dick's movements—a circumstance which did did not escape the notice of the group, and confirmed all their suspicions, Mr. Avenel, with a serious, thoughtful air, and a slow step, approached the group. Nor did the great Roman general more nervously "flutter the dove-cotes in Corioli," than did the advance of the supposed X. Y. agitate the bosoms of Lord Spendquick and his sympathizing friends. Pocket-book in hand, and apparently feeling for something formidable within its mystic recesses, step by step came Dick Avenel toward the fire-place. The group stood still, fascinated by horror.

"Hum," said Mr. Avenel, clearing his throat.

"I don't like that hum at all," muttered Spendquick.

"Proud to have made your acquaintance, gentlemen," said Dick, bowing.

The gentlemen, thus addressed, bowed low in return.

"My friend the Baron thought this not exactly the time to—" Dick stopped a moment; you might have knocked down those four young gentlemen, though four finer specimens of humanity no aristocracy in Europe could produce—you might have knocked them down with a feather! "But," renewed Avenel, not finishing his sentence, "I have made it a rule in life never to lose securing a good opportunity; in short, to make the most of the present moment. And," added he, with a smile, which froze the blood in Lord Spendquick's veins, "the rule has made me a very warm man! Therefore, gentlemen, allow me to present you each with one of these"—every

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hand retreated behind the back of its well-born owner—when, to the inexpressible relief of all, Dick concluded with—"a little *soirée dansante*," and extended four cards of invitation.

"Most happy!" exclaimed Spendquick. "I don't dance in general; but to oblige X—— I mean to have a better acquaintance, sir, with *you*—I would dance on the tight-rope."

There was a good-humored pleasant laugh at Spendquick's enthusiasm, and a general shaking of hands and pocketing of the invitation cards.

"You don't look like a dancing-man," said Avenel, turning to the wit, who was plump and somewhat gouty—as wits who dine out five days in the week generally are; "but we shall have supper at one o'clock."

Infinitely offended and disgusted, the wit replied dryly, "that every hour of his time was engaged for the rest of the season," and, with a stiff salutation to the Baron, took his departure. The rest, in good spirits, hurried away to their respective cabriolets; and Leslie was following them into the hall, when the Baron, catching hold of him, said, "Stay, I want to talk to you."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Baron turned into his drawing-room, and Leslie followed.

"Pleasant young men, those," said Levy, with a slight sneer, as he threw himself into an easy chair and stirred the fire. "And not at all proud; but, to be sure, they are—under great obligations to me. Yes; they owe me a great deal. *Apropos*, I have had a long talk with Frank Hazeldean—fine young man—remarkable capacities for business. I can arrange his affairs for him. I find, on reference to the Will Office, that you were quite right; the Casino property is entailed on Frank. He will have the fee simple. He can dispose of the reversion entirely. So that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

"But I told you also that Frank had scruples about borrowing on the event of his father's death."

"Ay, you did so. Filial affection! I never take that into account in matters of business. Such little scruples, though they are highly honorable to human nature, soon vanish before the prospect of the King's Bench. And, too, as you so judiciously remarked, our clever young friend is in love with Madame di Negra."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No; but Madame di Negra did."

"You know her?"

"I know most people in good society, who now and then require a friend in the management of their affairs. And having made sure of the fact you stated, as to Hazeldean's contingent property (excuse my prudence), I have accommodated Madame di Negra, and bought up her debts."

"You have—you surprise me!"

"The surprise will vanish on reflection. But you are very new to the world yet, my dear Leslie. By the way, I have had an interview with Peschiera—"

"About his sister's debts?"

"Partly. A man of the nicest honor is Peschiera."

Aware of Levy's habit of praising people for the qualities in which, according to the judgment of less penetrating mortals, they were most deficient, Randal only smiled at this eulogy, and waited for Levy to resume. But the Baron sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two, and then wholly changed the subject.

"I think your father has some property in ——shire, and you probably can give me a little information as to certain estates of a Mr. Thornhill—estates which, on examination of the title-deeds, I find once, indeed, belonged to your family." The Baron glanced at a very elegant memorandum book—"The manors of Rood and Dulmonsberry, with sundry farms thereon. Mr. Thornhill wants to sell them as soon as his son is of age—an old client of mine, Thornhill. He has applied to me on the matter. Do you think it an improvable property?"

Randal listened with a livid cheek and a throbbing heart. We have seen that, if there was one ambitious scheme in his calculation which, though not absolutely generous and heroic, still might win its way to a certain sympathy in the undebased human mind, it was the hope to restore the fallen fortunes of his ancient house, and repossess himself of the long alienated lands that surrounded the dismal wastes of the mouldering Hall. And now to hear that those lands were getting into the inexorable gripe of Levy—tears of bitterness stood in his eyes.

"Thornhill," continued Levy, who watched the young man's countenance—"Thornhill tells me that that part of his property—the old Leslie lands—produces £2000 a year, and that the rental could be raised. He would take £50,000 for it—£20,000 down, and suffer the remaining £30,000 to lie on mortgage at four per cent. It seems a very good purchase. What do you say?"

"Don't ask me," said Randal, stung into rare honesty; "for I had hoped I might live to repossess myself of that property."

"Ah! indeed. It would be a very great addition to your consequence in the world—not from the mere size of the estate, but from its hereditary associations. And if you have any idea of the purchase—believe me, I'll not stand in your way."

"How can I have any idea of it?"

"But I thought you said you had."

"I understood that these lands could not be sold till Mr. Thornhill's son came of age, and joined in getting rid of the entail."

"Yes, so Thornhill himself supposed, till, on examining the title-deeds, I found he was under a mistake. These lands are not comprised in the settlement made by old Jasper Thornhill, which ties up the rest of the property. The title will be perfect. Thornhill wants to settle the matter at once—losses on the turf, you un-

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derstand; an immediate purchaser would get still better terms. A Sir John Spratt would give the money; but the addition of these lands would make the Spratt property of more consequence in the county than the Thornhill. So my client would rather take a few thousands less from a man who don't set up to be his rival. Balance of power in counties as well as nations."

Randal was silent.

"Well," said Levy, with great kindness of manner, "I see I pain you; and though I am what my very pleasant guests will call a *parvenu*, I comprehend your natural feelings as a gentleman of ancient birth. *Parvenu!* Ah! is it not strange, Leslie, that no wealth, no fashion, no fame can wipe out that blot? They call me a *parvenu*, and borrow my money. They call our friend, the wit, a *parvenu*, and submit to all his insolence—if they condescend to regard his birth at all—provided they can but get him to dinner. They call the best debater in the Parliament of England a *parvenu*, and will entreat him, some day or other, to be prime minister, and ask him for stars and garters. A droll world, and no wonder the *parvenus* want to upset it!"

Randal had hitherto supposed that this notorious tuft-hunter—this dandy capitalist—this money-lender, whose whole fortune had been wrung from the wants and follies of an aristocracy, was naturally a firm supporter of things as they are—how could things be better for men like Baron Levy? But the usurer's burst of democratic spleen did not surprise his precocious and acute faculty of observation. He had before remarked, that it is the persons who fawn most upon an aristocracy, and profit the most by the fawning, who are ever at heart its bitterest disparagers. Why is this? Because one full half of democratic opinion is made up of envy; and we can only envy what is brought before our eyes, and what, while very near to us, is still unattainable. No man envies an archangel.

"But," said Levy, throwing himself back in his chair, "a new order of things is commencing; we shall see. Leslie, it is lucky for you that you did not enter Parliament under the government; it would be your political ruin for life."

"You think that the ministry can not last?"

"Of course I do; and what is more, I think that a ministry of the same principles can not be restored. You are a young man of talent and spirit; your birth is nothing compared to the rank of the reigning party; it would tell, to a certain degree, in a democratic one. I say, you should be more civil to Avenel; he could return you to Parliament at the next election."

"The next election! In six years! We have just had a general election."

"There will be another before this year, or half of it, or perhaps a quarter of it, is out."

"What makes you think so?"

"Leslie, let there be confidence between us; we can help each other. Shall we be friends?"

"With all my heart. But, though you may help me, how can I help you?"

"You have helped me already to Frank Hazeldean—and the Casino estate. All clever men can help me. Come then, we are friends; and what I say is secret. You ask me why I think there will be a general election so soon? I will answer you frankly. Of all the public men I ever met with, there is no one who has so clear a vision of things immediately before him as Audley Egerton."

"He has that character. Not *far*-seeing, but *clear*-sighted to a certain limit."

"Exactly so. No one better, therefore, knows public opinion, and its immediate ebb and flow."

"Granted."

"Egerton, then, counts on a general election within three months; and I have lent him the money for it."

"Lent him the money! Egerton borrow money of you—the rich Audley Egerton!"

"Rich!" repeated Levy in a tone impossible to describe, and accompanying the word with that movement of the middle finger and thumb, commonly called a "snap," which indicates profound contempt.

He said no more. Randal sate stupefied. At length, the latter muttered, "But if Egerton is really not rich—if he lose office, and without the hope of return to it—"

"If so, he is ruined!" said Levy coldly; "and therefore, from regard to you, and feeling interest in your future fate, I say—Rest no hopes of fortune or career upon Audley Egerton. Keep your place for the present, but be prepared at the next election to stand upon popular principles. Avenel shall return you to parliament; and the rest is with luck and energy. And now, I'll not detain you longer," said Levy rising and ringing the bell. The servant entered.

"Is my carriage here?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Can I set you down any where?"

"No, thank you; I prefer walking."

"Adieu, then. And mind you remember the *soirée dansante* at Mrs. Avenel's." Randal mechanically shook the hand extended to him, and went down the stairs.

The fresh frosty air roused his intellectual faculties, which Levy's ominous words had almost paralyzed.

And the first thing that the clever schemer said to himself was this:

"But what can be the man's motive in what he said to me?"

The next was:

"Egerton ruined? What am I, then?"

And the third was:

"And that fair remnant of the old Leslie property! £20,000 down—how to get the sum? Why should Levy have spoken to me of this?"

And lastly, the soliloquy rounded back:—"The man's motives! His motives?"

Meanwhile, the Baron threw himself into his chariot—the most comfortable easy chariot you can possibly conceive—single man's chariot—perfect taste—no married man ever has such a

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chariot; and in a few minutes he was at ——'s hotel, and in the presence of Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera.

"*Mon cher*," said the Baron in very good French, and in a tone of the most familiar equality with the descendant of the princes and heroes of grand mediæval Italy—"*Mon cher*, give me one of your excellent cigars. I think I have put all matters in train."

"You have found out—"

"No; not so fast yet," said the Baron, lighting the cigar extended to him. "But you said that you should be perfectly contented if it only cost you £20,000 to marry off your sister (to whom that sum is legally due), and to marry yourself to the heiress."

"I did, indeed."

"Then I have no doubt I shall manage both objects for that sum, if Randal Leslie really knows where the young lady is, and can assist you. Most promising, able man is Randal Leslie—but innocent as a babe just born."

"Ha, ha! Innocent? *Que diable!*"

"Innocent as this cigar, *mon cher*—strong, certainly, but smoked very easily. *Soyez tranquille!*"

CHAPTER XV.

WHO has not seen—who not admired, that noble picture by Daniel Maclise, which refreshes the immortal name of my ancestor Caxton! For myself, while with national pride I heard the admiring murmurs of the foreigners who grouped around it (nothing, indeed, of which our nation may be more proud had they seen in the Crystal Palace)—heard with no less a pride in the generous nature of fellow-artists, the warm applause of living and deathless masters, sanctioning the enthusiasm of the popular crowd; what struck me more than the precision of drawing, for which the artist has been always renowned, and the just though gorgeous affluence of color which he has more recently acquired, was the profound depth of conception, out of which this great work had so elaborately arisen. That monk, with his scowl toward the printer and his back on the Bible, over which *his form casts a shadow*—the whole transition between the mediæval Christianity of cell and cloister, and the modern Christianity that rejoices in the daylight, is depicted there, in the shadow that obscures the Book—in the scowl that is fixed upon the Book-diffuser; that sombre, musing face of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with the beauty of Napoleon, darkened to the expression of a Fiend, looking far and anxiously into futurity, as if foreseeing there what antagonism was about to be created to the schemes of secret crime and unrelenting force; the chivalrous head of the accomplished Rivers, seen but in profile, under his helmet, as if the age when Chivalry must defend its noble attributes, in steel, was already half passed away: and, not least grand of all, the rude thews and sinews of the artisan forced into service on the type, and the ray of intellect, fierce, and menacing revolutions yet to be, struggling through his rugged features, and across his low knitted brow; all this, which showed how deeply the idea of the discovery in its good and its evil, its saving light and its perilous storms, had sunk into the artist's soul, charmed me as effecting the exact union between sentiment and execution, which is the true and rare consummation of the Ideal in Art. But observe, while in these personages of the group are depicted the deeper and graver agencies implicated in the bright but terrible invention—observe how little the light epicures of the hour heed the scowl of the monk, or the restless gesture of Richard, or the troubled gleam in the eyes of the artisan—King Edward, handsome *poco curante*, delighted, in the surprise of a child, with a new toy; and Clarence, with his curious yet careless glance—all the while Caxton himself, calm, serene, untroubled, intent solely upon the manifestation of his discovery, and no doubt supremely indifferent whether the first proofs of it shall be dedicated to a Rivers or an Edward, a Richard or a Henry, Plantagenet or Tudor—'tis all the same to that comely, gentle-looking man. So is it ever with your Abstract Science! not a jot cares its passionless logic for the woe or weal of a generation or two. The stream, once emerged from its source, passes on into the Great Intellectual Sea, smiling over the wretch that it drowns, or under the keel of the ship which it serves as a slave.

Now, when about to commence the present chapter on the Varieties of Life, this masterpiece of thoughtful art forced itself on my recollection, and illustrated what I designed to say. In the surface of every age, it is often that which but amuses, for the moment, the ordinary children of pleasant existence, the Edwards and the Clarences (be they kings and dukes, or simplest of simple subjects), which afterward towers out as the great serious epoch of the time. When we look back upon human records, how the eye settles upon WRITERS as the main landmarks of the past! We talk of the age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., of Anne, as the notable eras of the world. Why? Because it is their writers who have made them so. Intervals between one age of authors and another lie unnoticed, as the flats and common lands of uncultured history. And yet, strange to say, when these authors are living among us, they occupy a very small portion of our thoughts, and fill up but desultory interstices in the bitumen and tufa wherefrom we build up the Babylon of our lives! So it is, and perhaps so it should be, whether it pleases the conceit of penmen or not. Life is meant to be active; and books, though they give the action to future generations, administer but to the holiday of the present.

And so, with this long preface, I turn suddenly from the Randals and the Egertons, and the Levys, Avenels, and Peschieras—from the plots and passions of practical life, and drop the reader suddenly into one of those obscure retreats wherein Thought weaves, from unnoticed moments, a new link to the chain that unites the ages

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Within a small room, the single window of which opened on a fanciful and fairy-like garden, that has been before described, sate a young man alone. He had been writing: the ink was not dry on his manuscript, but his thoughts had been suddenly interrupted from his work, and his eyes, now lifted from the letter which had occasioned that interruption, sparkled with delight. "He will come," exclaimed the young man; "come here—to the home which I owe to him. I have not been unworthy of his friendship. And she"—his breast heaved, but the joy faded from his face. "Oh, strange, strange, that I feel sad at the thought to see her again. See *her*—Ah no!—my own comforting Helen—my own Child-angel! *Her* I can never see again! The grown woman—that is not my Helen. And yet—and yet," he resumed, after a pause, "if ever she read the pages, in which thought flowed and trembled under her distant starry light—if ever she see how her image has rested with me, and feel that, while others believe that I invent, I have but remembered—will she not, for a moment, be my own Helen again! Again, in heart and in fancy, stand by my side on the desolate bridge—hand in hand—orphans both, as we stood in the days so sorrowful, yet, as I recall them, so sweet.—Helen in England, it is a dream!"

He rose, half consciously, and went to the window. The fountain played merrily before his eyes, and the birds in the aviary caroled loud to his ear. "And in this house," he murmured, "I saw her last! And there, where the fountain now throws its stream on high—there her benefactor and mine told me that I was to lose *her*, and that I might win—fame. Alas!"

At this time, a woman, whose dress was somewhat above her mien and air, which, though not without a certain respectability, were very homely, entered the room; and, seeing the young man standing thus thoughtful by the window, paused. She was used to his habits; and since his success in life, had learned to respect them. So she did not disturb his reverie, but began softly to arrange the room—dusting, with the corner of her apron, the various articles of furniture, putting a stray chair or two in its right place, but not touching a single paper. Virtuous woman, and rare as virtuous!

The young man turned at last, with a deep, yet not altogether painful sigh—

"My dear mother, good-day to you. Ah, you do well to make the room look its best. Happy news! I expect a visitor!"

"Dear me, Leonard, will he want? lunch—or what?"

"Nay, I think not, mother. It is he to whom we owe all—'*Hæc otia fecit.*' Pardon my Latin; it is Lord L'Estrange."

The face of Mrs. Fairfield (the reader has long since divined the name) changed instantly, and betrayed a nervous twitch of all the muscles, which gave her a family likeness to old Mrs. Avenel.

"Do not be alarmed, mother. He is the kindest—"

"Don't talk so; I can't bear it!" cried Mrs. Fairfield.

"No wonder you are affected by the recollection of all his benefits. But when once you have seen him, you will find yourself ever after at your ease. And so, pray, smile and look as good as you are; for I am proud of your open, honest look when you are pleased, mother. And he must see your heart in your face as I do."

With this, Leonard put his arm round the widow's neck and kissed her. She clung to him fondly for a moment, and he felt her tremble from head to foot. Then she broke from his embrace, and hurried out of the room. Leonard thought perhaps she had gone to improve her dress, or to carry her housewife energies to the decoration of the other rooms; for "the house" was Mrs. Fairfield's hobby and passion; and now that she worked no more, save for her amusement, it was her main occupation. The hours she contrived to spend daily in bustling about those little rooms, and leaving every thing therein to all appearance precisely the same, were among the marvels in life which the genius of Leonard had never comprehended. But she was always so delighted when Mr. Norreys or some rare visitor came, and said (Mr. Norreys never failed to do so), "How neatly all is kept here. What could Leonard do without you, Mrs. Fairfield?"

And, to Norreys's infinite amusement, Mrs. Fairfield always returned the same answer. "'Deed, sir, and thank you kindly, but 'tis my belief that the drawin'-room would be awful dusty."

Once more left alone, Leonard's mind returned to the state of reverie, and his face assumed the expression that had now become to it habitual. Thus seen, he was changed much since we last beheld him. His cheek was more pale and thin, his lips more firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and abstract. You could detect, if I may borrow a touching French expression, that "sorrow had passed by there." But the melancholy on his countenance was ineffably sweet and serene, and on his ample forehead there was that power, so rarely seen in early youth—the power that has conquered, and betrays its conquests but in calm. The period of doubt, of struggle, of defiance, was gone forever; genius and soul were reconciled to human life. It was a face most lovable; so gentle and peaceful in its character. No want of fire; on the contrary, the fire was so clear and so steadfast, that it conveyed but the impression of light. The candor of boyhood, the simplicity of the villager were still there—refined by intelligence, but intelligence that seemed to have traversed through knowledge—not with the footstep, but the wing—unsullied by the mire—tending toward the star—seeking through the various grades of Being but the lovelier forms of truth and goodness; at home as should be the Art that consummates the Beautiful—

"In den heitern Regionen
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen."*

* At home—"In the serene regions
Where dwell the pure forms."

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From this reverie Leonard did not seek to rouse himself, till the bell at the garden gate rang loud and shrill; and then starting up and hurrying into the hall, his hand was grasped in Harley's.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FULL and happy hour passed away in Harley's questions and Leonard's answers; the dialogue that naturally ensued between the two, on the first interview after an absence of years so eventful to the younger man.

The history of Leonard during this interval was almost solely internal, the struggle of intellect with its own difficulties, the wanderings of imagination through its own adventurous worlds.

The first aim of Norreys in preparing the mind of his pupil for its vocation, had been to establish the equilibrium of its powers, to calm into harmony the elements rudely shaken by the trials and passions of the old hard outer life.

The theory of Norreys was briefly this. The education of a superior human being is but the development of ideas in one for the benefit of others. To this end, attention should be directed—1st, To the value of the ideas collected; 2dly, To their discipline; 3dly, To their expression. For the first, acquirement is necessary; for the second, discipline; for the third, art. The first comprehends knowledge, purely intellectual, whether derived from observation, memory, reflection, books, or men, Aristotle, or Fleet-street. The second demands *training*, not only intellectual, but moral; the purifying and exaltation of motives; the formation of habits; in which method is but a part of a divine and harmonious symmetry—a union of intellect and conscience. Ideas of value, stored by the first process; marshaled into force, and placed under guidance, by the second; it is the result of the third, to place them before the world in the most attractive or commanding form. This may be done by actions no less than words; but the adaptation of means to end, the passage of ideas from the brain of one man into the lives and souls of all, no less in action than in books, requires study. Action has its art as well as literature. Here Norreys had but to deal with the calling of the scholar, the formation of the writer, and so to guide the perceptions toward those varieties in the sublime and beautiful, the just combination of which is at once CREATION. Man himself is but a combination of elements. He who combines in nature, creates in art.

Such, very succinctly and inadequately expressed, was the system upon which Norreys proceeded to regulate and perfect the great native powers of his pupil; and though the reader may perhaps say that no system laid down by another can either form genius or dictate to its results, yet probably nine-tenths at least of those in whom we recognize the luminaries of our race, have passed, unconsciously to themselves (for self-education is rarely conscious of its phases), through each of these processes. And no one who pauses to reflect will deny, that according to this theory, illustrated by a man of vast experience, profound knowledge, and exquisite taste, the struggles of genius would be infinitely lessened; its vision cleared and strengthened, and the distance between effort and success notably abridged.

Norreys, however, was far too deep a reasoner to fall into the error of modern teachers, who suppose that education can dispense with labor. No mind becomes muscular without rude and early exercise. Labor should be strenuous, but in right directions. All that we can do for it is to save the waste of time in blundering into needless toils.

The master had thus first employed his neophyte in arranging and compiling materials for a great critical work in which Norreys himself was engaged. In this stage of scholastic preparation, Leonard was necessarily led to the acquisition of languages, for which he had great aptitude—the foundations of a large and comprehensive erudition were solidly constructed. He traced by the plowshare the walls of the destined city. Habits of accuracy and of generalization became formed insensibly; and that precious faculty which seizes, amidst accumulated materials, those that serve the object for which they are explored—(that faculty which quadruples all force, by concentrating it on one point)—once roused into action, gave purpose to every toil and quickness to each perception. But Norreys did not confine his pupil solely to the mute world of a library; he introduced him to some of the first minds in arts, science, and letters—and active life. "These," said he, "are the living ideas of the present, out of which books for the future will be written: study them; and here, as in the volumes of the past, diligently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent mind from the selection of ideas to their æsthetic analysis—from compilation to criticism; but criticism severe, close, and logical—a reason for each word of praise or of blame. Led in this stage of his career to examine into the laws of beauty, a new light broke upon his mind; from amidst the masses of marble he had piled around him, rose the vision of the statue.

And so, suddenly one day Norreys said to him, "I need a compiler no longer—maintain yourself by your own creations." And Leonard wrote, and a work flowered up from the seed deep buried, and the soil well cleared to the rays of the sun and the healthful influence of expanded air.

That first work did not penetrate to a very wide circle of readers, not from any perceptible fault of its own—there is luck in these things, the first anonymous work of an original genius is rarely at once eminently successful. But the more experienced recognized the promise of the book. Publishers, who have an instinct in the discovery of available talent, which often forestalls the appreciation of the public, volunteered liberal offers. "Be fully successful this time," said Norreys; "think not of models nor

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of style. Strike at once at the common human heart—throw away the corks—swim out boldly. One word more—never write a page till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, and, mingling with men, and reading the human face, learn why great poets have mostly passed their lives in cities."

Thus Leonard wrote again, and woke one morning to find himself famous. So far as the chances of all professions dependent on health will permit, present independence, and, with foresight and economy, the prospects of future competence were secured.

"And, indeed," said Leonard, concluding a longer but a simpler narrative than is here told —"indeed, there is some chance that I may obtain at once a sum that will leave me free for the rest of my life to select my own subjects and write without care for renumeration. This is what I call the true (and, perhaps, alas! the rare) independence of him who devotes himself to letters. Norreys, having seen my boyish plan for the improvement of certain machinery in the steam-engine, insisted on my giving much time to mechanics. The study that once pleased me so greatly, now seemed dull; but I went into it with good heart; and the result is, that I have improved so far on my original idea, that my scheme has met the approbation of one of our most scientific engineers; and I am assured that the patent for it will be purchased of me upon terms which I am ashamed to name to you, so disproportioned do they seem to the value of so simple a discovery. Meanwhile, I am already rich enough to have realized the two dreams of my heart—to make a home in the cottage where I had last seen you and Helen—I mean Miss Digby; and to invite to that home her who had sheltered my infancy."

"Your mother, where is she? Let me see her."

Leonard ran out to call the widow, but, to his surprise and vexation, learned that she had quitted the house before L'Estrange arrived.

He came back perplexed how to explain what seemed ungracious and ungrateful, and spoke with hesitating lip and flushed cheek of the widow's natural timidity and sense of her own homely station. "And so overpowered is she," added Leonard, "by the recollection of all that we owe to you, that she never hears your name without agitation or tears, and trembled like a leaf at the thought of seeing you."

"Ha!" said Harley, with visible emotion. "Is it so?" And he bent down, shading his face with his hand. "And," he renewed, after a pause, but not looking up—"and you ascribe this fear of seeing me, this agitation at my name, solely to an exaggerated sense of—of the circumstances attending my acquaintance with yourself?"

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the mother of one you have made her proud of is but a peasant."

"That is all," said Harley, earnestly, now looking up and fixing eyes in which stood tears, upon Leonard's ingenuous brow.

"Oh, my dear lord, what else can it be? Do not judge her harshly."

L'Estrange rose abruptly, pressed Leonard's hand, muttered something not audible, and then drawing his young friend's arm in his, led him into the garden, and turned the conversation back to its former topics.

Leonard's heart yearned to ask after Helen, and yet something withheld him from doing so, till, seeing Harley did not volunteer to speak of her, he could not resist his impulse. "And Helen—Miss Digby—is she much changed?"

"Changed, no—yes; very much."

"Very much!" Leonard sighed.

"I shall see her again?"

"Certainly," said Harley, in a tone of surprise. "How can you doubt it? And I reserve to you the pleasure of saying that you are renowned. You blush; well, I will say that for you. But you shall give her your books."

"She has not yet read them, then?—not the last? The first was not worthy of her attention," said Leonard, disappointed.

"She has only just arrived in England; and, though your books reached me in Germany, she was not then with me. When I have settled some business that will take me from town, I shall present you to her and my mother." There was a certain embarrassment in Harley's voice as he spoke; and, turning round abruptly, he exclaimed, "But you have shown poetry even here. I could not have conceived that so much beauty could be drawn from what appeared to me the most commonplace of all suburban gardens. Why, surely where that charming fountain now plays, stood the rude bench in which I read your verses."

"It is true; I wished to unite all together my happiest associations. I think I told you, my lord, in one of my letters, that I had owed a very happy, yet very struggling time in my boyhood to the singular kindness and generous instructions of a foreigner whom I served. This fountain is copied from one that I made in his garden, and by the margin of which many a summer day I have sat and dreamt of fame and knowledge."

"True, you told me of that; and your foreigner will be pleased to hear of your success, and no less so of your graceful recollections. By the way, you did not mention his name."

"Riccabocca."

"Riccabocca! My own dear and noble friend!—is it possible? One of my reasons for returning to England is connected with him. You shall go down with me and see him. I meant to start this evening."

"My dear lord," said Leonard, "I think that you may spare yourself so long a journey. I have reason to suspect that Signor Riccabocca is my nearest neighbor. Two days ago I was in the garden, when suddenly lifting my eyes to yon hillock I perceived the form of a man seated

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among the bushwood; and, though I could not see his features, there was something in the very outline of his figure and his peculiar position, that irresistibly reminded me of Riccabocca. I hastened out of the garden and ascended the hill, but he was gone. My suspicions were so strong that I caused inquiry to be made at the different shops scattered about, and learned that a family consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, had lately come to live in a house that you must have passed in your way hither, standing a little back from the road, surrounded by high walls; and though they were said to be English, yet from the description given to me of the gentleman's person by one who had noticed it, by the fact of a foreign servant in their employ, and by the very name 'Richmouth,' assigned the new comers, I can scarcely doubt that it is the family you seek."

"And you have not called to ascertain?"

"Pardon me, but the family so evidently shunning observation (no one but the master himself ever seen without the walls), the adoption of another name, too, lead me to infer that Signor Riccabocca has some strong motive for concealment; and now, with my improved knowledge of life, I can not, recalling all the past, but suppose that Riccabocca was not what he appeared. Hence, I have hesitated on formally obtruding myself upon his secrets, whatever they be, and have rather watched for some chance occasion to meet him in his walks."

"You did right, my dear Leonard; but my reasons for seeing my old friend forbid all scruples of delicacy, and I will go at once to his house."

"You will tell me, my lord, if I am right."

"I hope to be allowed to do so. Pray, stay at home till I return. And now, ere I go, one question more. You indulge conjectures as to Riccabocca, because he has changed his name —why have you dropped your own?"

"I wished to have no name," said Leonard, coloring deeply, "but that which I could make myself."

"Proud poet, this I can comprehend. But from what reason did you assume the strange and fantastic name of Oran?"

The flush on Leonard's face became deeper. "My lord," said he, in a low voice, "it is a childish fancy of mine; it is an anagram."

"Ah!"

"At a time when my cravings after knowledge were likely much to mislead, and perhaps undo me, I chanced on some poems that suddenly affected my whole mind, and led me up into purer air; and I was told that these poems were written in youth, by one who had beauty and genius —one who was in her grave—a relation of my own, and her familiar name was Nora—"

"Ah!" again ejaculated Lord L'Estrange, and his arm pressed heavily upon Leonard's.

"So, somehow or other," continued the young author, falteringly, "I wished that if ever I won to a poet's fame, it might be to my own heart, at least, associated with this name of Nora—with her whom death had robbed of the fame that she might otherwise have won—with her who—"

He paused, greatly agitated.

Harley was no less so. But as if by a sudden impulse, the soldier bent down his manly head and kissed the poet's brow; then he hastened to the gate, flung himself on his horse, and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord L'Estrange did not proceed at once to Riccabocca's house. He was under the influence of a remembrance too deep and too strong to yield easily to the lukewarm claim of friendship. He rode fast and far; and impossible it would be to define the feelings that passed through a mind so acutely sensitive, and so rootedly tenacious of all affections. When he once more, recalling his duty to the Italian, retraced his road to Norwood, the slow pace of his horse was significant of his own exhausted spirits; a deep dejection had succeeded to feverish excitement. "Vain task," he murmured, "to wean myself from the dead! Yet I am now betrothed to another; and she, with all her virtues is not the one to—" He stopped short in generous self-rebuke. "Too late to think of that! Now, all that should remain to me is to insure the happiness of the life to which I have pledged my own. But—" He sighed as he so murmured. On reaching the vicinity of Riccabocca's house, he put up his horse at a little inn, and proceeded on foot across the heath-land toward the dull square building, which Leonard's description had sufficed to indicate as the exile's new home. It was long before any one answered his summons at the gate. Not till he had thrice rung did he hear a heavy step on the gravel walk within; then the wicket within the gate was partially drawn aside, a dark eye gleamed out, and a voice in imperfect English asked who was there.

"Lord L'Estrange; and if I am right as to the person I seek, that name will at once admit me."

The door flew open as did that of the mystic cavern at the sound of "Open Sesame;" and Giacomo, almost weeping with joyous emotion, exclaimed in Italian, "The good Lord! Holy San Giacomo! thou hast heard me at last! We are safe now." And dropping the blunderbuss with which he had taken the precaution to arm himself, he lifted Harley's hand to his lips, in the affectionate greeting familiar to his countrymen

"And the Padrone?" asked Harley, as he entered the jealous precincts.

"Oh, he is just gone out; but he will not be long. You will wait for him?"

"Certainly. What lady is that I see at the far end of the garden?"

"Bless her, it is our Signorina. I will run and tell her that you are come."

"That I am come; but she can not know me even by name."

"Ah, Excellency, can you think so? Many and many a time has she talked to me of you, and I have heard her pray to the holy Madonna to bless you, and in a voice so sweet—'

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"Stay, I will present myself to her. Go into the house, and we will wait without for the Padrone. Nay, I need the air, my friend." Harley, as he said this, broke from Giacomo, and approached Violante.

The poor child, in her solitary walk in the obscurer parts of the dull garden, had escaped the eye of Giacomo when he had gone forth to answer the bell; and she, unconscious of the fears of which she was the object, had felt something of youthful curiosity at the summons at the gate, and the sight of a stranger in close and friendly conference with the unsocial Giacomo.

As Harley now neared her with that singular grace of movement which belonged to him, a thrill shot through her heart—she knew not why. She did not recognize his likeness to the sketch taken by her father, from his recollections of Harley's early youth. She did not guess who he was; and yet she felt herself color, and, naturally fearless though she was, turned away with a vague alarm.

"Pardon my want of ceremony, Signorina," said Harley, in Italian; "but I am so old a friend of your father's that I can not feel as a stranger to yourself."

Then Violante lifted to him her dark eyes, so intelligent and so innocent—eyes full of surprise, but not displeased surprise. And Harley himself stood amazed, and almost abashed, by the rich and marvelous beauty that beamed upon him. "My father's friend," she said hesitatingly, "and I never to have seen you!"

"Ah, Signorina," said Harley (and something of his native humor, half arch, half sad, played round his lip), "you are mistaken there; you have seen me before, and you received me much more kindly then—"

"Signor!" said Violante, more and more surprised, and with a yet richer color on her cheeks.

Harley, who had now recovered from the first effect of her beauty, and who regarded her as men of his years and character are apt to regard ladies in their teens, as more child than woman, suffered himself to be amused by her perplexity; for it was in his nature, that the graver and more mournful he felt at heart, the more he sought to give play and whim to his spirits.

"Indeed, Signorina," said he demurely, "you insisted then on placing one of those fair hands in mine; the other (forgive me the fidelity of my recollections) was affectionately thrown around my neck."

"Signor!" again exclaimed Violante; but this time there was anger in her voice as well as surprise, and nothing could be more charming than her look of pride and resentment.

Harley smiled again, but with so much kindly sweetness, that the anger vanished at once, or rather Violante felt angry with herself that she was no longer angry with him. But she had looked so beautiful in her anger, that Harley wished, perhaps, to see her angry again. So, composing his lips from their propitiatory smile he resumed, gravely—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BRACE OF BLUNDERS BY A ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

I ARRIVED at Bayonne from Paris, by the Malle-Poste, one glorious morning. How well I remember it! The courier, who used to play an important part in the economy of the old French Malle-Poste, was the most irritable man I ever saw. He quarreled with every one and every thing on the road. I fancy that he was liable to some slight penalty in case of reaching Bayonne later than a given hour; but had the penalty been breaking on the wheel, he could not have been more anxious to drive at full speed. Here let me note, by the way, that the pace of a French courier, in the good old times, was the most tremendous pace at which I have ever traveled behind horses. It surpassed the helter-skelter of an Irish mail. The whole economy of the Malle-Poste was curious. No postillion ever drove more than one stage: mortal arms could not have continued flogging any farther. The number of the horses was indefinite—now there were four; presently, five, or six, or seven; four again, or eight; all harnessed with broken bits of rope and wonders of fragmentary tackle. The coach box, on which the postillion used to sit, was the minutest iron perch to which the body of a man could hook itself. The coach itself was britzka shaped, with room for two. It was in this conveyance that I traveled over the frightful hill between Bordeaux and Bayonne. When we neared any descent a mile or two long, the postillion regularly tied the reins loosely to some part of the frail box, seized the whip, and flogged, and shouted, until down we went with a great rush, dashing and rocking from side to side while my irate friend, the courier, plied a sort of iron drag or rudder, with the enthusiastic gestures of a madman. Watching my time, when, after one of these frantic bouts, my friend sank back exhausted, and quite hoarse with all his roaring, I quietly offered him a bunch of grapes, which I had bought at Tours. Their grateful coolness made the man my friend eternally; but had I offered him a captain's biscuit at that moment I could not have answered for the consequences. So much depends on judgment in the timing of a gift!

On arriving at Bayonne, the first notable thing I saw was a gendarme, who asked me for my passport. I had none. He looked grave, but I, young in travel, pushed him aside cavalierly, and bade my servant, who had arrived the day before, see to my luggage. The cocked hat followed me into the inn, but bidding it be off, I walked into a private sitting-room, in which a bed was a prominent article of furniture. I ordered for my breakfast some broiled ham and eggs, and was informed that I could not have ham, though in Bayonne. I should be served with chocolate and sugar-sticks, pump-water, and milk-bread. While breakfast was preparing, the cocked hat arrested me, and marched me off to the police-office.

"Your passport!" said the Inspector.

"My breakfast," said I.

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"You are under arrest," said the Inspector.

Then I referred to the consul, with whom I had a sort of second-hand acquaintance, and who offered to provide me with a passport; but his offer was declined. I was conducted to the prefêt. The prefêt transferred me to the Procureur du Roi, whom I unhappily disturbed when he was sitting down to breakfast. I apologized for my unavoidable intrusion.

"Pray don't mention it," said he; "I take cold fish for breakfast, and iced coffee;" so he sat down and listened to my tale, and said that I must be detained.

"Impossible!" I cried. "I have sent on my money and baggage to Madrid."

"Many political agitators have slipped through Bayonne," replied the procureur. "Write to Lord Hervey. When a passport comes for you from Paris you can pass the frontier; not before."

Of course he said he was "desolated," as he bowed me out. I was at liberty to reside at the hôtel, under the lackeyship of two gendarmes, who waited on me night and day. A crowd had gathered to witness my return from the house of the procureur, and ladies thronged the balconies. Rumor had, in fact, created me Conde de Montemolin!

Henceforth, until my passport came, I was peeped at through all manner of doors by all manner of men, and encountered accidentally in passages by all manner of women; one band hindered me from sleeping in my bed, another played to me at dinner, and both expected payment for their services, until the passport came, and brought me so much degradation as enabled me to step, uncared for, into the common diligence, and travel on.

It has occurred to many other people to be mistaken in some such way, and more than once it has occurred to people to make, on their own account, a certain blunder, which Goldsmith has immortalized. This blunder, I, when I ought to have known better, was incautious enough one day to commit. . . . . .

In the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, I was engaged in a tour through the by-ways of Germany, on horseback. During this tour I found myself, one summer morning, drawing near to the small town of Maikommen, in the Palatinate. Though the dawn had been cloudless, the noon threatened a storm, and already the big drops struck on the ground. Respect for my baggage, which consisted of two shirts, three books, and a pair of stockings, made me look for shelter.

The heavy drops fell faster as I cantered on at a brisk pace, and just at the entrance of the little town rode through a pair of broad gates into what I took for the inn-yard. Having stabled my horse in a remarkably clean stall, I ran into the house, and got under cover, just as the first peal of thunder rattled among the distant hills, and the rain had begun plashing down in earnest. A pretty child sucked its thumbs in the passage. "Quick, little puss," said I, shaking the raindrops from my hat, "tell somebody to come to me!" "Mamma," the child cried, running in, "here is a strange gentleman."

A pleasant-looking woman, with a homely German face, came out of an adjoining room with the child clinging to her dress, and asked me what I wanted?

"Some dinner," I answered "and a bottle of your best wine."

"Go and tell father to come," said the woman, looking at me curiously. A tall, good-humored man, of about fifty, made his appearance, and I repeated my desire in a tone somewhat more authoritative. He laughed, and the wife laughed, and the child shrieked with laughter. But I had met with many curiosities among the German innkeepers in remote country places, and, being willing to let these people see that, though an Englishman, I was also good-humored, I joined their laugh, and then asked, with a grave face, when the table-d'hôte would be served?

"We keep no table-d'hôte," replied the husband.

"Well," I said, "but notwithstanding, you will let me have some dinner, I suppose? I have come a long way, and it is far to the next town. Besides, it rains!"

"Certainly, it rains!" replied the man, with a phlegmatic look over the puddles in the court-yard.

At this moment a clattering of plates, a steam of soup, and a sweet odor of fresh cucumber, attracted my attention. I said immediately that I was quite willing to dine at their table. By this time the child had got over its fear, and was at play with my riding-whip; a few caressing words of mine toward the little one, had reassured its mother. She spoke for a moment in *patois* with her husband; and then bade the servant lay another knife and fork.

I rather liked my landlord's eccentricity; so, tapping him upon the shoulder in a friendly way, I desired that he would let me have a bottle of his very best wine; and by way of propitiating him still more, I feigned to have heard a good deal of his cellar, and requested to see it. "O, very well," he said; "follow me if you please."

He took me down into a cellar capitally stocked, and there we tasted a good many wines. My landlord seemed to be in the best temper.

"And what," I asked, "is the price of that white wine in the thin long-necked bottles?"

I despair of getting its colossal name down upon paper, or I would try it; he gave it a great many syllables, and said it was the choicest and most expensive wine he had.

"Then," said I, "that is what we will drink to-day. I will take a bottle to myself, and you another; you shall drink it with me."

"You are very kind," he said; "but let me recommend some other bin; this wine you will find is—is very heady."

I thought that, like a thrifty host, he had some qualm about my means of paying for it; so I seized, manfully, a bottle in each hand, and crying "Come along!" accompanied the host into the dining-room.

The wine deserved its praise; opening our hearts, it soon made us famous friends. I had

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been pleased with the scenery about this quiet nook, and, being master of my time, and very comfortable, I made up my mind and said,

"I tell you what, my friend. I shall send for my things from Heidelberg, and stay here for a week or two."

The laughter again pealed out; but my host, who probably had seen quite enough of a guest who insisted upon drinking his best wine, put on a grave face. It looked like an innkeeper's face, when he is buckling himself up to strike a bargain. To save him trouble, I at once said that I would pay three florins a day for myself, and one for the accommodation of my horse.

"He thinks we keep an inn!" the little child screamed through her laughter. I instantly collapsed.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS IN ENGLAND.

ONE Saturday morning toward the close of November or beginning of December, I have forgotten the precise date, a letter was put into my hand at the office. It was from my quondam friend and employer the cutler editor, as whose agent I occasionally acted, and who charged me with a commission to procure him certain "sorts" from the foundry and transmit them by coach, in time for his next impression. Not choosing to disappoint my wife and lose my dinner, I deferred the visit to the foundry until after work in the evening; when, upon arriving at Chiswell-street, I found the men in the act of leaving, but was informed I could have the materials I wanted as early as I chose on Monday. On Monday morning, accordingly, having risen rather earlier than usual and breakfasted by candle-light, I set forth to execute my commission before proceeding to work. Crossing Blackfriars-bridge, and barely noticing that there was an unusual concourse of foot-passengers of the laboring and lower sorts, I turned up Ludgate-hill, where I found the crowd still greater, less equivocally disrespectable, and all hurrying forward at a rapid walking-pace. Intent upon the object I had in view, I pushed forward as rapidly as the rest, and turning sharp round into the Old Bailey, came suddenly upon a spectacle which, of all others, was the farthest from my thoughts. It was the morning of an execution. A thick damp haze filled the air, not amounting to an actual fog, but sufficiently dense to confine the limits of vision to a few hundred yards. The beams of the level sun threw an almost supernatural light of a dim but fiery hue into the mist which they yet had not force enough to penetrate; and there, darkly looming with grim and shadow-like outline against a background of lurid vapor, rose the gallows upon which a wretched fellow-creature was about to be death-strangled and dangled in expiation of the crime of murder. In a moment the commission I had in hand vanished from my thoughts, and, impelled by a fearful and morbid curiosity, I suffered myself to be borne by the pressure behind, every moment aggravated by the arrival of trampling multitudes to the spot, toward the object of the general gaze. One minute afterward, I saw that the attempt to retrace my steps would be not only vain but dangerous; and, compelled to make the best of what I could not now avoid, I was pressed onward as far as the outlet of Fleet-lane, when, contriving by main force to get my back against the end of a stout tressle upon which seven or eight fellows were mounted, I managed to maintain my position until the horrible ceremony was concluded. It wanted yet full twenty minutes to eight o'clock, when I stood fast-wedged within a few fathoms' length of the scaffold. As far as the eye could pierce through the misty glare, was one unbroken sea of human heads and faces; the outer masses reeling, staggering and driving in fitful currents against the firm, compact and solid centre, fixed and immovable as though charmed to stone by the horrible fascination of the gibbet. Far beyond and above all the tower of St. Sepulchre's, magnified by the morning haze, showed like a tall, transparent cloud, from which was soon to burst the thunder-peal of doom upon the miserable man who had shed his brother's blood. The subdued murmur of the immense mob rose and swelled like the hollow roar of a distant but angry sea. Here and there a tall and burly ruffian, pre-eminent above the crowd, signaled his fellow in the distance, or bellowed a ghastly witticism upon the coming horror across the heads of the throng. Women—if women they are to be called, who, like vultures to the carcass, flock to the spectacle of dying agonies—of all ages but of one indescribably vicious and repulsive class, had pushed, and struggled, and fought their way to an eligible point of view, where they awaited with masculine impatience the close of the fearful drama of which they formed so revolting a part. Children of tender age, who must have taken up their position ere the day had dawned, and before the arrival of the masses, made an unsightly addition to the scene. A boy of nine, borne aloft on the shoulders of a man of sixty, who stood by my side, expressed his uncontrollable delight at the tragedy he was about to witness. At every window in the houses opposite, the debtors' door, and indeed wherever a view of the gallows could be obtained, parties of pleasure were assembled for the recreation of the morning. The roofs, the parapets, the protruding eaves of the shops, all were populous with life; the very lamp-posts and projecting sign-boards were clung and clustered over with eager beings impatient to assist in the funeral obsequies of the victim of the law. And now a violent surging and commotion in the centre of the living mass gives token of a fierce quarrel which has ripened to a fight. Shrieks, yells, and cheers of encouragement issue from a hundred throats, while a crew of tall and powerful blackguards elbow and trample their way to the scene of action, and the glazed hats of the police are seen converging unerringly to the disturbed spot. Then there is the flourishing of gilded staves, the sound of sturdy blows followed by a roar of execration, and a gory-visaged culprit is dragged forth, defrauded of his expected banquet, and consigned to a cell in the nearest

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station. The tumult has hardly subsided when another claims attention. A brace of pickpockets, taking advantage of the fight, are caught in the too confident exercise of their profession; and these, much easier captives than the fighting Irishman, are led off in their turn to the same vile durance.

By this time, weary and actually sore with the repeated violent collisions I had undergone in sustaining my post, I was glad to make a bargain with the man perched above me, who, for a bribe of a few pence, allowed me to effect a footing in his front. I had scarcely accomplished this when the church-clock in the distance rung out the quarters. The crowd, listening for this, had been comparatively silent for the last few minutes, and the note of the bell was acknowledged by a kind of shuddering deprecation for silence, by the instant uncovering of innumerable heads, and the involuntary direction of every eye toward the debtors' door. As the fatal hour at length pealed forth the door was slowly opened, and there came out upon the scaffold, not the mournful death-procession which all were awaiting with such intense interest, but its grim herald and precursor, the crime-honored aristarch of kill-craft, the great stage-manager of the law's last scene, whose performances are so much relished by the mob—the hangman, bearing the odious strand of new rope coiled upon his arm. He was received with a low but universal hum of recognition from the vast multitude now breathless with the exciting anticipation of what was so soon to follow. With an apparent perfect unconsciousness of the presence of a single spectator, he proceeded to mount to the cross-piece of the gibbet, to which, with an air of professional dexterity, he deliberately attached the loathsome cord, occasionally pausing and measuring with his eye the distance to the level of the platform. During this operation he was favored with a running fire of comments and counsels, garnished with infernal jokes and sallies of insane humor, from the mob who stood nearest. Having made the necessary preparations he withdrew for a few minutes, amidst the mock cheers and congratulations of some kindred spirits below. The awful pause which ensued was but of brief duration. Too soon a group of dark figures slowly emerged from the open door-way, among which I could discern the chaplain reading the burial-service, and then the quivering criminal, his hands clasped in prayer, yet bound together in front of his breast: he was supported by two assistants, and was already, to all appearance, more than half dead with mortal terror. These demonstrations of insupportable anguish on the part of the principal performer were received with evident and audible dissatisfaction by a large portion of the spectators of the drama. Derisive sneers on the want of "pluck" manifested by the poor, horror-stricken wretch were expressed in language which can not be repeated; and in many a female but unfeminine face, hardened by embruting vice and callous to every feeling of humanity, I read a contemptuous scorn of the timorous sufferer and a proud and fiend-like consciousness that they themselves would have dared the dark ordeal with less shrinking. The very boy mounted on the old man's shoulders at my side called his "grand-dad" to witness that "the cove as was to be hanged wasn't game;" a declaration which was received with a hoarse chuckle and a corroborative verdict by the standers-by, while the repulsive ceremony went on with fearful rapidity. In less than a minute the light of day was shut forever from his eyes, the last prayerful accents from human lips were dumb to his ears, and the body of the malefactor, sinking with a sudden fall until half concealed by the level platform, struggled in the final throes of agony for a few moments—mercifully abbreviated, as some well-experienced amateurs at my side plainly pointed out, by the coadjutors of the hangman pulling heavily at the feet in the inclosure below—and then swung senseless, veering slowly round upon the now deserted stage.

The very instant the "drop" fell, and while the short gasping cry from a thousand lips which hailed the close of the tragedy yet rung in the air, the scene assumed a new character: the elements of business were borne into the arena of pleasure. Three or four nondescript specimens of the street-orator, who were standing just beneath me, drew suddenly forth from the depths of their long-tailed greasy coats of serge each a bundle of damp paper, which they flourished into flags in a twinkling; and while the death-struggle was acting before their eyes, eager to turn it to account and to realize an honest penny, filled the air with their roaring intonations of "the last dying speech, confession, and behavior" of the murderer of the season. Their example was imitated by fifty others on different parts of the ground, and the chorus of their united voices formed but a beggarly requiem to the departing spirit. The tragedy ended, the farce, as a matter of course, came next. The body had to remain suspended for an hour, and during that hour amusement must be provided, at least for that portion of the spectators who can never have enough unless they have the whole of an entertainment. To swing a live cat from a side avenue into the middle of the crowd; to whirl a heavy truncheon from one broken head on a mission to another; to kick, maul, and worry some unfortunate stray cur that has unhappily wandered from his master; to get up a quarrel or a fight, if between women so much the better—such are some of the time-honored diversions chosen to recreate the hour which a sagacious legislature presumes to be spent in moral reflections upon the enormity of crime and the certainty of its bitter punishment, in the presence of the law-strangled dead.

I had never before seen a public execution in England, but I knew perfectly well — as who does not know?—the feeling with which such exhibitions are regarded by the lower orders, and I had often revolved in my mind the probable cause of that feeling. In now witnessing thus accidentally the whole ceremony, I thought I

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perceived one source of it, and that not a trifling one, in the ceremony itself. It struck me, and I have no doubt but others have received the same impression, that with all the actual horrors of the dismal process, in addition to a great deal that is disgusting, there is a great deal more that is essentially though horribly ridiculous in our national legal method of public killing. The idea of tying a man's hands, of drawing over his face a white night-cap, through which his features yet remain dimly legible, and then hanging him up in the air is manifestly a ridiculous idea —and connect it with what dreadful realities we may, the sense of the comic or absurd will predominate in the minds of the populace, ever alive to the appreciation of the preposterous or the discrepant, and never willingly disposed to serious reflection. The vagabond kennel-raker, the nomadic coster, the houseless thief, the man of the lowest order of intellect or of morals, sees the majesty of the law descending to the punch-and-judy level, and getting rid of its criminals by the same process as the hunch-backed worthy adopts to get rid of his tormentor—and being accustomed from his infancy to laugh heartily at the latter exhibition, he is not likely to retain for any length of time a grave demeanor in presence of the former one. A flogging in the army is allowed by all unfortunate enough to have witnessed it to be a far more impressive spectacle than a hanging at the Old Bailey. Strong men are known to faint at the sight of the one, while boys and women find amusement in the other. If the object of either exhibition be to deter the spectators from offending against the laws, why is the discrepancy between the effects of the two all on the wrong side? unless it be that the one exhibits the semblance at least of Justice vindicating her violated authority with a deserved though terrible measure of severity, while the other comes into view as a mere hasty and bungling business of killing, the vulgar and beggarly details of which it is impossible to connect in imagination with her divine attributes.

Some years before, I had witnessed in Paris the execution of two men for assassination. The crowd on that occasion, in the Place de Grève, was as great as now in the Old Bailey; but their decorum, I am bound to state, was infinitely greater. I can only account for this difference in favor of a population among whom human life is at a far greater discount than it is with us, from the fact that among the French a public execution is a much more impressive spectacle than it can be made to be in England. The guillotine bears a higher character, perhaps, because it wears a more serious and terrible aspect than the gallows; and the functionary who controls its avenging blade does not, as with us, bear a name the synonym of all that is loathsome and repulsive. It is the same class of men and the same order of minds that flock together to gaze at public executions wherever they take place; but I question whether, in any other country than England, a class of traders could be found corresponding with our hawkers and bawlers of last dying speeches, who congregate with their lying wares around the foot of the gallows, watchfully waiting for the commencement of the death-struggle, to them the signal of commerce, and then at the precise moment of horror, unanimously exploding from their hoarse throats "a full, true, and particular account, for the small charge of one half-penny." The meanest mud-lark in all Gaul, the infamous and mal-odorous *chiffonier* of Paris, would recoil with disgust from such a species of traffic, the prevalence and prosperity of which at such a time among the lowest orders of London, testify perhaps more than any other single fact to the degraded state of the popular feeling in reference to death-punishment by the hands of the hangman.

Second, to the influence of the hangman, and the scene in which he figures in the production of a degrading and disgraceful estimate of the terrible solemnities of justice, is that of the press. What the Old Bailey or the Horsemonger-lane exhibition is to the uneducated spectator, the broad-sheet is to the uneducated reader; and it requires no great discrimination to recognize in the publication of every minute particular of deeds of violence and bloodshed, looking to the avidity with which such details are seized upon by the public, one of the most fruitful sources of demoralization and crime. The wretched criminal whose language, looks, and deportment are chronicled as matters of general importance, becomes first an object of interest, then an idol to those of his own class. If, as we know to be the case, men are led by the force of example to the commission of suicide, why not of any other species of crime? If a fashion may spring up, and prevail for a time, of leaping headlong from the top of a monument or the parapet of a bridge through the publicity given to such acts by means of the press, how shall the exploits of the felon or the assassin escape imitation when made the subjects of a far more extensive and pertinacious publicity, and paraded as they are before the world with all the importance they can be made to assume? There can be no question but that this practice of pandering to a morbid taste for a detestable species of excitement results largely in engendering the very crimes which certain public writers find it so profitable to detail at such length. The performer on the Old Bailey stage becomes a veritable hero in the eyes of the mob of readers for whose especial delectation his history is periodically dished up, and they gloat over the recital of his acts with a relish and a gusto which no other species of literature can awaken. So great, indeed, of late years, has grown the appetite for violence and villainy of all kinds, that our romance-writers have generously stepped forward to supplement the exertions of the last-dying-speech patterer, as a pendant to whose flimsy damp sheets they supply a still more "full, true, and particular account" in the form of three volumes post octavo. Thus, besides the certainty of being hanged in the presence of ten or twenty thousand admiring spectators, the daring and darling desperado who ''dies

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game" stands the enviable chance of becoming a literary property in the hands of one of those gentlemen, and of running a second course, in half-calf and lettered, to interest and instruct that very community whom it was his life-long occupation to rob, to plunder, or to slay.

Pondering such discursive philosophy as this in my mind, I stood still on my three-penny eminence until the crowd had sufficiently cleared away to allow me to retrace my steps as far as Ludgate-hill without inconvenience. Then, having no great relish for the cadaverous jocularity which generally characterizes the scene of an execution during the removal of the body of the malefactor, I descended and turned my back upon the ignominious spectacle, with a feeling of disgust for the multitude of my fellows who could find recreation in the elements of cruelty and horror, and with anger and vexation at myself for having added one to their number.

WHAT TO DO IN THE MEAN TIME?

IT has been frequently remarked by a philosopher of our acquaintance, whose only fault is impracticability, that in life there is but one real difficulty: this is simply—what to do in the mean time? The thesis requires no demonstration. It comes home to the experience of every man who hears it uttered. From the chimney-pots to the cellars of society, great and small, scholars and clowns, all classes of struggling humanity are painfully alive to its truth.

The men to whom the question is pre-eminently embarrassing are those who have either pecuniary expectancies, or possess talents of some particular kind, on whose recognition by others their material prosperity depends. It may be laid down as a general axiom in such cases, that the worst thing a man can do is to *wait*, and the best thing he can do is to *work*; that is to say, that in nine cases out of ten, doing something has a great advantage over doing nothing. Such an assertion would appear a mere obvious truism, and one requiring neither proof nor illustration, were it not grievously palpable to the student of the great book of life—the unwritten biographical dictionary of the world—that an opposite system is too often preferred and adopted by the unfortunate victims of this "condition-of-every-body question," so clearly proposed, and in countless instances so inefficiently and indefinitely answered.

To multiply dismal examples of such sad cases of people ruined, starved, and in a variety of ways fearfully embarrassed and tormented during the process of expectation, by the policy of cowardly sloth or feeble hesitation, might, indeed, "point a moral," but would scarcely "adorn a tale." It is doubtless an advantage to know how to avoid errors, but it is decidedly a much greater advantage to learn practical truth. We shall therefore leave the dark side of the argument with full confidence to the memories, experience, and imaginations of our readers, and dwell rather—as both a more salutary and interesting consideration—on the brighter side, in cases of successful repartee to the grand query, which our limited personal observation has enabled us to collect. Besides, there is nothing attractive or exciting about intellectual inertia. The contrast between active resistance and passive endurance is that between a machine at rest and a machine in motion. Who that has visited the Great Exhibition can have failed to remark the difference of interest aroused in the two cases? What else causes the perambulating dealers in artificial spiders suspended from threads to command so great a patronage from the juvenile population of Paris and London? What else constitutes the superiority of an advertising-van over a stationary poster? What sells Alexandre Dumas's novels, and makes a balloon ascent such a favorite spectacle? "Work, man!" said the philosopher: "hast thou not all eternity to rest in?" And to *work*, according to Mill's "Political Economy," is to *move*; therefore perpetual motion is the great ideal problem of mechanicians.

The first case in our museum is that of a German officer. He was sent to the coast of Africa on an exploring expedition, through the agency of the *parti prêtre*, or Jesuit party in France, with whose machinations against Louis Philippe's government he had become accidentally acquainted. The Jesuits, finding him opposed to their plans, determined to remove him from the scene of action. In consequence of this determination, it so happened that the captain of the vessel in which he went out, set sail one fine morning, leaving our friend on shore to the society and care of the native negro population. His black acquaintances for some time treated him with marked civility; but as the return of the ship became more and more problematical, familiarity began to breed its usual progeny, and the unhappy German found himself in a most painful position. Hitherto he had not been treated with actual disrespect; but when King Bocca-Bocca one day cut him in the most unequivocal manner, he found himself so utterly neglected, that the sensation of being a nobody—a nobody, too, among niggers!—for the moment completely overcame him. A feeble ray of hope was excited shortly afterward in his despondent heart by a hint gathered from the signs made by the negro in whose hut he lived, that a project was entertained in high quarters of giving him a coat of lamp-black, and selling him as a slave; but this idea was abandoned by its originators, possibly for want of opportunity to carry it out. Now our adventurer had observed that so long as he had a charge of gunpowder left to give away, the black men had almost worshiped him as an incarnation of the Mumbo-Jumbo adored by their fathers. Reflecting on this, it occurred to him that if, by any possibility, he could contrive to manufacture a fresh supply of the valued commodity, his fortunes would be comparatively secure.

No sooner had this idea arisen in his brain, than, with prodigious perseverance, he proceeded to work toward its realization. The worst of it was, that he knew the native names neither of

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charcoal, sulphur, nor nitre. No matter; his stern volition was proof against all difficulties. Having once conveyed his design to the negroes, he found them eager to assist him, though, as difficulty after difficulty arose, it required all the confidence of courage and hopeful energy to control their savage impatience. The first batch was a failure, and it was only by pretending that it was yet unfinished he was enabled to try a second, in which he triumphed over all obstacles. When the negroes had really loaded their muskets with his powder, and fired them off in celebration of the event, they indeed revered the stranger as a superior and marvelous being. For nearly eighteen months the German remained on the coast. It was a port rarely visited, and the negroes would not allow him to make any attempt to travel to a more frequented place. Thus he continued to make gunpowder for his barbarous friends, and to live, according to their notions, "like a prince;" for to do King Bocca-Bocca justice, when he learned our friend's value, he treated him like a man and a brother. What might have been his fate had he awaited in idle despondency the arrival of a vessel? As it was, the negroes crowded the beach, and fired off repeated salvos at his departure. Doubtless his name will descend through many a dusky generation as the teacher of that art which they still practice, carrying on a lucrative commerce in gunpowder with the neighboring tribes. A small square chest of gold-dust, which the escaped victim of Jesuit fraud brought back to Europe, was no inappropriate proof of the policy of doing something "in the mean time," while waiting, however anxiously, to do something else.

We knew another case in point, also connected with the late king of the French. M. de G—— was, on the downfall of that monarch, in possession of a very handsome pension for past services. The revolution came, and his pension was suspended. His wife was a woman of energy: she saw that the pension might be recovered by making proper representations in the right quarters; but she, also, saw that ruinous embarrassment and debt might accrue in the interim. Her house was handsomely furnished—she had been brought up in the lap of wealth and luxury. She did not hesitate; she turned her house into a lodging-house, sank the pride of rank, attended to all the duties of such a station, and—what was the result? When, at the end of three years, M. de G—— recovered his pension, he owed nobody a farthing, and the arrears sufficed to dower one of his daughters about to marry a gentleman of large fortune, who had become acquainted with her by lodging in their house. Madame de G——'s fashionable friends thought her conduct very shocking. But what might have become of the family in three years of petitioning?

Again: one of our most intimate acquaintance was an English gentleman, who, having left the army at the instance of a rich father-in-law, had the misfortune subsequently to offend the irascible old gentleman so utterly, that the latter suddenly withdrew his allowance of £1000 per annum, and left our friend to shift for himself. His own means, never very great, were entirely exhausted. He knew too well the impracticable temper of his father-in-law to waste time in attempting to soften him. He also knew that by his wife's settlement he should be rich at the death of the old man, who had already passed his seventieth year. He could not borrow money, for he had been severely wounded in Syria, and the insurance-offices refused him: but he felt a spring of life and youth within him that mocked their calculations. He took things cheerfully, and resolved to work for his living. He answered unnumbered advertisements, and made incessant applications for all sorts of situations. At length matters came to a crisis: his money was nearly gone; time pressed; his wife and child must be supported. A seat—not in parliament, but on the box of an omnibus, was offered him. He accepted it. The pay was equivalent to three guineas a week. It was hard work, but he stuck to it manfully. Not unfrequently it was his lot to drive gentlemen who had dined at his table, and drunk his wine in former days. He never blushed at their recognition; he thought working easier than begging. For nearly ten years he endured all the ups and downs of omnibus life. At last, the tough old father-in-law, who during the whole interval had never relented, died; and our hero came into the possession of some £1500 a year, which he enjoys at this present moment. Suppose he had borrowed and drawn bills instead of working during those ten years, as many have done who had expectancies before them, where would he have been on his exit from the Queen's Bench at the expiration of the period? In the hands of the Philistines, or of the Jews?

Our next specimen is that of a now successful author, who, owing to the peculiarity of his style, fell, notwithstanding a rather dashing *début*, into great difficulty and distress. His family withdrew all support, because he abandoned the more regular prospects of the legal profession for the more ambitious but less certain career of literature. He felt that he had the stuff in him to make a popular writer; but he was also compelled to admit that popularity was not in his case to be the work of a day. The *res angustæ domi* grew closer and closer; and though not objecting to dispense with the supposed necessity of dining, he felt that bread and cheese, in the literal acceptation of the term, were really indispensable to existence. Hence, one day, he invested his solitary half-crown in the printing of a hundred cards, announcing that at the "Classical and Commercial Day-school of Mr. ——, &c., Young Gentlemen were instructed in all the Branches, &c., for the moderate sum of Two Shillings weekly." These cards he distributed by the agency of the milkman in the suburban and somewhat poor neighborhood, in which he occupied a couple of rooms at the moderate rent of 7*s*. weekly. It was not long before a few pupils made, one by one, their appearance at the

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would-be pedagogue's. As they were mostly the sons of petty tradesmen round about, he raised no objection to taking out their schooling in kind, and by this means earned at least a subsistence till more prosperous times arrived, and publishers discovered his latent merits. But for this device, he might not improbably have shared the fate of Chatterton and others, less unscrupulous as to a resource for the "mean time"—that rock on which so many an embryo genius founders.

The misfortune of our next case was, not that *he* abandoned the law, but that the law abandoned *him*. He was a solicitor in a country town, where the people were either so little inclined to litigation, or so happy in not finding cause for it, that he failed from sheer want of clients, and, as a natural consequence, betook himself to the metropolis—that Mecca *cum* Medina of all desperate pilgrims in search of fickle Fortune. There his only available friend was a pastry-cook in a large way of business. It so happened that the man of tarts and jellies was precisely at that epoch in want of a foreman and book-keeper, his last prime-minister having emigrated to America with a view to a more independent career. Our ex-lawyer, feeling the consumption of tarts to be more immediately certain than the demand for writs, proposed, to his friend's amazement, for the vacant post; and so well did he fill it, that in a few years he had saved enough of money to start again in his old profession. The pastry-cook and his friends became clients, and he is at present a thriving attorney in Lincoln's Inn, none the worse a lawyer for a practical knowledge of the *pâtés* filled by those oysters whose shells are the proverbial heritage of his patrons.

A still more singular resource was that of a young gentleman, of no particular profession, who, having disposed somehow or other in unprofitable speculations, of a very moderate inheritance, found himself what is technically termed "on his beam-ends;" so much so, indeed, that his condition gradually came to verge on positive destitution; and he sat disconsolately in a little garret one morning, quite at his wits' end for the means of contriving what Goethe facetiously called "the delightful habit of existing." Turning over his scanty remains of clothes and other possessions, in the vain hope of lighting upon something of a marketable character, he suddenly took up a sheet of card-board which in happier days he had destined for the sketches at which he was an indifferent adept. He had evidently formed a plan, however absurd: that was plain from the odd smile which irradiated his features. He descended the stairs to borrow of his landlady—what? A shilling?—By no means. A needle and thread, and a pair of scissors. Then he took out his box of water-colors and set to work. To design a picture?—Not a bit of it; to make dancing-dolls!—Yes, the man without a profession had found a trade. By the time it was dusk he had made several figures with movable legs and arms: one bore a rude resemblance to Napoleon; another, with scarcely excusable license, represented the Pope; a third held the very devil up to ridicule; and a fourth bore a hideous resemblance to the grim King of Terrors himself! They were but rude productions as works of art; but there was a spirit and expression about them that toyshops rarely exhibit. The ingenious manufacturer then sallied forth with his merchandise. Within an hour afterward he might have been seen driving a bargain with a vagrant dealer in "odd notions," as the Yankees would call them. It is unnecessary to pursue our artist through all his industrial progress. Enough that he is now one of the most successful theatrical machinists, and in the possession of a wife, a house, and a comfortable income. He, too, had prospects, and he still has them—as far off as ever. Fortunately for him, he "prospected" on his own account, and found a "diggin'."

"There is always something to be done, if people will only set about finding it out, and the chances are ever in favor of activity. Whatever brings a man in contact with his fellows may lead to fortune. Every day brings new opportunities to the social worker; and no man, if he has once seriously considered the subject, need ever be at a loss as to what to do in the mean time. Volition is primitive motion, and where there is a will there is a way.

THE LOST AGES.

MY friends, have you read Elia? If so, follow me, walking in the shadow of his mild presence, while I recount to you my vision of the Lost Ages. I am neither single nor unblessed with offspring, yet, like Charles Lamb, I have had my "dream children." Years have flown over me since I stood a bride at the altar. My eyes are dim and failing, and my hairs are silver-white. My real children of flesh and blood have become substantial men and women, carving their own fortunes, and catering for their own tastes in the matter of wives and husbands, leaving their old mother, as nature ordereth, to the stillness and repose fitted for her years. Understand, this is not meant to imply that the fosterer of their babyhood, the instructor of their childhood, the guide of their youth is forsaken or neglected by those who have sprung up to maturity beneath her eye. No; I am blessed in my children. Living apart, I yet see them often; their joys, their cares are mine. Not a Sabbath dawns but it finds me in the midst of them; not a holiday or a festival of any kind is noted in the calendar of their lives, but grandmamma is the first to be sent for. Still, of necessity, I pass much of my time alone; and old age is given to reverie quite as much as youth. I can remember a time—long, long ago—when in the twilight of a summer evening it was a luxury to sit apart, with closed eyes; and, heedless of the talk that went on in the social circle from which I was withdrawn, indulge in all sorts of fanciful visions. Then my dream-people were all full-grown men and women. I do not recollect that I ever thought about children until I possessed some of my own. Those waking visions

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were very sweet—sweeter than the realities of life that followed; but they were neither half so curious nor half so wonderful as the dreams that sometimes haunt me now. The imagination of the old is not less lively than that of the young: it is only less original. A youthful fancy will create more new images; the mind of age requires materials to build with: these supplied, the combinations it is capable of forming are endless. And so were born my dream-children.

Has it never occurred to you, mothers and fathers, to wonder what has become of your children's lost ages? Look at your little boy of five years old. Is he at all, in any respect, the same breathing creature that you beheld three years back? I think not. Whither, then, has the sprite vanished? In some hidden fairy nook, in some mysterious cloud-land he must exist still. Again, in your slim-formed girl of eight years, you look in vain for the sturdy elf of five. Gone? No; that can not be—"a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Close your eyes: you have her there! A breeze-like, sportive buoyant thing; a thing of breathing, laughing, unmistakable life; she is mirrored on your retina as plainly as ever was dancing sunbeam on a brook. The very trick of her lip—of her eye; the mischief-smile, the sidelong saucy glance,

"That seems to say,
"I know you love me, Mr. Grey:"

is it not traced there—all, every line, as clear as when it brightened the atmosphere about you in the days that are no more? To be sure it is; and being so, the thing must exist—somewhere.

I never was more fully possessed with this conviction than once during the winter of last year. It was Christmas-eve. I was sitting alone, in my old arm-chair, and had been looking forward to the fast-coming festival day with many mingled thoughts—some tender, but regretful; others hopeful yet sad; some serious, and even solemn. As I laid my head back and sat thus with closed eyes, listening to the church-clock as it struck the hour, I could not but feel that I was passing—very slowly and gently it is true—toward a time when the closing of the grave would shut out even that sound so familiar to my ear; and when other and more precious sounds of life—human voices, dearer than all else, would cease to have any meanings for me—and even their very echoes be hushed in the silence of the one long sleep. Following the train of association, it was natural that I should recur to the hour when that same church's bells had chimed my wedding-peal. I seemed to hear their music once again; and other music sweeter still—the music of young vows that "that kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it" *not* "to the hope." Next in succession came the recollection of my children. I seemed to lose sight of their present identity, and to be carried away in thought to times and scenes far back in my long-departed youth, when they were growing up around my knees—beautiful forms of all ages, from the tender nursling of a single year springing with outstretched arms into my bosom, to the somewhat rough but ingenuous boy of ten. As my inner eye traced their different outlines, and followed them in their graceful growth from year to year, my heart was seized with a sudden and irresistible longing to hold fast those beloved but passing images of the brain. What joy, I thought, would it be, to transfix the matchless beauty which had wrought itself thus into the visions of my old age! to preserve, forever, unchanging, every varied phase of that material but marvelous structure, which the glorious human soul had animated and informed through all its progressive stages from the child to the man.

Scarcely was the thought framed when a dull, heavy weight seemed to press upon my closed eyelids. I now saw more clearly even than before my children's images in the different stages of their being. But I saw these, and these alone, as they stood rooted to the ground, with a stony fixedness in their eyes: every other object grew dim before me. The living faces and full-grown forms which until now had mingled with and played their part among my younger phantoms altogether disappeared. I had no longer any eyes, any soul, but for this my new spectre-world. Life, and the things of life, had lost their interest; and I knew of nothing, conceived of nothing, but those still, inanimate forms from which the informing soul had long since passed away.

And now that the longing of my heart was answered, was I satisfied! For a time I gazed, and drew a deep delight from the gratification of my vain and impious craving. But at length the still, cold presence of forms no longer of this earth began to oppress me. I grew cold and numb beneath their moveless aspect; and constant gazing upon eyes lighted up by no varying expression, pressed upon my tired senses with a more than nightmare weight. I felt a sort of dull stagnation through every limb, which held me bound where I sat, pulseless and moveless as the phantoms on which I gazed.

As I wrestled with the feeling that oppressed me, striving in vain to break the bonds of that strange fascination, under the pressure of which I surely felt that I must perish—a soft voice, proceeding from whence I knew not, broke upon my ear. "You have your desire," it said gently; "why, then, struggle thus? Why writhe under the magic of that joy you have yourself called up? Are they not here before you, the Lost Ages whose beauty and whose grace you would perpetuate? What would you more?. O mortal!"

"But these forms have no life," I gasped; "no pulsating, breathing soul!"

"No," replied the same still, soft voice; "these forms belong to the things of the past. In God's good time they breathed the breath of life; they had *then* a being and a purpose on this earth. Their day has departed—their work is done."

So saying, the voice grew still: the leaden weight which had pressed upon my eyelids was lifted off: I awoke.

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Filled with reveries of the past—my eyes closed to every thing without—sleep had indeed overtaken me as I sat listening to the old church-clock. But my vision was not all a vision: my dream-children came not without their teaching. If they had been called up in folly, yet in their going did they leave behind a lesson of wisdom.

The morning dawned—the blessed Christmas-morning! With it came my good and dutiful, my real life-children. When they were all assembled round me, and when, subdued and thoughtful beneath the tender and gracious associations of the day, each in turn ministered, reverently and lovingly, to the old mother's need of body and of soul, my heart was melted within me. Blessed, indeed, was I in a lot full to overflowing of all the good gifts which a wise and merciful Maker could lavish upon his erring and craving creature. I stood reproved. I felt humbled to think that I should ever for a moment have indulged one idle or restless longing for the restoration of that past which had done its appointed work, and out of which so gracious a present had arisen. One idea impressed me strongly: I could not but feel that had the craving of my soul been answered in reality, as my dream had foreshadowed; and had the wise and beneficent order of nature been disturbed and distorted from its just relations, how fearful would have been the result! Here, in my green old age, I stood among a new generation, honored for what I was, beloved for what I had been. What if, at some mortal wish in some freak of nature, the form which I now bore were forever to remain before the eyes of my children! Were such a thing to befall, how would their souls ever be lifted upward to the contemplation of that higher state of being into which it is my hope soon to pass when the hand which guided me hither shall beckon me hence? At the thought my heart was chastened. Never since that night have I indulged in any one wish framed in opposition to nature's laws. *Now* I find my dream-children in the present; and to the past I yield willingly all things which are its own—among the rest, the Lost Ages.

BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

THE facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few, and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader. They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with "the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to."

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen ——. She was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait, which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy and of a perfectly regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of lovableness and sweet temper. Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, as, punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near —— House, each of us on our way to the theatre of our daily operations. She was an embroideress, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-frame, containing some unfinished work, which she occasionally carried in her hand. She set me a worthy example of punctuality, and I could any day have told the time to a minute without looking at my watch, by marking the spot where we passed each other. I learned to look for her regularly, and before I knew her name, had given her that of "Minerva," in acknowledgment of her efficiency as a mentor.

A year after the commencement of our acquaintance, which never ripened into speech, happening to set out from home one morning a quarter of an hour before my usual time, I made the pleasing discovery that my juvenile Minerva had a younger sister, if possible still more beautiful than herself. The pair were taking an affectionate leave of each other at the crossing of the New Road, and the silver accents of the younger as kissing her sister, she laughed out, "Good-by, Ellen," gave me the first information of the real name of my pretty mentor. The little Mary—for so was the younger called, who could not be more than eleven years of age—was a slender, frolicsome sylph, with a skin of the purest carnation, and a face like that of Sir Joshua's seraph in the National Gallery, but with larger orbs and longer lashes shading them. As she danced and leaped before me on her way home again, I could not but admire the natural ease and grace of every motion, nor fail to comprehend and sympathize with the anxious looks of the sisters' only parent, their widowed mother, who stood watching the return of the younger darling at the door of a very humble two-storied dwelling, in the vicinity of the New River Head.

Nearly two years passed away, during which, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, every recurring morning brought me the grateful though momentary vision of one or both of the charming sisters. Then came an additional pleasure—I met them both together every day. The younger had commenced practicing the same delicate and ingenious craft of embroidery, and the two pursued their industry in company under the same employer. It was amusing to mark the demure assumption of womanhood darkening the brows of the aerial little sprite, as, with all the new-born consequence of responsibility, she walked soberly by her sister's side, frame in hand, and occasionally revealed to passers-by a brief glimpse of her many-colored handiwork. They were the very picture of beauty and happiness, and happy beyond question must their innocent lives have been for many pleasant months. But soon the shadows of care began to steal over their hitherto jovous faces, and

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traces of anxiety, perhaps of tears, to be too plainly visible on their paling cheeks. All at once I missed them in my morning's walk, and for several days—it might be weeks—saw nothing of them. I was at length startled from my forgetfulness of their very existence by the sudden apparition of both, one Monday morning, clad in the deepest mourning. I saw the truth at once: the mother, who, I had remarked, was prematurely old and feeble, was gone, and the two orphan children were left to battle it with the world. My conjecture was the truth, as a neighbor of whom I made some inquiries on the subject was not slow to inform me. "Ah, sir," said the good woman, "poor Mrs. D—— have had a hard time of it, and she born an' bred a gentleooman."

I asked her if the daughters were provided for.

"Indeed, sir," continued my informant, "I'm afeard not. 'Twas the most unfortunatest thing in the world, sir, poor Mr. D——'s dying jest as a' did. You see, sir, he war a soldier, a-fightin' out in Indy, and his poor wife lef at home wi' them two blossoms o' gals. He warn't what you càll a common soldier, sir, but some kind o' officer like; an' in some great battle fought seven year agone he done fine service I've heerd, and promotion was sent out to un', but didn't get there till the poor man was dead of his wounds. The news of he's death cut up his poor wife complete, and she han't been herself since. I've know'd she wasn't long for here ever since it come. Wust of all, it seems that because the poor man was dead the very day the promotion reached 'un, a' didn't die a captain after all, and so the poor widder didn't get no pension. How they've managed to live is more than I can tell. The oldest gal is very clever, they say; but Lor' bless 'ee! 'taint much to s'port three as is to be got out o' broiderin'."

Thus enlightened on the subject of their private history, it was with very different feelings I afterward regarded these unfortunate children. Bereft of both parents, and cast upon a world with the ways of which they were utterly unacquainted, and in which they might be doomed to the most painful struggles even to procure a bare subsistence, one treasure was yet left them—it was the treasure of each other's love. So far as the depth of this feeling could be estimated from the looks and actions of both, it was all in all to each. But the sacred bond that bound them was destined to be rudely rent asunder. The cold winds of autumn began to visit too roughly the fair pale face of the younger girl, and the unmistakable indications of consumption made their appearance: the harassing cough, the hectic cheek, the deep-settled pain in the side, the failing breath. Against these dread forerunners it was vain long to contend; and the poor child had to remain at home in her solitary sick chamber, while the loving sister toiled harder than ever to provide, if possible, the means of comfort and restoration to health. All the world knows the ending of such a hopless strife as this. It is sometimes the will of Heaven, that the path of virtue, like that of glory, leads but to the grave. So it was in the present instance: the blossom of this fair young life withered away, and the grass-fringed lips of the child's early tomb closed over the lifeless relics ere spring had dawned upon the year.

Sorrow had graven legible traces upon the brow of my hapless mentor when I saw her again. How different now was the vision that greeted my daily sight from that of former years! The want that admits not of idle wailing compelled her still to pursue her daily course of labor, and she pursued it with the same constancy and punctuality as she had ever done. But the exquisitely chiseled face, the majestic gait, the elastic step—the beauty and glory of youth, unshaken because unassaulted by death and sorrow—where were they? Alas! all the bewitching charms of her former being had gone down into the grave of her mother and sister; and she, their support and idol, seemed no more now than she really was—a wayworn, solitary, and isolated struggler for daily bread.

Were this a fiction that I am writing, it would be an easy matter to deal out a measure of poetical justice, and to recompense poor Ellen for all her industry, self-denial, and suffering in the arms of a husband, who should possess as many and great virtues as herself, and an ample fortune to boot. I wish with all my heart that it were a fiction, and that Providence had never furnished me with such a seeming anomaly to add to the list of my desultory chronicles. But I am telling a true story of a life. Ellen found no mate. No mate, did I say? Yes, one: the same grim yoke-fellow, whose delight it is "to gather roses in the spring," paid ghastly court to her faded charms, and won her—who shall say an unwilling bride? I could see his gradual but deadly advances in my daily walks: the same indications that gave warning of the sister's fate admonished me that she also was on her way to the tomb, and that the place that had known her would soon know her no more. She grew day by day more feeble; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed. After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though for many years following the same route, without recognizing again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen D——.

"And is this the end of your mournful history?" some querulous reader demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death dove-eyed Charity walks with shining wings .... It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-hour perambulations about town, I looked in, almost accidentally, upon my old friend and chum, Jack W——. Jack keeps a perfumer's shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, where, ensconced up to his eyes in delicate odors, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags,

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and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the delectation of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and *virtu*. His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and attar, soap, scents, and all the *et ceteras* of the toilet, than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild-oats together; and, indeed, in some sort, have been together ever since. We both have our own collections of rarities; such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion, there was a new Van Somebody's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than, starting from his lair, and bidding the boy ring the bell, should he be wanted, he bustled me up-stairs calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two. I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly-acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. "Not there," said Jack; "you can't go there. Go into my snuggery."

"And why not there?" said I, jealous of some new purchase which I was not to see.

"Because there's some body ill there; it is a bed-room now; a poor girl; she wanted a place to die in, poor thing, and I put her in there."

"Who is she?—a relative?"

"No; I never saw her till Monday last. Sit down, I'll tell you how it was. Set down the coffee, Mrs. Jones, and just look in upon the patient, will you? Sugar and cream? You know my weakness for the dead-wall in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields." (Jack never refuses a beggar backed by that wall, for the love of Ben Jonson, who, he devoutly believes, had a hand in building it.) "Well, I met with her there on Monday last. She asked for nothing, but held out her hand, and as she did so the tears streamed from her eyes on the pavement. The poor creature, it was plain enough, was then dying; and I told her so. She said she knew it, but had no place to die in but the parish workhouse, and hoped that I would not send her there. What's the use of talking? I brought her here, and put her to sleep on the sofa while Jones cleared out the lumber-room and got up a bed. I sent for Dr. H—— to look at her; he gave her a week or ten days at the farthest: I don't think she'll last so long. The curate of St. —— comes every day to see her, and I like to talk to her myself sometimes. Well, Mrs. Jones, how goes she on?"

"She's asleep," said the housekeeper. "Would you like to look at her, gentlemen?"

We entered the room together. It was as if some unaccountable presentiment had forewarned me: there, upon a snow-white sheet, and pillowed by my friend's favorite eider-down squab, lay the wasted form of Ellen D——. She slept soundly and breathed loudly; and Dr. H——, who entered while we stood at the bedside, informed us that in all probability she would awake only to die, or if to sleep again, then to wake no more. The latter was the true prophecy. She awoke an hour or two after my departure, and passed away that same night in a quiet slumber without a pang.

I never learned by what chain of circumstances she was driven to seek alms in the public streets. I might have done so, perhaps, by inquiry, but to what purpose? She died in peace, with friendly hands and friendly hearts near her, and Jack buried her in his own grave in Highgate Cemetery, at his own expense; and declares he is none the worse for it. I am of his opinion.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been marked by any domestic event of interest or importance. The principal topic of public discussion has been the character of Kossuth and of the cause he represents. Public opinion is divided as to the propriety of acceding to his request that this country should take an active part in the struggles of Europe; and somewhat, also, as to the rightfulness of his claim to be regarded as still the Governor of Hungary. But there is no difference of opinion as to the wonderful ability which his speeches display. Kossuth has continued his progress Westward, and at the time of closing this Record is at Cincinnati. He visited Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Cleveland and Columbus, on his way, and was received at each place with marked demonstrations of respect and confidence. Large sums of money have also been contributed in each, in aid of his cause. He has publicly declined to receive any more public entertainments of any sort, on the ground that they involve a wasteful expenditure of money and lead to no good result Whatever funds any town or any individuals may be inclined to devote to him, he desires should be contributed to the cause and not expended in any demonstrations of which he may be the object. His speeches have been devoted to an exposition of his wishes and sentiments, and all bear marks of that fertility of thought and expression which has excited such general admiration.

A very warm discussion, meantime, has sprung up among the exiled Hungarian leaders, of the merits of the cause and of Kossuth. Prince Esterhazy, at one time a member of the Hungarian ministry, a nobleman possessed of large domains in Hungary, first published a letter, dated Vienna, November 13, in which he threw upon the movement of 1848 the reproach of having been not only injurious to the country, but unjust and revolutionary. He vindicated the cause of the Austrian government throughout, and reproached Kossuth and those associated with him in the Hungarian contest with having sacrificed one of Kossuth's Ministers, and a refugee with him the interests of their country to personal purposes

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and unworthy ends. Count Casimir Batthyani, also in Turkey, now resident in Paris, soon published a reply to this letter of the Prince, in which he refuted his positions in regard to the Austrian government, proving that dynasty to have provoked the war by a series of unendurable treacheries, and to have sought, systematically, the destruction of the independence and constitution of Hungary. He reproached Esterhazy with an interested desertion of his country's cause, and with gross inconsistency of personal and public conduct. He closed his letter with a very bitter denunciation of Kossuth, charging upon his weakness and vacillation the unfortunate results of the contest, denying his right to the title of Governor, and censuring his course of agitation as springing simply from personal vanity, and likely to lead to no good result. To this letter Count Pulszky, now with Kossuth, published a brief reply, which was mainly an appeal to the Hungarian leaders not to destroy their cause by divisions among themselves. He also alleged that Count Batthyani did not express the same opinion of the character and conduct of Kossuth during the Hungarian contest, but made himself, to some extent, responsible for both by being associated in the government with him and giving his countenance and support to all his acts. Still more recently two letters have been published from Mr. Szemere, who was also intimately and responsibly connected with Kossuth and his government, and who brought forward in the Diet, immediately after the Declaration of Independence, on behalf of the Ministry of which he was the President, a programme declaring that the future form of government in Hungary would be republican. In one of his letters, dated at Paris, January 4th, he censures Kossuth very severely for his misconduct of the war, and of his subsequent course. Referring especially to Kossuth's abdication of office and to his transfer of power to the hands of Görgey, he alleges that although it was done in the name of the Ministry, of which he was a member, he never either subscribed or even saw it. He says that Kossuth having repeatedly denounced Görgey as a traitor, ought not to have put supreme power in his hands. He charges him also with having fled to Turkey and deserted the cause of his country, while there were still left four fortresses and over a hundred thousand men to fight for her liberties; and says that the rest of the army surrendered only because Kossuth had fled. He denies Kossuth's right to the title and office of Governor, because he voluntarily resigned that position, and transferred its powers to another. Much as he might rejoice in the success of Kossuth's efforts to excite the sympathy of the world on behalf of Hungary, Mr. Szemere says that "to recognize him as Governor, or as he earnestly claims to be acknowledged, the absolute Dictator, would be equivalent to devoting the cause of Hungary, for a second time, to a severe downfall. We welcome, him, therefore, in our ranks only as a single gifted patriot, perhaps even the first among his equals, but as Governor we can not acknowledge him, we who know his past career, and who value divine liberty, and our beloved fatherland above every personal consideration." But while conceding fully the justice of the censures bestowed upon Kossuth himself, he claims that the cause of Hungary was at least as pure and holy as the war of the American Revolution—that they were the defenders of right and law against the efforts of faithlessness and anarchy—that they were the heroes, the apostles, the martyrs of freedom under the persecutions of tyranny.—In another letter, dated at Paris, December 9, Mr. Szemere addresses Prince Esterhazy directly, and in a tone of great severity. He denounces him for ignorance of the history of his country, and for guilty indifference to her rights, and proceeds, in an argument of great strength, to vindicate the cause in which they were both engaged, from the calumnies of false friends. He gives a clear and condensed historical sketch of the contest, and shows that Hungary never swerved from her rightful allegiance until driven by the faithlessness and relentless hostility of the Austrian dynasty to take up arms in self-defense. Being himself a republican, Mr. Szemere thinks that although it was honorable and loyal, it was not prudent or politic for the nation to cling so long to legitimacy: still "the heroism of remaining so long in the path of constitutional legality redounds to its glory; the short-sightedness of entering so late on the path of revolution is its shame." He closes by expressing the trust and firm conviction of every Hungarian that the harms his country now suffers will be repaired.—Count Teleki, who represented Hungary at Paris, during the existence of the provisional government, and who now resides at Zurich, has also published a letter in reply to that of Prince Esterhazy, in which he vindicates Count Louis Batthyani from the unjust reproaches of the Prince, and pursues substantially the same line of argument as that of the letter of Mr. Szemere.—Mr. Vakovics, who was one of the Cabinet, also publishes a letter vindicating Kossuth from the accusation of Batthyani.

These conflicting representations from persons who were prominently and responsibly connected with the Hungarian government, of course create difficulties in the way of forming clear opinions upon the subject in the United States. The points of difference, however, relate mainly to persons and particular events, upon the main question, the rightfulness of the Hungarian struggle, little room is left for doubt.

The proceedings of Congress have been unimportant. The sum of $15,000 has been appropriated to the refitting that part of the Congressional library which was destroyed by fire. The subject of printing the census returns has engaged a good deal of attention, but no result has yet been attained. Resolutions were introduced into the Senate some time since by Mr. Cass, asking the friendly interposition of our government with that of Great Britain, for the release of the Irish State prisoners. Several Senators have made speeches upon the subject, nearly all in their favor, but with more or less qualifications. The Compromise resolutions, originally offered by Senator Foote, were discussed for several days, without reaching a vote, and they have since been informally dropped. The resolutions offered by Senators Clarke, Seward, and Cass, on the subject of protesting against intervention, came up for consideration on the 2d of February, when Senator Stockton made an extended speech upon the subject—favoring the Hungarian cause, but expressing an unwillingness to join Great Britain in any such policy, and saying Russia has always evinced friendly dispositions toward the United States. Senator Clarke on the 9th, made a speech upon the same subject, against any action on the part of our government. On the 11th, Senator Cass made an elaborate speech in support of his resolution, in which he vindicated the right, and asserted the duty of the United States to pronounce its opinion upon the interference of despotic states against the efforts of nations to free themselves from oppression. He opposed the idea of armed intervention on our part, but insisted upon the propriety of our exercising a decided moral influence. On the 13th Senator Clemens spoke in reply, insist

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ing that movements in Europe had neither interest nor importance for the United States, denying the justice of the Hungarian struggle, and assailing the character of Kossuth.

The correspondence between the governments of England and the United States in regard to the insult offered to the steamer Prometheus by the English brig-of-war Express, at Greytown, has been published. The first letter is from Mr. Webster to Mr. Lawrence, instructing him to inquire whether the English government sanctioned the act of the officer. The last is from Earl Granville, dated January 10th, in which he states that an official statement of the case had been received. The Vice Admiral on the West Indian Station had already disavowed the act, and denied the right of any British vessel to enforce the fiscal regulations of Mosquito, and had forbidden the Commander of the Express from again employing force in any similar case. Earl Granville states that these representations were fully ratified by the English government; and that they entirely disavowed the act of violence, and had no hesitation in offering an ample apology for that which they consider to have been an infraction of treaty engagements.

Official intelligence has been received of the appointment of John S. Crompton, Esq., who has been for some years connected with the British legation at Washington, as Minister Plenipotentiary in place of Sir Henry Bulwer.—It is understood that Mr. John S. Thrasher, who was convicted of sundry offenses against the Spanish authority in Cuba, and sentenced to imprisonment for seven years on the African coast, has been pardoned by the Queen of Spain, as have also all the Cuban prisoners.

The political parties are beginning to take measures concerning the approaching Presidential election. The Whigs in the Legislature of Maine held a meeting on the 27th of January, at which they adopted a series of resolutions, in favor of a National Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 17th of June, and nominating General Scott for President, and Governor Jones of Tennessee, for Vice-President, subject to the decision of that Convention. A Democratic State Convention was held at Austin, Texas, January 8th, at which resolutions were adopted, setting forth the party creed, and nominating General Houston for the Presidency.——In Alabama a Democratic State Convention has nominated William R. King for the Presidency.

The Legislature of Wisconsin met on the 15th of January. Governor Farwell's Message states that owing to the want of funds, the appropriations of last year were not paid within the sum of $38,283. He recommends the passage of a general banking law, and amendments of the school law, and opposes granting public lands in aid of works of internal improvement. He advises that Congress be memorialized upon sundry topics of general interest, among which are the establishment of an Agricultural bureau, the improvement of rivers and harbors, and a modification of the present tariff.——The Legislature of Louisiana met on the 26th ult. The Governor's Message is mainly devoted to local topics. He advises the appropriation of money for a monument to General Jackson.——The Legislature of Texas has been discussing a proposition to appropriate a million of dollars, of the five millions to be received from the United States, together with other funds, to the establishment of a system of Common Schools. The bill had passed the House.——A bill has been passed ratifying the classification of the public debt submitted by the Governor and Comptroller

A letter from Honorable James Buchanan has been published, addressed to a Mississippi Democratic Convention, urging the necessity of a strict limitation of the powers of the Federal Government, and attributing to a growing spirit of centralization the evils we now experience.——Colonel Benton has also written a letter to the Democracy of St. Louis County, urging them to blot from the records of the Legislature, the resolutions in favor of nullification, adopted some time since.

From CALIFORNIA we have news to Jan. 20th. It is not, however, of much importance. The country had been visited by a succession of very heavy rain storms, which had swollen the rivers, and in some cases cut off land communication between the towns. The location of the seat of government is still undecided. The Indian difficulties had been quelled for the present at least, but fears were entertained of new outbreaks. Fresh discoveries of gold were still made.

One-third of the city of San Juan de Nicaragua, the most valuable portion, was destroyed by fire on the 4th of February.

Later advices from NEW MEXICO represent the condition of the southern part of the country as most unhappy, in consequence of the violent and deadly hostility of the Apache Indians. They have been provoked by the Mexicans, and wreak their vengeance indiscriminately on the whole country. The provisions of the U. S. Government for keeping the Indians in check have been wholly unavailing, mainly from a wrong disposition of the troops. Steps are now taken to establish posts at various points throughout the Indian Country, as this has been found the most effectual means for preventing their depredations.—The silver mine discovered at Taos proves to be exceedingly rich; and the gold diggings on the Gila are as productive as ever.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from the City of Mexico to the 28th of December. Congress was again in session, but had not completed its organization. On the 20th, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Ramirez, received the representatives of Foreign Powers, and listened to extended remarks from them in favor of modifications in the Mexican tariff. The whole subject will probably soon be brought before Congress. The Indians in the State of Durango continue their ravages; the inefficiency of the measures taken against them by the government is loudly condemned. A riot, directed against the government, occurred on the 18th, in the State of Puebla, but it was speedily suppressed. In Tehuantepec a more serious movement had occurred under the lead of Ex-Governor Ortis; it was defeated after a contest of over four hours. At Cerro Gerdo also, on the 12th, there was a revolt of most of the forces of the Uragua Colony against their chiefs, but it was soon put down.—It is stated on authority that seems entitled to respect, that Santa Anna is planning a new revolutionary movement, and that he designs to make his descent at Acapulco on the Pacific coast. A house has been built there for him, and many of the utensils of a camp and munitions for a campaign are arriving there. It is said that all the officials of that department are friendly to him, and would readily co-operate in his designs.—The Mexican government seems to be satisfied that the revolutionary movement in Northern Mexico has been completely quelled; but our advices from that quarter scarcely justify that confidence. At the latest date, Jan. 23d, Caravajal was on the Rio Grande, with a force of 700 men and several pieces of artillery, and was constantly receiving reinforcements. Several persons connected with the

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movement were in New Orleans engaged in procuring and shipping supplies for the revolutionists. Gen. Uraga had been relieved from the command at Matamoras, and succeeded by Gen. Avalos. Upon his departure Col. Harney, in command of the U. S. troops on the frontier, addressed him in a letter, thanking him for the facilities he had received from him in the discharge of his duties, and expressing the warmest admiration of his character and services. The Mexican force defending Matamoros is stated at about twelve hundred men.—The official report of the battle of Ceralvo states the number of killed at six, and of wounded twenty-one.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The burning of the steamer Amazon, with a dreadful loss of life, is the event of most interest which has occurred in England during the past month. She belonged to the West India Company's line of steam-packets, and sailed on her first voyage from Southampton on Friday the 2d of January. At a quarter before one o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out suddenly, forward on the starboard side, between the steam-chest and the under part of the galley, and the flames instantly rushed up the gangway in front of the foremost funnel. The alarm was at once given, the officers and crew rushed upon deck, and steps were taken to extinguish the fire. But the ship was built of fir, and was very dry, and the flames seized it like tinder. The whole vessel was speedily enveloped in fire. The mail-boat was lowered, but was instantly swamped, and twenty-five people in her were drowned. The other boats were lowered with a good deal of difficulty. Only two, however, succeeded in saving life. The life-boat got loose from the ship with twenty-one persons, and after being at sea thirty hours, was picked up by an English brig, and landed at Plymouth. Another boat, with twenty-five persons on board, succeeded in reaching the French coast. There were 161 persons on board, of whom 115 are supposed to have perished. Among the latter was the well-known author, Eliot Warburton, who was on his way to the Isthmus of Darien, whither he had been sent by the Pacific Junction Company to negotiate a friendly understanding with the Indians. The Amazon was commanded by Captain William Symons, a gentleman of known ability, who also perished. Among those saved were two ladies. The English papers are filled with details and incidents of this sad catastrophe, which, of course, we have not space to copy. An investigation into the origin of the fire, and the circumstances of the disaster, has been made, but no satisfactory result has been reached. The machinery was new, and its working was attended with very great heat, which facilitated the progress of the fire after it had broken out. A great deal of confusion seems to have prevailed on board, but it does not appear that any thing practicable was left undone. The two ladies saved were a Mrs. MacLennan, who got into the life-boat in her night dress with her child, eighteen months old, in her arms, and a Miss Smith, who escaped in the other boat. The value of the Amazon was £100,000, and she was not insured.

The English press continues to discuss French affairs with great eagerness. The whole of Louis Napoleon's proceeding is denounced with unanimous bitterness, as one of the most high-handed and inexcusable acts of violence and outrage ever perpetrated; and a general fear is felt that he can not maintain himself in a state of peace, but will be impelled to seek a war with England. The condition of the national defenses is, therefore, the chief topic of discussion, and upon this point all the leading journals express serious apprehensions.

The difficulty between the master engineers and their men continues unadjusted. Meetings are held and public statements made by both sides, and the dissension is much more likely to increase than to diminish. The employers will not concede the right of their men to fix the terms on which they shall be hired, and the men will not yield what they consider their just rights. The latter are taking steps to set up workshops of their own by co-operation, and they have already made some progress in the accomplishment of their object.

The Reformers in the principal towns are taking measures to influence the measure which Lord John Russell intends to introduce into Parliament. Meetings have been held at various places, and resolutions adopted, specifying the provisions they desire, and pledging support to the Cabinet, if its measures shall conform to their principles. The friends of the voluntary system of education are also active. They proposed to send a deputation to wait upon the Prime Minister, but he declined to meet them, on the ground that it was not the intention of the Ministry to introduce any bill on that subject during the present session of Parliament, and that a deputation, therefore, could do no good.——New discoveries of gold in Australia have excited great interest and attention in England. It is said that deposits have been met with near Port Philip, much richer than any known hitherto, either there or in California.——Later advices from the Cape of Good Hope represent colonial affairs in an unpromising light. The expedition of the British troops against the Caffres in their mountain fastnesses had proved to be of little use, and to have been attended with serious losses of British officers and men. The Caffres are excellent marksmen, and prove to be very formidable enemies. Col. Cathcart, who was one of Wellington's aids at Waterloo, has been sent out as Governor of the Cape.——The British cruisers on the African coast recently sought to make a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade, with the King of Lagos who had, previously, forbidden their ascending the river to the town where he lived. A force of twenty-three boats, however, was fitted out with 260 officers and men, and attempted to ascend the river by force. It was at once attacked, and it was only with considerable difficulty and loss of life that the men regained their ships. The king had always received deputations from the squadron with every demonstration of respect; and this fact shows the extreme folly and injustice of such an armed expedition. It has been indirectly sanctioned, however, by the English government which has ordered a strict blockade of that part of the African coast.

FRANCE.

Political affairs in France continue to present features of extraordinary interest. The election, of which we gave the general result in our last Number, seems to have fortified Louis Napoleon, for the present, on his Presidential throne, and he has gone on without obstacle in the accomplishment of his plans. The official returns show 7,439,219 votes in his favor, and 640,737 against him. On New Year's day the issue of the election was celebrated with more than royal magnificence. Cannon were fired at the Invalides at ten in the morning—seventy discharges in all, ten for each million of votes recorded in his favor; and at noon the President went to Notre Dame, where *Te Deum* was performed amid gorgeous and dazzling pomp. The scene was theatrical and imposing. All Paris was covered with

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troops, and the day was one of universal observance From Notre Dame Louis Napoleon returned to the Tuileries, where the reception of the authorities took place, and a banquet was given at which four hundred persons sat down. The day before he had received the formal announcement by the Consultative Commission of the result of the election. M. Baroche, the President of the Commission, in announcing it, said that "France confided in his courage, his elevated good-sense, and his love: no government ever rested on a basis more extensive, or had an origin more legitimate and worthy of the respect of nations." In reply Louis Napoleon said that France had comprehended that he departed from legality only to return to right: that she had absolved him, by justifying an act which had no other object than to save France, and perhaps Europe, from years of trouble and anarchy: that he felt all the grandeur of his new mission, and did not deceive himself as to its difficulties. He hoped to secure the destinies of France, by founding institutions which respond at the same time to the democratic instincts of the nation, and to the desire to have henceforth a strong and respected government. He soon issued a decree re-establishing the French eagle on the national colors and on the Cross of the Legion of Honor, saying that the Republic might now adopt without umbrage the souvenirs of the Empire. On the 28th of December, the Municipal Council of the Department of the Seine was dissolved and re-constructed by a decree —thirteen of the old members, most distinguished by intellect, experience, and character, being superseded because they would not make themselves subservient to Louis Napoleon's views.——The Chamber of Commerce at Havre was ordered to be dissolved, and that portion of its journal which recorded its protest against the usurpation was erased.——An ordinance was issued, directing all political inscriptions, and particularly the words "liberty, equality, and fraternity," to be erased, because they are "for the people a perpetual excitement to revolt," and for the same reason all the trees of liberty were ordered to be rooted up, in the departments as well as in Paris.——The military organization of France was remodeled also by decree, the nine military divisions being re-arranged into twenty-one principal divisions, with as many principal commands, all subordinate to the Prince, Commander-in-chief.——By a decree dated Jan. 9, the President expelled from the territory of France, Algeria, and the Colonies sixty-six members of the late Legislative Assembly, without trial, preamble, or cause stated. Should any of them put foot on French soil again without obtaining express permission, they run the risk of deportation. Among them is Victor Hugo. By another decree of the same date, eighteen ex-representatives are condemned to temporary banishment. Among them are all the generals in prison at Ham, except Cavaignac, who is allowed to go to Italy. At his own request, he has also been placed upon the retired list. Thiers, Girardin, and Sue are also among the proscribed. About twenty-five hundred political prisoners have been ordered to be deported to Cayenne, a place on the coast of Africa, where the chances are that not one in ten of them can live five years. These measures of high-handed severity have created deep feeling and disapprobation, to which, however, no one dares give expression, either in print or in public conversation. The press is subjected to a most rigorous censorship, and spies lurk about every *café* and public place to report "disaffected" remarks.——A decree was issued on the 11th of January, dissolving the National Guard, and organizing a new corps under that name. The officers are all to be appointed by the President, and privates are to be admitted only upon examination by Government officers.

On the 14th of January the new Constitution was decreed. In the proclamation accompanying it, the President says that, not having the vanity to substitute a personal theory for the experience of centuries, he sought in the past for examples that might best be followed; and he said to himself, "Since France makes progress during the last fifty years, in virtue alone of the administrative, military, judicial, religious, and financial organization of the Consulate and the Empire, why should not we also adopt the political institutions of that epoch?" After sketching the condition of the various interests of France, for the purpose of showing that it has been created by the administration of the Emperor, Louis Napoleon says that the principal bases of the Constitution of the year VIII. have been adopted as the foundation of that which he submits. The Constitution consists of seven sections. The government is intrusted to Louis Napoleon, actual President of the Republic, for ten years: he governs by means of the Ministers, the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative body. He is responsible to the French people, to whom he has the right always to appeal. He is Chief of the State, commands the land and sea forces, declares war, concludes treaties, and makes rules and decrees for the execution of the laws. He alone has the initiative of the laws, and the right to pardon. He has the right to declare the state of siege in one or several departments, referring to the Senate with the least possible delay. The Ministers depend solely on him, and each is responsible only so far as the acts of the Government regard him. All the officers of the Government, military and civil, high and low, swear obedience to the Constitution and fidelity to the President. Should the President die before the expiration of his office, the Senate convokes the nation to make a new election—the President having the right, by secret will, to designate the citizen whom he recommends. Until the election of a new President, the President of the Senate will govern.—The number of Senators is fixed at 80 for the first year, and can not exceed 150. The Senate is composed of Cardinals, Marshals, Admirals, and of the citizens whom the President may name. The Senators are not removable, and are for life. Their services are gratuitous, but the President may give them 30,000 francs annually, if he sees fit. The officers of the Senate are to be elected on nomination of the President of the Republic, and are to hold for one year. The Senate is to be convoked and prorogued by the President, and its sittings are to be secret. It is the guardian of the fundamental pact and of the public liberties: no law can be published without being submitted to it. It regulates the Constitution of the Colonies, and all that has not been provided for by the Constitution, and decides upon its interpretation—but its decisions are invalid without the sanction of the President. It maintains or annuls all acts complained of as unconstitutional by the Government or by petition. It can fix the bases of projects of laws of national interest —in reports to the President; and can also propose modifications of the Constitution; but all modifications of the fundamental bases of the Constitution must be submitted to the people.—In the Legislative body there is to be one representative for every 35,000 electors—elected by universal suffrage, without *scrutin de liste*. The deputies receive no salary, and hold office for six years. The Legislative body discusses and votes the projects of law and the imposts. Every

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amendment adopted by the committee charged with the examination of a project of law, shall be sent without discussion to the Council of State, and if not adopted by that body, it can not be submitted to Legislative deliberation. The sittings are to be public, but may be secret on the demand of five members. Public reports of the proceedings shall be confined to the journals and votes—and shall be prepared under direction of the President of the Legislative body. The officers are to be named by the President of the Republic. Ministers can not be members of the Legislature. No petition can be addressed to the Legislative body. The President of the Republic convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the Legislative body: in case of dissolution he shall convoke a new one within six months. —The number of Councilors of State is from 40 to 50. They are to be named by the President and are removable by him. He presides over their meetings. They are to draw up projects of law and regulations of the public administration, and to resolve difficulties that may arise, under the direction of the President. Members are to be appointed from its number by the President to maintain, in the name of the Government, the discussion of the projects of law before the Senate and the Legislative corps. The salary of each Councilor is 25,000 francs. The Ministers have ranks, right of sitting, and a deliberative voice in the Council of State.—A High Court of Justice judges without appeal all persons sent before it accused of crimes, attempts or plots against the President of the Republic, and against the internal and external safety of the State. It can not be convened except by decree from the President. Its organization is to be regulated by the Senate.—Existing provisions of law not opposed to the present Constitution shall remain in force until legally abrogated. The Executive shall name the Mayor. The Constitution shall take effect from the day when the great powers named by it shall be constituted.—Such are the provisions of the new Constitution of France.

The Minister of the Interior has issued a circular calling upon the Government officers to promote the election of none but discreet and well-disposed men, not orators or politicians, to the Legislative body, and saying that if they will send to the Ministry the names of proper persons, the influence of the Government will be used to aid their election.——The disarming of the National Guard has been effected without the slightest difficulty.——On the 23d of January a decree was published instituting a Ministry of Police and one of State, and appointing M. Casabianca Minister of State, M. Maupas Minister of General Police, M. Abbatucci Minister of Justice, M. de Persigny Minister of the Interior, M. Bineau Minister of Finance; General de Saint-Arnaud, Minister of War; Ducos, of Marine; Furgot, of Foreign Affairs, and Fortone, of Public Instruction and Worship.—— On the 26th of January a decree was issued organizing the Council of State, and appointing 34 Councillors, 40 Masters of Requests, and 31 Auditors. The Council contains the names of most of the leaders in the Assembly, who took sides with the President in the debates of that body. On the 27th, the list of Senators was announced. It contains the names of many who were formerly Peers of France and members of the Legislative Assembly.——On the 23d a decree was issued declaring that the members of the Orleans family, their husbands, wives, and descendants can not possess any real or personal property in France, and ordering the whole of their present possessions to be sold within one year: and on the same day another decree declared that all the property possessed by Louis Philippe, and by him given to his children, on the 7th of August, 1830, should be confiscated and given to the state; and that of this amount ten millions should be allowed to the mutual assistance societies, authorized by law of July 15, 1850; ten millions to be employed in improving the dwellings of workmen in the large manufacturing towns; ten millions to be devoted to the establishment of institutions for making loans on mortgage, five millions to establish a retiring pension fund for the poorest assistant clergy; and the remainder to be distributed among the Legion of Honor and other military functionaries.—The promulgation of these decrees excited great dissatisfaction, and led to the resignation of several members of the Councils. M Dupin, President of the late Assembly, resigned his office as Procureur-general, in an indignant letter to the President; and Montalembert also resigned his office as member of the Consultative Commission. ——The first great ball at the Tuileries on the 24th was very numerously and brilliantly attended.—— A decree has been issued abrogating that of 1848 which abolished titles of nobility.——The President fills column after column daily in the *Moniteur* with announcements of promotions in the army.——Measures of the utmost stringency have been adopted to prevent public discussion in any form. The manufacturers of printing presses, lithographic presses, copying machines, &c., have been forbidden to sell them without sending the buyers' names to the Police department.——It is rumored that two attempts have been made to assassinate the President, but they are not sufficiently authentic to be deemed reliable.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The Austrian Emperor issued on New Year's day three decrees, formally annulling the Constitution of March 4, 1849, and promulgating certain fundamental principles of the future organic institutions of the Austrian Empire. The first decree declares that, after thorough examination, the Constitution has been found neither to agree with the situation of the empire, nor to be capable of full execution. It is therefore annulled, but the equality of all subjects before the law, and the abolition of peasant service and bondage are expressly confirmed. The second decree annuls the specific political rights conferred upon the various provinces. The third decree abolishes open courts, and trials by jury, requires all town elections to be confirmed by the Government, forbids publication of governmental proceedings, and destroys every vestige of the Parliamentary system. These measures make the despotism of Austria much more absolute and severe than it was before 1848. ——Proposals are in active preparation for a new Austrian loan. In consequence of this, Baron Krauss, the Minister of Finance, resigned, and is succeeded by M. von Baumgartner.——The members of the London Missionary and Bible Society, who have for many years resided at Pesth and other Hungarian towns, have been ordered out of the Austrian states ——In Prussia strenuous efforts are made by the reactionary party to secure the abolition of the Chambers and the restoration of absolutism.——It is said that the Austrian Government has received from Earl Granville, in reply to its demand for the suppression of revolutionary intrigues carried on in England against the Continental Governments, assurances that every thing should be done to meet its wishes so far as they were not incompatible with the laws and customs of England.——The Austrian Minister of the Interior has directed a committee to make a draft of new laws for Hungary on the basis of the decrees of the 1st of January.

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Editor's Table.

THE seventh enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States, taken on the 1st of June, 1850, exhibits results which every citizen of the country may contemplate with gratification and pride. The Report of the Superintendent of the Census-office to the Secretary of the Interior, laid before Congress, in December, 1851, gives a full abstract of the returns, from which we select the most interesting portions; adding other statements showing the progress of this country in population and resources.

Since the census of 1840, there have been added to the territory of the Republic, by annexation, conquest, and purchase, 824,969 square miles; and our title to a region covering 341,463 square miles, which before properly belonged to us, but was claimed and partially occupied by a foreign power, has been established by negotiation, and has been brought within our acknowledged boundaries. By these means the area of the United States has been extended during the past ten years, from 2,055,163 to 3,221,595 square miles, without including the great lakes which lie upon our northern border, or the bays which indent our Atlantic and Pacific shores; all which territory has come within the scope of the Seventh Census.

In endeavoring to ascertain the progress of our population since 1840, it will be proper to deduct from the aggregate number of inhabitants shown by the present census, the population of Texas in 1840, and the number embraced within the limits of California and the new territories, at the time of their acquisition. From the best information which has been obtained at the Census-office, it is believed that Texas contained, in 1840, 75,000 inhabitants; and that when California, New Mexico, and Oregon came into our possession, in 1846, they had a total population of 97,000. It thus appears that we have received by accessions of territory, since 1840, an addition of 172,000 to the number of our people. The increase which has taken place in those extended regions since they came under the authority of our Government, should obviously be reckoned as a part of the development and progress of our population, nor is it necessary to complicate the comparison by taking into account the probable natural increase of this acquired population, because we have not the means of determining its rate of advancement, nor the law which governed its progress, while yet beyond the influence of our political system.

The total number of inhabitants in the United States, according to the returns of the census, was on the 1st of June, 1850, 23,258,760. The absolute increase from the 1st of June, 1840, has been 6,189,307, and the actual increase per cent. is slightly over 36 per cent. But it has been shown that the probable amount of population acquired by additions of territory should be deducted in making a comparison between the results of the present and the last census. These reductions diminish the total population of the country, as a basis of comparison, and also the increase. The relative increase, after this allowance, is found to be 35·17 per cent.

The aggregate number of whites in 1850 was 19.631,799, exhibiting a gain upon the number of the same class in 1840, of 5,436,004, and a relative increase of 38·20 per cent. But, excluding the 153,000 free population supposed to have been acquired by the addition of territory since 1840, the gain is 5,283,004, and the increase per cent. is 37·14.

The number of slaves, by the present census, is 3,198,324, which shows an increase of 711,111, equal to 28·58 per cent. If we deduct 19,000 for the probable slave population of Texas in 1840, the result of the comparison will be slightly different. The absolute increase will be 692,111, and the rate per cent. 27·83.

The number of free colored persons in 1850 was 428,637; in 1840, 386,345. The increase of this class has been 42,292 or 10·95 per cent.

From 1830 to 1840, the increase of the whole population was at the rate of 32·67 per cent. At the same rate of advancement, the absolute gain for the ten years last past, would have been 5,578,333, or 426,515 less than it has been, without including the increase consequent upon additions of territory.

The aggregate increase of population, from all sources, shows a relative advance greater than that of any other decennial term, except that from the second to the third census, during which time the country received an accession of inhabitants by the purchase of Louisiana, considerably greater than one per cent. of the whole number.

The decennial increase of the most favored portions of Europe is less than one and a half per cent. per annum, while with the United States it is at the rate of three and a half per cent. According to our past progress, viewed in connection with that of European nations, the population of the United States in forty years will exceed that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland combined.

In 1845, Mr. William Darby, the Geographer, who has paid much attention to the subject of population, and the progress of the country; having found that the increase of population in the United States for a series of years, had exceeded three per cent. per annum, adopted that ratio as a basis for calculation for future increase. He estimated the population of 1850 at 23,138,004, which it will be observed is considerably exceeded by the actual result. The following are Mr. Darby's calculations of the probable population of the Union for each five years up to 1885:

1850	23,138,004	1870	40,617,708
1855	26,823,385	1875	47,067,052
1860	31,095,535	1880	54,686,795
1865	35,035,231	1885	63,291,353

If the ratio of increase be taken at three per cent per annum, the population duplicates, in about twenty-four years. Therefore, if no serious disturbing influence should interfere with the natural order of things, the aggregate population of the United States at the close of this century must be over one hundred millions.

The relative progress of the white and colored population in past years, is shown by the following tabular statement, giving the increase per cent. of each class of inhabitants in the United States for sixty years.

CLASSES.	1790 to 1800.	1800 to 1810.	1810 to 1820.	1820 to 1830.	1830 to 1840.	1840 to 1850.
Whites....	35·7	36·2	34·19	33·95	34·7	38·28
Free col...	82·2	72·2	25·25	36·85	20·9	10·9
Slaves.....	27·9	33·4	29·1	30·61	23·8	28·58
Total col...	32·2	37·6	28·58	31·44	23·4	26·22
Total pop..	35·01	36·45	33·18	33·48	32·6	36·25

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The census had been taken previously to 1830 on the 1st of August; the enumeration began that year on the 1st of June, two months earlier, so that the interval between the fourth and fifth censuses was two months less than ten years, which time allowed for would bring the total increase up to the rate of 34·36 per cent.

The table given below shows the increase for the sixty years, 1790 to 1850, without reference to intervening periods:

NUMBER.	1790.	1850.	Absolute Increase.	Incr. per cent.
Whites...	3,172,464	19,631,799	16,459,335	527·97
Free col..	59,466	428,637	369,171	617·44
Slaves....	697,697	3,198,324	2,500,427	350·13
Total free col. and slaves..	757,363	3,626,961	2,869,598	377·00
Total pop.	3,929,827	23.258,760	19,328,883	491·52

Sixty years since, the proportion between the whites and blacks, bond and free, was 4·2 to one. In 1850, it was 5·26 to 1, and the ratio in favor of the former race is increasing. Had the blacks increased as fast as the whites during these sixty years, their number, on the first of June, would have been 4,657,239; so that, in comparison with the whites, they have lost, in this period, 1,035,340.

This disparity is much more than accounted for by European emigration to the United States. Dr. Chickering, in an essay upon emigration, published at Boston in 1848—distinguished for great elaborateness of research—estimates the gain of the white population, from this source, at 3,922,152. No reliable record was kept of the number of immigrants into the United States until 1820, when, by the law of March, 1819, the collectors were required to make quarterly returns of foreign passengers arriving in their districts. For the first ten years, the returns under the law afford materials for only an approximation to a true state of the facts involved in this inquiry.

Dr. Chickering assumes, as a result of his investigations, that of the 6,431,088 inhabitants of the United States in 1820, 1,430,906 were foreigners, arriving subsequent to 1790, or the descendants of such. According to Dr. Seybert, an earlier writer upon statistics, the number of foreign passengers, from 1790 to 1810, was, as nearly as could be ascertained, 120,000; and from the estimates of Dr. Seybert, and other evidence, Hon. George Tucker, author of a valuable work on the census of 1840, supposes the number, from 1810 to 1820, to have been 114,000. These estimates make, for the thirty years preceding 1820, 234,000.

If we reckon the increase of these emigrants at the average rate of the whole body of white population during these three decades, they and their descendants in 1820, would amount to about 360,000. From 1820 to 1830 there arrived, according to the returns of the Custom-houses, 135,986 foreign passengers, and from 1830 to 1840, 579,370, making for the twenty years 715,356. During this period a large number of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, came into the United States through Canada. These were estimated at 67,903 from 1820 to 1830, and from 1830 to 1840, at 199,130. From 1840 to 1850 the arrivals of foreign passengers amounted to 1,542,850, equal to an annual average of 154,285.

From the above returns and estimates the following statement has been made up, to show the accessions to our population from immigration, from 1790 to 1850—a period of sixty years:

Number of foreigners arriving from 1790 to 1810	120,000
Natural increase, reckoned in periods of ten years	47,560
Number of foreigners arriving from 1810 to 1820	114,000
Increase of the above to 1820	19,000
Increase from 1810 to 1820 of those arriving previous to 1810	58,450
Total number of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in 1820	359,010
Number of immigrants from 1820 to 1830	203,979
Increase of the above	35,728
Increase from 1820 to 1830 of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in the country in 1820	134,130
Total number of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in the United States in 1830...	732,847
Number of immigrants arriving from 1830 to 1840	778,500
Increase of the above	135,150
Increase from 1830 to 1840 of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in the United States in 1830	254,445
Total number of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in the United States in 1840.....	1,900,942
Number of immigrants arriving from 1840 to 1850 *	1,542,850
Increase of the above at twelve per cent.....	185,142
Increase from 1840 to 1850 of immigrants and descendants of immigrants in the United States in 1840	722,000
Total number of immigrants in the United States since 1790, and their descendants in 1850	4,350,934

The following, we think, may be considered an approximate estimate of the population of the United States, in 1850, classed according to their descent from the European colonists, previous to the American Revolution, also from immigration since 1790, from the people who inhabited the territories acquired by the United States (Louisiana, Texas, &c.), and from Africans:

Descendants of the European colonists, previous to 1776	14,260,965
Ditto of people of Louisiana, Texas, and other acquired territories	1,000,000
Immigrants since 1790, and their descendants	4,350,934
Descendants of Africans	3,626,961
Total population	23,258,760

It will be seen from the above, that the total number of immigrants arriving in the United States from 1790 to 1850, a period of 60 years, is estimated to have been 2,759,329—or an average of 45,988 annually for the whole period. It will be observed also that the estimated increase of these emigrants has been 1,590,405, making the total number added to the population of the United States since 1790, by foreign immigrants and their descendants, 4,350,934. Of these immigrants and their descendants, those from Ireland bear the largest proportion, probably more than one half of the whole, or say two and a half millions. Next to these the Germans are the most numerous. From the time that the first German settlers came to this country, in 1682, under the auspices of William Penn, there has been a steady influx of immigrants from Germany, principally to the Middle States; and of late years to the West.

The density of population is a branch of the subject which naturally attracts the attention of the inquirer. Taking the thirty-one States together, their area is 1,485,870 square miles, and the average number of their inhabitants is 15·48 to the square mile The total area of the United States is 3,280,000 square miles, and the average density of population is 7·22 to the square mile.

* As the heaviest portion of this great influx of immigration took place in the latter half of the decade, it will probably be fair to estimate the natural increase during the term, at twelve per cent., being about one-third of that of the white population at its commencement.

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From the location, climate, and productions, and the habits and pursuits of their inhabitants, the States of the Union may be properly arranged into the following groups:

DIVISIONS.	Area in sq. miles.	Population.	Inhab. to sq. m.
New Engl'd States (6)	63,226	2,727,597	43·07
Middle States, including Maryland, Delaware, and Ohio (6).	151,760	8,653,713	57·02
Coast Planting States, including South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana (6)	286,077	3,537,089	12·36
Central Slave States: Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas (6)	308,210	5,168,000	16·75
Northwestern States: Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa (5)	250,000	2,735,000	10·92
Texas	237,321	212,000	·89
California	188,982	165,000	·87

Table of the area, and the number of inhabitants to the square mile, in each State and Territory in the Union.

Free States.	Area in sq. miles.	Population in 1850.	Inhab. to sq. m.
Maine	30,000	583,188	19·44
New Hampshire	9,280	317,964	34·26
Vermont	10,212	314,120	30·07
Massachusetts	7,800	994,499	126·11
Rhode Island	1,306	147,544	108·05
Connecticut	4,674	370,791	79.83
New York	46,000	3,097,394	67·66
New Jersey	6,320	489,333	60·04
Pennsylvania	46,000	2,311,786	50·25
Ohio	39,964	1,980,408	49·55
Indiana	33,809	988,416	29·23
Illinois	55,405	851,470	15·37
Iowa	50,914	192,214	3·77
Wisconsin	53,924	305,191	5·45
Michigan	56,243	397,654	7·07
California	188,982	165,000	·87
Minnesota Terr.	83,000	6,077	·07
Oregon ditto	341,463	13,293	·04
Mew Mexico ditto	219,774	61,547	·28
Utah ditto	187,923	11,380	·06
Total	1,474,993	13,419,190	
Slaveholding States.			
Delaware	2,120	91,535	43·64
Maryland	9,356	583,035	62·31
Dis. of Columbia	60	51,687	861·45
Virginia	61,352	1,421,661	23·17
North Carolina	45,000	868,903	19·30
South Carolina	24,500	668,507	27·28
Georgia	58,000	905,999	15·68
Florida	59,268	87,401	1·47
Alabama	50,723	771,671	15·21
Mississippi	47,126	606,555	12·86
Louisiana	46,431	511,974	11·02
Texas	237,321	212,592	·89
Arkansas	52,198	209,639	4·01
Tennessee	45,600	1,002,625	21·98
Kentucky	37,680	982,405	26·07
Missouri	67,380	682,043	10·12
Total	844,115	9,638,223	

It will be observed that a large proportion of the area of the Free States and Territories is comprised in the unsettled country west of the Mississippi. The following Territories, inhabited by Indians, also lie west of the Mississippi.

	Area.
Nebraska Territory	136,700 square miles.
Indian "	187,171 " "
Northwest "	587,564 " "

The following is a comparative table of the population of each State and Territory in 1850, and 1840:

Free States.	Pop. 1850.	Pop. 1840.
Maine	583,188	501,793
New Hampshire	317,964	284,574
Vermont	313,611	291,948
Massachusetts	994,499	737,699
Rhode Island	147,544	108,830
Connecticut	370,791	309,978
New York	3,097,394	2,428,921
New Jersey	489,555	373,306
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	1,724,033
Ohio	1,980,408	1,519,467
Indiana	988,416	685,866
Illinois	851,470	476,183
Iowa	192,214	43,112
Wisconsin	305,191	30,945
Michigan	397,654	212,367
California	165,000	—
Minnesota Territory	6,077	—
Oregon "	13,293	—
New Mexico "	61,505	—
Utah "	11,380	—
Total	13,419,190	9,978,922

Increase of population, 3,440,268, or exclusive of California and Territories, 3,183,013—equal to 31·8 per cent.

Slaveholding States.	Pop. 1850.	Pop. 1840.
Delaware	91,536	78,085
Maryland	583,035	470,019
* District of Columbia	51,687	43,712
Virginia	1,421,661	1,239,797
North Carolina	868,903	753,419
South Carolina	668,507	594,398
Georgia	905,990	691,392
Florida	87,401	54,477
Alabama	771,671	590,756
Mississippi	606,555	375,651
Louisiana	511,974	352,411
Texas	212,592	(est. 75,000)
Arkansas	209,639	97,574
Tennessee	1,002,625	829,210
Kentucky	982,405	779,828
Missouri	682,043	383,702
Total	9,658,224	7,409,431

Total increase of population 2,248,793, equal to 30·3 per cent.

Comparative population of the United States, from 1790 to 1850.

Census of	Total.	Whites.	Free col.	Slaves.
1790	3,929,827	3,172,464	59,446	697,897
1800	5,345,925	4,304,489	108,395	893,041
1810	7,239,814	5,862,004	186,446	1,191,364
1820	9,654,596	7,872,711	238,197	1,543,688
1830	12,866,020	10,537,378	319,599	2,009,043
1840	17,063,355	14,189,705	386,295	2,487,355
1850	23,258,760	19,631,799	428,637	3,198,324

Table showing the number of the different classes of population in each State and Territory.

Free States.	Whites.	Free col.	Slaves.
Maine	581,863	1,325	—
New Hampshire	317,385	475	—
Vermont	313,411	709	—
Massachusetts	985,704	8,795	—
Rhode Island	144,000	3,544	—
Connecticut	363,305	7,486	—
New York	3,049,457	47,937	—
New Jersey	466,240	23,093	222
Pennsylvania	2,258,463	53,323	—
Ohio	1,956,108	24,300	—
Indiana	977,628	10,788	—
Illinois	846,104	5,366	—
Iowa	191,879	335	—
Wisconsin	304,565	626	—
Michigan	395,097	2,537	—
California	163,200	1,800	—
Minnesota Territory	6,038	39	—
Oregon "	13,089	206	—
New Mexico "	61,530	17	—
Utah	11,330	24	26
Total	13,406,394	192,745	248

* Alexandria &c. ceded back to Virginia since 1840.

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Slaveholding States.	Whites.	Free col.	Slaves.
Delaware	71,289	19,957	2,289
Maryland	418,590	74,077	90,368
District of Columbia	38,027	9,973	3,687
Virginia	895,304	53,829	472,528
North Carolina	533,295	27,196	288,412
South Carolina	274,623	8,900	384,984
Georgia	521,438	2,880	381,681
lorida	47,167	925	39,309
Alabama	426,507	2,272	342,892
Mississippi	295,758	899	309,898
Louisiana	255,416	17,537	239,021
Texas	154,100	331	58,161
Arkansas	162,068	589	46,982
Tennessee	756,893	6,271	239,461
Kentucky	761,688	9,736	210,981
Missouri	592,077	2,544	87,422
Total	6,224,240	235,916	3,198,076

The following table shows the population west of the Mississippi River.

Western Louisiana	207,787
Texas	212,592
Arkansas	209,639
Missouri	682,043
Iowa	192,214
Minnesota Territory	6,077
New Mexico "	61,505
Utah "	11,293
Oregon "	13,293
California	165,000
Total	1,761,530

The population of the Valley of the Mississippi, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, is 9,090,688, of whom the free population is 7,614,031, and 1,476,657 are slaves.

THE RATIO OF REPRESENTATION, as determined by the recent census, and a late Act of Congress, will be about 93,716, and the relative representation of the States in Congress for the next ten years, will be as follows:

New York	33	South Carolina	5
Pennsylvania	25	Mississippi	5
Ohio	21	Connecticut	4
Virginia	13	Michigan	4
Massachusetts	11	Louisiana	4
Indiana	11	Vermont	3
Tennessee	10	New Hampshire	3
Kentucky	10	Wisconsin	3
Illinois	9	Rhode Island	2
North Carolina	8	Iowa	2
Georgia	8	Arkansas	2
Alabama	7	Texas	2
Missouri	7	California	2
Maine	6	Florida	1
Maryland	6	Delaware	1
New Jersey	5		
Total	233		

AGRICULTURE.—The following is a summary of the returns of the Census for a portion of the statistics obtained respecting agriculture:

Number of acres of land improved	112,042,000
Value of farming implements and machinery	$151,820,273
Value of live stock	$552,705,238
Bushels of wheat raised, 1849	104,799,230
" " 1839	84,823,272
Increased production	19,975,958
Bushels of Indian corn raised, 1849	591,586,053
" " 1839	377,531,875
Increased production	214,054,178
Pounds of Tobacco raised, 1849	199,522,494
" " 1839	219,163,319
Decreased production	19,640,825
Bales of cotton of 400 lb. each—1849	2,472,214
" " 1839	1,976,199
Increased production	495,016
Pounds of sheep's wool raised, 1849	52,422,797
" " 1839	35,802,114
Increased production	16,620,683
Tons of hay raised, 1849	13,605,384
" " 1839	10,248,108
Increased production	3,357,276
Pounds of butter made, 1849	312,202,286
Pounds of cheese made, 1849	103,184,585
Pounds of maple sugar, 1849	32,759,263
Cane sugar—hhds. of 1000 lbs.	318,644
Value of household manufactures, 1849	$27,525,545
" " 1839	29,023,380
Decrease	1,497,735

MANUFACTURES.

The entire capital invested in the various manufactures in the United States, on the 1st of June, 1850, not to include any establishments producing less than the annual value of $500, amounted, in round numbers, to	$530,000,000
Value of raw materials used	550,000,000
Amount paid for labor	240,000,000
Value of manufactured articles articles	$1,020,300,000
Number of persons employed	1,050,000

The following are the number of establishments in operation, and capital employed in cotton, woolens, and iron:

	No. of Estab.	Capital invested.
Cotton	1094	$74,501,031
Woolens	1559	28,118,650
Pig Iron	377	17,356,425
Castings	1391	17,416,360
Wrought iron	422	14,495,220

The value of articles manufactured in 1849 was as follows, compared with 1839.

	1849.	1839.
Cottons	$61,869,184	$46,350,453
Woolens	43,207,555	20,696,999
Pig Iron	12,748,777	—
Castings	25,108,155	Tons 286,903
Wrought Iron	16,747,074	197,233

The period which has elapsed since the receipt of the returns at Washington, has been too short to enable the Census-office to make more than a general report of the facts relating to a few of the most important manufactures. The complete statistical returns, when published, will present a very full view of the varied interests and extent of the industrial pursuits of the people.

THE PRESS.—The statistics of the newspaper press form an interesting feature in the returns of the Seventh Census. It appears that the whole number of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, on the first day of June, 1850, amounted to 2800. Of these, 2494 were fully returned, 234 had all the facts excepting circulation given, and 72 are estimated for California, the Territories, and for those that may have been omitted by the assistant marshals. From calculations made on the statistics returned, and estimated circulations where they have been omitted, it appears that the aggregate circulation of these 2800 papers and periodicals is about 5,000,000, and that the entire number of copies printed annually in the United States, amounts to 422,600,000. The following table will show the number of daily, weekly, monthly, and other issues, with the aggregate circulation of each class:

Published.	No.	Circulation.	Copies annually.
Daily	350	750,000	235,000,000
Tri-weekly	150	75,000	11,700,000
Semi-weekly	125	80,000	8,320,000
Weekly	2,000	2,875,000	149,500,000
Semi-monthly	50	300,000	7,200,000
Monthly	100	900,000	10,800,000
Quarterly	25	29,000	80,000
Total	2,800	5,000,000	422,600,000

Of these papers 424 are issued in the New England States, 876 in the Middle States, 716 in the Southern States, and 784 in the Western States. The average circulation of papers in the United States, is 1785. There is one publication for every 7161 free inhabitants in the United States and Territories.

MORTALITY.—The statistics of mortality for the

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census year, represent the number of deaths occurring within the year as 320,194, the ratio being as one to 72·6 of the living population, or as ten to each 726 of the population. The rate of mortality in this statement, taken as a whole, seems so much less than that of any portion of Europe, that it must, at present, be received with some degree of allowance.

INDIANS.—The Indian tribes within the boundaries of the United States are not, as is well known, included in the census, but an enumeration of these tribes was authorized by an act of Congress, passed in March, 1847; and the census of the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains has been taken by Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. These returns have been published, with estimates for the Indian tribes in Oregon, California, Utah, &c., and the result shows the total Indian population to be 388,229, to which may be added from 25,000 to 35,000 Indians within the area of the unexplored territories of the United States. The Indian population of Oregon is estimated at 22,733; of California 32,231; of New Mexico 92,130; of Utah 11,500; of Texas 24,100. In round numbers, the total number of Indians within our boundaries may be stated at 420,000.

CENSUS OF 1840.—For the purpose of comparison, we here present a summary of the Sixth Census of the United States, June 1, 1840.

Free States.	Whites.	Free col.	Slaves.
Maine	284,036	337	1
New Hampshire	500,438	1,355	—
Vermont	291,218	730	—
Massachusetts	729,030	8,668	—
Rhode Island	105,587	3,238	5
Connecticut	301,856	8,105	17
Total of N. England.	2,212,165	22,633	23
New York	2,378,894	50,027	4
New Jersey	351,588	21,044	674
Pennsylvania	1,676,115	47,864	64
Ohio	1,502,122	17,342	3
Indiana	678,698	7,165	3
Illinois	472,254	3,598	331
Michigan	211,560	707	—
Wisconsin	30,749	185	11
Iowa	42,924	172	16
Total Free States	9,557,065	170,727	1129

Slaveholding States.	Whites.	Free col	Slaves.
Delaware	58,161	16,919	2,605
Maryland	318,204	62,078	89,737
District of Columbia.	30,657	8,361	4,694
Virginia	740,968	49,842	448,987
North Carolina	484,870	22,732	255,817
South Carolina	259,084	8,276	327,038
Georgia	407,695	2,753	280,944
Florida	27,943	837	25,717
Alabama	335,185	2,039	253,532
Mississippi	179,074	1,369	195,211
Louisiana	158,457	25,592	168,451
Arkansas	77,174	465	19,935
Tennessee	640,627	5,524	183,059
Kentucky	590,253	7,317	182,258
Missouri	323,888	1,574	58,240
Total Slave States	4,632,640	215,568	2,486,226
Total United States.	14,189,705	386,295	2,487,355

Total population of the United States in 1840, 17,063,355.

ATLANTIC STATES.—The progress of population in the Atlantic States, since 1790, is shown by the following table. The Middle States are New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

	New England.	Middle.	Southern.
1790	1,009,823	958,632	1,852,504
1800	1,233,315	1,401,070	2,285,909
1810	1,471,891	2,014,695	2,674,913
1820	1,659,808	2,699,845	3,061,074
1830	1,954,717	3,587,664	3,645,752
1840	2,234,822	4,526,260	3,925,299
1850	2,728,106	5,898,735	4,678,728

It may be interesting to notice in this sketch of the progress of the United States, the population of the country comprising the original thirteen States, while under the Colonial Government, as far as the same is known. The first permanent colony planted by the English in America was Virginia, the settlement of which commenced in 1607. This was followed by the colonization of Massachusetts, in two original settlements; first that commenced at Plymouth in 1620; the other at Salem and Boston in 1628 and 1630. Maryland was settled by English and Irish Catholics in 1634; and New York by the Dutch in 1613.

With the exception of Vermont, the foundation of all the New England States was laid within twenty years from the arrival of the first settlers at Plymouth. Hutchinson says that during ten years next prior to 1640, the number of Puritans who came over to New England amounted to 21,000. If this estimate is correct, the whole number of inhabitants in New England in 1640, taking the natural increase into consideration, must have been over 32,000. As the Puritans came into power in England, under Cromwell, their emigration was checked, and almost ceased, until the restoration, in 1660. Mr. Seaman, in his "Progress of Nations," has estimated the population of New England to have increased to 120,000 in 1701, and gives the following statement of the population of the original United States, while British colonies, estimated for 1701, 1749, and 1775:

	1701.	1749.	1775.
New England	120,000	385,000	705,000
New York	30,000	100,000	200,000
New Jersey	15,000	60,000	120,000
Pennsylvania	20,000	200,000	325,000
Delaware	5,000	25,000	40,000
Maryland	20,000	100,000	210,000
Virginia	70,000	250,000	540,000
North Carolina	20,000	80,000	260,000
South Carolina	7,000	50,000	160,000
Georgia	—	10,000	40,000
Total	307,000	1,260,000	2,600,000

From 1750 to 1790 (Mr. Seaman states), the white population of the Southern Colonies or States increased faster than the same class in the Northern States, and about as fast from 1790 to 1800. But since that period the increase of whites has been greater in proportion in the Northern than in the Southern States.

In estimating the future progress of that part of the Continent of America within the boundaries of the United States, with reference to the march of population over the immense regions west of the Mississippi, it should be borne in mind that there is a large tract, of about one thousand miles in breadth, between the western boundaries of Missouri and Arkansas, and the Rocky Mountains, which is mostly uninhabitable for agricultural purposes, the soil being sterile, without timber, and badly watered. But the population flowing into California and Oregon, attracted by the rich mineral and agricultural resources of those extensive regions, leaves no doubt that our States on the Pacific will form a most important part of the Republic, and afford new fields for enterprise for many future years.

In taking the Seventh Census of the United States, there have been engaged 45 marshals, and 3231 assistants. The aggregate amount appropriated by Congress for the expenses was $1,267,500. On the 30th of September last there were employed in the Census-office ninety-one clerks, who in November were increased to one hundred and forty-eight.

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THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE!—How often has the grandeur of the conception been marred by the scientific puerilities that have been brought to its aid. Lecturers have astonished us with rows of decimals, as though these could vivify the imaginative faculty, or impart an idea in any respect more elevated than could have been entertained through an unscientific yet devout contemplation of the works and ways of God. They have talked to us of millions, and millions of millions, as though the computation of immense numbers denoted the highest exercise of the human intellect, or the loftiest sublimities of human thought. Sometimes they would vary the effect by telling us how many billions of years it would take for a railroad locomotive to travel across the solar system, or for a cannon ball to fly to the widest range of a comet's orbit, or for the flash of the electric telegraph to reach the supposed remotest confines of the Milky Way. And so we have known some preachers attempt to measure eternity by clocks and pendulums, or sand-glasses as large as the earth's orbit, and dropping one grain of sand every million of years, as though any thing of that kind could come up to the dread impression of that one Saxon word—*forever*, or the solemn grandeur of the Latin *secula seculorum*, or to the effect produced by any of those imple reduplications through which language has ever sought to set forth the immeasurable conception, by making its immeasurability the very essence of the thought, and of the term by which it is denoted.

Such contrivances as we have mentioned only weary instead of aiding the conceptive faculty. If any such help is required for the mind, one of the shortest formulas of arithmetic or algebra, we contend, would be the most effective. The more we can express by the highest symbol, the less is the true grandeur of the thought impaired by any of that imitating and ever-foiled effort of the imagination which attends those longer methods that are addressed solely to it. Let us attempt such a formula by taking at once, for our unit of division, the most minute space ever brought into visibility by the highest power of the microscope. Let our dividend on the other hand, be the utmost distance within which the telescope has ever detected the existence of a material entity. Denote the quotient by the letter x, and let r stand for the radius of the earth's orbit. Then rx^x is the formula sought; and if any one think for a moment on the immense magnitude of the latter part of the expression (x^x), and at what a rate the involution expands itself even when x represents a moderate number,* he may judge how immeasurably it leaves behind it all other computations. The whole of the universe made visible by Lord Rosse's telescope actually shrinks to the dimensions of an animalcule in the comparison. And yet, even at that distance, so utterly surpassing all conceivability, we may suppose the existence of worlds still embraced within the dominions of God, and still, in the same ratio, remote from the frontiers of his immeasurable empire.

But let us return from so fruitless an inquiry. There is another idea suggested by the contemplation of the heavens of no less interest, although presenting a very different, if not an opposite aspect. It is the comparative NOTHINGNESS of the tangible material universe, as contrasted with the space, or spaces, occupied even within its visible boundaries. The distance of our sun from the nearest fixed star (conjectured by astronomers to be the star 61 Cygni) is estimated at being at least 60,000,000,000,000 of miles, or 600,000 diameters of the earth's orbit, or about sixty million diameters of the sun himself. Taking this for the average distance between the stars, although it is doubtless much greater, and supposing them to be equal in magnitude to each other, and to the sun, we have these most striking results. The sun and the star in Cygnus (and so of the others) would present the same relation as that of two balls of ten inches diameter placed ten thousand miles apart, or one a thousand miles above the North Pole, and the other a like distance below the South Pole of our earth. Preserving the same ratio, we might represent them again, by two half-inch bullets placed, the one at Chicago, and the other on the top of the City Hall in the City of New York; and so on, until finally we would come down to two points, less than a thousandth part of an inch in diameter, requiring the microscope to render them visible, and situated at the distance of a mile asunder. Suppose then an inch of the finest thread of thistle-down cut into a thousand sections, and a globular space as large as the sphere of our earth, occupied with such invisible specks, at distances from each other never less than a mile at least, and we have a fair representation of the visible universe—on a reduced scale, it is true, yet still preserving all the relative magnitudes, and all the adjusted proportions of the parts to each other, and to the whole. On any scale we may assume, all that partakes, in the lowest degree, of sensible materiality, bears but an infinitessimal proportion to what *appears* to be but vacant space. In this view of the matter it becomes more than a probability that there is no relatively denser solidity than this any where existing. Even in the hardest and apparently most impenetrable matter, the ultimate particles may be as sparse in their relative positions, as are, to each other, the higher compound and component bodies which we know are dispersed at such immense distances as mere points in space.

But not to dwell on this idea, there is another of a kindred nature to which we would call attention, although it must often have come home to every serious mind. Who can soberly contemplate the mighty heavens without being struck with what may be called the ISOLATION of the universe, or rather, of the innumerable parts of which it is composed. To the most thoughtful spirit a sense of loneliness must be a main, if not a predominant element in such a survey. The first impression from these glittering points in space may, indeed, be that of a *social* congregated host. And yet how perfect the *seclusion*; so that while there is granted a bare knowledge of each other's existence, the possibility of any more intimate communion, without a change in present laws, is placed altogether beyond the reach of hope. What immeasurable fields of space intervene even between those that seem the nearest to each other on the celestial canvas!

We may say, then, that whatever may be reserved for a distant future, this perfect seclusion seems now to be the predominant feature, or law, of the Divine dispensations. No doubt our Creator could easily have formed us with sensitive powers, or a sensitive organization, capable of being affected from immensely remote, as well as from comparatively near distances. There is nothing inconceivable in such an adaptation of the nervous system to a finer class of etherial undulations as might have enabled us to see and hear what is going on in the most distant worlds. But it hath not so pleased Him to constitute us; and

* When $x = 10$, then $x^x = 10{,}000{,}000{,}000$, or *ten thousand million*. When $x = 100$, the value of the function passes beyond all bounds capable of being expressed by any known numerical names. If we might manufacture a term for the occasion, it would be somewhere in the neighborhood of a *quadragintillion*.

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we think, with all reverence be it said, that we see wisdom in the denial of such powers unless accompanied by an organization which would, on the other hand, utterly unfit us for the narrow world in which we have our present probationary residence. If the excitements of our limited earth bear with such exhausting power upon our sensitive system, what if a universe should burst upon us with its tremendous realities of weal or woe!

It is in kindness, then, that each world is severed, for the present, from the general intercourse, and that so perfectly that no amount of science can ever be expected to overcome the separation. "He hath set a bound which we can not pass," except in imagination. Even analogical reasoning utterly fails, or only lights us to the conclusion that the diversities of structure, of scenery, and of condition, must be as great, and as numberless as the spaces, and distances, and positions they respectively occupy. The moral sense, however, is not wholly silent. It has a voice "to which we do well to take heed" when the last rays of reason and analogy have gone out in darkness. It can not be, it affirms—it can not be, that the worlds on worlds which the eye and the telescope reveal to us are but endless repetitions of the fallen earth on which we dwell. What a pall would such a thought spread over the universe! How sad would it render the contemplation of the heavens! How full of melancholy the conception that throughout the measureless fields of space there may be the same wretchedness and depravity that have formed the mournful history of our earth, and which we fail to see in its true intensity, because we have become hardened through long and intimate familiarity with its scenes. And yet, for all that natural science merely, and natural theology can prove, it may be so, and even far worse. For all that they can affirm, either as to possibility or probability, a history of woe surpassing any thing that earth has ever exhibited, or inhabitant of earth has ever imagined, may have every where predominated. The highest reasoning of natural theology can only set out for us some cold system of optimism, which may make it perfectly consistent with its heartless intellectuality to regard the sufferings of a universe, and that suffering a million-fold more intense than any thing ever yet experienced, as only a means to some fancied good time coming, and ever coming, for other dispensations and other races, and other types of being in a future incalculably remote. To a right thinking mind nothing can be more gloomy than that view of the universe which is given by science alone, taking the earth as its base line of measurement, and its present condition (assumed to have come from no moral catastrophe, but to be a necessary result of universal physical laws) as the only ground of legitimate induction. But we have a surer guide than this. Besides the moral sense, we have the representations the Bible gives of God and Christ. These form the ground of the belief that our earth is not a fair sample of the universe, that fallen worlds are rare and extraordinary, as requiring extraordinary mediatorial remedies—that blessedness is the rule and not the exception, and that the Divine love and justice have each respect to individual existences, instead of being both absorbed in that *impersonal* attribute which has regard only to being in general, or to worlds and races viewed only in reference to some interminable progress, condemned by its own law of development to eternal imperfection, because never admitting the idea of finish of workmanship, or of finality of purpose, either in relation to the universe or any of its parts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

NEW-YORKERS have a story to tell of the winter just now dying, that will seem, perhaps, to the children of another generation like a pretty bit of Munchausenism. Whoever has seen our Metropolitan City only under the balmy atmosphere of a soft May-day, or under the smoky sultriness of a tropic August—who has known our encompassing rivers only as green arms of sparkling water, laughing under the shadows of the banks, and of shipping—would never have known the Petersburg of a place into which our passing winter has transformed the whole.

Only fancy our green East River, that all the summer comes rocking up from the placid Sound, with a hoarse murmur through the rocks of Hell-Gate, and loitering, like a tranquil poem, under the shade of the willows of Astoria, all bridged with white and glistening ice! And the stanch little coasting-craft, that in summer-time spread their wings in companies, like flocks of swans, within the bays that make the vestibule to the waters of the city, have been caught in their courses, and moored to their places, by a broad anchor of sheeted silver.

The oyster-men, at the beacon of the Saddle-rock have cut openings in the ice; and the eel-spearers have plied their pronged trade, with no boat save the frozen water.

In town, too, a carnival of sleighs and bells has wakened Broadway into such hilarity as was like to the festivals we read of upon the Neva. And if American character verged ever toward such coquetry of flowers and bon-bons as belongs to the Carnival of Rome, it would have made a pretty occasion for the show, when cheeks looked so tempting, and the streets and house-tops sparkled with smiles.

As for the country, meantime, our visitors tell us that it has been sleeping for a month and more under a glorious cloak of snow; and that the old days of winter-cheer and fun have stolen back to mock at the anthracite fires, and to woo the world again to the frolic of moonlight rides and to the flashing play of a generous hickory-flame.

Beside the weather, which has made the ballast of very much of the salon chat, city people have been measuring opinions of late in their hap-hazard and careless way, about a new and most unfortunate trial of divorce. It is sadly to be regretted that the criminations and recriminations between man and wife should play such part as they do, not only in the gossip, but in the papers of the day. Such reports as mark the progress of the Forrest trial (though we say it out of our Easy Chair) make very poor pabulum for the education of city children. And we throw out, in way of hint, both to legislators and editors, the question how this matter is to be mended.

As for the merits of the case, which have been so widely discussed, we—talking as we do in most kindly fashion of chit-chat—shall venture no opinion. At the same time, we can not forbear intimating our strong regret, that a lady, who by the finding of an impartial jury, was declared intact in character, and who possessed thereby a start-point for winning high estimation in those quiet domestic circles which her talents were fitted to adorn—should peril all this, by a sudden appeal to the sympathies of those who judge of character by scenic effects: and who, by the very necessity of her new position, will measure her worth by the glare of the foot-lights of a theatre!

Mrs. Forrest has preferred admiration to sym-

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pathy; her self-denial is not equal to her love of approbation.

EUROPEAN topic still has its place, and LOUIS NAPOLEON with his adroit but tyrannic manœuvres, fills up a large space of the talk. It would seem, that he was rivaling the keenest times of the Empire, in the zeal of his espionage; and every mail brings us intelligence of some unfortunately free-talker, who is "advised" to quit "the Republic."

Americans are very naturally in bad odor; and from private advices we learn that their requisitions to see the lions of the capital city, meet with a growing coolness. Still, however, the gay heart of Paris leaps on, in its fond, foolish heedlessness; and the operas and theatres win the discontented away from their cares, and bury their lost liberties under the shabby concealment of a laugh.

Report says that the masked balls of the Opera were never more fully attended; or the gayety of their Carnival pursued with a noisier recklessness.

This, indeed, is natural enough: when men are denied the liberty of thinking, they will relieve themselves by a license of desire; and when the soul is pinioned by bonds, the senses will cheat the man.

There is no better safeguard for Despotism, whether under cover of a Kingdom or a Republic—than immorality. The brutality of lust is the best extinguisher of thought: and the drunkenness of sensualism will inevitably stifle all the nobler impulses of the mind.

As for political chat at home, it runs now in the channel of President-making; and the dinner-tables of Washington are lighted up with comparison of chances. Under this, the gayeties proper are at a comparative stand-still. The Assembly balls, as we learn, are less brilliant, and more promiscuous than ever; and even the select parties of the National Hotel are singularly devoid of attractions. Lent too is approaching, to whip off, with its scourge of custom, the cue of papal diplomats; and then, the earnestness of the campaign for the Presidency will embrue the talk of the whole Metropolis.

While we are thus turning our pen-point Washington-ward, we shall take the liberty of felicitating ourselves, upon the contrast which has belonged to the reception of LOLA MONTES, in New York, and in the metropolis of the nation. Here, she was scarce the mention of a respectable journal; there, she has been honored by distinguished "callers."

We see in this a better tone of taste in our own city, than in the city of the nation; and it will justify the opinion, which is not without other support, that the range of honorable delicacy is far lower in the city of our representatives, than in any city of their clients. Representatives leave their proprieties at home; and many a member would blush at a license within the purlieus of his own constituency, which he courts as an honor in the city of our Cæsars! We wish them joy of their devotion to the Danseuse, whom—though we count as humble as themselves in point of morals—we believe to be superior, mentally, to the bulk of her admirers.

As a token of French life and morals, we make out this sad little bit of romance from a recent paper:

A few days since, some boatmen upon the Seine saw what appeared to be a pair of human feet floating down the stream; manning their barge, they hastened to the spot, and succeeded in drawing from the water the body of a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, and elegantly dressed; a heavy stone was attached to her neck by a cord. Within a small tin box, in the pocket of her dress, carefully sealed, was found the following note:

"My parents I have never known; up to the age of seven years, I was brought up by a good woman of a little village of the Department of the Seine and Marne; and from that time, to the age of eighteen I was placed in a boarding-house of Paris. Nothing but was provided for my education. My parents were without doubt rich, for nothing was neglected that could supply me with rich toilet, and my bills were regularly paid by an unknown hand.

"One day I received a letter; it was signed, 'Your mother.' Then I was happy!

"'Your birth,' she wrote me, 'would destroy the repose of our entire family; one day, however, you shall know me: honorable blood flows in your veins, my daughter—do not doubt it. Your future is made sure. But for the present, it is necessary that you accept a place provided for you in the establishment of M——; and when once you have made yourself familiar with the duties of the place, you shall be placed at the head of an even larger establishment.'

"A few days after, I found myself in the new position. Years passed by. Then came the Revolution of February. From that fatal time I have heard nothing of my family. Alone in the world, believing myself deserted, maddened by my situation, I yielded, in an evil hour, to the oaths of one who professed to love me. He deceived me; there is nothing now to live for; suicide is my only refuge. I only pray that those who find this poor body, will tell my story to the world; and, please God, it may soften the heart of those who desert their children!"

The story may be true or not, in fact; it is certainly true to the life, and the religion of Paris: and while such life, and such sense of duty remains, it is not strange that a Napoleon can ride into rule, and that the French Republic should be firmest under the prick of bayonets.

IT appears that a Madame de la Ribossière has deceased lately in Paris, leaving a very large fortune—to the city of Paris—much to the ire, not only of her family, but of sundry friends, literary and others, who had contributed very greatly to her amusement.

A French writer comments on the matter in a strain which, considering our duties as Editor, we shall not think it worth while to gainsay.

Madame de la Ribossière was a lady of refined tastes, who derived a large part of her enjoyment of life from the accomplishments of artistic and literary gentlemen; how then, does it happen that she should not have given proof of the pleasure she had received by a few princely legacies?

In the good old times (may they come again!) authors had different treatment. Thus Pliny, the younger, in writing to Tacitus, says, "I have received the past year some twenty-five thousand *sesterces* more than yourself—in the way of legacies—but don't be jealous!"

The truth is, that a rich man rarely died in Rome, without leaving some token to the author who had beguiled the hours of solitude—enlarged his ideas, or consoled him in affliction. Cicero speaks of a large inheritance, which he possessed, of statues and beautiful objects. In short, Roman literature and the history of antiquity grew out of those princely endowments, which independence and strength of opinion did not fail to secure.

But nowadays, says the French author, a writer is paid like a starveling; and picks up such crumbs of charity as fall only from the tables of the publishers.

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And he goes on pleasantly, to suggest a change in this matter; which, if it gain footing on the other side of the water, we shall take the liberty of welcoming very kindly in America. When the custom of leaving legacies to writers is in vogue, we shall take the liberty of suggesting, in our own behalf, such objects of art as would be agreeable to us; and such stocks as we should prefer as a permanent investment.

Meantime, we suck our quill in our Easy Chair, with as much forbearance as we can readily command.

Editor's Drawer.

THAT was a dignified and graceful entertainment which recently took place in the gay capital of France. Some two hundred of the "nobility and gentry," including a sprinkling of English aristocracy, assembled in a prominent hall of the city, to see a *Rat and Owl Fight!* And while they were getting ready the combatants, which went by sundry fancy or favorite names, they had a *poet* in leash, who "improvised a *strophe*" for the occasion! Think of a "poet" apostrophizing, in studied measures, twelve rats and four old owls! But that's "the way they *do* things in France."

They have another very sensible and dramatic amusement there, which they call the "*Mat de Cocagne.*" This is a long pole, of about eighteen inches diameter at the base, well polished and greased from top to bottom, with soft soap, tallow, and other slippery ingredients. To climb up this pole to the top is an eminent exploit, which crowns the victorious adventurer with a rich prize, and gains him the acclamations of ten thousand spectators. The "pretenders" strip off their upper gear altogether, and roll up their trowsers mid-thigh, and thus accoutred, present themselves at the bottom of the mast. Now just listen to a description of the operation, and reflections thereupon, and tell us whether you ever read any thing more "perfectly *French*."

"The first who attempt the ascent look for no honor; their office is to prepare the way, and put things in train for their successors: they rub off the grease from the bottom, the least practicable part of the pole. In every thing the first steps are the most difficult, although seldom the most glorious; and scarcely ever does the same person commence an enterprise, and reap the fruit of its accomplishment. They ascend higher by degrees, and the expert climbers now come forth, the heroes of the list: they who have been accustomed to gain prizes, whose prowess is known, and whose fame is established since many seasons. They do not expend their strength in the beginning; they climb up gently, and patiently, and modestly, and repose from time to time; and they carry, as is permitted, a little sack at their girdle, filled with ashes to neutralize the grease and render it less slippery.

"All efforts, however, for a long time prove ineffectual. There seems to be an ultimate point, which no one can scan, the measure and term of human strength; and to overreach it is at last deemed impossible. Now and then a pretender essays his awkward limbs, and reaching scarce half way even to this point, falls back clumsily amidst the hisses and laughter of the spectators; so in the world empirical pretension comes out into notoriety for a moment only to return with ridicule and scorn to its original obscurity.

"But the charm is at length broken: a victorious climber has transcended the point at which his predecessors were arrested. Every one now does the same: such are men: they want but a precedent: as soon as it is proved that a thing is possible, it is no longer difficult. Our climber continues his success: farther and farther still; he is a few feet only from the summit, but he is wearied, he relents. Alas! is the prize, almost in his grasp, to escape from him! He makes another effort, but it is of no avail. He does not, however, lose ground: he reposes. In the mean time, exclamations are heard, of doubt, of success, of encouragement.

"After a lapse of two or three minutes, which is itself a fatigue, he essays again. It is in vain! He begins even to shrink: he has slipped downward a few inches, and recovers his loss by an obstinate struggle ('*applause!*'—'*sensation!*'), but it is a supernatural effort, and—his last. Soon after a murmur is heard from the crowd below, half raillery and half compassion, and the poor adventurer slides down, mortified and exhausted, upon the earth!

"So a courtier, having planned from his youth his career of ambition, struggles up the ladder, lubric and precipitous, to the top—to the very consummation of his hopes, and then falls back into the rubbish from which he has issued; and they who envied his fortune, now rejoice in his fall. What lessons of philosophy in a greasy pole! What moral reflections in a spectacle so empty to the common world! What wholesome sermons are here upon the vanity of human hopes, the disappointments of ambition, and the difficulties of success in the slippery paths of fortune and human greatness! But the very defeat of the last adventurer has shown the *possibility* of success, and prepared the way for his successor, who mounts up and perches on the summit of the mast, bears off the crown, and descends amidst the shouts and applause of the multitude. It is Americus Vespucius who bears away from Columbus the recompense of his toils!"

So much for climbing a greased pole in reflective, philosophical Paris!

INQUISITIVENESS has been well described as "an itch for prying into other people's affairs, to the neglect of our own; an ignorant hankering after all such knowledge as is not worth knowing; a curiosity to learn things that are not at all curious." People of this stamp would rather be "put to the question" than not to ask questions. Silence is torture to them. A genuine *quidnunc* prefers even false news to *no* news; he prides himself upon having the first information of things that never happened. Yankees are supposed to have attained the greatest art in parrying inquisitiveness, but there is a story extant of a "Londoner" on his travels in the provinces, who rather eclipses the cunning "Yankee Peddler." In traveling post, says the narrator, he was obliged to stop at a village to replace a shoe which his horse had lost; when the "Paul Pry" of the place bustled up to the carriage-window, and without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, said:

"Good-morning, sir. Horse cast a shoe I see. I suppose, sir, you are going to—?"

Here he paused, expecting the name of the place to be supplied; but the gentleman answered:

"You are quite right; I generally go there at this season."

"Ay—ahem!—do you? And no doubt you are now come from—?"

"Right again, sir; I *live* there."

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"Oh, ay; I see: you do! But I perceive it is a London shay. Is there any thing stirring in London?"

"Oh, yes; plenty of other chaises and carriages of all sorts."

"Ay, ay, of course. But what do folks say?"

"They say their prayers every Sunday."

"That isn't what I mean. I want to know whether there is any thing new and fresh."

"Yes; bread and herrings."

"Ah, you are a queer fellow. Pray, mister, may I ask your name?"

"Fools and clowns," said the gentleman, "call me 'Mister;' but I am in reality one of the clowns of Aristophanes; and my real name is *Brekekekex Koax!* Drive on, postillion!"

Now this is what *we* call a "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" of the most *obstinate* kind.

In these "leaking" days of wintry-spring, when that classical compound called "*splosh*," a conglomerate of dirty snow and unmistakable mud, pervades the streets of the city, perhaps these "*Street Thoughts by a Surgeon*" may not be without some degree of wholesome effect upon the community:

"In perambulating the streets at this period, what a number of little ragamuffins I observe trundling their hoops! With what interest I contemplate their youthful sport; particularly when I regard its probable consequences! A hoop runs between a gentleman's legs. He falls. When I reflect on the wonderful construction of the skeleton, and consider to how many fractures and dislocations it is liable in such a case, my bosom expands to a considerate police, to whose "non-interference" we are indebted for such chances of practice!

"The numerous bits of orange-peel which diversify the pavement, oftentimes attract my attention. Never do I kick one of them out of the way. The blessings of a whole profession on the hands that scatter them! Each single bit may supply a new and instructive page to the "Chapter of Accidents."

"Considering the damp, muddy state of the streets at this time of the year, I am equally amazed and delighted to see the ladies, almost universally, going about in the thinnest of thin shoes. This elegant fashion beautifully displays the conformation of the ankle-joint; but to the practitioner it has another and a stronger recommendation. I behold the delicate foot separated scarcely by the thickness of thin paper from the mire. I see the exquisite instep, undefended but by a mere web. I meditate upon the influence of the cold and wet upon the frame. I think of the catarrhs, coughs, pleurisies, consumptions, and other interesting affections that necessarily must result from their application to the feet; and then I reckon up the number of pills, boluses, powders, draughts, mixtures, leeches, and blisters, which will consequently be sent in to the fair sufferers, calculate what they must come to, and wish that I had the amount already in my pocket!"

A world of satirical truth is here, in a very small compass.

There is a good story told recently of Baron Rothschild, of Paris, the richest man of his class in the world, which shows that it is not only "money which makes the mare go" (or horses either, for that matter), but "*ready* money," "unlimited credit" to the contrary notwithstanding. On a very wet and disagreeable day, the Baron took a Parisian omnibus, on his way to the Bourse, or Exchange; near which the "Nabob of Finance" alighted, and was going away without paying. The driver stopped him, and demanded his fare. Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a "red cent" of change. The driver was very wroth:

"Well, what did you get *in* for, if you could not pay? You must have *known* that you had no money!"

"I am Baron Rothschild!" exclaimed the great capitalist; "and there is my card!"

The driver threw the card in the gutter: "Never heard of you before," said the driver, "and don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare—and I must *have* it!"

The great banker was in haste: "I have only an order for a million," he said. "Give me change;" and he proffered a "coupon" for fifty thousand francs.

The conductor stared, and the passengers set up a horse-laugh. Just then an "Agent de Change" came by, and Baron Rothschild borrowed of him the six sous.

The driver was now seized with a kind of remorseful respect; and turning to the Money-King, he said:

"If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account!"

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," says the Bible, "Thou hast ordained praise." Whoso reads the following, will feel the force of the passage

At an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago in London, a little boy was asked in writing:

"Who made the world?"

He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the words:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired, in a similar manner

"Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of gratitude rested upon the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote:

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise:

"Why were *you* born deaf and dumb, when *I* can both hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance, when he again took the chalk and wrote:

"*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!*"

We find a piece of poetry in the "Drawer," entitled "*The Husband's Complaint*," and we quote a few stanzas from it to show, that there are elsewhere sympathizers with all those unfortunate husbands, victims to German worsted, who are compelled to see pink dogs with green eyes gradually growing before them every day, or untamed African lions in buff, with vermilion eyeballs, glaring from the frame upon them:

"I hate the name of German wool,
In all its colors bright,
Of chairs and stools in fancy-work,
I hate the very sight!
The rugs and slippers that I've seen,
The ottomans and bags,
Sooner than wear a stitch on me,
I'd walk the streets in rags!"

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"I've heard of wives too musical,
Too talkative, or quiet;
Of scolding or of gaming wives,
And those too fond of riot;
But yet, of all the errors known,
Which to the women fall,
Forever doing 'fancy-work,'
I think exceeds them all!

"The other day, when I came home,
No dinner was for me;
I asked my wife the reason why,
And she said 'One, two, three!'
I told her I was hungry,
And I stamped upon the floor,
She never looked at me, but said,
'I want one dark-green more!'

"Of course she makes me angry,
But she doesn't care for that;
But chatters while I talk to her,
'One white and then a black;
One green, and then a purple,
(Just hold your tongue, my dear,
You really do annoy me so),
I've made a wrong stitch here"

'And as for confidential chat,
With her eternal '*frame*,'
Though I should speak of fifty things,
She'd answer me the same:
'Tis, 'Yes, love—five reds, then a black—
(I quite agree with you)—
I've done this wrong—seven, eight, nine, ten,
An orange—then a blue!'

"If any lady comes to tea,
Her bag is first surveyed;
And if the pattern pleases her,
A copy then is made:
She stares the men quite out of face,
And when I ask her why,
'Tis, 'Oh, my love, the pattern of
His waistcoat struck my eye!'

"And if to walk I am inclined
(It's seldom I go out),
At every worsted-shop she sees,
Oh, how she looks about!
And says, 'Bless me! I *must* go in,
The pattern is so rare;
That group of flowers is just the thing
I wanted for my chair!'

"Besides, the things she makes are all
Such 'Touch-me-not' affairs,
I dare not even use a stool,
Nor screen; and as for chairs,
'Twas only yesterday I put
My youngest boy in one,
And until then I never knew
My wife had such a tongue!

"Alas, for my poor little ones!
They dare not move nor speak,
It's 'Tom, be still, put down that bag,
Why, Harriet, where's your feet!
Maria, standing on that stool!!
It wasn't made for use;
Be silent all: three greens, one red,
A blue, and then a puce!'

"Oh, Heaven preserve me from a wife
With 'fancy-work' run wild;
And hands which never do aught else
For husband or for child:
Our clothes are rent, our bills unpaid,
Our house is in disorder,
And all because my lady-wife
Has taken to embroider'"

PRIVATE subscriptions to a book, "for the benefit of the author," is one way of paying creditors by taxing your friends. There have been some curious specimens of this kind of "raising the wind," in this same big metropolis of Gotham, which have proved what is called at the West "a caution;" a caution which the victims found, to their mortification, that they needed beforehand. "All honor to the sex," we say, of course, but not the *same* honor to *all* of the sex; for there have been instances, hereabout, of inveterate feminine book-purveyors, who have reflected little honor upon themselves, and less upon "the sex;" as certain public functionaries could bear witness—in fact, *have* borne witness, upon the witness-stand. There is a laughable instance recorded of a new method of giving a subscription, which we shall venture to quote in this connection. Many years ago, a worthy and well-known English nobleman, having become embarrassed in his circumstances, a subscription was set on foot by his friends and a letter, soliciting contributions, was addressed among others, to Lord Erskine, who immediately dispatched the following answer:

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN:

"I am enemy to subscriptions of this nature; first, because my own finances are by no means in a flourishing plight; and secondly, because pecuniary assistance thus conferred, must be equally painful to the donor and the receiver. As I feel, however, the sincerest gratitude for your public services, and regard for your private worth, I have great pleasure in *subscribing*—— [Here the worthy nobleman, big with expectation, turned over the leaf, and finished the perusal of the note, which terminated as follows]: in *subscribing* myself,

"My dear Sir John,
"Yours, very faithfully,
"ERSKINE."

VERY bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the English beer-vender, who wrote over his shop-door:

"*Bear* sold here."

Tom Hood, who saw it, said that it was spelled right, because the fluid he sold was his own *Bruin!*

Not less ingenious was the device of the quack-doctor, who announced in his printed handbills that he could instantly cure "the most obstinate *agueus*;" which orthography proved that he was no conjuror, and did not attempt to cure them by *a spell.*

IT was Punch, if we remember rightly, who told the story, some years ago, of a man who loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman in his street, on a wet, nasty day. It was not returned, and on *another* wet, disagreeable day, he called for it, but found his friend at the door, going out with it in his hand.

"I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed the loan-*or*.

"Can't help *that*," exclaimed the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?"

"Well—yes—" replied the lender, astounded at such outrageous impudence; "yes; but—but—but what am *I* to?"

"Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top, and walked off; do? do as *I* did: *borrow one!*"

One of the best chapters in "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," is where that amiable and greatly-abused angel reproaches her inhuman spouse with loaning the family umbrella:

"Ah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas! What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain. I don't think there was any thing about *him* that would spoil. Take cold, indeed! He does not look like one o' the sort to take cold. He'd better taken cold, than our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Caudle? I say, do you *hear the rain?* Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you *hear* it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it, do you? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last six weeks, and no stir

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ring all the time out of the house. Poh! don't think to fool *me*, Caudle: *he* return the umbrella! As if any body ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs for six weeks—always six weeks—and no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school, to-morrow. They shan't go through *such* weather, *that* I'm determined. No; they shall stay at home, and never learn any thing, sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing. People who can't feel for their children ought never to *be* fathers.

"But *I* know why you lent the umbrella—*I* know, very well. I was going out to tea to mother's, to-morrow;—you *knew* that very well; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; *I* know; you don't want me to go, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Caudle! No; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death," &c., &c., &c.

THE satire of the following lines, upon that species of sentimental song-writing which prevailed a few years ago to a much greater extent than at present, is somewhat broad; but any one who remembers the feeble and affected trash which has hitherto been set to music, and sung by lachrymose young ladies and gentlemen, will not consider it one whit too much deserved.

I.

"My lute hath only one sad tone,
It hath a mournful twang:
Its other strings are cracked and gone,
By one unlucky bang!
You ask me why I don't restore
Its early sweetness, and fresh cord it;
Oh, no! I'll play on it no more!
Between ourselves—I can't afford it!

II.

"You tell me that my light guitar
Is now as silent as the grave;
That on it now I play no bar,
Though *once* it thrill'd with many a stave
Alas! to strike it once again,
More power than I possess requires;
The effort would be worse than vain—
My light guitar has lost its wires!

III.

"My heart, my lute, my light guitar,
All broken as they be,
As like unto each other are,
As little pea to pea.
Come, heart; come, lute, guitar, and all,
In one lament ye all are blended!
Hang on your nails against the wall—
I can't afford to get you mended!"

Just fancy this touching song sung by a "nice young man," with all the modern "shakes" and *affetuoso* accompaniments, and you will "realize" a fair hit at what was not long since a fashionable species of English ballad music.

"Speaking of music," by-the-by, we are reminded of rather a sharp reply made by a celebrated nobleman in England to an enterprising musical gentleman, who was a good deal of an enthusiast in the art. "I have waited upon you, my lord, to ask for your subscription of twenty guineas to the series of six Italian concerts, to be given at ——'s Rooms. Knowing your lordship to be an admirer of the sweet—"

"You've been misinformed, sir. I am *not* much of an admirer of the school of 'difficult music:' on the contrary, I often wish, with Dr. Johnson, that 'it was not only *difficult*, but *impossible*.'"

"But as a nobleman, as a public man, your lordship can not be insensible to the value of your honored name upon the subscription-list. Your eminent brother, the greatest of London's prelates, the most gifted, your honorable brother subscribed fifty guineas. Here, sir, is his signature upon this very paper which I hold in my hand."

"Well," replied "his lordship," "I have no hesitation to state, that if I were as *deaf* as he is, I wouldn't mind subscribing myself! He's as deaf as a post, or as a dumb adder; and can not hear the sounds of your Italian charmers, charm they never so loudly. I have no such good luck."

Thinking, doubtless, that trying to secure "his lordship's" patronage under such circumstances, and with such opinions, involved the pursuit of musical subscriptions "under difficulties," the importunate solicitor, with a succession of low bows, left the apartment; and as he left "the presence" he *thought* he heard a low, chuckling laugh, but it didn't affect *his* risibles!

WHAT a life-like "picture in little" is this by HOOD of the "torrent of rugged humanity" that sets toward an English poor-house, at sound of *The Work House Clock!* Remark, too, reader, the beautiful sentiment with which the extract closes:

"There's a murmur in the air,
And noise in every street;
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of many feet.
While round the work-house door
The laboring classes flock;
For why? the Overseer of the P.
Is setting the work-house clock.

"Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along,
Of either sex, and various stamp
Sickly, crippled, and strong;
Walking, limping, creeping,
From court and alley and lane,
But all in one direction sweeping,
Like rivers that seek the main?

"Who does not see them sally
From mill, and garret, and room,
In lane, and court, and alley,
From homes in Poverty's lowest valley
Furnished with shuttle and loom:
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—
And in the road and footways sally,
As if for the Day of Doom?
Some, of hardly human form,
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil,
Dingy with smoke, and rust, and oil,
And smirched beside with vicious toil,
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm,
Father, mother, and care-full child,
Looking as if it had never smiled;
The seamstress lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the *ghosts* of garments on;
The weaver, her sallow neighbor,
The grim and sooty artisan;
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labor!

. . . .

"At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock,
Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor,
Like sheep they huddle and flock—
And would that all the Good and Wise
Could see the million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam derived from Hope and the skies
Upturned to the Work-House Clock!

"Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labor's hours,

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The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And go, for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!"

THERE is something very amusing to us in this passage, which we find copied upon a dingy slip of paper in the "Drawer," descriptive of the "sweet uses" to which sugar is put in "Gaul's gay capital:"

"Here is the whole animal creation in paste, and history and all the fine arts in *sucre d'orge*. You can buy an epigram in dough, and a pun in a soda-biscuit; a 'Constitutional Charter,' all in jumbles, and a "Revolution" just out of the frying-pan. Or, if you love American history, here is a United States frigate, two inches long, and a big-bellied commodore bombarding Paris with 'shin-plasters;' and the French women and children stretching out their little arms, three-quarters of an inch long, toward Heaven, and supplicating the mercy of the victors, in molasses candy. You see also a General Jackson, with the head of a hickory-nut, with a purse, I believe, of 'Carroway Comfits," and in a great hurry, pouring out the 'twenty-five millions,' a king, a queen, and a royal family, all of plaster of Paris. If you step into one of these stores, you will see a gentleman in mustaches, whom you will mistake for a nobleman, who will ask you to 'give yourself the pain to sit down,' and he will put you up a paper of bon-bons, and he will send it home for you, and he will accompany you to the door, and he will have 'the honor to salute you'—all for four sous!"

FEW things are more amusing, to one who looks at the matter with attention, than the literary style of the Chinese. How inseparable it is, from the exalted opinions which "John Chinaman" holds of the "Celestial Flowery Land!" Every body, all nations, away from the Celestial Empire, are "Outside Barbarians." And this feeling is not assumed; it is innate and real in the hearts of the Chinese, both rulers and ruled. A friend once showed us a map of China. China, by that map, *occupied all the world*, with the exception of two small spots on the very outer edge, which represented Great Britain and the United States! These "places" they had *heard* of, in the way of trade for teas, silks, &c., with the empire.

We once heard a friend describe a Chinese "chop," on government-order. He was an officer on board a United States vessel, then lying in the harbor at Hong-kong. A great commotion was observable among the crowds of boats upon the water, when presently a gayly-decorated junk was observed approaching the vessel. She arrived at the side, when a pompous little official, with the air of an emperor, attended by two or three mandarins, was received on deck. He looked the personification of Imperial Dignity. He carried a short truncheon in his right hand, like Richard the Third; and with his "tail" (his own, and his followers') he strode toward the quarter-deck. Arrived there, he unrolled his truncheon, a small square sheet of white parchment, bearing a single red character, and held it up to the astonished gaze of the officers and crew! This was a "*Vermilion Edict*," that terrible thing, so often fulminated by Commissioner Lin against the "Outside Barbarians;" and that single red character was, "*Go away!*" After the exhibition of which, it was impossible (of course!) to stay in the Chinese waters. Having shown this, the great Mandarin and his "tail" departed in solemn silence over the side of the ship. Of these "special edicts," especially those touching the expulsion of the "smoking mud," or opium, from the "Central Kingdom," we may give the readers of the "Drawer" specimens in some subsequent number; there happening to be in that miscellaneous receptacle quite a collection of authentic Chinese State Papers, with translations, notes, and introductions, by a distinguished American savant, long a resident in the "Celestial Flowery Land."

Literary Notices.

One of the most welcome reprints of the season is Harper and Brothers' edition of the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS, in four handsome duodecimos. This is a tribute of exceeding value to the memory of the great Peasant Bard, disclosing many new facts in his history, and enhancing the interest of his writings by the admirable order of their arrangement. These are interwoven with the biography in chronological succession, and thus made to illustrate the poetical experience and mental development of Burns, while they receive a fresh and more striking significance from their connection with the circumstances and impressions that led to their production. The present editor was induced to undertake the grateful task of preparing the works of his gifted countryman for the press by his profound interest in the subject, and by his perceptions of the short-comings of previous laborers in the same field. Dr. Currie, who was the pioneer of subsequent biographical attempts, entered upon his task with too great deference to public opinion, which at that time visited the errors of Burns with excessive severity of retribution. Hence the caution and timidity which characterized his memoir, converting it into a feeble apology for its subject, instead of a frank and manly narration of his life. Lockhart's biography of Burns is a spirited and graceful production, inspired with a genuine Scottish feeling, written in a tone of impartial kindness, and containing many just and forcible criticisms. It is, however, disfigured with numerous inaccuracies, and brings forward few details to increase our previous knowledge of the subject. Nor can the genial labors of Allan Cunningham be regarded as making further biographical efforts superfluous.

Mr. Chambers has availed himself in this edition of ample materials for a life of the poet, including the reminiscences of his youngest sister, who was still living at the date of the composition of these volumes. Devoted to the memory of Burns with the enthusiasm of national pride, a zealous student of his glorious poetry, and a warm admirer of the originality and nobleness of his character, in spite of its glaring and painful defects, he has erected a beautiful and permanent monument to his fame, which will survive the recollections of his errors and infirmities. We think this edition must speedily take the place of all others now extant. The notes in illustration of the biography, are copious and valuable. No one can read the poems, in connection with the lucid

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memoir, without feeling a new glow of admiration for the immortal bard, "whose life was one long hardship, relieved by little besides an ungainful excitement—who during his singularly hapless career, did, on the whole, well maintain the grand battle of Will against Circumstances—who, strange to say, in the midst of his own poverty conferred an imperishable gift on mankind—an Undying Voice for their finest sympathies—stamping, at the same time, more deeply, the divine doctrine of the fundamental equality of consideration due to all men."

A new edition of *The Corner Stone*, by JACOB ABBOTT, with large additions and improvements, is issued in a very neat and convenient volume by Harper and Brothers. The series of works devoted to practical religion, of which this volume is a part, have been received with such general favor by the Christian public, as to make quite unnecessary any elaborate comments on their merits. Their peculiar power consists in their freedom from speculative subtleties, their luminous exhibition of the essential evangelical doctrines, their spirit of fervent and elevated piety, their wise adaptation to the workings of the human heart, and their affluence, aptness, and beauty of illustration. Mr. Abbott is eminently a writer for the masses. His practical common sense never forsakes him. He is never enticed from his firm footing amidst substantial realities. The gay regions of cloud-land present no temptations to his well disciplined imagination. He must always be a favorite with the people; and his moral influence is as salutary as it is extensive.

Blanchard and Lea have issued a reprint of BROWNE'S *History of Classical Literature*. The present volume is devoted to the literature of Greece, and comprises an historical notice of her intellectual development, with a complete survey of the writers who have made her history immortal. Without any offensive parade of erudition, it betrays the signs of extensive research, accurate learning, and a polished taste. As a popular work on ancient literature, adapted no less to the general reader than to the profound student, it possesses an unmistakable merit, and will challenge a wide circulation in this country.

We have also from the same publishers a collection of original *Essays on Life, Sleep, Pain*, and other similar subjects, by SAMUEL H. DIXON, M.D. They present a variety of curious facts in the natural history of man, which are not only full of suggestion to the scientific student, but are adapted to popular comprehension, and form a pleasant and readable volume.

George P. Putnam has republished Sir FRANCIS HEAD'S lively volume entitled *A Faggot of French Sticks*, describing what he saw in Paris in 1851. The talkative baronet discourses in this work with his usual sparkling volubility. Superficial, shallow, good-natured; often commonplace though seldom tedious; brisk and effervescent as ginger-beer, it rattles cheerfully over the Paris pavements, and leaves quite a vivid impression of the gayeties and gravities of the French metropolis.

James Munroe and Co., Boston, have issued the third volume of *Shakspeare*, edited by Rev. H. N. HUDSON, whose racy introductions and notes are far superior to the common run of critical commentaries—acute, profound, imbued with the spirit of the Shakspearian age, and expressed in a style of quaint, though vigorous antiqueness.

The same publishers have issued a Poem, called the *Greek Girl*, by JAMES WRIGHT SIMMONS, thickly sprinkled with affectation on a ground-work of originality;—a charming story, by the author of the "Dream-Chintz," entitled *The House on the Rock*;—and a reprint of *Companions of My Solitude*, one of the series of chaste, refined, and quiet meditative essays by the author of "Friends in Council."

Sorcery and Magic is the title of a collection of narratives by THOMAS WRIGHT, showing the influence which superstition once exercised on the history of the world. The work is compiled with good judgment from authentic sources, and without attempting to give any philosophical explanation of the marvelous facts which it describes, leaves them to the reflection and common sense of the reader. It is issued by Redfield in the elegant and tasteful style by which his recent publications may be identified.

Ravenscliffe, by Mrs. MARSH, and *The Head of the Family*, by the author of "Olive," and "The Oglevies," have attained a brilliant popularity among the leading English novels of the season, and will be welcome to the American public in Harper's "Library of Select Novels," in which they are just reprinted.

Miss MITFORD'S *Recollections of a Literary Life* (republished by Harper and Brothers) will be found to possess peculiar interest for the American reader. In addition to a rich store of delightful personal reminiscences, genial and graceful criticisms on old English authors, as well as on contemporary celebrities, and copious selections from their choicest productions, Miss Mitford presents several agreeable sketches of American authors and other distinguished men, including Daniel Webster, Halleck, Hawthorne, Whittier, Wendell Holmes, and so forth. She shows a sincere love for this country, and a cordial appreciation of its institutions and its literature. The whole book is remarkable for its frank simplicity of narrative, its enthusiasm for good letters, its fine characterizations of eminent people, and its careless beauties of style. A more truly delightful volume has not been on our table for many a day.

Mr. T. HUDSON TURNER, one of the ablest of British archæologists, and a contributor to the *Athenæum*, died of consumption, on the 14th of January, at the age of thirty-seven.

The *Westminster Review* has been excluded from the Select Subscription Library of Edinburgh, on the special ground of its heresy!

Among the new works in the press the following are announced by Mr. Bentley: "History of the American Revolution," by GEORGE BANCROFT; the "Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham," by the Earl of ALBEMARLE; "Letters of Gray the Poet," edited from original MSS., with Notes by the Rev. J. MITFORD; "Memoirs of the Court of George III.," by J. HENEAGE JESSE; "Memoirs of Sarah Margaret Fuller, the Marchioness of Ossola," edited by R. W. EMERSON and W. H. CHANNING; "History of the Governors-General of India," by Mr. KAYE, author of "The History of the Affghan War," and various other works of general interest.

JULES BENEDICT, the companion of the Swedish Nightingale in America, has entered into an arrangement with a London publisher to issue his complete account of Jenny Lind's tour in America.

It is said that Mr. MACAULAY has delayed the publication of the third and fourth volumes of his *History of England* in consequence of his having

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obtained some new information relating to King William the Third. King William, it is asserted, figures as the chief personage in the narrative—and the greatest stress is laid on his conduct subsequently to the Revolution.

ROBERT BROWNING, in his Italian sojourn, has been interesting himself biographically in PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY; and the result of this inquiry we are to have shortly in some unpublished letters of SHELLEY'S, with a preface by BROWNING himself.

Mr. W. CRAMP is preparing a critical analysis of the *Private Letters* of Junius to Woodfall, to be added to his new edition of Junius. The private correspondence with Woodfall is a field of inquiry that hitherto has not been sufficiently explored. Mr. Cramp is pursuing his investigation on the plan of his essays on the letters of "Atticus Lucius," and those in defense of the Duke of Portland. This inquiry promises to reveal many additional facts in proof of Mr. Cramp's hypothesis that Lord Chesterfield was Junius.

Major CUNNINGHAM has completed his work on *The Bhilsa Topes, or Budhist Monuments of Central India*—and the Governor General of India has sent the manuscript home to the Court of Directors, strongly recommending the court to publish it at their own expense.

Dr. WILLIAM FREUND, the philologist, is engaged in constructing a German-English and English-German Dictionary on his new system. He hopes to complete the work in the course of next year.

The first volume has appeared of a collected edition of the *Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton*, containing "The New Timon," "Constance," "Milton," "The Narrative Lyrics," and other pieces. Of the poems in this volume public opinion has already expressed its estimate, and it is sufficient for us to notice their republication in convenient and elegant form. In a note to the passage in "The New Timon" referring to the late Sir Robert Peel, the author says "he will find another occasion to attempt, so far as his opinions on the one hand, and his reverence on the other, will permit—to convey a juster idea of Sir Robert Peel's defects or merits, perhaps as a statesman, at least as an orator." Very singular are the lines in the poem, written before the fatal accident:

> "Now on his humble, but his faithful steed,
> Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed—
> Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze,
> And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.
> Wise is thy head! how stout soe'er his back,
> Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack!"

The generous and graceful turn given to this in the foot-note, is such as one might expect from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton In another series we have the second part of *Ernest Maltravers*, or, as the other title bears, *Alice, or The Mysteries*. In this work of allegorical fiction, with the author's usual power and felicity of narrative, there is mingled a philosophical purpose; and in a new preface Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton ascribes to it, above all his other works, "such merit as may be thought to belong to harmony between a premeditated conception, and the various incidents and agencies employed in the development of plot." "Ernest Maltravers," the type of Genius or intellectual ambition, is after long and erring alienation happily united to "Alice," the type of Nature, nature now elevated and idealized.

A new novel, by the gifted author of "Olive," and the "Ogilvies," entitled "The Head of the Family," is spoken of in terms of warm admiration by the London press. The *Weekly News* remarks, "The charm of idyllic simplicity will be found in every page of the book, imparting an interest to it which rises very far above the ordinary feeling evoked by novel reading. So much truthfulness, so much force, combined with so much delicacy of characterization, we have rarely met with; and on these grounds alone, irrespective of literary merit, we are inclined to credit the work with a lasting popularity.'

The same journal has a highly favorable notice of LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, from which we take the following passage: "In reviewing the recent volumes of Lord Mahon's History that treat of the American war, we expressed an opinion that the subject was one to which no American writer had done justice. The work now before us appears (so far as we may judge from its first moiety), to be the best contribution that any citizen of the United States has yet made to a correct knowledge of the circumstances of their war of independence. It is not a regular history; and the blank in transatlantic literature, to which we have referred, remains yet to be supplied. But Mr. Lossing has given us a volume full of valuable information respecting the great scenes and the leading men of the war. And the profuseness with which he has illustrated his narrative with military plans, with portraits of statesmen and commanders, and with sketches of celebrated localities, gives great interest and value to these pages."

With all its stubborn John Bullism, the London *Athenæum* is compelled to pay a flattering tribute to the literary merits of our distinguished countryman, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: "Among the sterling pleasures which, though few, make rich amends for the many grievances and misconstructions that await honest critics, there is none so great as the discovery and support of distant and unknown genius. Such pleasure the *Athenæum* may fairly claim in the case of Mr. Hawthorne. Like all men so richly and specially gifted, he has at last found his public—he is at last looked to, and listened for: but it is fifteen years since we began to follow him in the American periodicals, and to give him credit for the power and the originality which have since borne such ripe fruit in 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables.' Little less agreeable is it to see that acceptance, after long years of waiting, seems not to have soured the temper of the writer—not to have encouraged him into conceit—not to have discouraged him into slovenliness. Like a real artist Mr. Hawthorne gives out no slightly planned nor carelessly finished literary handiwork."

Among the list of passengers who perished by fire on board the Amazon steamer, we find the name of Mr. ELIOT WARBURTON, the author of "The Crescent and the Cross," a book of Eastern travel—"Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers"—and the novels "Reginald Hastings" and "Darien." Mr. Warburton, says a correspondent of the *Times*, had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to come to a friendly understanding with the tribes of Indians who inhabit the Isthmus of Darien: it was also his intention to make himself perfectly ac

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quainted with every part of those districts, and with whatever referred to their topography, climate, and resources. "To *Darien*, with the date of 1852 upon its title-page," says the *London Examiner*, "the fate of its author will communicate a melancholy interest. The theme of the book is a fine one. Its fault consists chiefly in the fact that the writer was not born to be a novelist. Yet, full as it is of eloquent writing, and enlivened as it is with that light of true genius, which raises even the waste work of a good writer above the common twaddle of a circulating library, *Darien* may, for its own sake, and apart from all external interest, claim many readers. External interest, however, attaches to the book in a most peculiar manner. Superstitious men—perhaps also some men not superstitious—might say that there was a strange shadow of the future cast upon its writer's mind. It did not fall strictly within the limits of a tale of the Scotch colonization of Darien, to relate perils by sea; yet again and again are such perils recurred to in these volumes, and the terrible imagination of a *ship on fire* is twice repeated in them."

M. THIERS, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, VICTOR HUGO, several newspaper editors, and other literary men of France, are now at Brussels. Thiers is said to be working hard at his *History of the Consulate and of the Empire*, and Hugo is represented to entertain the intention of again seriously returning to literary pursuits, in which, one would think, he must find more pleasure, as well as more fame and profit, than in the stormy arena of politics. Dumas, who works like a cart-horse, and who, as ever, is in want of money, has, in addition to his numerous pending engagements at Paris, undertaken to revise, for a Belgian publishing firm, the *Memoirs of his Life*, now in course of publication in the Paris *Presse;* and he is to add to them all the passages suppressed by Louis Bonaparte's censors. Another new work is announced by Dumas, called *Byron*, in which we are promised the biography, love adventures, journeys, and anecdotic history of the great poet.

M. DE LAMARTINE has resigned the editorship, or, as he called it, the directorship, of the daily newspaper on which he was engaged at a large salary, and in which he published his opinions on political events. He has also put an end to his monthly literary periodical, called *Les Foyers du Peuple;* no great loss, by the way, seeing that it was only a jumble of quotations from his unpublished works, placed together without rhyme or reason; and, finally, he has dropped the bi-monthly magazine, in which he figured as the *Counsellor of the People*. But he promises, notwithstanding the sickness under which he is laboring, to bring out a serious literary periodical, as soon as the laws on the press shall be promulgated.

Among the novelties that are forthcoming, there is one which promises to be very important, called *Lord Palmerston—L'Angleterre et le Continent*, by Count FICQUELMONT, formerly Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople and St. Petersburg, where he had occasion to experience something of Lord PALMERSTON's diplomacy. It is, we are told, a vigorous attack on English policy.

La Vérité, a pamphlet containing the true history of the *coup d'état*, is announced in London, with the production of authentic documents which could not get printed in France. This *coup d'état* has set all servile pens at work. MAYER announces a *Histoire du 2 Decembre;* CESENA, a *Histoire d'un Coup d'Etat;* and ROMIEU, the famous trumpeter of the Cæsars—Romieu, who in his *Spectre Rouge* exclaimed, "I shall not regret having lived in these wretched times if I can only see a good castigation inflicted on *the mob*, that stupid and corrupt beast which I have always held in horror." Romieu has had his prediction fulfilled, and he, too, announces a History of the event.

No ruler of France, in modern times, has shown such disregard to literary men as Louis Napoleon. King Louis XVIII. patronized them royally; Charles X. pensioned them liberally; Louis Philippe gave them titles and decorations freely, and was glad to have them at his receptions; the princes, his sons, showed them all possible attention; but during the whole time Louis Bonaparte has been in power he has not only taken no official notice of them, but has not even had the decent civility to send them invitations to his *soirées*. By this conduct, as much, perhaps, as by his political proceedings, he has made nearly the whole literary body hostile to him: and, singular to state, the most eminent writers of the country—Lamartine, Lamennais, Beranger, Hugo Janin, Sue, Dumas, Thiers—are personally and politically among his bitterest adversaries.

Madame GEORGE SAND is in retirement in the province of Berry, and is at present engaged in preparing "Memoirs of her Life," for publication.

The second division of the third volume of Alexander VON HUMBOLDT's *Cosmos* has just issued from the German press. The new chapters treat of the circuits of the sun, planets, and comets, of the zodiacal lights, meteors, and meteoric stones. The uranological portion of the physical description of the universe is now completed. The veteran philosopher has already made good way into the fourth volume of his great work.

HERR STARGARDT, a bookseller at Stuttgardt, has lately made a valuable acquisition by purchasing the whole of Schiller's library, with his autographic notes to the various books.

The *Icelandic-English Dictionary* of the late distinguished philologist, Mr. CLEASBY, is now nearly ready for the press; Mr. Cleasby's MS. collections having been arranged and copied for this purpose by another distinguished Icelandic scholar, Hector Konrad Gislason, author of the "Danish-Icelandic Lexicon."

The Swedish Academy has elected Professor HAGBERG, the translator of Shakspeare, in place of the deceased Bishop Kullberg. The great prize of the academy has this year been conferred on a poem entitled "Regnar Lodbrok," written by Thekla Knös, a daughter of the late Professor Knös.

Attention is beginning to be paid in Spain to the popular literature of England, and it is not improbable that it may get into as high favor as that of France Already Dickens's "David Copperfield" and Lady Fullerton's "Grantley Manor" have been translated, and are being published in the *folletinos* of two of the newspapers

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A Leaf from Punch.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN a young lady "has a very bad cold, or else she'd be delighted," &c, it is rather a dangerous sign that, when once she sits down to the piano, she will probably not leave it for the remainder of the evening.

When a gentleman loses his temper in talking, it is a tolerably correct sign that he is getting "the worst of the argument."

When you see the servant carrying under her apron a bottle of soda-water into a house, you may at once seize it as a sure sign that some one has been drinking over-night.

When the children are always up in the nursery, you may construe it into a sure sign that the mother does not care much about them.

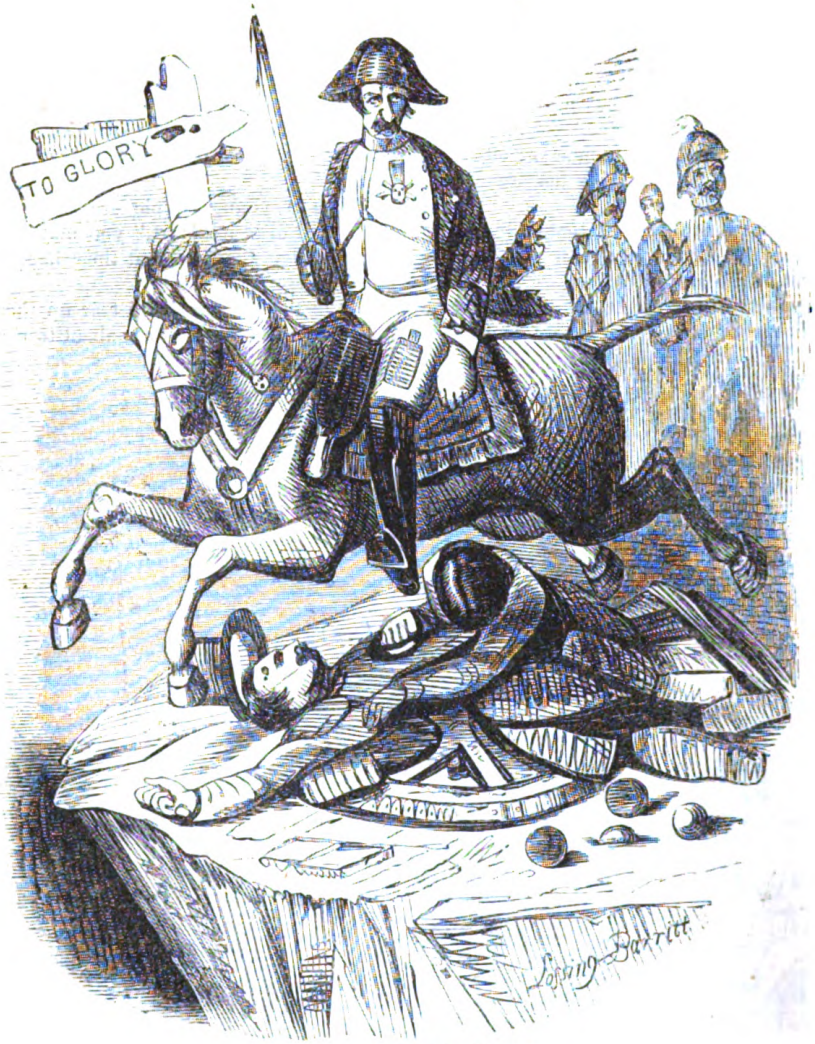
When a young couple are seen visiting a "Cheap Furniture Mart," you may interpret it into a pretty fair sign that the "happy day" is not far distant.

When the boys begin to tear up their books, it is a sign the holidays are about to commence

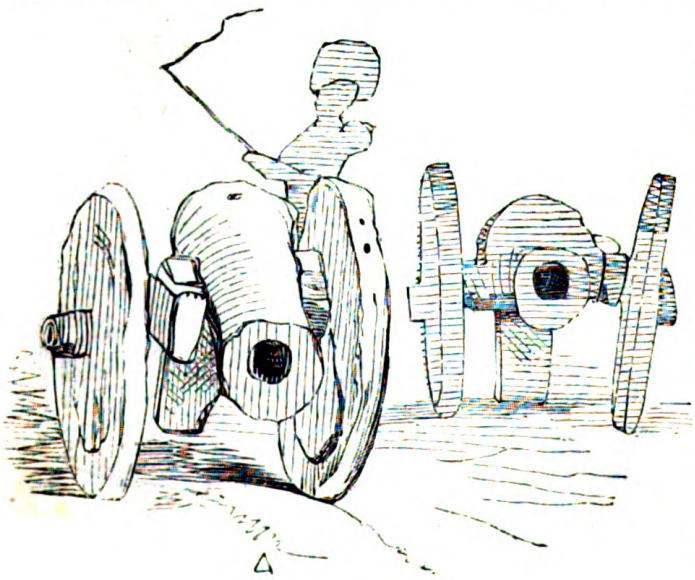


FRANCE IS TRANQUIL.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.



The accompanying is a good sketch of the PATENT STREET-SWEEPING MACHINE lately introduced in Paris. The sketch was taken on the spot (represented at A). The want of firmness in the lines of the drawing would seem to indicate some tremor in the nerves of the artist. The invention is not entirely new, having been used in the same city by the uncle of the present owner. The result of the late experiment is represented to have been quite satisfactory. The Constitution, which it was feared would interfere with its operation, was removed by it without any difficulty, so that no traces of it were left.

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Fashions for March.



FIGURE 1.—FULL DRESS FOR BALL OR EVENING PARTY.

FIGURE 1.—Hair in puffed bands, raised, ornamented with bunches of wild poppies, with silver foliage—coral necklace and waistcoat buttons—waistcoat open, of white satin, embroidered in front with silver and white jet. Pardessus of white gauze, bordered with a silver band, and embroidered with silver spots. This pardessus fits quite close, being hollowed out at the seam under the arm. Back flat; great round skirt without plaits, sitting well over the hips. Sleeves short, and turned up *à la Mousquetaire*; the silver band is about a quarter of an inch from the edge, and is itself an inch wide. The skirt is white gauze, and very ample; its only ornaments are three silver bands, starting from the middle, and diverging toward the bottom. The space between them is covered with silver spots. Pantaloons of plain white gauze, not very full, are fastened round the ankle with a silver band. The foot is shod with a small white silk *bottine*, laced up at the instep, from the top almost to the toe. The lacing is crossed.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of plain silk or satin, with a fringe at the edge of the brim. A broad plaid ribbon is laid

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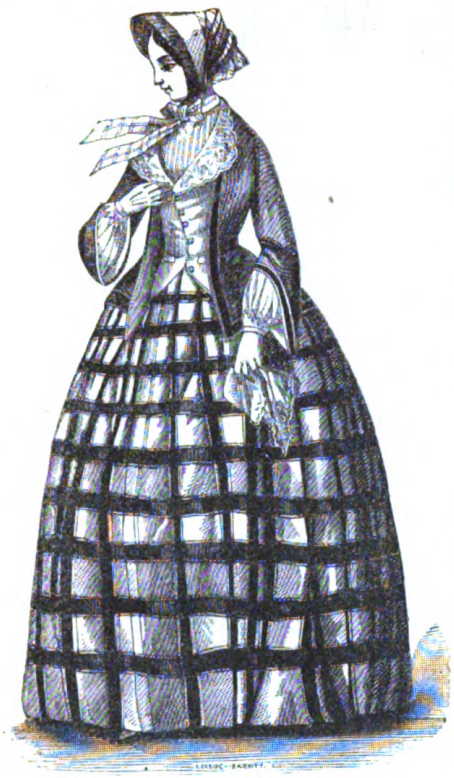


FIG. 2.—YOUNG LADY'S TOILET.

like a *fanchon* over the brim and crown. Curtain plaid cross-wise; plaid strings; the brim is forward at the top, and falls off very much at the sides; no trimming inside. Waistcoat of white quilting, open at the top, with small enamel buttons; two small gussets at the waist; lappets rounded; a double row of stitches all around. The muslin chemisette is composed of two rows, raised at the neck, of a front piece in small plaits, and two lapels, embroidered and festooned, which turn back on the waistcoat and vest. The sleeves are plaited small, with embroidered wristbands and cuffs. The vest is velvet; it is high, and opens straight down, but is not tight in the foreparts: it is hollowed out at the seams of the side and



FIG. 3.—MORNING TOILET.

back, so as to sit close behind and on the hips. The foreparts form a hollow point at the side. The sleeves, half-large, are cut in a point. A broad *galloon* edges the vest and the ends of sleeves. The lining is white satin. Skirt of Scotch poplin. Narrow plaid cravat.

FIG. 3.—Drawn bonnet, satin and crape; the edge crape for a width of three inches. The crape is doubled over a wire covered with satin, which is seen through the crape. The rest of the brim is formed of five drawings of satin. The crown, satin, is round, and divided into four parts separated by three small *bouillonnés*; one, starting from the middle, goes over the head to the curtain; the two others are at the sides. The curtain is satin at top, and crape at bottom. Inside the brim, at the lower edges, are bunches of ribbon from which hang loops of jet.

Dress of gros d'Ecosse. Body with round lappet Sleeves tight at top, open at bottom. Skirt with flat plaits on the hips, so as not to spoil the sit of the lappet. The body all round, and the front of the skirt are ornamented with crape *bouillonnés* sprinkled with jet beads. Each of the beads seems to fasten the gathers of the *bouillonné*. Collar and under-sleeves of white muslin festooned.

The waistcoat is in higher favor than ever. There are morning waistcoats, visiting waistcoats, walking waistcoats. The first are made of white quilting, simply, their only richness being in the trimming; nothing can be prettier than the malachite buttons hanging at the end of a small chain. There are some waistcoats of white or pink watered silk, ornamented with a very small lace ruff, which is continued down the front as a frill; there are others of silk, with needlework embroidery round the edges, and sprinkled with flowers; others again of white satin with gold figures. As a great novelty, we may mention the *Molière* waistcoats, buttoning up to the neck without collars, provided with little pockets, coming down low and ending square below the waist, where the two sides begin to part. In order to give the *Molière* waistcoat the really fashionable stamp, it must have a *godrooned* collar, made of several rows of lace, a frill of the same, and ruffles reaching to the knuckles. The buttons are cornelian, agate, turquoise, or merely gold, bell-shaped. It is not uncommon in toilets for places of public amusement to see the waistcoat fastened with buttons mounted with brilliants. It is unnecessary to say that every waistcoat has a little watch-pocket out of which hangs a chain of gold and precious stones, the end of which is hooked in a button-hole and bears a number of costly trinkets. We may here remark that they are made very simple or very richly ornamented; for instance, those of the most simple description are made either of black velvet, embroidered with braid, and fastened with black jet buttons, or of cachmere.

Materials for this month vary very little from those of the winter months, as we seldom have really fine spring weather during March. The fashionable colors which prevail for the present month for out-door costume are violet, maroon, green, blue, and gray of different shades; while those intended for evening are of very light colors, such as white, maize, blue, and pink, the latter being extremely fashionable, relieved with bright colors.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Petit dress-hats are now greatly in request, made in the following manner:—It is formed of black lace, and inlet formed of a jet-black net-work, placed alternately, and ornamented with a *panache*, each slip of feather being finished with a small jet-bead, which falls in a glittering shower upon the side of the head. Then, again, we see those *petit bords* of black velvet; the crown being open, shows the beauty of the hair; having also, upon one side of the front, which is slightly turned back, a *nœud* of black satin ribbon broché gold very wide, and the ends descending nearly to the waist.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIII.—APRIL, 1852.—Vol. IV.

RODOLPHUS.—A FRANCONIA STORY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER II.

I. THE SNOW-SHOES.

AS soon as Martha had gone, Ellen began to make such preparations as she thought necessary for the night. She placed the furniture of the room in order. She brought in some wood from the back room and laid it down very gently by the side of the fire, so as to have a sufficient supply of fuel at hand. She also brought the water pail and put it under the seat of the settle, in order that the water might not freeze, and by means of a long-handled tin dipper she filled the tea kettle full, in order that there might be an ample supply of hot water, should any occasion occur requiring any. She then brought a small blanket and held it to the fire, and when it was very thoroughly warm, she put it very gently under the counterpane, around her aunt's feet, fearing that her feet might be cold. In fact they were very cold. Ellen extinguished the lamp, too, and put it away upon her table near the window, lest the light of it should shine upon her aunt's eyes and disturb her sleep. The light of the fire was sufficient to illuminate the room. The light of the fire, too, seemed more cheerful to Ellen than that of the lamp. It flashed brightly upon the walls and ceiling, and diffused a broad and genial glow all over the floor.

Ellen made all these arrangements in the most quiet and noiseless manner possible. During all the time her aunt lay silent and motionless, as if in a profound slumber.

After Ellen had extinguished the lamp, she paused a moment, looking around the room to see if there was any thing which she had forgotten. She could not think of any thing else to do, and so she concluded to sit down and watch by her aunt until Martha should return.

She took a cushion from a great rocking chair which stood in a corner of the room, and put it down upon the bear skin rug. She then sat down upon the cushion and laid her head upon the pillow by the side of her aunt. She then gently took her aunt's hand and laid it upon her cheek, in the position in which her aunt herself had placed it, when Ellen had laid her head down there before. She looked timidly into her aunt's face as she did this, to see whether any signs that she was awake could be observed. The eyes of the patient opened a very little, and a faint smile lighted up her pale features for a moment, and Ellen thought that she could perceive a gentle pressure upon her cheek from her aunt's hand. In a moment, however, both the hand and the face returned to their state of repose, as before.

Ellen remained quiet in this position a few minutes, looking into the fire, and wondering when Martha would come back, when she felt something gently touching her upon the shoulder. She looked round and found that it was Lutie climbing up upon her. Lutie had jumped up from the floor to the couch, and had crept along to where Ellen was lying, and was now cautiously stepping over upon her.

"Ah, Lutie," said she. "Is it you? It is time for you to go to bed."

Lutie's bed was out in the back room. There was no door leading from the room where Ellen was, directly into the back room. It was necessary to go into a sort of entry first, and from this entry into the back room by a separate door. All this may be clearly understood by referring to the plan.

It happened, however, that there was an old window in the partition between the great room and the back room. The reason why this window was in the partition was this. The house was first built without any back room, and then the window on that side looked out upon the yard. When at last the back room was built, the window was rendered useless, but it was not closed up. There was a curtain over it, and this curtain was always left drawn. The back room was used for storage of various things, and for rough and heavy work on extraordinary occasions.

Lutie's bed was in a box in a corner of this room. The place is marked L in the plan. The bed was made of carpets and was very warm. Lutie was always put out there every night at nine o'clock. She was not allowed to remain at the fireside all night, lest she should do some damage to the various things which were placed there on cold nights to keep them warm. Lutie was accustomed to remain quietly in her bed until Martha got up in the morning. She always knew when Martha got up, however early it might be, for she could see the glow of the fire which Martha made, shining through the old window in the partition between the rooms. When Lutie saw this light she would go to the window, jump up upon the sill outside, and mew for Martha to let her in.

Although it was not yet nine o'clock, and

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though Ellen would have liked Lutie's company as long as she remained alone with her aunt, she thought she would put her out.

"I may fall asleep myself," said she, "and then you will creep along upon Aunt Anne, and disturb her. So you must go, Lutie."

She accordingly took up the kitten and carried her out. When she opened the door into the entry, she saw quite a little drift of snow, which had blown in under the edge of the door from the outer platform.

"Ah, it is a cold and stormy night," said she, "but you must get into bed as soon as you can, and get warm."

Ellen stopped a moment to listen to the sound of the storm, as it howled and roared among the trees of the forest, and then went back again to her place at the fireside.

She moved her cushion and rug to the foot of the couch, and then bringing a pillow from the bedroom, she put it upon the couch, at the foot of it, so that she could sit upon the cushion, and lay her head upon her own pillow, without any danger of incommoding or disturbing her aunt. She then sat down and laid her head upon this pillow, with her face toward the fire. She determined, however, though she thus laid her head down, not to go to sleep, but to keep awake, if she possibly could, until Martha or Hugh should return.

She did go to sleep, however, notwithstanding all her resolution. She was asleep in fifteen minutes after she had laid her head down.



ELLEN ASLEEP.

Lutie fell asleep too, very soon, in her bed in the back room, and Ellen's aunt was asleep, so that all were asleep. There was no one watching or awake in all the house.

Ellen slept several hours. In the mean time the wind and storm raged more and more violently without, and the snow fell from the skies and was driven along the ground faster and faster. Great drifts formed upon the roofs and around the chimneys; and below, the yards, the fences, the woodpiles were all covered. Great banks of snow were formed too, behind the house, in the whirling eddy produced by the wind in turning round the corner. One of these banks rose gradually up against the windows on that side. At ten o'clock the whole lower sash of each window was covered; at half past ten the snow had risen half way up the upper sash, and at eleven one window was entirely concealed, while only a little corner of the other was left, and even that was fast disappearing. The bucket in the well was filled, and the snow was banked up against the sides of the curb, till at last the crest of the drift began to curl over at the top, as if seeking to bury up the well entirely. The fences were all hidden from view, and a cart which had been left standing in the corner of the yard, was so entirely covered, that nothing remained but a white and shapeless mound to mark the place where it lay buried.

At last Ellen opened her eyes again. She was at first frightened to find that she had been asleep. She feared that some mischief might have happened, while she had been insensible. The fire had burned entirely down, and the room was almost dark. Ellen threw on a small stick of wood to make a little blaze, and by the light of this blaze she looked at her aunt. She was lying, she found, in the same posture as when Ellen went to sleep. Ellen put her ear down to listen, and found that her aunt was breathing—very gently, indeed—but still breathing.

Ellen looked at the clock; for there was a large clock standing in a corner of the room. It was twelve.

"It is midnight," said Ellen; "I did not think it was so late."

Ellen next put some large sticks of wood upon the fire. The room, she thought, was getting cold. The wood was dry and it blazed up very cheerfully and illuminated the whole apartment with a very cheerful light. Lutie saw the light shining through the curtain, and she supposed that it was morning, and that Martha had built the fire. So she stretched her paws and rubbed her face, and then after listening a moment to the sound of the storm, she stepped over the side of the box where her bed was made, walked to the window, leaped up upon the window-sill, and mewed, according to her usual custom, expecting that Martha would come to let her in.

Ellen went and opened the window for Lutie. Then she went back again to the fire. She stood at the fire a minute or two, and then went to the front window of the room, to look out; she wondered what could have become of Martha. She listened at the window. The storm was roaring dreadfully down the valley, but nothing could be seen. The panes of glass were half covered with the snow, which was banked up upon the sash on the outside. Ellen concluded

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at she would go to the door, where she thought at perhaps she might see a little way down e road, and if she could not see, at least she uld listen. So she put a shawl over her shoul- rs and went out into the porch. She shut e door leading from the porch into the room, d then unlatched the porch-door which opened the outer air.

As she opened the door a great bank of snow ich had been piled up on the outside of it, fell about her feet. Ellen stepped back a little, l then, standing still, she looked out into the rm and listened. She had not listened long ore she thought she heard a distant cry. It ie from down the road. She listened again. ere came a blustering blast of wind which ted the trees, whirled the snow in her face, ed in the chimneys over her head, and for a nent drowned all other sounds. When this passed, Ellen listened again. She was sure she heard a distant cry.

It is my father and mother!" she exclaimed; y are out in the storm!"

len's aunt had taught her to be collected composed in all sudden and alarming emerg- s, and always to take time to consider calm- at to do, however urgent the case might She stood for a moment, therefore, quiet- here she was, and then determined to go vake her aunt, and tell her what she had , and ask her what she had better do.

e tried to shut the door but she could not. now that had fallen in prevented its closing. e left it open and went through the porch inner door, and so back into the room, care to shut the inner door as soon as le after she had passed through.

went to the couch, and kneeling down it, she put her hand softly upon her aunt's and said, speaking in a low and gentle

nt!—Aunt Anne!"

e was no answer.

nt Anne!" she repeated. "Wake up a t;—I want to speak to you a moment."

e was still no answer. Ellen looked at t's pale and beautiful face for a moment, t whether to speak to her again; and e determined to give up the attempt to her, and to decide herself what to do.

a little reflection she concluded that she o, a little way at least, and see if she arn what the cries were that she heard. ordingly went to a closet in her aunt's , and took down a cloak which was there, and also a warm quilted hood. ie put on. She then went into the back l got a pair of snow-shoes which hung he wall there. She carried these snow- o the porch, and put them down upon

"Now," said she, "I will get the horn." The horn which she referred to was made of tin. It was kept hanging upon a nail near the back-door, and was used for calling Hugh to dinner, when he was far away from the house. It was very hard to blow for one who was not accustomed to it, but when it was blown skillfully it could be heard a great way.

Ellen took down the horn from its nail, and went back into the porch. She fastened the snow shoes to her feet, and drawing the cloak around her, she sallied out into the storm.

She could scarcely see where to go. The wind blew the snow in her face, and every thing was so covered that all the usual landmarks were concealed from view. The snow was very light, but the snow-shoes prevented her from sinking into it. She walked on toward the road, without however knowing exactly on what course she was going. In fact, in coming out of the yard, she inclined so far to the left, in her bewilderment, that instead of going out at the gateway, she passed over a corner of the fence, without knowing it—fence and gateway being both alike deeply buried in the snow.

As soon as Ellen found that she was in the road, she stopped, and turning her back to the wind, blew a long and loud blast with her horn.



THE SNOW SHOES.

She then immediately paused to listen, in order that she might hear if there should be any reply. She heard a reply. It sounded like one or two voices calling together. The voices were shrill. As soon as the response ceased, Ellen blew her horn again.

There was a second response—louder than the preceding one. Ellen was very much pleased to find that her signals were heard, and she immediately began to walk on down the road, in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded.

One makes but a slow and laborious progress when walking upon snow-shoes. It is true that the shoes do not sink far into the snow, but they sink a little, and they are so large and unwieldy that it is quite difficult to walk upon them. Besides, the snow-shoes which Ellen wore were too large for her. They were made for a man. Still

shoes are of an oval form and large and flat. ade of basket-work or of leather straps braided They are worn by being fastened to the soles and prevent the feet from sinking down into

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Ellen advanced without any serious difficulty, though she was obliged to stop now and then to rest. Whenever she stopped she would blow her horn again, and listen for the response. The response always came, and it became louder and louder the farther she proceeded down the valley.

At length Ellen arrived at the place from which the cries that she had heard proceeded. She found there a horse and sleigh almost buried in the snow, with her mother and Rodolphus in the sleigh. It would be hard to say which was most astonished, Ellen, to find her mother and Rodolphus in such a situation, or Mrs. Linn, at finding Ellen coming to their rescue.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Ellen; "is this you?"

"Why, Ellen!" said her mother; "is it possible that this is you?"

"Why, mother!" said Ellen, more and more astonished; "did you undertake to come up in all this storm alone, with only Rodolphus?"

"No," said her mother, "Hugh came with us. We have been four hours getting so far as here, and when Hugh found that we could not get any further, he left us and went away alone to get some help."

"And you are almost frozen to death, I suppose," said Ellen.

"No," said her mother, "we are not very cold; we are well wrapped up in buffalo robes, and the bottom of the sleigh is filled with straw." Rodolphus peeped out from beneath the mass of coverings with which he was enveloped, unharmed, but yet pale with anxiety and terror, though now overjoyed at seeing Ellen.

"But I don't see now what we are to do, to get home," said Ellen. "There is only one pair of snow-shoes, and there are three of us to go."

"We must go one at a time, then," said Rodolphus.

"But when one has gone, how can we get the snow-shoes back?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mrs. Linn. "I don't know what we shall do."

"Why did not father come with you?" asked Ellen, despondingly.

"He was gone away," said her mother. "We waited for him a long time, but he did not come, and so Hugh said that he would leave his team in the village for the night, and come with me. But he went away some time ago, and I don't know what can have become of him."

While this consultation had been going on, the storm had continued to rage around them in all its fury. The track behind the sleigh had been wholly obliterated, the horse was half-buried, and the snow was fast rising all around the sleigh and threatening before long to overwhelm the party entirely. They were entirely at a loss to know what to do. So they paused a moment in their perplexity, and during the pause, Ellen thought that she heard another cry.

"Hark!" said she.

They all listened as well as the howling of the wind around them would allow them to listen. It was certainly a distant shout that they heard.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"It must be Hugh," said her mother.

Ellen raised the horn to her lips, and blew a long and loud blast, turning the horn as she did so, in the direction of the voice. They all listened after the sound of the horn had ceased, and heard a reply.

"Yes," said Ellen, "it must be Hugh. I will go down to him on my snow-shoes."

"No," said Rodolphus, "you must not go and leave us here alone."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I will go. I can give him the snow-shoes and then he can go and get some help for us."

Rodolphus declared that Ellen should not go, and began to scream and cry in order to compel his mother to prevent her, but his mother said nothing, and Ellen went away. She said, as she went,

"I will blow the horn now and then, mother, and as long as you hear it, you will know that I am safe."

Ellen went toiling on down the road, stopping every few minutes to blow her horn, and to listen to the responses of the voice. She soon found that she was rapidly drawing near to the place whence the sound proceeded. She perceived that the voice was that of a man. She had no doubt that it was Hugh, and that he had lost his way, and was calling for help. She still felt great anxiety, however, for she did not see, if it should prove to be Hugh, what he could do with only one pair of snow-shoes for four, to extricate such a party from their perilous condition. She thought of her aunt, too, lying sick and alone upon her couch, and of the distress and anxiety which she supposed the helpless patient would feel, if she should wake up and find that both Martha and Ellen had gone away, and left her, sick as she was, in absolute solitude.

She, however, pressed diligently forward, and at length found herself drawing nearer and nearer to the voice. Presently she began to see a dark mass lying helplessly in the snow just before her.

"Hugh," said she, "are you here?"

"I am here," replied the voice, "but it is not Hugh."

"Why, Antonio, is it you?" said Ellen. She had recognized Antonio's voice. "How came you to be here?"

"How came *you* to be here, is the question, I think?" rejoined Antonio.

"I have got snow-shoes," said Ellen. "I heard cries and I came out to see. My mother and Rodolphus are up the road a little way, in a sleigh, and the snow is covering them over very fast. I'll blow my horn for them."

Here Ellen blew another long and loud blast with her horn, and immediately afterward she heard the distant call of her mother and of Rodolphus answering it together.

"All right," said Antonio, "they answer. Now the first thing to do is to get up to them. Give me the snow-shoes, and I think I can carry you right along."

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"Oh, no," said Ellen, "I am too heavy."

"Let us try," said Antonio. So saying he climbed up out of the snow, as well as he could, and put on the snow-shoes. They were very easily put on. Antonio found that the snow-shoes bore him up completely, but Ellen had sunk down into the drift when she was deprived of them. Antonio, however, soon raised her again, and took her in his arms. Enveloped as she was in her cloak, she made a rather large looking load, though she was not very heavy. Still it was difficult to carry even a light load, walking with such shoes, on such a yielding surface, and in such a storm. Antonio was obliged to stop very often to rest and to take breath. At such times, Ellen would blow her horn, and listen for the answer. Thus they gradually got back safely to the sleigh.

As they had thus come up the hill, Antonio, in the intervals of his conversation with Ellen, had determined on the course which he would pursue. He knew that there was a snow-sled at Mr. Randon's house; that is, a hand sled made light and with the shoes of the runners very broad and flat. By means of this construction, the sled had, like the snow-shoes, the property of not sinking much in the snow. Antonio determined to go himself up to the house on the snow-shoes —leaving Ellen with Rodolphus and her mother in the sleigh—and get this sled, and he hoped, by means of it, to draw them all up safely one by one. The poor horse, he thought, would have to be left in the drifts to die.

Antonio's plan succeeded completely. He put Ellen under the buffalo robes in the sleigh and covered her entirely in, except that he allowed one little opening on one side for the horn, which he advised her to blow from time to time, as it might possibly help Hugh to find his way back to them. He then left the party in the sleigh, and was soon lost from view. He went toiling up the hill to the house. He walked into the yard. He groped his way to the barns and sheds, but the doors were all blocked up with snow, so that he could not get them open. He, however, contrived to climb up upon a roof, and by that means to get into a barn window. He left his snow-shoes on the scaffold, and then groped his way down in the dark to the place where Ellen had told him that the snow-sled was kept. Every thing was in such perfect order that he met with no difficulty on the way. He found the sled, and carrying it back to the barn window, he contrived to heave it out there, throwing the snow-shoes out after it.

He followed himself, descending as he had ascended, by the roof of the shed. As soon as he got into the road, he mounted upon his sled, and guiding himself by the sound of the horn, which he heard from time to time, and by the dark forms of the firs which grew upon the sides of the road, he slid quite rapidly down to the sleigh. To his great relief and joy he found that Hugh was there.

It proved that Hugh had lost his way, and he would, perhaps, have perished had he not heard the sound of the horn. The horn attracted his attention just as he was about giving up in despair. He supposed that the sound came from some farmer's house, where the people were, for some reason or other, blowing a horn. He succeeded at last in making his way to the place from which the sound proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find himself back at the sleigh.

Antonio took Hugh home first. Each took the snow-shoes by turns and drew the other on the sled. When they reached the house, Antonio left Hugh there, and returned himself, for the others. The second time he took Rodolphus, the third time, Ellen. Their mother insisted on being left to the last. By the time that the party were all safely conveyed to the house, Hugh had got the barn-doors open, and had brought out a yoke of oxen, with a lantern and shovels. He then took the snow-shoes from Antonio, and putting them upon his own feet, he walked on, to mark the way, while Antonio followed with the oxen. Antonio was, however, obliged to go behind the oxen in driving them, so as to walk in the path which they had broken. The snow was up to the sides of the oxen all the way, and in some places they came to drifts so deep, that Antonio and Hugh were obliged to shovel the snow away for a long time, before the oxen could get through. At length, however, they reached the place where the horse and sleigh had become foundered. The horse was nearly exhausted with fatigue and cold. Hugh and Antonio trod down and shoveled away the snow around him, and then unfastened the harness, so as to separate the horse from the sleigh. They then turned back the shafts of the sleigh, and fastened the oxen to them by a chain, turning the heads of the oxen up the hill. Hugh got into the sleigh, to ride and drive the oxen. Antonio walked behind, leading the horse. The road was now so broken, that though the snow was very deep, and Antonio and the horse both sank down very far into it, it was possible for them to get along. They stopped two or three times to rest, and twice to shovel away the snow, but, at last, they safely reached the house, and turning into the yard, went directly to the barn.

"Now," said Hugh, "I can take care of every thing here. You had better go into the house and see if all is right there."

So Antonio went into the house. Ellen came out to meet him at the porch-door, weeping as if her heart would break. Antonio asked her what was the matter. She said that her Aunt Anne was dead.

Antonio tried to comfort Ellen as well as he could, but it was very hard to comfort her. In the course of the evening, however, she was sometimes tolerably composed, and at one such time, when she was sitting upon the settle, Antonio took a seat by her side, and talked with her a little while, about her going down to her mother in the storm.

"I don't know," said he, "what *she* will think of your having saved her life by your courage and presence of mind; but you may depend, that I

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shall not very soon forget your having saved *mine*."

II. DEATH.

Rodolphus was very much shocked and overpowered at witnessing the scene of anxiety and sorrow, into which he found himself ushered, when he arrived at the house. He sat down for a time on Hugh's bench, in the corner, by the fire, until he was warm. His mother then came and undressed him and put him to bed in a sort of attic chamber over the great room.

Rodolphus was afraid to be left alone in the solitary chamber. The wind howled mournfully among the trees of the neighboring forest, and the snow clicked continually against the windows. Rodolphus was, however, not afraid of the storm—nor was he afraid of robbers or of ghosts. In fact, he did not know what he was afraid of. Still he was afraid. Undutiful and disobedient boys are always afraid when they are left alone.

In fact, Rodolphus would have refused to go to bed altogether, had it not been that his spirit was awed and subdued by the presence of death, and by the strange situation in which he so suddenly found himself placed. Notwithstanding this, however, he was upon the point of making some resistance when his mother first came to him, to take him away, but just then Antonio came into the room, and perceiving that there was about to be some difficulty, he stopped and looked at Rodolphus, as if to see what he was going to do. Rodolphus immediately submitted, and allowed himself to be led away. He was more afraid of Antonio, than he was even of being left alone in his chamber.

The next morning when Rodolphus awoke he found that the storm was still raging. He looked out the window, and perceived that the air was full of driving snow, while upon the ground nothing was to be seen but vast and shapeless masses of white. He rose, dressed himself, and came down stairs. He found a great fire blazing in the fire-place, but every thing was very still and solitary about the house. The body had been removed to the bedroom, and was laid out there. The bedroom door was open. Hugh and Antonio were out, trying to get into the barn. Ellen was walking softly about the bedroom, putting away the things which had been used during the sickness, but which were now needed no longer. Martha, who had got home the evening before, while Ellen had been gone, and had brought some of the neighbors with her, was busy preparing the breakfast. Both she, however, and Ellen, and the others who were there, moved about silently, and spoke, when they spoke at all, in a subdued and gentle tone, as if they were afraid of disturbing the repose of the dead.

When the breakfast was ready, Martha went to call Hugh and Antonio and all the others, to come to the table. They all came except Ellen. She remained in the bedroom to watch with the body of her aunt. Her heart was full of trouble. As she sat by her aunt's bed-side, she thought bitterly of her loss, and she looked forward with many anxious forebodings to the future. She felt as if her happiness was gone forever. She loved her father and mother, it was true; but her aunt had seemed to be her best and truest friend; and now that her aunt was gone from her forever, she felt alone and desolate.

After breakfast Antonio went away upon the snow-shoes to see if he could obtain some assistance from the neighbors, in relation to the funeral. The storm, he said, appeared to have abated. The clouds looked thin, and at one time he could almost see the sun. In about two hours he returned, bringing with him two or three men, all upon snow-shoes; for the snow which had fallen was so deep that any other mode of traveling was impossible.

The preparations for the funeral went on during the day. The third day the coffin came. It was brought upon a snow-sled, which was drawn by two men upon snow-shoes. The storm had not yet entirely abated. The wind was high, and the air was growing intensely cold. This was to be expected. It is usually much colder in such cases after the storm is over, than while the snow continues to fall.

They dug the grave at some little distance from the house, under the margin of a wood where there was a little shelter. In digging it they had first to go down through the deep snow, and then with pick-axes and iron bars to dig into the frozen ground. When the grave was ready they put boards over it, to prevent its being filled up again with the snow.

The funeral took place just at sunset. Hugh had broken out a road to the place by means of the oxen. The men placed the coffin on a sled; it had been arranged that two of the neighbors were to draw it. They said at first that none but men could go to the grave, but Ellen said that she *must* go.

"I can walk very well," said she, "I know, if you can let me have a pair of the snow-shoes. I *must* go. My aunt loved me and always took care of me, and I must keep with her till the very last."

When the men found how desirous she was to go, they said that they could take another sled and draw her. They said that if she would like to take Rodolphus with her, they could draw him, too; but Rodolphus said, that he did not wish to go.

When all was ready, the company assembled in the great room, and Antonio read a prayer which Ellen found in a prayer-book that had belonged to her Aunt Anne. It was a prayer suitable to a funeral occasion. When the prayer had been read, the funeral procession moved mournfully from the door.

The coffin went first, covered as it lay upon the sled with a black cloak for a pall, and drawn by two men. The other sled followed, drawn also by two men. Ellen was seated upon the second sled, wrapped in buffalo robes. The road had been broken out, so as to be passable, but the snow was very deep, and the men made their

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way with great difficulty through it. They stopped once or twice on the way to rest



THE FUNERAL.

When they arrived at the grave, they found that the sun was shining pleasantly upon the spot, and the trees sheltered it from the wind. Still it seemed to Ellen, as she looked down into the deep pit from the top of the snow which surrounded it, that it was a very cold grave. The men let the coffin down, and then two of them remained to fill the earth in again, while Hugh and Antonio drew Ellen home.

Distressed and unhappy as Ellen was at the death of her aunt, there was another blow still to come upon her. She found when she reached the house on her return from the funeral, that the whole family were in a state of consternation and terror at the tidings which had arrived from the village, that her father had perished in the storm. He had been across the river when the storm came on. In attempting to return his horse had become exhausted in the snow, and he was forced to abandon him and attempt to find his way home alone. He lost his way and wandered about till his strength failed, and then, benumbed with the cold, and wearied with the hopeless toil, he sank down into a drift, and fell asleep. Of course, he never woke again. He was found when the storm was over, by means of a small dark spot formed by a part of his shoulder, which projected above the surface of the snow.

It was thus that Rodolphus lost his father.

III.—CONSEQUENCES OF BAD TRAINING.

One pleasant morning in the month of June, during the next summer after the great storm, Rodolphus was drawing his sister Annie about the yard in a little green cart which her sister Ellen kept for her. There was a great elm-tree in the middle of the yard, with a path leading all around it. Rodolpus was going round and round this tree. Annie was playing that Rodolphus was her horse, and she had reins to drive him by. She also had a little whip to whip him with when he did not go fast enough.

Presently Ellen came to the door. She had a small hammer in one hand, and a box containing some small nails and tags of leather in the other. She was going to train up a climbing rose, which had been planted by the side of the door.

Ellen told Rodolphus that she thought it was time for him to get ready to go to school.

"Oh, no," said Rodolphus, "it is not time yet;" so he went prancing and galloping on around the great tree.

A moment afterward his mother came to the door.

"Rodolphus," said she, "it is time for you to go to school."

"Oh no, mother, not yet," said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said his mother, "it is quite time. Come in directly."

"Well, mother," said Rodolphus, "I will."

Mrs. Linn stopped a moment to look at Ellen's rose-tree, and to say "How pretty it looks climbing up here by the door;" and then she went in. Rodolphus continued to run round the yard. Presently he came prancing up to the door, and stopped to see what Ellen was doing.

"Rodolphus," said Ellen, "you ought to obey mother. She said that you must go to school."

"Oh, pretty soon," said Rodolphus. "She is not in any hurry."

"Yes, Rodolphus," said Annie, in a very positive manner. "You ought to obey my mother. You must go to school."

So saying, Annie began to move as if she were going to get out of the cart, but Rodolphus perceiving this, immediately began to draw the cart along, and thus prevented her. She could not get out while the cart was going.

Rodolphus continued to run about for some time longer. Annie begged of him to stop and let her get out, but he would not. At length his mother came to the door again, and renewed her commands. She said that unless he stopped playing with the cart, and went to school immediately, she should certainly punish him.

"Why, mother," said Rodolphus, "it is not late. Besides, I am going to draw Annie to school in the cart, and so we shall go very quick."

"No," said his mother, "you must not take

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the cart to school. If you do, it will come to some damage."

"Oh, no," said Rodolphus. "Go and get me Annie's books, and I will start off directly."

His mother went into the house and brought out a spelling-book, and put it down on the step of the door. She called out at the same time to Rodolphus, who was at that time near the great tree, telling him that there was the book, and that he must leave the cart, and take Annie and the book, and go directly.

The reason why Mrs. Linn was so solicitous for the safety of the cart, was because it was Ellen's cart, and she knew that Ellen prized it very highly. The way that Ellen came to have such a cart was this:

One day she was walking alone near the back fence of the garden, at a place where the fence was very high and close, when she heard the voices of some children on the other side, in a little green lane, where children often used to play. Ellen thought she heard Rodolphus's voice among the others, and there appeared to be some difficulty, as in fact there usually was, where Rodolphus's voice could be heard. So Ellen climbed upon a sort of trellis, which had been made there against the fence, in order that she might look over and see what was the matter.

She found that there were two girls there with a small cart, and that Rodolphus had got into the cart, and was insisting that the girls should draw him along. The girls looked troubled and distressed, and were not trying to draw.

"Pull," said Rodolphus. "Pull away, hearty."

"No," said the girls—"we can't pull. It is too heavy—besides, you will break down our cart."

"Rodolphus!" said Ellen.

Rodolphus turned his head, and saw his sister looking down upon him from the top of the fence.

"Ellen," said he, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "I would not trouble those poor girls. Let them have their cart."

"Why, they could pull me just as well as not," said Rodolphus, "if they would only try. Come, girls," he added, "give one good pull, and then I will get out.

The girls hesitated a moment, being obviously afraid that the cart would be broken. They looked up to Ellen, as if they hoped that in some way or other she could help them, but Ellen knew not what to do. So they concluded to submit to Rodolphus's terms. They made a desperate effort to draw the cart along a few steps, but the result which they had feared was realized. The cart went on, staggering, as it were, under its heavy burden, for a short space, and then a crack was heard, and one side of it sank suddenly down to the ground. The axletree had broken, close to the wheel.

The children seemed greatly distressed at this accident. Rodolphus got out of the cart, and looked at the fracture—appearing perplexed in his turn, and not knowing what to say. The oldest girl took up the wheel, and began to examine the fracture with a very sorrowful countenance, while the youngest looked on, the picture of grief and despair.

"Now, Mary," said the youngest child, in a very desponding tone, "I don't believe we can sell our cart at all."

"Do you wish to sell it?" asked Ellen.

"Yes," said Mary. "Father said that we might sell it, if we could find any body that would buy it; but now it is broken, I don't suppose that any body will."

"How much do you ask for it?" said Ellen.

"A quarter of a dollar," said Mary.

"Well," replied Ellen, "perhaps *I* will buy it. If you will bring it round to our house this evening after tea, I will get Antonio to look at it and see if it is worth a quarter of a dollar; or, rather, if it *was* worth a quarter of a dollar before it was broken—for that will make no difference; and if he says it was, perhaps I may buy it."

"Well," said Mary, "we will."

"Is Beechnut coming to our house this evening?" asked Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Ellen.

The girls seemed much relieved of their distress at hearing this. Mary took up the broken wheel and put it into the cart, saying at the same time,

"Come, Ally, let us carry it home."

Mary stooped down to take hold of one side of the cart, while her sister took hold of the other, and so they lifted it up.

"Rodolphus," said Ellen, "I think you had better help them carry the cart home.

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "I will."

So Rodolphus took the wheel out of the cart and gave it to Mary to carry, and then lifting up the cart bodily, he put it upside down upon his head, as if it were a cap, and then began to run after the girls with it. They fled, filling the air with shouts of laughter, and thus the three went off together, all in high glee.

The end of it was, that Ellen bought the cart, and Antonio made a new axletree for it, and put it, in all respects, in complete repair. He also painted it beautifully inside and out, making it look better than when it was new. Ellen's motive in getting the cart was chiefly to promote Annie's amusement, but still she valued it herself, very highly.

She used often to lend it to Rodolphus when he was playing with Annie in the yard, and Rodolphus would draw his sister about in it. Ellen always gave him many cautions not to go too fast, and was very careful never to allow him to put any thing inside that would bruise or soil it. There was a little seat inside for Annie to sit upon, with a box beneath it where a small basket of provisions could be stored, in case of an excursion. Beechnut had promised, too, to make Annie a whip, and Ellen was going to make her a pair of reins, so that when Rodolphus was drawing her she might play drive.

But to return to the story.

Rodolphus drew the cart up to the door, and

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taking up the book, he put it upon Annie's lap and then began to move away again.

"Stop," said Annie; "stop, and let me get out."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I am going to draw you to school."

"No," said Annie, "my mother said that you must not take my cart to school."

"Oh, she won't care," said Rodolphus, still going.

"But she said that you must *not*," persisted Annie.

"That was because she thought the cart would come to some damage," said Rodolphus. "But it will not come to any damage. I shall bring it home all safe at noon, and then she won't care."

By this time Rodolphus had got out into the road. Annie looked anxious and distressed, but as Rodolphus walked rapidly on, she was entirely helpless, and could do nothing but sit still, though she urged Rodolphus to stop, again and again, until at last, finding that it did no good, she gave up in despair, and resigned herself to her fate.

They proceeded in this way until they had got pretty near the village, when, as they were going along the road, which at this place led near the margin of the river, just below the bridge and mill, Rodolphus saw two boys getting into a boat. He asked them where they were going; they said that they were going a-fishing.



THE BOYS AND THE BOAT.

"I mean to go too," said Rodolphus, looking toward Annie.

"No," said Annie, "you must not go, for then what shall I do with my cart!"

"Oh, you can draw your cart along to school yourself, very well," said Rodolphus, and so saying, he lifted Annie hastily and roughly out of the cart, calling out at the same time to the boys to wait a minute for him. He put the handle, which was at the end of the tongue of the cart, into Annie's hand, and then ran down to the water; and thus, almost before Annie had time to recover from her astonishment, she found herself left alone in the road, while the boat, with Rodolphus and the other boys in it, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Annie began to cry. Rodolphus called out to her in a rough voice to go along to school. So she began to walk slowly along, drawing the cart wearily after her.

On her way home from school that day, when she came to the place in the road where Rodolphus had left her in the morning, she found him waiting there for her. She was coming without the cart. Rodolphus asked her what she had done with it. She said that she had left it at school. The teacher had told her that it was too heavy for her to draw, and had put it in a corner, to wait till Rodolphus came. Rodolphus then told Annie to sit down upon a stone by the side of the road till he came back, and then began to run toward the school-house. In a short time he came back bringing the cart. He put Annie into it and went toward home.

Annie asked him where he had been all the day—but he did not answer. He seemed discontented and uneasy, and preserved a moody silence all the way home, except that once he turned and charged Annie not to tell his mother or Ellen that he had not been at school that day. When he reached home, he left the cart at the door, and stepping into the entry he began to call out aloud,

"Mother! Mother!"

Ellen came to the door and said in a gentle voice,

"Mother can't come now, Rolfy; she is busy."

"But I want to see her a minute," said he. "Mother! Mother!"

A moment afterward his mother appeared at her bedroom window.

"What do you want, Rolfy?" said she.

Rodolphus said nothing, but stood still, pointing to the cart, with a triumphant air.

"What?" said his mother.

"See!" said Rodolphus.

"What is it?" said she.

"The cart," said Rodolphus, "all safe."

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"Well," said his mother, "what then?"

"Why, you said," replied Rodolphus, "that if I took it to school, it would come to some damage."

"Well, it *might* have come to some damage," said she, "you know. And you ought not to have taken it."

So saying his mother went away from the window.

Rodolphus was, in fact, a source of continual trial and trouble to his mother, though she did not know one half of his evil deeds. He concealed them from her very easily, for she never made a careful inquiry into his conduct when he was out of her sight. He played truant continually, going off to play with idle boys. He fell into bad company, and formed many evil habits. He was continually getting into mischief among the neighbors. They complained of him sometimes, to his mother, but this did no good. Generally, she would not believe any thing that they said against him, and whenever any of his evil deeds were fully proved to her, she made so many excuses for him, and looked upon his misconduct with so indulgent a view, that she exercised no restraint upon him whatever.

He wanted more money than his mother could furnish him with, and he gradually fell into dishonest means of obtaining it. His sister Ellen had some poultry, and once a-week she used to commission him to carry the eggs into the village for sale. Ellen used to go out every morning to get the eggs from her nests, but Rodolphus would often go out before her, and take a part of the eggs and hide them. These he would consider his own, and so when he carried her supply to market, he would secretly add to them those he had thus purloined, so as to get more money for the eggs than he returned to her. He used to get the apples, too, from the neighbors' orchards, and once when he was in a store in a village, and saw a little money upon the counter, which a girl had laid down there to pay for some thread, and which the store-keeper had forgotten to put away, Rodolphus, watching his opportunity, slipped it into his pocket and went away with it. He felt very guilty after he had done this, for several days; but still he kept the money.

Ellen was the only person who had any influence over Rodolphus, and she had not a great deal. She was, however, herself a great help and a great source of comfort to her mother. As soon as she came home, she began in a very modest and unassuming manner, to introduce the system and order which had prevailed in her aunt's household, into that of her mother. She began with Annie's and Rodolphus' playthings, which, when she first came home, were scattered all over the house in disorder and confusion. She collected these playthings all together, repaired the books which were damaged, mended the broken toys, and arranged them all neatly upon a shelf which her mother allowed her to use for the purpose. Then she gradually put the rooms in the house in order, one after another. She drove up nails in convenient places, to hang implements and utensils upon. She induced Rodolphus to put the yard and the grounds about the house in order. Every useless thing that would burn, was put upon the wood-pile, and all other rubbish cleared away. She planted the seeds of climbing plants about the gateways, and near the windows of the house, and in one corner she made a very pretty trellis, by tying poles together with a kind of very flexible wire called binding wire. Antonio showed her how to do it. In fact, by means of what Ellen did, the house was in a very few months entirely transformed, and became one of the neatest and pleasantest cottages in all the town; and she and her mother and Annie would have lived together very happily in it, had it not been for the anxiety and trouble which Rodolphus gave them.

One day Antonio, who often came to Mrs. Linn's to see if there was any thing he could do for the family, and who had often talked with Rodolphus about the evil of his ways, drove up to the gate in a wagon, and proposed to Rodolphus to go and take a ride with him.

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "I will go."

"Go and ask your mother first," said Antonio

"Oh, she will let me go, I know," said Rodolphus, coming at the same time toward the wagon.

"Go and ask her," said Antonio.

So Rodolphus went and asked his mother, and she gave him leave. He then ran back to the wagon, climbed up into it, and took his seat by the side of Antonio.

In the course of this ride, Antonio had a long and plain conversation with Rodolphus about his evil course of life, and the sorrows and sufferings to which it would lead him, and in which it would involve his mother and sister, if he went on as he had begun. He told him, however, that if on the other hand he would make a change, if he would obey his mother, and go regularly to school, and keep away from bad company, and become industrious and honest, he would grow up to be a useful and respectable man, and would make himself and all around him happy.

Rodolphus heard what Antonio said, patiently and attentively through to the end, and then said,

"Yes, Beechnut, my sister Ellen told me that very same thing, and I have tried to be a better boy, very hard indeed, but I can't."

However, notwithstanding this, Rodolphus promised Antonio that he would try once more, and for several days after this conversation he was a much better boy. He went to school regularly and was more willing to help his mother and Ellen about the house. This lasted for about a week.

At the end of that time he was one evening working with Ellen in the garden, about sunset, when he heard a sound near him by a wall. There was an old stone wall on that side of the garden, with bushes which grew upon the outside rising above it. Rodolphus looked up when he heard the noise, and saw a boy's head just

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the wall at an opening among the bushes. boy held his finger to his lips in n of silence and secrecy, point- very quickly to Ellen, whose at that instant was turned the way, so that she did not see he then dropped down behind all out of sight again.

dolphus knew that the boy wish- speak to him, and that he was nted from doing so because El- as there.

cordingly a moment afterward, phus told Ellen that she had go in, and that he would finish st of the work and come in ıtly with the tools. Ellen d Rodolphus for what she sup- was his disinterested kindness, ent in.

soon as Rodolphus was alone, y's head appeared above the gain.

e's gone at last," said he. "I thought ver *would* go." The boy then seemed to gher, as if he were stepping up upon a outside the wall. He held out his hand Rodolphus, saying, "See there!"

lphus looked, and saw that he had three lars in his hand.

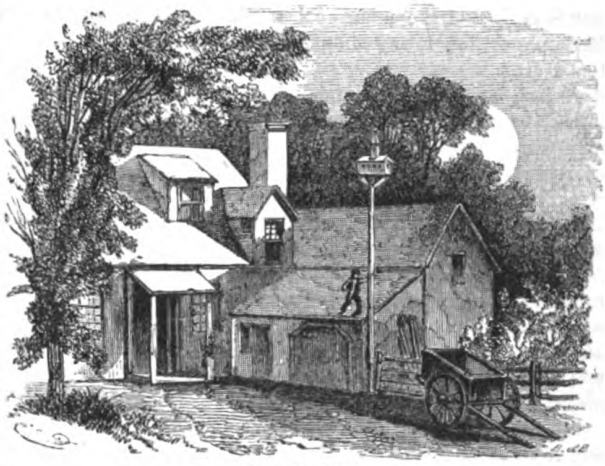
ıere did you get that money?" said Ro-

!" said the boy, winking, and looking ysterious, "don't you wish you knew? ike to find the nest that has such eggs in it, wouldn't you? Well, I'll tell you it to-night. Come out here after nine I will be here to meet you. We have ty of money and we're going to have a e."

ıfter this Rodolphus carried his tools to , and went in to his supper. About lock it became dark, and at half-past odolphus said that he felt rather tired elieved that he would go to bed. Feel- and self-condemned as he did, he ap- sent-minded and dejected, and Ellen ous about him. She was afraid that oing to be sick. She lighted the lamp ınd went up with him to his room and at she could to make him comfortable. she bade him good-night and went

ce where Rodolphus slept was in a lit- of an attic by a great chimney. The been partitioned off, and there was a ng into it. This door had a hasp on . There was also a small window ned out upon the roof of a shed. It tty long step from the window down of the shed, but yet Rodolphus had down there, although his mother had forbidden him ever to do so.

as Ellen was gone, Rodolphus fast- oor and then waited a little while till l. Then he opened the window very gently and crept out He put out his light the



THE EVASION.

last thing before he got out of the window, and crept down upon the roof of the shed. He stopped here to listen. All was still. He walked softly, with his shoes in his hand, down to the lower edge of the roof, and there he got down to the ground by means of a fence which joined the shed at one corner there.

Rodolphus found the boys waiting for him beyond the garden wall. He went away with them and spent the night in carousals and wickedness, under a barn in a solitary place. About one o'clock he came back to the house. He climbed up the fence and got upon the shed. He crept along the shed softly, with his shoes in his hand as before, and got into his window. When in, he shut down the window, undressed himself, and went to bed.

And this was the end of all Rodolphus's resolutions to reform.

IV. CRIME.

Rodolphus went on in the evil way which we described, for some time, and at length he became so disorderly in his conduct and so troublesome, and caused his mother so much anxiety and care, that she finally concluded to follow the advice which all the neighbors had very frequently given her, and bind the boy out to some master to learn a trade. As soon as she had decided upon this course, she asked the assistance of Mr. Randon, to find a good place. Mr. Randon made a great many inquiries but he could not find any place that would do, in Franconia; all the persons to whom he applied in the village declined taking Rodolphus, giving various reasons for their refusals. Some did not want any new apprentice, some had other boys in view that they were going to apply to. Some said that Rodolphus was too old, others that he was too young. Mr. Randon thought that the real reason probably was, in a great many of these cases, that the men did not like Rodolphus's character. In fact, one man to whom he made application, after listening attentively to Mr. Randon, until he came to mention the name of the boy, said,

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"What! Rodolphus Linn. Is it Rodolphus Linn!"

"Yes," said Mr. Randon.

"Hoh!" said the man. "I would not have Rodolphus Linn in my shop for a hundred dollars a year."

At last, however, Mr. Randon found in another town, about twenty-five miles from Franconia, a man who kept a livery stable, that said he wanted a boy. This man's name was Kerber. Mr. Kerber said that if Rodolphus was a stout and able-bodied boy, he would take him. Mr. Randon said that Rodolphus was stout enough, but he frankly told Mr. Kerber that the boy was rather rude and unmanageable. "I'll take care of that," said Mr. Kerber. "All I want is to have him *able* to do his duty. If he is only able to do it, you need not fear but that I'll find ways and means of seeing that it is done."

Mr. Randon thought from this conversation, and from other indications, that Mr. Kerber was a very harsh man, and he thought that Rodolphus might be likely to have a hard time if apprenticed to him. He concluded, therefore, that before making his report to Mrs. Linn, he would make some further inquiry. He found at last another man in the same town with Mr. Kerber, who was willing to take Rodolphus. This man was a carpenter. The carpenter was a man of quiet and gentle spirit, and he bore a most excellent character among his neighbors. At first, the carpenter was unwilling to take Rodolphus when he heard what his character was, but when Mr. Randon told him about the circumstances of the family, and explained to him that it would be a deed of great benevolence to save the boy from ruin, the carpenter said he would take him for three months upon trial, and then if he found that he should probably succeed in making him a good boy, he would take him regularly as his apprentice. So Mr. Randon went back to report the result of his inquiries to Rodolphus's mother.

Mrs. Linn was very anxious to have Rodolphus go to the carpenter's, but Rodolphus himself insisted on going to Mr. Kerber's. The reason why he wished to go there was, because Mr. Kerber kept a stable and horses. He supposed that his chief business would to tend the horses, and to ride about. This would be much better, he thought, than to work hard all day with planes, and saws, and chisels.

Ellen joined her mother in begging Rodolphus to go to the carpenter's, but he could not be persuaded to consent, and so it was finally settled that he should be bound apprentice to Mr. Kerber. Mrs. Linn, however, made an express stipulation that while Rodolphus remained at Mr. Kerber's he was never on any account to be whipped. If he neglected his duty or behaved badly, Mr. Kerber was to find out some other way to punish him beside whipping.

Mr. Kerber made no objection to this arrangement. He said to Mr. Randon, when Mr. Randon proposed this condition to him, that he would make any agreement of that kind that his mother desired. "I have learned," said he, "that there are various contrivances for breaking refractory colts besides silk snappers."

When a boy is bound apprentice to a master, a certain paper is executed between the master on the one part, and the parent or guardian of the boy on the other, which is called the Indentures. The indentures specify the name and age of the boy, and state the time for which he is bound to the master. During that time the boy is bound to work for the master, and to obey his orders. The master is bound to provide food and clothing for the boy, and to teach him the trade. He has a right to compel the boy to attend industriously to his work, and to punish him for any idleness, or disobedience, or insubordination that he may be guilty of. In a word, the master acquires, for the time that the apprenticeship continues, the same rights that the father, if the boy has a father, possessed before.

According to this custom indentures of apprenticeship were regularly drawn up, binding Rodolphus to Mr. Kerber till he was twenty-one years of age. He was then nearly twelve. The indentures were signed, and Rodolphus went to live with his new master.

He, however, soon began to have a pretty hard life of it. He found that his business was not to ride the horses about, but to perform the most disagreeable and servile work in the stable. He could not even ride the horses to water, for there was a great trough in one corner of the stable with a stream of water always running into it, and the horses were all watered there. Rodolphus was employed in harnessing and unharnessing the horses, and rubbing them down when they came in; and in pitching down hay, and measuring out oats and corn for them He had to work also a great deal at the house, splitting wood and carrying it in, and in bringing water for the washing. He was kept hard at work all the time, except in the evening, when he was generally allowed to roam about the streets wherever he pleased.

Rodolphus did not have much open difficulty with Mr. Kerber, for he found out very soon that it was a very dangerous business to disobey him. The first lesson that he had on that subject was as follows:

One afternoon when he had been at work at the house, and had had some difficulty with Mrs. Kerber, he undertook to make her agree to some of his demands by threatening, as he had been accustomed to do with his mother, that if she did not let him do what he wished, he would go and jump into the pond. This pond was a small mill pond which came up to the foot of Mr. Kerber's garden, where the garden was bounded by a high wall. Mrs. Kerber took no notice of this threat at the time, but when her husband came home she told him about it at the supper table.

"Ah," said Mr. Kerber, when his wife had finished her statement; "he threatened to drown himself, then? I am afraid he does not know exactly what drowning is. I will enlighten him a little upon the subject after supper."

Accordingly, after supper, Mr. Kerber com-

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ded Rodolphus to follow him. Mr. Kerber he way down to the bottom of the garden, here he tied a rope round Rodolphus's waist, hrew him off into the water, and kept him until he was half strangled. He would him up a moment to recover his breath, and plunge him in again and again, until the boy was half dead with exhaustion and ter- Then, pulling him out upon the bank, he im to come to himself, and to return to the at his leisure.

dolphus, after this, was very careful not to into any open collision with Mr. Kerber, or his wife, but this kind of severity did him, ll, no real good. When a boy has grown to n age as that of Rodolphus, in habits of dulgence, disobedience, and insubordina- t is almost impossible to save him by any whatever—but heartless severity like this, nakes him worse. Rodolphus hated his , and he determined to do as little for him possibly could. Mr. Kerber, accordingly, ntinually finding fault with his apprentice idleness and his neglect of duty, and he ften to punish him by putting him in what ed his *prison*.

prison was a stall in one corner of the near a little room which Mr. Kerber used office and counting-room. The stall had arded up in front, some years before, and shut up a small colt in. It was half full s and barrels, and there was a heap of one corner of it. There was a door in ith a great wooden button outside. When ber got out of patience with Rodolphus, to put him into this old colt-pen and im in, and sometimes keep him there any thing to eat, till he was half starved. ime Mr. Kerber kept him there all night. the first half dozen times that Rodolphus t up there, he did not suffer from hunger, ade an arrangement with another stable r than himself, to supply him with food imes. The stable boy would get bread house by stealth, when Rodolphus was ison, and bring it out to the stable in his Then, watching his opportunity, when er was not looking, he would throw it Rodolphus. Rodolphus was thus saved ering much through hunger, but yet he vays in such cases, when he was finally *retend* to be half starved, in order to Mr. Kerber's suspecting that he had been supplied with food.

ison, as Mr. Kerber called it, was ad- ne stable office, which was a very small itioned off from the stable itself. This two doors, one on each side of it. One ut into the stable, and was the one or- ed. The other led to a shed at one stable, where the wood was kept for ire, which was made in a small stove in one corner of the office. There in another corner of the office, and k Mr. Kerber kept his papers and his

One day when Rodolphus was shut up in his prison, after having been there several hours, he became very tired of having nothing to do, and so, to amuse himself, he took his knife out from his pocket and began to cut into the partition which separated the colt-pen from the office. The partition was made of boards, and as Rodolphus's knife was pretty sharp, he could cut into it quite easily. He heard voices in the office, and he thought that if he should cut a small hole quite through the partition he could hear what the men were saying, and see what they were doing. So he cut away very diligently for half an hour, working very slowly and carefully all the time, so as not to make a noise.

At last the light began to shine through. Then Rodolphus worked more carefully than ever. He, however, soon had a small hole opened, and putting his eye close to it, he could see a whip hanging up against the opposite wall of the office. Rodolphus gradually enlarged his hole, until he could see more. He made the hole very large on the side toward his prison, and yet kept it very small toward the office, and by this means he could change the position of his eye and so see almost all over the office, without, however, having made the opening large enough to attract attention on the inside.

Rodolphus saw Mr. Kerber and another man sitting by the desk. It was summer, and there was no fire in the stove. There were a great many whips hanging up on one side of the room, and a hammer, together with an instrument called a nut-wrench, on a shelf over the desk. The door leading out into the shed was fastened with a hasp. Rodolphus, as he looked at it, thought that it would be easy for a thief, if he wished to break into the office, to go into the shed and bore into the door of the office just above the hasp, and then by putting in a slender iron rod, the hasp might be lifted up out of the staple, and the door opened.

Rodolphus listened to the conversation between Mr. Kerber and his visitor, but he could not understand it very well. It was all about business. At last the man took a large leather purse out of his pocket, and prepared to pay Mr. Kerber some money. Mr. Kerber unlocked his desk. The man counted out the money upon a small table which was there. Mr. Kerber counted it after him, and then took from his desk a small box, made of iron, which he called his strong box. He unlocked the strong box with a key that he took from his pocket, and put the money into it. He then locked the strong box and put it back into the desk, and finally shut down the lid of the desk, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Mr. Kerber kept Rodolphus confined in his prison much longer than usual that day, so long, in fact, that Rodolphus became at last very impatient and very angry. At length, however, Mr. Kerber let him out, and sent him home to supper.

That evening about nine o'clock, as Rodolphus was talking with some of the bad boys with

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whom he was accustomed to spend his evenings, and telling them how he hated his tyrannical and cruel master, he said, among other things, that he wished he knew some thief or robber. The boys asked him why.

"Why, I would tell him," said Rodolphus, "how he might rob old Kerber, and get as much money as he wanted."

Among the boys who were with Rodolphus at this time, was one named Gilpin. Gilpin was a very bad boy indeed, and considerably older than Rodolphus. He was about fourteen years old. When Gilpin heard Rodolphus say this, he gave him a little jog with his elbow, as an intimation not to say any thing more. Very soon Gilpin took Rodolphus away, and walked on with him alone, along a wall which extended down toward the water from the place where the boys had been playing. As soon as he had drawn Rodolphus away from the other boys, he asked him what he meant by what he had said about a good chance to get some money. So Rodolphus explained to Gilpin how his master had shut him up in the stall, and how he had cut a hole through the partition, and what he had seen in the office. He also explained to him how the back door of the little office was fastened by a hasp, which it would be easy to open by boring a hole through the door, if the robber only had a bit and a bit-stock.

"Oh, we can get a bit and bit-stock, easily enough," said Gilpin.

"Well," said Rodolphus, "shall we do it?"

"Certainly," said Gilpin, "why not we as well as any body else. I want money too much to leave any good chance for getting it to other people. You and I will get it, and go shares."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I don't dare to. And, besides, if we should get into the office, we could not open the deak. He keeps the desk locked."

"We can pry it open with a chisel," said Gilpin, "as easy as a man would open on oyster."

"But then we can't open the strong box," said Rodolphus. "The strong box is made of iron."

"We'll carry away the strong box and all," said Gilpin, "and get it open at our leisure afterward."

Rodolphus was at first strongly disinclined to enter into this plot, and it was in fact several days before he concluded to join in it. At length, however, he consented, and immediately commenced aiding Gilpin in making the necessary preparations. He found a bit and bit-stock in an old shop belonging to Mr. Kerber, near his house, and also a chisel, which Gilpin said would do for forcing open the desk. There was another boy almost as old as Gilpin, who joined in the plan. He was a coarse and rough boy, and was generally called Griff. His real name was Christopher.

Gilpin and Griff gave Rodolphus a very large share of the work of making the necessary preparations for the theft. Their plan was to make the attempt on Saturday night They thought that by this means a whole day would intervene before the discovery would be made that the money was gone, since Mr. Kerber would not be likely to go to his office on Sunday. They would thus, they thought, have ample time to take all the necessary means for concealing their booty. Rodolphus was to go to bed as usual, and then to get up about ten o'clock, and come out of his window, over the roofs, as he used to do at home, and as he had very often done since he came to Mr. Kerber's. The bit and bit-stock, and the chisel were to be all ready in the shed, beforehand. Rodolphus was to carry them there some time in the course of the afternoon. On descending from the roofs, Rodolphus was to go to meet the other boys at a certain corn-barn, which belonged to a house which had once been a farm-house in the village.

A corn-barn is a small square building, standing upon high posts at the four corners. These posts are usually about four or five feet high. The building is raised in this manner above the ground, to prevent mice and other animals from getting into it and eating the corn.

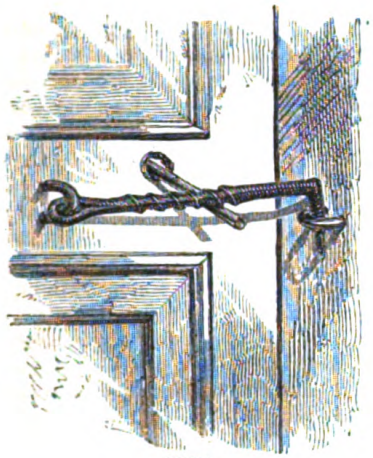
The corn-barn, however, at which the boys were to meet, was not now used for the storage of grain, but as a sort of lumber-room for a tavern that stood near by. It was behind the tavern, and almost out of sight of it, at the end of a narrow lane. It was in a very secluded position. The space beneath the building where the posts were, had been boarded up on three sides, and there were various old boxes and barrels underneath it. Rodolphus and the other bad boys of the village had often used this place as a rendezvous, and had carried there the various things which they had pilfered from time to time; and in summer nights they would often meet there and stay half the night, spending the time in eating and drinking, and in gambling with cards or coppers, and in other wicked amusements. There was no floor but the ground, but the boys had carried straw into the place, and spread it down where they were accustomed to sit and lie, and this made the place very comfortable.

The boys were to meet at this place at ten o'clock. Griff was to bring a dark lantern. This lantern was one which the boys had made themselves. It was formed of a round block of wood for the base, with a hole or socket in the middle of it, for the admission of the end of the candle. Around this block there had been rolled a strip of pasteboard, so as to make of it a sort of round box, with a wooden bottom and no top. The pasteboard was kept in its place by a string, which was wound several times around it. There was a long hole cut in the pasteboard on one side, for the light to shine out of. There was another pasteboard roll which went over the whole, and closed this opening when the boys wanted the lantern to be perfectly dark.

The boys met at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed. They then proceeded to the stable. They got into the shed, and there struck a light, and lighted a short candle which one of the boys had in his pocket. Rodolphus held this

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candle, while Gilpin, who was taller and stronger than either of the other boys, bored the hole in the door, in the place which Rodolphus indicated. When the hole was bored, the boys inserted an iron rod into it, and running this rod under the hasp, they pried the hasp up and unfastened the



THUS

door. They opened the door, and then, to their great joy, found themselves all safe in the office.

They put the dark lantern down upon the table, and covered it with its screen, and then listened, perfectly whist, a minute or two, to be sure that nobody was coming.

"You go and watch at the shed-door," said Gilpin to Rodolphus, "while we open the desk."

So Rodolphus went to the shed-door. He peeped out, and looked up and down the village-street, but all was still.

Presently he heard a sort of splitting sound within the office, which he knew was made by the forcing open of the lid of the desk. Very soon afterward the boys came out, in a hurried manner—Griff had the lantern and Gilpin the box.

"Have you got it?" said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Griff.

"Let's see," said Rodolphus.

Griff held out the box to Rodolphus. It was very heavy and they could hear the sound of the money within. All three of the boys seemed almost wild with trepidation and excitement. Griff however immediately began to hurry them away, pulling the box from them and saying, "Come, come, boys, we must not stay fooling here."

"Wait a minute till I hide the tools again!" said Rodolphus, "and then we'll run."

Rodolphus hid the tools behind the wood-pile, in the shed, where they had been before, and then the boys sallied forth into the street. They crept along stealthily in the shadows of the houses and in the most dark and obscure places, until they came to the tavern, where they were to turn down the lane to the corn-barn. As soon as they got safely to this lane, they felt relieved, and they walked on in a more unconcerned manner; and when at length they got fairly in under the corn-barn they felt perfectly secure.

"There," said Griff, "was not that well done!"

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "and now all that we have got to do is to get the box open."

"We can break it open with stones," said Griff.

"No," said Gilpin, "that will make too much noise. We will bury it under this straw for a few days, and open it somehow or other by-and-by, when they have given up looking for the box. You can get the real key of it for us, Rodolphus, can't you!"

"How can I get it!" asked Rodolphus.

"Oh, you can contrive some way to get it from old Kerber, I've no doubt. At any rate the best thing is to bury it now.'

To this plan the boys all agreed. They pulled away the straw, which was spread under the corn-barn, and dug a hole in the ground beneath, working partly with sticks and partly with their



THE CORN-BARN.

fingers. When they had got the hole deep enough, they put the box in and covered it up. Then they spread the straw over the place as before.

During all this time the lantern had been standing upon a box pretty near by, having been put there by the boys, in order that the light might shine down upon the place where they had been digging. As soon as their work was done, the boys went softly outside to see if the way was clear for them to go home, leaving the lantern on the box; and while they were standing at the corner of the barn outside, looking up the lane, and whispering together, they saw suddenly a

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light beginning to gleam up from within. They ran in and found that the lantern had fallen down, and that the straw was all in a blaze. They immediately began to tread upon the fire and try to put it out, but the instant that they did so they were all thunderstruck by the appearance of a fourth person, who came rushing in among them from the outside. They all screamed out with terror and ran. Rodolphus separated from the rest and crouched down a moment behind the stone wall, but immediately afterward, feeling that there would be no safety for him here, he set off again and ran across some back fields and gardens, in the direction toward Mr. Kerber's. He looked back occasionally and found that the light was rapidly increasing. Presently he began to hear cries of fire. He ran on till he reached the house; he scrambled over the fences into the back yard, climbed up upon a shed, crept along under the chimneys to the window of his room, got in as fast as he could, undressed himself and went to bed, and had just drawn the clothes up over him, when he heard a loud knocking at the door, and Mrs. Kerber's voice outside, calling out to him, that there was a cry of fire in the village, and that he must get up quick as possible and help put it out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

THE Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. The Return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime. But for the disastrous destruction of the French fleet the plans of Napoleon, in reference to the East, would probably have been triumphantly successful. At least it can not be doubted that a vast change would have been effected throughout the Eastern world. Those plans were now hopeless. The army was isolated, and cut off from all reinforcements and all supplies. The best thing which Napoleon could do for his troops in Egypt was to return to France, and exert his personal influence in sending them succor. His return involved the continuance of the most honorable devotion to those soldiers whom he necessarily left behind him. The secrecy of his departure was essential to its success. Had the bold attempt been suspected, it would certainly have been frustrated by the increased vigilance of the English cruisers. The intrepidity of the enterprise must elicit universal admiration.

Contemplate, for a moment, the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty millions of people, had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity, which the tongue can name, which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man, had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France. Conflagrations had laid the palaces of the wealthy in ruins, and the green lawns where their children had played, had been crimsoned with the blood of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. A gigantic system of robbery had seized upon houses and lands and every species of property and had turned thousands of the opulent out into destitution, beggary, and death. Pollution had been legalized by the voice of God-defying lust, and France, *la belle France*, had been converted into a disgusting warehouse of infamy. Law, with suicidal hand, had destroyed itself, and the decisions of the legislature swayed to and fro, in accordance with the hideous clamors of the mob. The guillotine, with gutters ever clotted with human gore, was the only argument which anarchy condescended to use. Effectually it silenced every remonstrating tongue. Constitution after constitution had risen, like mushrooms, in a night, and like mushrooms had perished in a day. Civil war was raging with bloodhound fury in France, Monarchists and Jacobins grappling each other infuriate with despair. The allied kings of Europe, who by their alliance had fanned these flames of rage and ruin, were gazing with terror upon the portentous prodigy, and were surrounding France with their navies and their armies.

The people had been enslaved for centuries by the king and the nobles. Their oppression had been execrable, and it had become absolutely unendurable. "We, the millions," they exclaimed in their rage, "will no longer minister to your voluptuousness, and pride, and lust." "You shall, you insolent dogs," exclaimed king and nobles, "we heed not your barking." "You shall," reiterated the Pope, in the portentous thunderings of the Vatican. "You shall," came echoed back from the palaces of Vienna, from the dome of the Kremlin, from the seraglio of the Turk, and, in tones deeper, stronger, more resolute, from constitutional, liberty-loving, happy England. Then was France a volcano, and its lava-streams deluged Europe. The people were desperate. In the blind fury of their frenzied self-defense they lost all consideration. The castles of the nobles were but the monuments of past taxation and servitude. With yells of hatred the infuriated populace razed them to the ground. The palaces of the kings, where, for uncounted centuries, dissolute monarchs had reveled in enervating and heaven-forbidden pleasures, were but national badges of the bondage of the people. The indignant throng swept through them, like a Mississippi inundation, leaving upon marble floors, and cartooned walls and ceilings, the impress of their rage. At one bound France had passed from despotism to anarchy. The kingly tyrant, with golden crown and iron sceptre, surrounded by wealthy nobles and dissolute beauties, had disappeared, and a many-headed monster, rapacious and blood-thirsty, vulgar and revolting, had emerged from mines and workshops and the cellars of vice and penury, like one of the spectres of fairy tales to fill

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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is place. France had passed from Monarchy, ot to healthy Republicanism, but to Jacobinism,) the reign of the mob. Napoleon utterly ab- orred the tyranny of the king. He also utterly)horred the despotism of vulgar, violent, san- uinary Jacobin misrule. The latter he regarded ith even far deeper repugnance than the former. I frankly confess," said Napoleon, again and ain, "that if I must choose between Bourbon pression, and mob violence, I infinitely prefer e former.

Such had been the state of France, essentially, nearly ten years. The great mass of the ople were exhausted with suffering, and longed repose. The land was filled with plots and nterplots. But there was no one man of suf- ent prominence to carry with him the nation. e government was despised and disregarded. nce was in a state of chaotic ruin. Many es here and there, began to inquire "Where Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the con- ror of Egypt! He alone can save us." His ld-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation im as their only hope.

nder these circumstances Napoleon, then a ng man but twenty-nine years of age, and , but three years before, had been unknown me or to fortune, resolved to return to France, verthrow the miserable government, by which country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at e and aggression from abroad, and to rescue y millions of people from ruin. The enter- was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur noble in its object. He had two foes to en- ter, each formidable, the royalists of com- Europe and the mob of Paris. The quiet undoubting self-confidence with which he ed upon this enterprise, is one of the most kable events in the whole of his extraor- y career. He took with him no armies to lown opposition. He engaged in no deep- nd wide-spread conspiracy. Relying upon nergies of his own mind, and upon the sym- s of the great mass of the people, he went with but one or two companions, to whom vealed not his thoughts, to gather into his the scattered reins of power. Never did counter more fearful peril. The cruisers gland, Russia, Turkey, of allied Europe in gainst France, thronged the Mediterranean. ould he hope to escape them! The guil- was red with blood. Every one who had to oppose the mob had perished upon it. ould Napoleon venture, single-handed, to his terrible lion in his den!

s ten o'clock at night, the 22d of August, vhen Napoleon ascended the sides of the Muiron, to sail for France. A few of his Guards, and eight companions, either in the army or members of the scientific ccompanied him. There were five hun- ldiers on board the ships. The stars rightly in the Syrian sky, and under their nt the blue waves of the Mediterranean ad out most peacefully before them. The unfurled their sails. Napoleon, silent and lost in thought, for a long time walked the quarter deck of the ship, gazing upon the low outline of Egypt as, in the dim starlight, it faded away. His companions were intoxicated with delight, in view of again returning to France. Napoleon was neither elated nor depressed. Serene and silent he communed with himself, and whenever we can catch a glimpse of those secret communings we find them always bearing the impress of grandeur. Though Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the soldiers at their camp fires, of sitting down and conversing with them with the greatest freedom and familiarity, the majesty of his character overawed his officers, and adoration and reserve blended with their love. Though there was no haughtiness in his demeanor, he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above them all. Their talk was of cards, of wine, of pretty women. Napoleon's thoughts were of empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion, but as a master, whose wishes they loved to anticipate; for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame, and fortune. He contemplated them, not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. Murat was to Napoleon a body of ten thousand horsemen, ever ready for a resistless charge. Lannes was a phalanx of infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry could batter down or break. Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon's body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul which swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few—very few.

Napoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to humanity. Bourrienne reports him as saying, "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit, and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah, yes! I love him too. But why! His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute, and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to the women. It is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government. I am not amiable. No; I am not amiable I never have been. But I am just."

In another mood of mind, more tender, more subdued, he remarked, at St. Helena, in reply to Las Casas, who with great severity was condemning those who abandoned Napoleon in his hour of adversity: "You are not acquainted with

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men. They are difficult to comprehend if one wishes to be strictly just. Can they understand or explain even their own characters? Almost all those who abandoned me would, had I continued to be prosperous, never perhaps have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend upon circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength! Besides I was forsaken rather than betrayed; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. *It was the denial of St. Peter.* Tears and penitence are probably at hand, And where will you find in the page of history any one possessing a greater number of friends and partisans? Who was ever more popular and more beloved? Who was ever more ardently and deeply regretted? Here, from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there? No; human nature might have appeared in a more odious light."

Las Casas, who shared with Napoleon his weary years of imprisonment at St. Helena, says of him: "He views the complicated circumstances of his fall from so high a point that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasions to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence. But how often has he been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him!"

"And here I must observe," says Las Casas, "that since I have become acquainted with the Emperor's character, I have never known him to evince, for a single moment, the least feeling of anger or animosity against those who had most deeply injured him. He speaks of them coolly and without resentment, attributing their conduct, in some measure, to the perplexing circumstances in which they were placed, and throwing the rest to the account of human weakness."

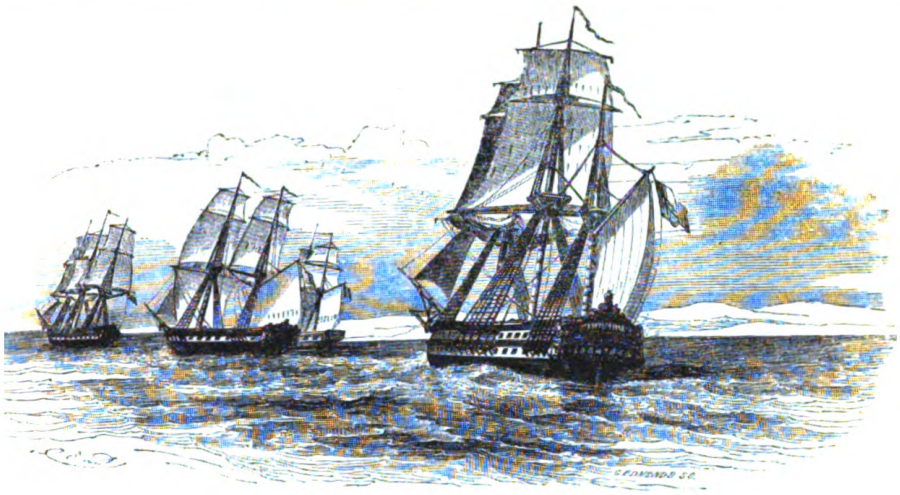
Marmont, who surrendered Paris to the allies, was severely condemned by Las Casas. Napoleon replied: "Vanity was his ruin. Posterity will justly cast a shade upon his character, yet his heart will be more valued than the memory of his career." "Your attachment for Berthier," said Las Casas, "surprised us. He was full of pretensions and pride." "Berthier was not without talent," Napoleon replied, "and I am far from wishing to disavow his merit, or my partiality; but he was so undecided!" "He was very harsh and overbearing," Las Casas rejoined. "And what, my dear Las Casas," Napoleon replied, "is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength! Look at women, for example." This Berthier had, with the utmost meanness, abandoned his benefactor, and took his place in front of the carriage of Louis XVIII. as he rode triumphantly into Paris. "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier," said Napoleon at the time, "would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis."

Says Bourrienne, Napoleon's rejected secretary, "The character of Napoleon was not a cruel one. He was neither rancorous nor vindictive. None but those who are blinded by fury, could have given him the name of Nero or Caligula. I think that I have stated his real faults with sufficient sincerity to be believed upon my word. I can assert that Bonaparte, apart from politics, was feeling, kind, and accessible to pity. He was very fond of children, and a bad man has seldom that disposition. In the habits of private life he had, and the expression is not too strong, much benevolence and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to remove it. I shall, I fear, have opposers; but I address myself to those who are in search of truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Napoleon until the age of thirty-four years, and I advance nothing lightly." This is the admission of one who had been ejected from office by Napoleon, and who had become a courtier of the reinstated Bourbons. It is a candid admission of an enemy.

The ships weighed anchor in the darkness of the night, hoping before the day should dawn to escape the English cruisers which were hovering about Alexandria. Unfortunately, at midnight, the wind died away, and it became almost perfectly calm. Fearful of being captured, some were anxious to seek again the shore. "Be quiet," said Napoleon, "we shall pass in safety."

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France. Napoleon, however, directed the admiral to sail along as near as possible to the coast of Africa, and to continue that unfrequented route, till the ships should pass the Island of Sardinia. "In the mean while," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore upon the sands, and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran or Tunis, and there find means to re-embark." Thus Napoleon, in this hazardous enterprise, braved every peril. The most imminent and the most to be dreaded of all, was captivity in an English prison. For twenty days the wind was so invariably adverse, that the ships did not advance three hundred miles. Many were so discouraged and so apprehensive of capture that it was even proposed to return to Alexandria. Napoleon was much in the habit of peaceful submission to that which he could not remedy. During all these trying weeks he appeared perfectly serene and contented. To the murmuring of his companions he replied, "We shall arrive in France in safety. I am determined to proceed at all hazards. Fortune will not abandon us." "People frequently speak," says Bourrienne, who accompanied Napoleon upon this voyage, "of the good fortune which attaches to an individual, and even attends him through life. Without professing to believe in this sort of predestination, yet, when I call to mind the numerous dangers which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprises, the hazards he encountered, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may have this faith. But having for

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THE RETURN VOYAGE.

gth of time studied the 'man of destiny,' I remarked that what was called his fortune n reality, his genius; that his success was nsequence of his admirable foresight—of lculations, rapid as lightning, and of the tion that boldness is often the truest wis- If, for example, during our voyage from to France, he had not imperiously insisted ursuing a course different from that usual- n, and which usual course was recom- l by the admiral, would he have escaped ils which beset his path? Probably not. as all this the effect of chance? Certainly

ng these days of suspense. Napoleon, ap- as serene in spirit as the calm which lvered the unrippled surface of the sea, the energies of his mind in perfect con- choice library he invariably took with erever he went. He devoted the hours ng, study, finding recreation in solving difficult problems in geometry, and in ting chemistry and other scientific sub- practical utility. He devoted much time rsation with the distinguished scholars e had selected to accompany him. His ul seemed engrossed in the pursuit of and scientific attainments. He also and with most intense interest, stud- Bible and the Koran, scrutinizing, with of a philosopher, the antagonistic sys- the Christian and the Moslem. The of the Koran wearied him. The sub- the Scriptures charmed him. He read again, with deep admiration, Christ's on the mount, and called his compan- their card-tables, to read it to them, might also appreciate its moral beauty quence. "You will, ere long, become rself," said one of his infidel compan- wish I might become so," Napoleon 'What a solace Christianity must be o has an undoubting conviction of its ut practical Christianity he had only mummeries of the papal church. Remembering the fasts, the vigils, the penances, the cloisters, the scourgings of a corrupt Christianity, and contrasting them with the voluptuous paradise and the sensual houries which inflamed the eager vision of the Moslem, he once exclaimed, in phrase characteristic of his genius, "The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mohammed a promise." The religion of Jesus is not a threat. Though the wrath of God shall fall upon the children of disobedience, our Saviour invites us, in gentle accents, to the green pastures and the still waters of the Heavenly Canaan; to cities resplendent with pearls and gold; to mansions of which God is the architect; to the songs of seraphim, and the flight of cherubim, exploring on tireless pinion, the wonders of infinity; to peace of conscience, and rapture dwelling in the pure heart, and to blest companionship loving and beloved; to majesty of person and loftiness of intellect; to appear as children and as nobles in the audience-chamber of God; to an immortality of bliss. No! the religion of Jesus is not a threat, though it has too often been thus represented by its mistaken or designing advocates.

One evening a group of officers were conversing together, upon the quarter deck, respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustre. As they were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them and said, in those tones of dignity which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine. But who made all those worlds, beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

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NAPOLEON AND THE ATHEISTS.

In these intense studies Napoleon first began to appreciate the beauty and the sublimity of Christianity. Previously to this, his own strong sense had taught him the principles of a noble toleration; and Jew, Christian, and Moslem stood equally regarded before him. Now he began to apprehend the surpassing excellence of Christianity. And though the cares of the busiest life through which a mortal has ever passed soon engrossed his energies, this appreciation and admiration of the gospel of Christ, visibly increased with each succeeding year. He unflinchingly braved the scoffs of infidel Europe, in re-establishing the Christian religion in paganized France. He periled his popularity with the army, and disregarded the opposition of his most influential friends, from his deep conviction of the importance of religion to the welfare of the state. With the inimitable force of his own glowing eloquence, he said to Montholon, at St. Helena, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality which originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher: for his proofs are his miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love. And at this moment millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!"

At the time of the invasion of Egypt, Napoleon regarded all forms of religion with equal respect. And though he considered Christianity superior, in intellectuality and refinement, to all other

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modes of worship, he did not consider any religion as of divine origin. At one time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army, that in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But after all it would not have been so very extraordinary if circumstances induced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have had good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Euphrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable. But it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV. said, *Paris is well worth a mass*. Will it then be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban and a pair of trousers*? And in truth the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dispensed with all corporeal formalities. We should have lost only our small-clothes and hats."

Of the infidel Rousseau, Napoleon ever spoke in terms of severe reprobation. "He was a bad man, a very bad man," said he, "he caused the revolution." "I was not aware," another replied, "that you considered the French Revolution such an unmixed evil." "Ah," Napoleon rejoined, "you wish to say that without the revolution you would not have had me. Nevertheless, without the revolution France would have been more happy." When invited to visit the hermitage of Rousseau, to see his cap, table, great chair, &c., he exclaimed, "Bah! I have no taste for such fooleries. Show them to my brother Louis. He is worthy of them."

Probably the following remarks of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, will give a very correct idea of his prevailing feelings upon the subject of religion. "The sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered a gift from Heaven. What a resource would it not be for us here, to possess it. What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime. And yet how many might I not have been guilty of? I can appear before the tribunal of God, I can await his judgment, without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings; with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives resemble mine. I have wished only for the power, the greatness, the glory of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my movements, were directed to the attainment of that object. These can not be crimes. To me they appeared acts of virtue. What then would be my happiness, if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence."

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed lost in thought, he resumed: "But, how is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and witness the iniquitous conduct of the greater part of those whose business it is to preach to us. I am surrounded by priests, who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay their hands upon every thing which they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion which is from Heaven. What did the present chief pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good and a holy man, not offer, to be allowed to return to Rome. The surrender of the government of the church, of the institution of bishops was not too much for him to give, to become once more a secular prince.

"Nevertheless," he continued, after another thoughtful pause, "it can not be doubted that, as emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was beneficial to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favored equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had joined any one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me under the dread of hell!" Napoleon closed this conversation, by ordering the New Testament to be brought. Commencing at the beginning, he read aloud as far as the conclusion of our Saviour's address to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration, in contemplating its purity, its sublimity, and the beautiful perfection of its moral code.

For forty days the ships were driven about by contrary winds, and on the 1st of October they made the island of Corsica, and took refuge in the harbor of Ajaccio. The tidings that Napoleon had landed in his native town swept over the island like a gale, and the whole population crowded to the port to catch a sight of their illustrious countryman. "It seemed," said Napoleon, "that half of the inhabitants had discovered traces of kindred." But a few years had elapsed since the dwelling of Madame Letitia was pillaged by the mob, and the whole Bonaparte family, in penury and friendlessness, were hunted from their home, effecting their escape in an open boat by night. Now, the name of Bonaparte filled the island with acclamations. But Napoleon was alike indifferent to such unjust censure, and to such unthinking applause. As the curse did not depress, neither did the hosanna elate.

After the delay of a few days in obtaining supplies, the ships again weighed anchor, on the 7th of October, and continued their perilous voyage. The evening of the next day, as the sun was going down in unusual splendor, there appeared in the west, painted in strong relief against his golden rays, an English squadron. The admiral, who saw from the enemy's signals that he was observed, urged an immediate return to Corsica. Napoleon, convinced that capture would be the result of such a manœuvre, exclaimed. "To do so would be to take the road to England

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I am seeking that to France. Spread all sail. Let every one be at his post. Steer to the northwest. Onward." The night was dark, the wind fair. Rapidly the ships were approaching the coast of France, through the midst of the hostile squadron, and exposed to the most imminent danger of capture. Escape seemed impossible. It was a night of fearful apprehension and terror to all on board, excepting Napoleon. He determined, in case of extremity, to throw himself into a boat, and trust for safety to darkness and the oars. With the most perfect self-possession and composure of spirits, he ordered the long-boat to be prepared, selected those whom he desired to accompany him, and carefully collected such papers as he was anxious to preserve. Not an eye was closed during the night. It was indeed a fearful question to be decided. Are these weary wanderers, in a few hours, to be in the embrace of their wives and their children, or will the next moment show them the black hull of an English man-of-war, emerging from the gloom, to consign them to lingering years of captivity in an English prison? In this terrible hour no one could perceive that the composure of Napoleon was in the slightest degree ruffled. The first dawn of the morning revealed to their straining vision the hills of France stretching along but a few leagues before them, and far away, in the northeast, the hostile squadron, disappearing beneath the horizon of the sea. The French had escaped. The wildest bursts of joy rose from the ships. But Napoleon gazed calmly upon his beloved France, with pale cheek and marble brow, too proud to manifest emotion. At eight o'clock in the morning the four vessels dropped anchor in the little harbor of Frejus. It was the morning of the 8th of October. Thus for fifty days Napoleon had been tossed upon the waves of the Mediterranean, surrounded by the hostile fleets of England, Russia, and Turkey, and yet had eluded their vigilance.

This wonderful passage of Napoleon, gave rise to many caricatures, both in England and France. One of these caricatures, which was conspicuous in the London shop windows, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Napoleon is said to have laughed most heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, as is well known, with all his heroism, was not exempt from the frailties of humanity. The British admiral was represented as guarding Napoleon. Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, and his lordship becomes so engrossed in caressing the fair enchantress, that Napoleon escapes between his legs. This was hardly a caricature. It was almost historic verity. While Napoleon was struggling against adverse storms off the coast of Africa, Lord Nelson, adorned with the laurels of his magnificent victory, in fond dalliance with his frail Delilah, was basking in the courts of voluptuous and profligate kings. "No one," said Napoleon, "can surrender himself to the dominion of love, without the forfeiture of some palms of glory."

When the four vessels entered the harbor of Frejus, a signal at the mast-head of the Muiron informed the authorities on shore that Napoleon was on board. The whole town was instantly in commotion. Before the anchors were dropped the harbor was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded with an enthusiastic multitude, climbing their sides, thronging their decks, and rending the air with their acclamations. All the



THE LANDING AT FREJUS

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s of quarantine were disregarded. The peo- weary of anarchy, and trembling in view of approaching Austrian invasion, were almost rious with delight in receiving thus, as it e from the clouds, a deliverer, in whose po- y they could implicitly trust. When warned the ships had recently sailed from Alexan- and that there was imminent danger that plague might be communicated, they replied, e had rather have the plague than the Aus- s." Breaking over all the municipal regula- of health, the people took Napoleon, almost olence, hurried him over the side of the ship e boats, and conveyed him in triumph to hore. The tidings had spread from farm- e to farm-house with almost electric speed, he whole country population, men, women, hildren, were crowding down to the shore. the wounded soldiers in the hospital, left cots and crawled to the beach, to get a of the hero. The throng became so great t was with difficulty that Napoleon could The gathering multitude, however, opened right and the left, and Napoleon passed gh them, greeted with the enthusiastic cries ong live the conqueror of Italy, the con- of Egypt, the liberator of France." The ul little harbor of Frejus was suddenly n into a state of the most unheard of ex- nt. The bells rang their merriest peels. ns in the forts rolled forth their heaviest rs over the hills and over the waves; and thusiastic shouts of the ever increasing des, thronging Napoleon, filled the air. ips brought the first tidings of the won- ictories of Mount Tabor and of Aboukir. ench, humiliated by defeat, were exceed- ated by this restoration of the national The intelligence of Napoleon's arrival nediately communicated, by telegraph, to hich was six hundred miles from Frejus. n the tidings of Napoleon's landing at Fre- ved in Paris, on the evening of the 9th of Josephine was at a large party at the M. Gohier, President of the Directory. nost distinguished men of the metropolis re. The intelligence produced the most sensation. Some, rioting in the spoils turned pale with apprehension; knowing genius of Napoleon, and his boundless y, they feared another revolution, which ject them from their seats of power. ere elated with hope; they felt that e had sent to France a deliverer, at the ent when a deliverer was needed. One uties, who had been deeply grieved at ers which were overwhelming the Re- tually died of joy, when he heard of 's return. Josephine, intensely excited lden and totally unexpected announce- ediately withdrew, hastened home, and nt, without allowing an hour for repose, d her carriage, with Louis Bonaparte ense, who subsequently became the uis, and set out to meet her husband. almost at the same hour, with his suite, left Frejus. During every step of his progress he was greeted with the most extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. Bonfires blazed from the hills, triumphal arches, hastily constructed, spanned his path. Long lines of maidens spread a carpet of flowers for his chariot wheels, and greeted him with smiles and choruses of welcome. He arrived at Lyons in the evening. The whole city was brilliant with illuminations. An immense concourse surrounded him with almost delirious shouts of joy. The constituted authorities received him as he descended from his carriage. The mayor had prepared a long and eulogistic harangue for the occasion. Napoleon had no time to listen to it. With a motion of his hand, imposing silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I learned that France was in peril, I therefore did not hesitate to leave my army in Egypt, that I might come to her rescue. I now go hence. In a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall be at leisure to hear you." Fresh horses were by this time attached to the carriages, and the cavalcade, which like a meteor had burst upon them, like a meteor disappeared. From Lyons, for some unexplained reason, Napoleon turned from the regular route to Paris and took a less frequented road. When Josephine arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation she found that Napoleon had left the city, several hours before her arrival, and that they had passed each other by different roads. Her anguish was inexpressible. For many months she had not received a line from her idolized husband, all communication having been intercepted by the English cruisers. She knew that many, jealous of her power, had disseminated, far and wide, false reports respecting her conduct. She knew that these, her enemies, would surround Napoleon immediately upon his arrival, and take advantage of her absence to inflame his mind against her. Lyons is 245 miles from Paris. Josephine had passed over those weary leagues of hill and dale, pressing on without intermission, by day and by night, alighting not for refreshment or repose. Faint, exhausted, and her heart sinking within her with fearful apprehensions of the hopeless alienation of her husband, she received the dreadful tidings that she had missed him. There was no resource left her but to retrace her steps with the utmost possible celerity. Napoleon would, however, have been one or two days in Paris before Josephine could, by any possibility, re-enter the city. Probably in all France, there was not, at that time, a more unhappy woman than Josephine.

Secret wretchedness was also gnawing at the heart of Napoleon. Who has yet fathomed the mystery of human love? Intensest love and intensest hate can, at the same moment, intertwine their fibres in inextricable blending. In nothing is the will so impotent as in guiding or checking the impulses of this omnipotent passion. Napoleon loved Josephine with that almost superhuman energy which characterized all the movements of his impetuous spirit. The stream did not fret and ripple over a shallow bed, but it was serene

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in its unfathomable depths. The world contained but two objects for Napoleon, glory and Josephine; glory first, and then, closely following, the more substantial idol.

Many of the Parisian ladies, proud of a more exalted lineage than Josephine could boast, were exceedingly envious of the supremacy she had attained in consequence of the renown of her husband. Her influence over Napoleon was well known. Philosophers, statesmen, ambitious generals, all crowded her saloons, paying her homage. A favorable word from Josephine they knew would pave the way for them to fame and fortune. Thus Josephine, from the saloons of Paris, with milder radiance, reflected back the splendor of her husband. She, solicitous of securing as many friends as possible, to aid him in future emergencies, was as diligent in "winning hearts" at home, as Napoleon was in conquering provinces abroad. The gracefulness of Josephine, her consummate delicacy of moral appreciation, her exalted intellectual gifts, the melodious tones of her winning voice, charmed courtiers, philosophers, and statesmen alike. Her saloons were ever crowded. Her entertainments were ever embellished by the presence of all who were illustrious in rank and power in the metropolis. And in whatever circles she appeared the eyes of the gentlemen first sought for her. Two resistless attractions drew them. She was peculiarly fascinating in person and in character, and, through her renowned husband, she could dispense the most precious gifts. It is not difficult to imagine the envy which must thus have been excited. Many a haughty duchess was provoked, almost beyond endurance, that Josephine, the untitled daughter of a West Indian planter, should thus engross the homage of Paris, while she, with her proud rank, her wit, and her beauty, was comparatively a cipher. Moreau's wife, in particular, resented the supremacy of Josephine as a personal affront. She thought General Moreau entitled to as much consideration as General Bonaparte. By the jealousy, rankling in her own bosom, she finally succeeded in rousing her husband to conspire against Napoleon, and thus the hero of Hohenlinden was ruined. Some of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon were also jealous of the paramount influence of Josephine, and would gladly wrest a portion of it from her hands. Under these circumstances, in various ways, slanders had been warily insinuated into the ears of Napoleon, respecting the conduct of his wife. Conspiring enemies became more and more bold. Josephine was represented as having forgotten her husband, as reveling exultant with female vanity, in general flirtation; and, finally, as guilty of gross infidelity. Nearly all the letters written by Napoleon and Josephine to each other, were intercepted by the English cruisers. Though Napoleon did not credit these charges in full, he cherished not a little of the pride, which led the Roman monarch to exclaim, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected."

Napoleon was in this troubled state of mind during the latter months of his residence in Egypt. One day he was sitting alone in his tent, which was pitched in the great Arabian desert. Several months had passed since he had heard a word from Josephine. Years might elapse ere they would meet again. Junot entered, having just received, through some channel of jealousy and malignity, communications from Paris. Cautiously, but fully, he unfolded the whole budget of Parisian gossip. Josephine had found, as he represented, in the love of others an ample recompense for the absence of her husband. She was surrounded by admirers with whom she was engaged in an incessant round of intrigues and flirtations. Regardless of honor she had surrended herself to the dominion of passion. Napoleon was for a few moments in a state of terrible agitation. With hasty strides, like a chafed lion, he paced his tent, exclaiming, "Why do I love that woman so? Why can I not tear her image from my heart? I will do so. I will have an immediate and an open divorce—open and public divorce." He immediately wrote to Josephine, in terms of the utmost severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with half the world." The letter escaped the British cruisers, and she received it. It almost broke her faithful heart. Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and Josephine were to meet after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine was exceedingly anxious to see Napoleon before he should have an interview with her enemies. Hence the depth of anguish with which she heard that her husband had passed her. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace the weary miles over which she had already traveled.

In the mean time the carriage of Napoleon was rapidly approaching the metropolis. By night his path was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. The ringing of bells, the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude, accompanied him every step of his way. But no smile of triumph played upon his pale and pensive cheeks. He felt that he was returning to a desolated home. Gloom reigned in his heart. He entered Paris, and drove rapidly to his own dwelling. Behold, Josephine was not there. Conscious guilt, he thought, had made her afraid to meet him. It is in vain to attempt to penetrate the hidden anguish of Napoleon's soul. That his proud spirit must have suffered intensity of woe, no one can doubt. The bitter enemies of Josephine immediately surrounded him, eagerly taking advantage of her absence, to inflame, to a still higher degree, by adroit insinuations, his jealousy and anger. Eugene had accompanied him in his return from Egypt, and his affectionate heart ever glowed with love and admiration for his mother. With anxiety, amounting to anguish, he watched at the window for her arrival. Said one to Napoleon, maliciously endeavoring to prevent the possibility of reconciliation, "Josephine will appear before you, with all her fascinations. She will explain matters. You will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored." "Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, with pallid cheek

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ıd trembling lip, striding nervously to and fro, ırough the room, "never! I forgive! never!" hen stopping suddenly, and gazing the intercutor wildly in the face, he exclaimed, with ıssionate gesticulation, "You know me. Were ıot sure of my resolution, I would tear out this art, and cast it into the fire."

How strange is the life of the heart of man. om this interview, Napoleon, two hours after arrival in Paris, with his whole soul agitated the tumult of domestic woe, went to the pal- of the Luxembourg, to visit the Directory, to n his plans for the overthrow of the govern- ıt of France. Pale, pensive, joyless, his inible purposes of ambition wavered not—his energies yielded not. Josephine was an He execrated her and he adored her. He d her most passionately. He hated her most lently. He could clasp her one moment to ›osom with burning kisses; the next moment ould spurn her from him as the most loath- wretch. But glory was a still more cher- idol, at whose shrine he bowed with unring adoration. He strove to forget his stic wretchedness by prosecuting, with new his schemes of grandeur. As he ascended airs of the Luxembourg, some of the guard, ıad been with him in Italy, recognized his ı, and he was instantly greeted, with enstic shouts, "Long live Bonaparte." The rolled like a voice of thunder through the us halls of the palace, and fell, like a death ıpon the ears of the Directors. The popupon the pavement, caught the sound and ed it from street to street. The plays at ›atres, and the songs at the Opera, were l, that it might be announced, from the hat Bonaparte had arrived in Paris. Men, , and children simultaneously rose to their d a wild burst of enthusiastic joy swelled e night air. All Paris was in commotion. ne of Bonaparte was upon every lip. The ısm was contagious. Illuminations beblaze, here and there, without concert, e universal rejoicing, till the whole city ›lendent with light. One bell rang forth / peal of greeting, and then another, and till every steeple was vocal with its ıs welcome. One gun was heard, rollɛavy thunders over the city. It was the ›r an instantaneous, tumultuous roar, llery and musketry, from all the battal- ıe metropolis. The tidings of the great of Aboukir and Mount Tabor, reached :h Napoleon. Those Oriental names uted through the streets, and blazed eyes of the delighted people in letters Thus in an hour the whole of Paris ›n into a delirium of joy, and, without ›us arrangements, there was displayed riumphant and gorgeous festival.

ɛrnment of France was at this time somewhat upon the model of that of l States. Instead of one President, ive, called Directors. Their Senate The House of Ancients; their House of Representatives, The Council of Five Hundred. The five Directors, as might have been expected, were ever quarreling among themselves, each wishing for the lion's share of power. The Monarchist, the Jacobin, and the moderate Republican could not harmoniously co-operate in government. They only circumvented each other, while the administration sank into disgrace and ruin. The Abbé Sieyes was decidedly the most able man of the Executive. He was a proud patrician, and his character may be estimated from the following anecdote, which Napoleon has related respecting him:

"The abbé, before the revolution, was chaplain to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass before herself, her attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which rendered it necessary for the princess to leave the room. The ladies in waiting and the nobility, who attended church more out of complaisance to her than from any sense of religion, followed her example. Sieyes was very busy reading his prayers, and, for a few moments, he did not perceive their departure. At last, raising his eyes from his book, behold the princess, the nobles, and all the ton had disappeared. With an air of displeasure and contempt he shut the book, and descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, 'I do not read prayers for the rabble.' He immediately went out of the chapel, leaving the service half-finished."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the evening of the 17th of October, 1799. Two days and two nights elapsed, ere Josephine was able to retrace the weary leagues over which she had passed. It was the hour of midnight on the 19th, when the rattle of her carriage-wheels was heard entering the court-yard of their dwelling in the Rue Chanteraine. Eugene, anxiously awaiting her arrival, was instantly at his mother's side, folding her in his embrace. Napoleon also heard the arrival, but he remained sternly in his chamber. He had ever been accustomed to greet Josephine at the door of her carriage, even when she returned from an ordinary morning ride. No matter what employments engrossed his mind, no matter what guests were present, he would immediately leave every thing, and hasten to the door to assist Josephine to alight and to accompany her into the house. But now, after an absence of eighteen months, the faithful Josephine, half-dead with exhaustion, was at the door, and Napoleon, with pallid cheek and compressed lip, and jealousy rankling in his bosom, remained sternly in his room, preparing to overwhelm her with his indignation.

Josephine was in a state of terrible agitation. Her limbs tottered and her heart throbbed most violently. Assisted by Eugene, and accompanied by Hortense, she tremblingly ascended the stairs to the little parlor where she had so often received the caresses of her most affectionate spouse. She opened the door. There stood Napoleon, as immovable as a statue, leaning against the mantle, with his arms folded across his breast. Sternly and silently, he cast a with-

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ering look upon Josephine, and then exclaimed in tones, which, like a dagger pierced her heart, "Madame! It is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine staggered and would have fallen, as if struck by a mortal blow, had she not been caught in the arms of her son. Sobbing bitterly with anguish, she was conveyed by Eugene to her own apartment. Napoleon also was dreadfully agitated. The sight of Josephine had revived all his passionate love. But he fully believed that Josephine had unpardonably trifled with his affections, that she had courted the admiration of a multitude of flatterers, and that she had degraded herself and her husband by playing the coquette. The proud spirit of Napoleon could not brook such a requital for his fervid love. With hasty strides he traversed the room, striving to nourish his indignation. The sobs of Josephine had deeply moved him. He yearned to fold her again in fond love to his heart. But he proudly resolved that he would not relent. Josephine, with that prompt obedience which ever characterized her, prepared immediately to comply with his orders. It was midnight. For a week she had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Malmaison was thirty miles from Paris. Napoleon did not suppose that she would leave the house until morning. Much to his surprise, in a few moments he heard Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense descending the stairs to take the carriage. Napoleon, even in his anger, could not be thus inhuman. "My heart," he said, "was never formed to witness tears without emotion." He immediately descended to the court-yard, though his pride would not yet allow him to speak to Josephine. He, however, addressing Eugene, urged the party to return and obtain refreshment and repose. Josephine, all submission, unhesitatingly yielded to his wishes, and re-ascending the stairs, in the extremity of exhaustion and grief, threw herself upon a couch, in her apartment. Napoleon, equally wretched, returned to his cabinet. Two days of utter misery passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the estranged parties, each of whom loved the other with almost superhuman intensity.

Love in the heart will finally triumph over all obstructions. The struggle was long, but gradually pride and passion yielded, and love regained the ascendency. Napoleon so far surrendered on the third day, as to enter the apartment of Josephine. She was seated at a toilet-table, her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest woe. The letters, which she had received from Napoleon, and which she had evidently been reading, were spread upon the table. Hortense, the picture of grief and despair, was standing in the alcove of a window. Napoleon had opened the door softly, and his entrance had not been heard. With an irresolute step he advanced toward his wife, and then said, kindly and sadly, "Josephine!" She started at the sound of that well-known voice, and raising her swollen eyes, swimming in tears, mournfully exclaimed, "Mon ami"—*my friend*. This was the term of endearment with which she had invariably addressed her husband. It recalled a thousand delightful reminiscences. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand. Josephine threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and in the intensity of blended joy and anguish, wept convulsively. A long explanation ensued. Napoleon became satisfied that Josephine had been deeply wronged. The reconciliation was cordial and entire, and was never again interrupted.

Napoleon now, with a stronger heart, turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. He was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt. Still it was



THE RECONCILIATION.

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enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the Directors from their thrones, and to get the trol of the Council of Ancients and of The Hundred. Never was a difficult achieve- it more adroitly and proudly accomplished. or many days Napoleon almost entirely se- ed himself from observation, affecting a stu- s avoidance of the public gaze. He laid his military dress, and assumed the peace- ostume of the National Institute. Occasion- he wore a beautiful Turkish sabre, suspend- y a silk ribbon. This simple dress trans- d the imagination of the beholder to Aboukir, t Tabor, and the Pyramids. He studiously t the society of literary men, and devoted m his attention. He invited distinguished f the Institute to dine with him, and avoid- olitical discussion, conversed only upon lit- and scientific subjects.

eau and Bernadotte were the two rival ls from whom Napoleon had the most to Two days after his arrival in Paris Napo- id to Bourrienne, "I believe that I shall Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But t fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. fers military to political power. We shall m by the promise of a command. But otte has Moorish blood in his veins. He and enterprising. He does not like me, n certain that he will oppose me. If he become ambitious he will venture any Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. interested and clever. But, after all, we t arrived. We shall see."

eon formed no conspiracy. He confided his designs. And yet, in his own sol- id, relying entirely upon his own capa- ources, he studied the state of affairs atured his plans. Sieyes was the only e talents and influence Napoleon feared. also looked with apprehension upon lable rival. They stood aloof and eyed er. Meeting at a dinner party, each proud to make advances. Yet each ly of the other. Mutually exasperated, rated without having spoken. "Did at insolent little fellow?" said Sieyes, I not even condescend to notice a mem- government, who, if they had done d have caused him to be shot." "What said Napoleon, "could have induced t that priest in the Directory. He is ssia. Unless you take care, he will up to that power." Napoleon dined u, who afterward in hostility to Napo- d the guns of Russia against the col- countrymen. The dinner party was one of the Directors. The following conversation took place between the ls. When first introduced, they look- other a moment without speaking, conscious of his own superiority, s to gain the powerful co-operation made the first advances, and, with sy, expressed the earnest desire he his acquaintance. "You have re- turned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy after a great defeat. It was the month which General Joubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave the allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force which besieged it to take a part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less." "True," replied Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less." "And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones." "Even then," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell like lightning on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result, was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser." Napoleon, by those fascinations of mind and manner, which enabled him to win to him whom he would, soon gained an ascendency over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poniard set with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars: the work was accomplished, and Moreau was ready to do his bidding. Napoleon gave a small and very select dinner party. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned on the turquoise used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table took from a private drawer, two very beautiful brooches, richly set with those jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Desaix. "It is a little toy," said he, "which we republicans may give and receive without impropriety." The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repelled by any thing assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon.

Republican France was surrounded by monarchies in arms against her. Their hostility was so inveterate, and, from the very nature of the case, so inevitable, that Napoleon thought that France should ever be prepared for an attack, and that the military spirit should be carefully fostered. Republican America, most happily, has no foe to fear, and all her energies may be devoted to filling the land with peace and plenty, But a republic in monarchical Europe must sleep by the side of its guns. "Do you, really," said Napoleon, to Gohier, in this interview, "advocate a general peace? You are wrong. The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit." We can, perhaps, find a little extenuation for this remark, in its apparent necessity, and in the influences of the martial ardor in which Napoleon from his very infancy had been enveloped. Even now,

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it is to be feared that the time is far distant ere the nations of the earth can learn war no more.

Lefebvre was commandant of the guard of the two legislative bodies. His co-operation was important. Napoleon sent a special invitation for an interview. "Lefebvre," said he, "will you, one of the pillars of the Republic, suffer it to perish in the hands of these *lawyers*? Join me and assist to save it." Taking from his own side the beautiful Turkish scimitar which he wore, he passed the ribbon over Lefebvre's neck, saying, "accept this sword, which I wore at the battle of the Pyramids. I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence." "Yes," replied Lefebvre, most highly gratified at this signal mark of confidence and generosity, "let us throw the lawyers into the river."

Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. "He confessed," said Napoleon to Bourrienne, "that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, of *internal* enemies, and, at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience; the pear will soon be ripe."

In this interview Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. "Your own brothers," Bernadotte replied, "were the founders of that club. And yet you reproach me with favoring its principles. It is to the instructions of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails." "True, general," Napoleon replied, most vehemently, "and I would rather live in the woods, than in a society which presents no security against violence." This conversation only strengthened the alienation already existing between them.

Bernadotte, though a brave and efficient officer, was a jealous braggadocio. At the first interview between these two distinguished men, when Napoleon was in command of the army of Italy, they contemplated each other with mutual dislike. "I have seen a man," said Bernadotte, "of twenty-six or seven years of age, who assumes the air of one of fifty; and he presages any thing but good to the Republic." Napoleon summarily dismissed Bernadotte by saying, "he has a French head and a Roman heart."

There were three political parties now dividing France, the old royalist party, in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons; the radical democrats, or Jacobins, with Barras at its head, supported by the mob of Paris; and the moderate republicans led by Sieyes. All these parties struggling together, and fearing each other, in the midst of the general anarchy which prevailed, immediately paid court to Napoleon, hoping to secure the support of his all-powerful arm. Napoleon determined to co-operate with the moderate republicans. The restoration of the Bourbons was not only out of the question, but Napoleon had no more power to secure that result, than had Washington to bring the United States into peaceful submission to George III. "Had I joined the Jacobins," said Napoleon, "I should have risked nothing. But after conquering *with* them, it would have been necessary almost immediately, to conquer *against* them. A club can not endure a permanent chief. It wants one for every successive passion. Now to make use of a party one day, in order to attack it the next, under whatever pretext it is done, is still an act of treachery. It was inconsistent with my principles."

Sieyes, the head of the moderate republicans, and Napoleon soon understood each other, and each admitted the necessity of co-operation. The government was in a state of chaos. "Our salvation now demands," said the wily diplomatist, "both a head and a sword." Napoleon had both. In one fortnight from the time when he landed at Frejus, "the pear was ripe." The plan was all matured for the great conflict. Napoleon, in solitary grandeur, kept his own counsel. He had secured the cordial co-operation, the unquestioning obedience of all his subordinates. Like the general upon the field of battle, he was simply to give his orders, and columns marched, and squadrons charged, and generals swept the field in unquestioning obedience. Though he had determined to ride over and to destroy the existing government, he wished to avail himself, so far as possible, of the mysterious power of law, as a conqueror turns a captured battery upon the foe from whom it had been wrested. Such a plot, so simple, yet so bold and efficient, was never formed before. And no one, but another Napoleon, will be able to execute another such again. All Paris was in a state of intense excitement. Something great was to be done. Napoleon was to do it. But nobody knew when, or what, or how. All impatiently awaited orders. The majority of the Senate, or Council of Ancients, conservative in its tendencies, and having once seen, during the reign of terror, the horrors of Jacobin domination, were ready, most obsequiously, to rally beneath the banner of so resolute a leader as Napoleon. They were prepared, without question, to pass any vote which he should propose. The House of Representatives or Council of Five Hundred, more democratic in its constitution, contained a large number of vulgar, ignorant, and passionate demagogues, struggling to grasp the reins of power. Carnot, whose co-operation Napoleon had entirely secured, was President of the Senate. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was Speaker of the House. The two bodies met in the palace of the Tuileries. The constitution conferred upon the Council of Ancients, the right to decide upon the place of meeting for both legislative assemblies.

All the officers of the garrison in Paris, and all the distinguished military men in the metropolis, had solicited the honor of a presentation to Napoleon. Without any public announcement, each one was privately informed that Napoleon would see him on the morning of the 9th of November. All the regiments in the city had also solicited the honor of a review by the distinguished conqueror. They were also informed that Napoleon would review them early on the morning of the

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9th of November. The Council of Ancients was called to convene at six o'clock on the morning of the same day. The Council of Five Hundred were also to convene at 11 o'clock of the same morning. This, the famous 18th of Brumaire, was the destined day for the commencement of the great struggle. These appointments were given in such a way as to attract no public attention. The general-in-chief was thus silently arranging his forces for the important conflict. To none did he reveal those combinations, by which he anticipated a bloodless victory.

The morning of the 9th of November arrived. The sun rose with unwonted splendor over the domes of the thronged city. A more brilliant day never dawned. Through all the streets of the mammoth metropolis there was heard, in the earliest twilight of the day, the music of martial bands, the tramp of battalions, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the rumbling of heavy artillery wheels over the pavements, as regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in the proudest array, marched to the Boulevards to receive the honor of a review from the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt. The whole city was in commotion, guided by the unseen energies of Napoleon in the retirement of his closet. At eight o'clock Napoleon's house, in the Rue Chanteraine, was so thronged with illustrious military men, in most brilliant uniform, that every room was filled and even the street was crowded with the resplendent guests. At that moment the Council of Ancients



THE MORNING LEVEE.

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passed the decree, which Napoleon had prepared, that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings to St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris; and that Napoleon Bonaparte should be put in command of all the military forces in the city, to secure the public peace. The removal to St. Cloud was a merciful precaution against bloodshed. It secured the legislatures from the ferocious interference of a Parisian mob. The President of the Council was himself commissioned to bear the decree to Napoleon. He elbowed his way through the brilliant throng, crowding the door and the apartment of Napoleon's dwelling, and presented to him the ordinance. Napoleon was ready to receive it. He stepped upon the balcony, gathered his vast retinue of powerful guests before him, and in a loud and firm voice, read to them the decree. "Gentlemen," said he, "will you help me save the Republic!" One simultaneous burst of enthusiasm rose from every lip, as drawing their swords from their scabbards they waved them in the air and shouted, "We swear it, we swear it." The victory was virtually won. Napoleon was now at the head of the French nation. Nothing remained but to finish his conquest. There was no retreat left open for his foes. There was hardly the possibility of a rally. And now Napoleon summoned all his energies to make his triumph most illustrious. Messengers were immediately sent to read the decree to the troops already assembled, in the utmost display of martial pomp, to greet the idol of the army, and who were in a state of mind to welcome him most exultingly as their chief. A burst of enthusiastic acclamation ascended from their ranks which almost rent the skies. Napoleon immediately mounted his horse, and, surrounded by the most magnificent staff, whom he had thus ingeniously assembled at his house, and, accompanied by a body of fifteen hundred cavalry, whom he had taken the precaution to rendezvous near his dwelling, proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries. The gorgeous spectacle burst like a vision upon astonished Paris. It was Napoleon's first public appearance. Dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, he rode upon his magnificent charger, the centre of all eyes. The gleaming banners, waving in the breeze, and the gorgeous trappings of silver and gold, with which his retinue was embellished, set off in stronger relief the majestic simplicity of his own appearance. With the pomp and the authority of an enthroned king, Napoleon entered the Council of the Ancients. The Ancients themselves were dazzled by his sudden apparition in such imposing and unexpected splendor and power. Ascending the bar, attended by an imposing escort, he addressed the assembly and took his oath of office. "You," said Napoleon, "are the wisdom of the nation. To you it belongs to concert measures for the salvation of the Republic. I come, surrounded by our generals, to offer you support. Faithfully will I fulfill the task you have intrusted to me. Let us not look into the past for precedents Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century. Nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

An aid was immediately sent to the palace of the Luxembourg, to inform the five Directors there in session, of the decree. Two of the Directors, Sieyes and Ducos, were pledged to Napoleon, and immediately resigned their offices, and hastened to the Tuileries. Barras, bewildered and indignant, sent his secretary with a remonstrance. Napoleon, already assuming the authority of an emperor, and speaking as if France were his patrimony, came down upon him with a torrent of invective. "Where," he indignantly exclaimed, "is that beautiful France which I left you so brilliant? I left you peace. I find war. I left you victories. I find but defeats. I left you the millions of Italy. I find taxation and beggary. Where are the hundred thousand men, my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things can not continue. It will lead to despotism." Barras was terrified. He feared to have Napoleon's eagle eye investigate his peculations. He resigned. Two Directors only now were left, Gohier and Moulins. It took a majority of the five to constitute a quorum. The two were powerless. In despair of successful resistance and fearing vengeance they hastened to the Tuileries to find Napoleon. They were introduced to him surrounded by Sieyes, Ducos, and a brilliant staff. Napoleon received them cordially. "I am glad to see you," said he. "I doubt not that you will both resign. Your patriotism will not allow you to oppose a revolution which is both inevitable and necessary." "I do not yet despair," said Gohier, vehemently, "aided by my colleage, Moulins, of saving the Republic." "With what will you save it!" exclaimed Napoleon. "With the Constitution which is crumbling to pieces?" Just at that moment a messenger came in and informed the Directors that Santerre, the brewer, who, during the Reign of Terror, had obtained a bloody celebrity as leader of the Jacobins, was rousing the mob in the faubourgs to resistance. "General Moulins," said Napoleon, firmly, "you are the friend of Santerre. Tell him that at the very first movement he makes, I will cause him to be shot." Moulins, exasperated yet appalled, made an apologetic reply. "The Republic is in danger," said Napoleon. We must save it. *It is my will.* Sieyes, Ducos, and Barras have resigned. You are two individuals insulated and powerless. I advise you not to resist." They still refused. Napoleon had no time to spend in parleying. He immediately sent them both back into the Luxembourg, separated them and placed them under arrest. Fouché,* occupying the important post

* "Fouché," said Napoleon, "is a miscreant of all colors, a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you, with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich; but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground But I never had any esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument."

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inister of Police, though not in Napoleon's
lence, yet anxious to display his homage to
ising luminary, called upon Napoleon and
ned him that he had closed the barriers,
ıad thus prevented all ingress or egress.
at means this folly?" said Napoleon. "Let
orders be instantly countermanded. Do
ıt march with the opinion of the nation, and
strength alone? Let no citizen be inter-
l. Let every publicity be given to what is

Council of Five Hundred, in great confu-
ınd bewilderment, assembled at eleven
. Lucien immediately communicated the
transferring their session to St. Cloud.
ut off all debate. The decree was per-
legal. There could therefore be no legal
for opposition. Napoleon, the idol of the
ıad the whole military power obedient to
l. Therefore resistance of any kind was
than folly. The deed was adroitly done.
ven o'clock the day's work was accom-

There was no longer a Directory. Na-
was the appointed chief of the troops, and
ere filling the streets with enthusiastic
of "Live Napoleon." The Council of
s were entirely at his disposal. And a
rty in the Council of Five Hundred were
olly subservient to his will. Napoleon,
lent, reserved, fully conscious of his own
ıal supremacy, and regarding the gen-
e statesmen, and the multitude around
a man contemp'ates children, ascended
l staircase of the Tuileries as if it were
litary home. Nearly all parties united
ı his triumph. Napoleon was a soldier.
s of Paris joyfully thundered forth the
one who seemed the peculiar favorite
od of war. Napoleon was a scholar,
ıg intellect to its mightiest achieve-
The scholars of Paris, gratefully united
a chaplet for the brow of their honored
and patron. Napoleon was, for those
ofligacy and unbridled lust, a model of
norals, and of irreproachable integrity.
ered bribe of millions could not tempt
e dancing daughters of Herodias, with
andishments, could not lure him from
Herculean toil and from his majestic

The wine which glitters in the cup,
quished him. At the shrine of no vice
ınd a worshiper. The purest and the
ance, disgusted with that gilded cor-
ıich had converted the palaces of the
nto harems of voluptuous sin, and still
ly loathing that vulgar and revolting
had transformed Paris into a house
enlisted all their sympathies in behalf
nplary husband and the incorruptible
apoleon was one of the most firm and
friends of law and order. France
of anarchy and was trembling un-
prehension that the gutters of the
ere again to be clotted with blood.
rs and maidens prayed for God's
on Napoleon, who appeared to them
as a messenger sent from Heaven for their protection.

During the afternoon and the night his room at the Tuileries was thronged with the most illustrious statesmen, generals, and scholars of Paris, hastening to pledge to him their support. Napoleon, perfectly unembarrassed and never at a loss in any emergency, gave his orders for the ensuing day. Lannes was intrusted with a body of troops to guard the Tuileries. Murat, who, said Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir," with a numerous cavalry and a corps of grenadiers was stationed at St. Cloud, a thunderbolt in Napoleon's right hand. Woe betide the mob into whose ranks that thunberbolt may be hurled. Moreau, with five hundred men, was stationed to guard the Luxembourg, where the two refractory Directors were held under arrest. Serrurier was posted in a commanding position with a strong reserve, prompt for any unexpected exigence. Even a body of troops were sent to accompany Barras to his country seat, ostensibly as an escort of honor, but in reality to guard against any change in that venal and versatile mind. The most energetic measures were immediately adopted to prevent any rallying point for the disaffected. Bills were every where posted, exhorting the citizens to be quiet, and assuring them that powerful efforts were making to save the Republic. These minute precautions were characteristic of Napoleon. He believed in destiny. Yet he left nothing for destiny to accomplish. He ever sought to make provision for all conceivable contingencies. These measures were completely successful. Though Paris was in a delirium of excitement, there were no outbreaks of lawless violence. Neither Monarchist, Republican, nor Jacobin knew what Napoleon intended to do. All were conscious that he would do something. It was known that the Jacobin party in the Council of Five Hundred on the ensuing day, would make a desperate effort at resistance. Sieyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying, "I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath." Had the Assembly been convened in Paris, all the mob of the faubourgs would have risen, like an inundation, in their behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transferrence of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?

The delicacy of attention with which Napoleon treated Josephine, was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. It is not strange that he should have won from her a love almost more than human. During the exciting scenes

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NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO ST. CLOUD.

of this day, when no one could tell whether events were guiding him to a crown or to the guillotine, Napoleon did not forget his wife, who was awaiting the result, with deep solicitude, in her chamber in the Rue Chanteraine. Nearly every hour he dispatched a messenger to Josephine, with a hastily written line communicating to her the progress of events. Late at night he returned to his home, apparently as fresh and unexhausted as in the morning. He informed Josephine minutely of the scenes of the day, and then threw himself upon a sofa, for an hour's repose. Early the next morning he was on horseback, accompanied by a regal retinue, directing his steps to St. Cloud. Three halls had been prepared in the palace; one for the Ancients, one for the Five Hundred, and one for Napoleon. He thus assumed the position which he knew it to be the almost unanimous will of the nation that he should fill. During the night the Jacobins had arranged a very formidable resistance. Napoleon was considered to be in imminent peril. He would be denounced as a traitor. Sieyes and Ducos had each a post-chaise and six horses, waiting at the gate of St. Cloud, prepared, in case of reverse, to escape for life. There were many ambitious generals, ready to mount the crest of any refluent wave to sweep Napoleon to destruction. Bernadotte was the most to be feared. Orders were given to cut down the first person who should attempt to harangue the troops. Napoleon, riding at the head of this imposing military display, manifested no agitation. He knew, however, perfectly well the capriciousness of the popular voice, and that the multitude in the same hour could cry "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" The two Councils met. The tumult in the Five Hundred was fearful. Cries of "Down with the dictator!" "Death to the tyrant!" "Live the Constitution!" filled the hall, and drowned the voice of deliberation. The friends of Napoleon were swept before the flood of passion. It was proposed that every member should immediately take anew the oath to support the Constitution. No one dared to peril his life by the refusal Even Lucien, the Speaker, was compelled to descend from his chair and take the oath. The Ancients, overawed by the unexpected violence of this opposition in the lower and more popular house, began to be alarmed and to recede. The opposition took a bold and aggressive stand, and proposed a decree of outlawry against Napoleon. The friends of Napoleon, remembering past scenes of carnage, were timid and yielding. Defeat seemed inevitable. Victory was apparently turned into discomfiture and death. In this emergency Napoleon displayed the same coolness, energy, and tact with which so often, on the field of battle, in the most disastrous hour, he had rolled back the tide of defeat in the resplendent waves of victory. His own mind was the corps de reserve which he now marched into the conflict to arrest the rout of his friends. Taking with him a few aids and a band of grenadiers, he advanced to the door of the hall. On his way he met Bernadotte. "You are marching to the guillotine," said his rival, sternly. "We shall see," Napoleon coolly replied. Leaving the soldiers, with their glittering steel and nodding plumes, at the entrance of the room, he ascended the tribune. The hush of perfect silence pervaded the agitated hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are on a volcano. You deemed the Republic in danger. You called me to your aid. I obeyed. And now I am assailed by a thousand calumnies. They talk of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of military despotism, as if any thing in antiquity resembled the present moment

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ɔr presses. Disaster thickens. We have ıger a government. The Directors have ed. The Five Hundred are in a tumult. aries are instigating Paris to revolt. Agi- would gladly bring back the revolutionary als. But fear not. Aided by my compan- ı arms I will protect you. I desire nothing ɣself, but to save the Republic. And I ıly swear to protect that *liberty and equal-* r which we have made such sacrifices." the *Constitution!*" some one cried out. ɔon had purposely omitted the *Constitution* oath, for he despised it, and was at that ıt laboring for its overthrow. He paused ıoment, and then, with increasing energy ned, "The Constitution! You have none. olated it when the Executive infringed the of the Legislature. You violated it when the Legislature struck at the independence of the Executive. You violated it when, with sacrilegious hand, both the Legislature and the Executive struck at the sovereignty of the people, by annulling their elections. The Constitution! It is a mockery; invoked by all, regarded by none."

Rallied by the presence of Napoleon, and by these daring words, his friends recovered their courage, and two-thirds of the Assembly rose in expression of their confidence and support. At this moment intelligence arrived that the Five Hundred were compelling Lucien to put to the vote Napoleon's outlawry. Not an instant was to be lost. There is a mysterious power in law. The passage of that vote would probably have been fatal. Life and death were trembling in the balance. "I would then have given two hundred millions," said Napoleon, "to have had Ney



NAPOLEON IN THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

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by my side." Turning to the Ancients, he exclaimed, "if any orator, paid by foreigners, shall talk of outlawing me, I will appeal for protection to my brave companions in arms, whose plumes are nodding at the door. Remember that I march accompanied by the God of fortune and by the God of war."

He immediately left the Ancients, and, attended by his military band, hastened to the Council of Five Hundred. On his way he met Augereau, who was pale and trembling, deeming Napoleon lost. "You have got yourself into a pretty fix," said he, with deep agitation. "Matters were worse at Arcola," Napoleon coolly replied. "Keep quiet. All will be changed in half an hour." Followed by his grenadiers, he immediately entered the Hall of the Five Hundred. The soldiers remained near the door. Napoleon traversed alone half of the room to reach the bar. It was an hour in which nothing could save him but the resources of his own mind. Furious shouts rose from all parts of the house. "What means this! down with the tyrant! begone! begone!" "The winds," says Napoleon, "suddenly escaping from the caverns of Æolus can give but a faint idea of that tempest." In the midst of the horrible confusion he in vain endeavored to speak. The members, in the wildest fray, crowded around him. The grenadiers witnessing the peril of their chief rushed to his rescue. A dagger was struck at his bosom. A soldier, with his arm, parried the blow. With their bayonets they drove back the members, and encircling Napoleon, bore him from the Hall. Napoleon had hardly descended the outer steps ere some one informed him that his brother Lucien was surrounded by the infuriated deputies, and that his life was in imminent jeopardy. "Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance." The soldiers rushed into the room, drove back the crowd who, with violent menaces, were surrounding Lucien, and saying, "It is by your brother's commands," escorted him in safety out of the hall into the court-yard. Napoleon, now mounting his horse, with Lucien by his side, rode along in front of his troops." The Council of Five Hundred," exclaimed Lucien, "is dissolved. It is I that tell you so. Assassins have taken possession of the hall of meeting. I summon you to march and clear it of them." "Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "can I rely upon you?" "Long live Bonaparte," was the simultaneous response. Murat took a battalion of grenadiers and marched to the entrance of the hall. When Murat headed a column it was well known that there would be no child's play. "Charge bayonets, forward!" he exclaimed, with imperturbable coolness. The drums beat the charge. Steadily the bristling line of steel advanced. The terrified representatives leaped over the benches, rushed through the passage ways, and sprang out of the windows, throwing upon the floor, in their precipitate flight, gowns, scarfs, and hats. In two minutes the hall was cleared. As the Representatives were flying in dismay across the garden, an officer proposed that the soldiers should be ordered to fire upon them. Napoleon decisively refused, saying, "It is my wish that not a single drop of blood be spilt."

As Napoleon wished to avail himself as far as possible, of the forms of law, he assembled the two legislative bodies in the evening. Those only attended who were friendly to his cause Unanimously they decreed that Napoleon had deserved well of his country; they abolished the Directory. The executive power they vested in Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, with the title of Consuls. Two committees of twenty-five members each, taken from the two Councils, were appointed to co-operate with the Consuls in forming a new Constitution. During the evening the rumor reached Paris that Napoleon had failed in his enterprise. The consternation was great. The mass of the people, of all ranks, dreading the renewal of revolutionary horrors, and worn out with past convulsions, passionately longed for repose. Their only hope was in Napoleon. At nine o'clock at night intelligence of the change of government was officially announced, by a proclamation which the victor had dictated with the rapidity and the glowing eloquence which characterized all of his mental acts. It was read by torchlight to assembled and deeply agitated groups, all over the city. The welcome tidings were greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of applause. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself into his carriage to return to Paris. Bourrienne accompanied him. Napoleon appeared so absorbed in thought, that he uttered not one single word during the ride.

At four o'clock in the morning he alighted from his carriage, at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chanteraine. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the peril of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had taken the oath of office, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the Empire of France. The heart of Josephine could appreciate a delicacy of love so refined and so touching. Well might she say, "Napoleon is the most fascinating of men." It was then after four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of the day was to conduct Napoleon to a new scene of Herculean toil in organizing the Republic Throwing himself upon a couch, for a few moments of repose, he exclaimed, gayly, "good-night, my Josephine! To-morrow, we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

Napoleon was then but twenty-nine years of age. And yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a

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' government for thirty millions of people. er did he achieve a victory which displayed e consummate genius. On no occasion of life did his majestic intellectual power beam ı with more brilliance. It is not to be ex- ed that, for ages to come, the world will be ed in opinion respecting this transaction. ıe represent it as an outrage against law liberty. Others consider it a necessary act :h put an end to corruption and anarchy. t the course which Napoleon pursued was in rdance with the wishes of the overwhelming ›rity of the French people no one can doubt. questionable whether, even now, France is ared for self-government. There can be no tion that then the republic had totally failed. Napoleon, in reference to this revolution, r my part, all my share of the plot, was ned to assembling the crowd of my visitors e same hour in the morning, and marching eir head to seize upon power. It was from hreshold of my door, and without my friends ıg any previous knowledge of my intentions, I led them to this conquest. It was amidst ›rilliant escort which they formed, their live- y and unanimous ardor, that I presented lf at the bar of the Ancients to thank them ıe dictatorship with which they invested me. physicians have disputed and will long dis- whether we did not violate the laws, and her we were not criminal. But these are abstractions which should disappear before rious necessity. One might as well blame or for waste and destruction, when he cuts a mast to save his ship. The fact is, had : been for us the country must have been We saved it. The authors of that mem- ə state transaction ought to answer their ers proudly, like the Roman, 'We protest ve have saved our country. Come with us ender thanks to the Gods.'"

ıth the exception of the Jacobins all parties strongly in favor of this revolution. For ears the people had been so accustomed to iolation of the laws, that they had ceased ıdemn such acts, and judged of them only ›ir consequences. All over France the feel- ›as nearly universal in favor of the new nment. Says Alison, who surely will not ɔused of regarding Napoleon with a partial 'Napoleon rivaled Cæsar in the clemency which he used his victory. No proscrip- or massacres, few arrests or imprisonments ›ed the triumph of order over revolution. ıe contrary, numerous acts of mercy, as ıs they were magnanimous, illustrated the f the consular throne. The elevation of leon was not only unstained by blood, but ›en a single captive long lamented the car victor. A signal triumph of the principles nanity over those of cruelty, glorious alike actors and the age in which it occurred; memorable proof how much more durable ıe victories obtained by moderation and m, than those achieved by violence and d by blood."

PARADISE LOST.

MY knapsack was on my shoulder.—

So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company of us were sitting together the other evening.—

My knapsack was on my shoulder, my ashen stick in hand; three leagues of dusty road had whitened me like a miller. Whence I came, whither I was going—what matters it? I was not twenty years of age. My starting point, therefore, was home; my goal was Paradise—any earthly Paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque; and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest-laden fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet; there a solitary farm-house; yonder a wood; on each eminence a windmill. Some peasants that were in the fields sang; and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons, dragged by oxen and horses, slowly moved along the tree-bordered road. I sat down on a heap of stones. A wagoner gruffly asked me if I was tired, and offered me "a lift." I accepted; and soon I was stretched where dung had been; jolted into an uneasy half-slumber, not without its charm, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears, until I thought fifty silver voices were calling me away to a home that must be bright, and a land that must be beautiful.

I awoke in a mood sufficiently benign to receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road, and had taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm, honest wagoner? I am not going any where; "I am only going to Paradise." There was no village of that name in the neighborhood, he said; but he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course, I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his *pour-boire*. "Drink my health, good man, and injure your own. Let us see these grounds." The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged) and left me, tossing the silver piece I had given him in his hard hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing.

A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods, and solitary trees, and lakes, and streams of sufficient dimensions for grandeur; and, when once the wall disappeared amidst the heavy foliage, I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon; that all objects which might ungraciously intercept the view, or deform a landscape, had been removed. There were no sham ruins nor artificial cascades; but the stranger's steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt, and was thankful, for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavored to conceal itself; but being, at that time, as most young

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men are, inclined to compare great things with small—thinking to be epigrammatic and knowing—I exclaimed aloud: "The toilet of this park has been admirably performed."

"A vulgar idea, vulgarly expressed," said a clear, firm voice above me. I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in a tree; and, to my surprise, saw a young woman, upon a fine large horse, holding a riding-whip playfully over my head. She had approached across the turf unheard; and had heard my exclamation, which, I assure you, was meant for no ears but my own.

"Madam," replied I, when I had recovered from my confusion, "I think you misunderstand me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect in which every superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away, to a woman who, instead of loading herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilet to display all her beauties to the best advantage."

"The explanation will not do," she replied. "It wants frankness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited; and that you thought it necessary to exert the manly privilege of contempt. If I had not seen you yonder using your sketch-book, I should take you for a traveling hair-dresser."

The tone and manner of my new acquaintance puzzled me exceedingly; and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude she assumed on such slight grounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest; for, at the moment, I did not understand that her real desire was to suppress the formalities of an introduction. I returned to the charge; she replied. A broadside of repartee was fired off on either side; but insensibly we met upon common ground; affectation was discarded; and, as we streamed irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista—she gently walking her docile genet; I with my hand upon its mane—we made more advances toward familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible under any other circumstances in a season.

Let me describe my impressions as I received them. Otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavoring to show, by example, what an immense structure of happiness may be built upon a very flimsy ground; that the material sequence of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments; that— But I must not anticipate.

The lady, dressed in a green riding-habit, was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show.

And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It is made from memory; but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enough, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it re-appears in nearly all your pictures, like Raphael's Fornarina. Last year you made it do duty for Medea; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the Salon as Charlotte Corday. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your Juliet and your Heloise? One would imagine that, instead of being associated with pleasant recollections, it suggested nothing but strife, violence, and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and, in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good-nature to make a confession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end; it is not far off."

We reached a grotto on the borders of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready; and Fifine, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together, talking of every thing except of ourselves; but thinking of nothing else. Once or twice a reflection on the oddity of this reception flitted across my mind; but I thought that I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle—such as one reads of in middle-age romances—who was proud to give hospitality to a wandering artist. The lady called me Hector, and I called her Andromache; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in with the dessert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded, and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstasies of delight by the frank reply, that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that Fifine scolded me; and said that, for a well-educated young man, I was dreadfully forward.

What a delightful half-hour was that which succeeded! The entrance of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little beach of sand that seemed of gold dust; the path by which we had come along ran at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water—possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory—nestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes, which, with the pure blue sky, it reflected. We sat, side by side, hand in hand; but Fifine, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away; and Andromache was, perhaps, of my opinion; but she did not venture to agree with me aloud. Thus the hour passed in silent happiness; for our hearts soon became too full for words; and I solemnly declare, that, to spend such another day, I would discount ten years of my existence.

As evening drew near, and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin of the lake, Fifine pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The word grated harshly on my ear. I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad, or a nymph living ever amidst trees and grottoes. But prosy Fifine carried her point; and, in half an hour, we were in

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the saloon of a most comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very commonplace looking servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once received a shock. Five minutes afterward a post-chaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a tall, handsome young man, issued therefrom.

Why should I give you the ludicrous details of the explanation! Andromache was betrothed to Monsieur Hector Chose; but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighboring town. The young lady (who was of a romantic disposition) had descried me in the park, and had fancied this was a pre-arranged surprise. She had got up the breakfast in the grotto; and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of Hector; she naturally retorted Andromache. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. I was overwhelmed with shame, when the father and the real Hector, with vociferous laughter, undeceived me; and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation. For a moment, I hoped that I had produced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I insulted Hector. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay a long time helpless in a neighboring hamlet. Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage had been celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my Andromache; but when Madame Duclique, her cousin, came to see me, she destroyed all my illusions. Andromache, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love-passage only as a ridiculous mistake. She had married Hector, not only without repugnance but with delight. He brought her every thing she desired—a handsome person, a fine fortune, an exalted position; and she was the first to joke on the subject of "that poor counterfeit Hector."

This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the Paradise I had lost. Madame Duclique, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage, and drove me to the town of Arques. I feel grateful to my Andromache for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty.

"Let us drink her health!"

THE VATTEVILLE RUBY.

THE clock of the church of Besançon had struck nine, when a woman about fifty years of age, wrapped in a cotton shawl and carrying a small basket on her arm, knocked at the door of a house in the Rue St. Vincent, which, however, at the period we refer to, bore the name of Rue de la Liberté. The door opened. "It is you, Dame Margaret," said the porter, with a very cross look. "It is high time for you. All my lodgers have come home long since; you are always the last, and—"

"That is not my fault, I assure you, my dear M. Thiebaut," said the old woman in a deprecatory tone. "My day's work is only just finished, and when work is to be done—"

"That's all very fine," he muttered. "It might do well enough if I could even reckon on a Christmas-box at the end of the year; but as it is, I may count myself well off, if I do but get paid for taking up their letters."

The old woman did not hear the last words, for with quick and firm step she had been making her way up the six flights of stairs, steep enough to make her head reel had she been ascending them for the first time. "Nine o'clock!—nine o'clock! How uneasy she must be!" and as she spoke, she opened with her latch-key the door of a wretched garret, in which dimly burned a rushlight, whose flickering flame scarcely seemed to render visible the scanty furniture the room contained.

"Is that you, my good Margaret," said a feeble and broken voice from the farther end of the little apartment.

"Yes, my dear lady; yes, it is I; and very sorry I am to have made you uneasy. But Madame Lebriton, my worthy employer, is so active herself, that she always finds the workwoman's day too short—though it is good twelve hours—and just as I was going to fold up my work, she brought me a job in a great hurry. I could not refuse her; but this time, I must own, I got well paid for being obliging, for after I had done, she said in her most good-natured way: 'Here, you shall take home with you some of this nice pie, and this bottle of good wine, and have a comfortable supper with your sister.' So she always calls you, madame," added Margaret, while complacently glancing at the basket, the contents of which she now laid out upon the table. "As I believe it is safest for you, I do not undeceive her, though it is easily known she can not have looked very close at us, or she might have seen that I could only be the servant of so noble-looking a lady—"

The feeble voice interrupted her: "My servant!—you my servant! when, instead of rewarding your services, I allow you to toil for my support, and to lavish upon me the most tender, the most devoted affection! My poor Margaret! you who have undertaken for me at your age, and with your infirmities, daily and arduous toil, are you not indeed a sister of whom I may well be proud! Your nobility has a higher origin than mine. Reduced by political changes, which have left me homeless and penniless, I owe every thing to you; and so tenderly do you minister to me, that even in this garret I could still almost fancy myself the noble Abbess of Vatteville!"

As she spoke, the aged lady raised herself in her old arm-chair, and throwing back a black vail, disclosed features still beautiful, and a forehead still free from every wrinkle, and eyes now sparkling with something of their former brilliancy. She extended her hand to Margaret, who affectionately kissed it; and then, apprehensive that further excitement could not but be injurious to her mistress, the faithful creature endeavored

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to divert her thoughts into another channel, by inviting her to partake of the little feast provided by the kindness of her employer. Margaret being in the habit of taking her meals in the house where she worked, the noble Lady Marie Anne Adelaide de Vatteville was thus usually left alone and unattended, to eat the scanty fare prescribed by the extreme narrowness of her resources; so that she now felt quite cheered by the novel comfort, not merely of the better-spread table, but of the company of her faithful servant; and it was in an almost mirthful tone she said, when the repast was ended; "Margaret, I have a secret to confide to you. I will not—I ought not to keep it any longer to myself."

"A secret, my dear mistress! a secret from me!" exclaimed the faithful creature in a slightly reproachful tone.

"Yes, dear Margaret, a secret from you; but to be so no longer. No more henceforth of the toils you have undergone for me; they must be given up: I can not do without you. At my age, to be left alone is intolerable. When you are not near me, I get so lonely, and sometimes feel quite afraid, I can not tell of what, but I suppose it is natural to the old to fear; and often—will you believe it?—I catch myself weeping like a very child. Ah! when age comes on us, we lose all strength, all fortitude. But you will not leave me any more? Promise me, dear Margaret."

"But in that case what is to become of us?" said Margaret.

"This is the very thing I have to tell. And now listen to me. Take this key, and in the right-hand drawer of the press you will find the green casket, where, among my letters and family papers, you will see a small case, which bring to me."

Margaret, not a little surprised, did as she was desired. The abbess gazed on the case for some moments in silence, and Margaret thought she saw a tear glisten in her eye as she pressed the box to her lips, and kissed it tenderly and reverentially.

"I have sworn," said she, "never to part with it; yet what can I do? It must be so: it is the will of God." And with a trembling hand, as if about to commit sacrilege, she opened the case, and drew from it a ruby of great brilliancy and beauty. "You see this jewel!" she said. "Margaret, it is the glory of my ancient house; it is the last gem in my coronet, and more precious in my eyes than any thing in the world. My grand-uncle, the noblest of men, the Archbishop of Besançon, brought it from the East; and when, in guerdon for some family service, Louis XIV. founded the Abbey of Vatteville, and made my grand-aunt the first abbess of the order, he himself adorned her cross with it. You now know the value of the jewel to me; and though I can not tell its marketable value, still, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, I can not but think it must bring sufficient to secure us, for some time at least, from want. Were I to consider myself alone, I would starve sooner than touch the sacred deposit; but to allow you, Margaret, to suffer, and to suffer for me—to take advantage any longer of your disinterested affection and devoted fidelity—would be base selfishness. God has at last taught me that I was but sacrificing you to my pride, and I must hasten to make atonement. I will endeavor to raise money on this jewel. You know old M. Simon? Notwithstanding his mean appearance and humble mode of living, I am persuaded he is a rich man; and though parsimonious in the extreme, he is good-natured and obliging whenever he can be so without any risk of loss to himself."

The next day, in pursuance of her project, the abbess, accompanied by Margaret, repaired to the house of M. Simon. "I know," sir, she said, "from your kindness to some friends of mine, that you feel an interest in the class to which I belong, and that you are incapable of betraying a confidence reposed in you. I am the Abbess of Vatteville. Driven forth from the plundered and ruined abbey, I am living in the town under an assumed name. I have been stripped of every thing; and but for the self-sacrificing attachment of a faithful servant, I must have died of want. However, I have still one resource, and only one. I know not if I am right in availing myself of it, but at my age the power to struggle fails. Besides, I do not suffer alone; and this consideration decides me. Will you, then, have the goodness to give me a loan on this jewel?"

"I believe, madam, you have mistaken me for a pawnbroker. I am not in the habit of advancing money in this way. I am myself very poor, and money is now every where scarce. I should be very glad to be able to oblige you, but just at present it is quite out of the question."

For a moment the poor abbess felt all hope extinct; but with a last effort to move his compassion, she said: "Oh, sir, remember that secrecy is of such importance to me, I dare not apply to any one else. The privacy, the obscurity in which I live, alone has prevented me from paying with my blood the penalty attached to a noble name and lineage."

"But how am I to ascertain the value of the jewel? I am no jeweler; and I fear, in my ignorance, to wrong either you or myself."

"I implore you, sir, not to refuse me. I have no alternative but to starve; for I am too old to work, and beg I can not. Keep the jewel as a pledge, and give me some relief."

Old Simon, though covetous, was not devoid of feeling. He was touched by the tears of the venerable lady; and besides, the more he looked at the jewel, the more persuaded he became of its being really valuable. After a few moments' consideration, he said: "All the money I am worth at this moment is 1500 francs; and though I have my suspicions that I am making a foolish bargain, I had rather run any risk than leave you in such distress. The next time I have business in Paris, I can ascertain the value of the jewel, and if I have given you too little, I will make it up to you." And with a glad and grateful heart the abbess took home the 1500 francs, thankful at having obtained the means of subsistence for at least a year

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Some months later, old Simon went up to Paris, and hastening to one of the principal jewelers, showed the ruby, and begged to know its value. The jeweler took the stone carelessly; but after a few moments' examination of it, he cast a rapid glance at the thread-bare coat and mean appearance of the possessor, and then abruptly exclaimed: "This jewel does not belong to you, and you must not leave the house till you account for its being in your possession. Close the doors," he said to his foreman, "and send for the police." In vain did Simon protest his innocence; in vain did he offer every proof of it. The lapidary would listen to nothing; but at every look he gave the gem, he darted at him a fresh glance of angry contempt. "You must be a fool as well as a knave," he said. "Do you know, scoundrel, that this is the Vatteville—the prince of rubies!—the most splendid, the rarest of gems! It might be deemed a mere creation of imagination, were it not enrolled and accurately described in the archives of our art. See here, in the *Guide des Lapidaires*, a print of it. Mark its antique fashioning, and that dark spot!—yes, it is indeed the precious ruby so long thought lost. Rest assured, fellow, you shall not quit the house until you satisfy me how you have contrived to get possession of it."

"I should at once have told you, but from unwillingness to endanger the life of a poor woman who has confided in me. I got the jewel from the Abbess de Vatteville herself, and it is her last and only resource." And now M. Simon proved, by unquestionable documents, that notwithstanding his more than humble appearance, he was a man of wealth and respectability, and received the apologies which were tendered, together with assurances that Madame Vatteville's secret was safe with one who, he begged to say, "knew how to respect misfortune, whenever and however presented to his notice."

"But what is the jewel worth?" asked M. Simon.

"Millions, sir! and neither I nor any one else in the trade here could purchase it, unless as a joint concern, and in case of a coronation or a marriage in one of the royal houses of Europe, for such an occasion alone could make it not a risk to buy it. But, meanwhile, I will, if you wish, mention it to some of the trade."

"I am in no hurry," said Simon, almost bewildered by the possession of such a treasure. "I may as well wait for some such occasion, and, in the mean time, can make any necessary advances to the abbess. Perhaps I may call on you again."

The first day of the year 1795 had just dawned, and there was a thick and chilling fog. The abbess and her faithful servant felt this day more than usually depressed, for fifteen months had now elapsed since the 1500 francs had been received for the ruby, and there now remained provision only for a few days longer. "I have got no answer from M. Simon," said the abbess; and in giving utterance to her own thought, she was replying to what was at that moment passing through Margaret's mind "I fear he has not been able to get more for the ruby than he thinks fair interest for the money he advanced to me."

"It is most likely," said Margaret; and both relapsed into their former desponding silence.

"What a dreary New-Year's Day!" resumed Madame de Vatteville, in a melancholy tone.

"Oh, why can I not help you, dear mistress?" exclaimed Margaret, suddenly starting from her reverie. "Cheerfully would I lay down my life for you!"

"And why can I not return in any way your devoted attachment, my poor Margaret?"

At this instant, two loud and hurried knocks at the door startled them both from their seats; and it was with a trembling hand Margaret opened it to admit the old porter, and a servant with a letter in his hand.

"Thank you, thank you, M. Thiebaut: this letter is for my mistress." But the inquisitive old man either did not or would not understand Margaret's hint to him to retire, and Madame de Vatteville was obliged to tell him to leave the room.

"Not a penny to bless herself with, though she has come to a better apartment!" muttered he, enraged at the disappointment to his curiosity—"and yet as proud as an aristocrat!"

The abbess approached the casement, broke the seal with trembling hand, and read as follows:

"I have at length been able to treat with a merchant for the article in question, and have, after much difficulty, obtained a sum of 25,000 francs—far beyond any thing I could have hoped. But the sum is to be paid in installments, at long intervals. It may therefore be more convenient for you, under your peculiar circumstances, to accept the offer I now make of a pension of 1500 francs, to revert after your decease to the servant whom you mentioned as so devotedly attached to you. If you are willing to accept this offer, the bearer will hand you the necessary documents, by which you are to make over to me all further claim upon the property placed in my hands; and on your affixing your signature, he will pay you the first year in advance. SIMON."

"What a worthy, excellent man!" joyfully exclaimed the abbess; for, in the noble integrity of her heart, she had no suspicion that he could take advantage of her circumstances.

However Simon settled the matter with his conscience, the abbess, trained in the school of adversity to be content with being preserved from absolute want, passed the remainder of her life quietly and happily with her good Margaret, both every day invoking blessings on the head of him whom they regarded as a generous benefactor. Madame de Vatteville lived to the age of one hundred, and her faithful Margaret survived only a few months the mistress to whom she had given such affecting proofs of attachment.

But Simon's detestable fraud proved of no use to him. After keeping his treasure for several years, he thought the emperor's coronation pre-

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sented a favorable opportunity of disposing of it. Unfortunately for him, his grasping avarice one morning suggested a thought which his ignorance prevented his rejecting: "Since this ruby—old-fashioned and stained as it is—can be worth so much, what would be its value if freed from all defect, and in modern setting!" And he soon found a lapidary, who, for a sum of 3000 francs, modernized it, and effaced the spot, and with it the impress, the stamp of its antiquity—all that gave it value, beauty, worth! This wanting, no jeweler could recognize it: it was no longer worth a thousand crowns.

It was thus that the most splendid ruby in Europe lost its value and its fame; and its name is now only to be found in *The Lapidaries' Guide*, as that which had once been the most costly of gems. It seemed as if it could not survive the last of the illustrious house to which it owed its introduction into Europe, and its name.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN 1851.

FROM THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE CHOLERA IN LONDON.

IT is two years since I first found myself in England. When I was in England in the autumn of 1849, the cholera was there. A dense, oppressive atmosphere rested over its cities, as of a cloud pregnant with lightning. Hearses rolled through the streets. The towns were empty of people; for all who had the means of doing so had fled into the country; they who had not were compelled to remain. I saw shadowy figures, clad in black, stealing along the streets, more like ghosts than creatures of flesh and blood. Never before had I seen human wretchedness in such a form as I beheld it in Hull and in London. Wretchedness enough may be found, God knows, even in Stockholm, and it shows itself openly enough there in street and market. But it is there most frequently an undisguised, an unabashed wretchedness. It is not ashamed to beg, to show its rags or its drunken countenance. It is a child of crime; and that is perhaps the most extreme wretchedness. But it is less painful to behold, because it seems to be suffering only its own deserts. One is more easily satisfied to turn one's head aside, and pass on. One thinks, "I can not help that!"

In England, however, misery had another appearance; it was not so much that of degradation as of want, pallid want. It was meagre and retiring; it ventured not to look up, or it looked up with a glance of hopeless beseeching—so spirit-broken! It tried to look respectable. Those men with coats and hats brushed till the nap was gone; those pale women in scanty, washed-out, but yet decent clothes—it was a sight which one could hardly bear. In a solitary walk of ten minutes in the streets of Hull, I saw ten times more want than I had seen in a ten months' residence in Denmark.

The sun shone joyously as I traveled through the manufacturing districts; saw their groups of towns and suburbs; saw their smoking pillars and pyramids towering up every where in the wide landscape—saw glowing gorges of fire open themselves in the earth, as if it were burning—a splendid and wonderfully picturesque spectacle, reminding one of fire-worshipers, of ancient and modern times, and of their altars. But I heard the mournful cry of the children from the factories; the cry which the public voice has made audible to the world; the cry of the children, of the little ones who had been compelled, by the lust of gain of their parents and the manufacturers, to sacrifice life, and joy, and health in the workshops of machinery; the children who lie down in those beds which never are cold, the children who are driven and beaten till they sink insensibly into death or fatuity—that living death; I heard the wailing cry of the children, which Elizabeth Barrett interpreted in her affecting poem; and the wealthy manufacturing districts, with their towns, their fire-columns, their pyramids, seemed to me like an enormous temple of Moloch, in which the mammon-worshipers of England offered up even children to the burning arms of their god—children, the hope of the earth, and its most delicious and most beautiful joy!

I arrived in London. They told me there was nobody in London. It was not the season in which the higher classes were in London. Besides which, the cholera was there; and all well-to-do people, who were able, had fled from the infected city. And that, indeed, might be the reason why there seemed to me to be so many out of health—why that pale countenance of want was so visible. Certain it is, that it became to me as a Medusa's head, which stood between me and every thing beautiful and great in that great capital, the rich life and physiognomy of which would otherwise have enchanted me. But as it was, the palaces, and the statues, and the noble parks, Hampstead and Piccadilly, and Belgravia and Westminster, and the Tower, and even the Thames itself, with all its everchanging life, were no more than the decorations of a great tragedy. And when, in St. Paul's, I heard the great roar of the voice of London—that roar which, as it is said, never is silent, but merely slumbers for an hour between three and four o'clock in the morning—when I heard that voice in that empty church, where there was no divine worship, and looked up into its beautiful cupola, which was filled by no song of praise, but only by that resounding, roaring voice, a dark chaotic roar, then seemed I to perceive the sound of the rivers of fate rolling onward through time over falling kingdoms and people, and bearing them onward down into an immeasurable grave!—It was but for a moment, but it was a horrible dream!

One sight I beheld in London which made me look up with rejoicing, which made me think "that old Ygdrasil is still budding." This was the so-called metropolitan buildings; a structure of many homes in one great mass of building, erected by a society of enlightened men for the use of the poorer working class, to provide re-

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spectable families of that class with excellent dwellings at a reasonable rate, where they might possess that which is of the most indispensable importance to the rich, as well as to the poor, if they are to enjoy health both of body and soul—light, air, and water, pure as God created them for the use of mankind. The sight of these homes, and of the families that inhabited them, as well as of the newly-erected extensive public baths and wash-houses for the same class, together with the assurance that these institutions already, in the second year of their establishment, returned more than full interest to their projectors, produced the happiest impression which I at this time received of England. These were to me as the seed of the future, which gave the promise of verdant shoots in the old tree.

Nevertheless, when I left the shores of England, and saw thick autumnal fog enveloping them, it was with a sorrowful feeling for the OLD world; and with an inquiring glance of longing and hope, I turned myself to the NEW.

Two years passed on—a sun-bright, glowing dream, full of the vigor of life!—it was again autumn, and I was again in England. Autumn met me there with cold, and rain, and tempest, with the most horrible weather that can be imagined, and such as I had never seen on the other side of the globe. But in social life, every where throughout the mental atmosphere, a different spirit prevailed. There, I perceived with astonishment and joy, there it was that of spring.

Free-trade had borne fruit, and under its banners manufacture and trade had shot forth into new life; the price of all kinds of grain had fallen, bread had become cheap. This tree of liberty, planted by Cobden and Peel, had, with a strong and vigorous vitality, penetrated, as it were, the life of the English people, and I heard on every hand the soughing of its leaves in the free wind. The Crystal Palace was its full-blown, magnificent blossom—and like swarms of rejoicing bees flew the human throng upon the wings of steam, backward and forward, to the great world's blossom; there all the nations met together, there all manufactures, there all industry, and every kind of product unfolded their flowers for the observation and the joy of all . . . . . a Cactus grandiflora, such as the world had never till then seen.

I perceived more clearly every day of my stay in England, that this period is one of a general awakening to a new, fresh life. In the manufacturing districts, in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, every where I heard the same conversation among all classes; prosperity was universal and still advancing. That pale countenance of want, which had on my first visit appeared to me so appalling, I now no longer saw as formerly; and even where it was seen stealing along, like a gloomy shadow near to the tables of abundance, it appeared to me no longer as a cloud filled with the breath of cholera, darkening the face of heaven, but rather as one of those clouds over which the wind and sun have power, and which are swallowed up, which vanish in space, in the bright ether. . . . . .

THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In Liverpool I visited the so-called Ragged Schools—the schools where are collected from the streets vagabond, neglected, and begging children, who are here taught to read and so on—who here receive the first rudiments of instruction, even in singing. These schools are, some of them evening, others day schools, and in some of them, "the Industrial Ragged Schools," children are kept there altogether; receive food and clothing, and are taught trades. When the schools of this class were first established in Liverpool, the number of children who otherwise had no chance of receiving instruction, amounted to about twenty thousand. Right-minded, thinking men saw that in these children were growing up in the streets, those "dangerous classes," of which so much has been said of late times; these men met together, obtained means to cover the most necessary outlay of expense, and then, according to the eloquent words of Lord Ashley, that "it is in childhood that evil habits are formed and take root; it is childhood which must be guarded from temptation to crime;" they opened these ragged schools with the design of receiving the most friendless, the most wretched of society's young generation—properly, "the children of rags, born in beggary, and for beggary."

I visited the Industrial Ragged School for boys, intended for the lowest grade of these little children, without parents, or abandoned by them to the influences of crime. There I saw the first class sitting in their rags, upon benches in a cold room, arranging, with their little frost-bitten fingers, bristles for the brush-maker. The faces of the boys were clean; many of them I remarked were handsome, and almost universally they had beautiful and bright eyes. Those little fingers moved with extraordinary rapidity; the boys were evidently wishful to do their best; they knew that they by that means should obtain better clothing, and would be removed to the upper room, and more amusing employment. I observed these "dangerous classes"—just gathered up from the lanes, and the kennels, on their way to destruction; and was astonished when I thought that their countenances might have borne the stamp of crime. Bright glances of childhood, for that were you never designed by the Creator! "Suffer little children to come unto me." These words, from the lips of heaven, are forever sounding to earth.

In the upper room a great number of boys were busy pasting paper-bags for various trades, confectioners, etc., who make use of such in the rapid sale of their wares; here, also, other boys were employed in printing upon the bags the names and residences of the various tradesmen who had ordered them. The work progressed rapidly, and seemed very amusing to the children. The establishment for their residence, and their beds, were poor; but all was neat and clean, the air was fresh, and the children were

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cheerful. The institution was, however, but yet in its infancy, and its means were small.

Half-a-dozen women, in wretched clothes, sate in the entrance-room with their boys, for whom they hoped to gain admittance into the school, and were now, therefore, waiting till the directors of the establishment made their appearance.

THE POORER CLASSES.

A few days later I visited some different classes of poor people—namely, the wicked and the idle; they who had fallen into want through their own improvidence, but who had now raised themselves again; and the estimable, who had honorably combated with unavoidable poverty. In one certain quarter of Liverpool it is that the first class is especially met with. Of this class of poor, in their wretched rooms, with their low, brutalized expression, I will not speak; companion-pieces to this misery may be met with every where. Most of those whom I saw were Irish. It was a Sunday noon, after divine service. The ale-houses were already open in this part of the town, and young girls and men might be seen talking together before them, or sitting upon the steps.

Of the second class I call to mind, with especial pleasure, one little household. It was a mother and her son. Her means of support, a mangle, stood in the little room in which she had lived since she had raised herself up again. It was dinner-time. A table, neatly covered for two persons, stood in the room, and upon the iron stand before the fire was placed a dish of mashed potatoes, nicely browned, ready to be set on the table. The mother was waiting for her son, and the dinner was waiting for him. He was the organ-blower in the church during divine service, and he returned while I was still there. He was well dressed, but was a little, weakly man, and squinted; the mother's eyes, however, regarded him with love. This son was her only one, and her all. And he, to whom mother Nature had acted as a step-mother, had a noble mother's heart to warm himself with, which prepared for him an excellent home, a well-covered table, and a comfortable bed. That poor little home was not without its wealth.

As belonging to the third and highest class, I must mention two families, both of them shoemakers, and both of them inhabiting cellars. The one family consisted of old, the other of young people. The old shoemaker had to maintain his wife, who was lame and sick, from a fall in the street, and a daughter. The young one had a young wife, and five little children to provide for; but work was scanty and the mouths many. At this house, also, it was dinner-time, and I saw upon the table nothing but potatoes. The children were clean, and had remarkably agreeable faces; but—they were pale; so was also the father of the family. The young and pretty, but very pale mother said, "Since I have come into this room I have never been well, and this I know—I shall not live long!" Her eyes filled with tears; and it was plain enough to see that this really delicate constitution could not long sustain the effects of the cold damp room, into which no sunbeam entered. These two families, of the same trade, and alike poor, had become friends in need. When one of the fathers of the family wanted work, and was informed by the Home-missionary who visited them that the other had it, the intelligence seemed a consolation to him. Gladdening sight of human sympathy, which keeps the head erect and the heart sound under the depressing struggle against competition! But little gladdening to me would have been the sight of these families in their cellar-homes, had I not at the same time been aware of the increase of those "Model Lodging-houses," which may be met with in many parts of England, and which will remove these inhabitants of cellars, they who sit in darkness, into the blessing of the light of life—which will provide worthy dwellings for worthy people.

BEE-HIVES.

In my imagination Manchester was like a colossal woman sitting at her spinning-wheel, with her enormous manufactories; her subject towns, suburbs, villages, factories, lying for many miles round, spinning, spinning, spinning clothes for all the people on the face of the earth. And there, as she sate, the queen of the spindle, with her masses of ugly houses and factories, enveloped in dense rain-clouds, as if in cobwebs, the effect she made upon me was gloomy and depressing. Yet even here, also, I was to breathe a more refreshing atmosphere of life; even here was I also to see light. Free trade had brought hither her emancipating spirit. It was a time of remarkable activity and prosperity. The work-people were fully employed; wages were good, and food was cheap. Even here also had ragged-schools been established, together with many institutions for improving the condition of the poor working-classes. In one of these ragged-schools the boys had a perfectly organized band of music, in which they played and blew, so that it was a pleasure—and sometimes a disadvantage to hear them. The lamenting "cry of the children" was no longer heard from the factories. Government had put an end to the cruelties and oppressions formerly practiced on these little ones by the unscrupulous lust of gain. No child under ten years old can now be employed in the factories, and even such, when employed, must of necessity be allowed part of the day for school. Every large factory has now generally its own school, with a paid master for the children. The boys whom I saw in the great rooms of the factories, and with whom I conversed, looked both healthy and cheerful.

Two ideas were impressed upon my mind at this place: how dangerous it is, even amid a high degree of social culture, to give one class of men unrestrained power over another; and how easily a free people, with a powerful public spirit and accustomed to self-government, can raise themselves out of humiliating circumstances. This spirit has done much already in England, but it has yet more to do.

Upon one of those large gloomy factories in

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Manchester, I read, inscribed in iron letters, "THE GREAT BEEHIVE;" and in truth a good name for these enormous hives of human industrial toil, in which people have sometimes forgotten, and still forget, that man is any thing more than a working bee, which lives to fill its cell in the hive and die. I visited several of these huge beehives. In one of them which employed twelve hundred work-people, I saw, in a large room, above three hundred women sitting in rows winding cotton on reels. The room was clean, and so also were all the women. It did not appear to be hard work; but the steadfastly-fixed attention with which these women pursued their labor seemed to me distressingly wearisome. They did not allow themselves to look up, still less to turn their heads or to talk. Their life seemed to depend upon the cotton thread.

In another of these great beehives, a long low room, in which were six hundred power-looms, represented an extraordinary appearance. What a snatching to and fro, what a jingling, what an incessant stir, and what a moist atmosphere there was between floor and ceiling, as if the limbs of some absurd, unheard-of beast, with a thousand arms, had been galvanized! Around us, from three to four hundred operatives, women and men, stood among the rapid machinery, watching and tending. The twelve o'clock bell rung, and now the whole throng of work-people would go forth to their various mid-day quarters; the greatest number to their respective dwellings in the neighborhood of the factory. I placed myself, together with my conductor, in the court outside the door of the room, which was on lower ground, in order that I might have a better view of the work-people as they came out.

Just as one sees bees coming out of a hive into the air, two, three, or four at a time—pause, as it were, a moment from the effects of open air and light, and then with a low hum, dart forth into space, each one his own way; so was it in this case. Thus came they forth, men and women, youths and girls. The greater number were well dressed, looked healthy, and full of spirit. In many, however, might be seen the expression of a rude life; they bore the traces of depravity about them.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Queen and her husband stand before the people as the personation of every domestic and public virtue! The Queen is an excellent wife and mother; she attends to the education of her children, and fulfills her duties as sovereign, alike conscientiously. She is an early riser; is punctual and regular in great as well as in small things. She pays ready money for all that she purchases, and never is in debt to any one. Her court is remarkable for its good and beautiful morals. On their estate, she and Prince Albert carry every thing out in the best manner, establish schools and institutions for the good of the poor; these institutions and arrangements of theirs serve as examples to every one. Their uprightness, kindness, generosity, and the tact which they under all circumstances display, win the heart of the nation. They show a warm sympathy for the great interests of the people, and by this very sympathy are they promoted. Of this, the successful carrying out of free trade, and the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, projected in the first instance by Prince Albert, and powerfully seconded by the Queen, furnish brilliant examples. The sympathies of the Queen are those of the heart as well as of the head. When that noble statesman, the great promoter of free-trade, Sir Robert Peel, died, the Queen shut herself in for several days, and wept for him as if she had lost a father. And whenever a warm sympathy is called forth, either in public or in private affairs, it is warmly and fully participated by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. That which the English people require from their rulers, is not merely formal government, but a living interest in their affairs.

BIRMINGHAM AND THE CHARTISTS.

From Manchester I traveled to Birmingham. I saw again the land of the fire-worshipers, their smoking altars, in tall columns and pyramids, towering above the green fields; saw again the burning gulfs yawning in the earth, and—saw them now with unmixed pleasure. I heard no longer, amid their boiling roar, the lamenting cry of the children; I heard and saw them now only as the organs of the public prosperity, and rejoiced over them as proofs of man's power over fire and water, over all the powers of nature; the victory of the gods over the giants!

The sun burst forth from between rain-clouds as I arrived in Birmingham, England's—nay, the world's—workshop of steel-pens, nails, steel, tin, and brass wares of all kinds.

If Manchester is a colossal woman at her spinning-wheel, then is Birmingham a colossal smith

In Birmingham I visited a steel-pen manufactory, and followed from room to room the whole process of those small metal tongues which go abroad over all the world and do so much—evil, and so much good; so much that is great, so much that is small; so much that is important, so much that is trivial. I saw four hundred young girls sitting in large, light rooms, each with her little pen-stamp, employed in a dexterous and easy work, especially fitted for women. All were well dressed, seemed healthy and cheerful, many were pretty; upon the whole, it was a spectacle of prosperity which surpassed even that of the mill-girls in the celebrated factories of Lowell in North America.

Birmingham was at this time in a most flourishing condition, and had more orders for goods than it could supply, nor were there any male paupers to be found in the town; there was full employment for all.

In Birmingham I saw a large school of design. Not less than two hundred young female artists studied here in a magnificent hall or rotunda, abundantly supplied with models of all kinds, and during certain hours in the week exclusively opened to these female votaries of art. A clever, respectable old woman, the porter of the schoolhouse, spoke of many of these with especial

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pleasure, as if she prided herself on them in some degree.

I saw in Birmingham a beautiful park, with hot-houses, in which were tropical plants, open to the public; saw also a large concert-room, where twice in the week "glees" were sung, and to which the public were admitted at a low price: all republican institutions, and which seem to prosper more in a monarchical realm than in republics themselves.

From Birmingham I had determined to go for a few days to Stratford-on-Avon, before I went to London in order to secure a view of the Great Exhibition, the last week of which was at hand. I was, therefore, obliged to leave the manufacturing districts earlier than I wished; but before quitting them on paper, I must say a few words on their population, on their artisans, etc.

These belong almost entirely to the class of what are called Chartists; that is, advocates of universal suffrage. They are this, through good and through evil; and the resistance which their just desire to be more fully represented in the legislative body, has met with from that body, has brought them more and more into collision with the power of the state, more and more to base their demands in opposition, even to the higher principles of justice: for they overlook the duty of rendering themselves worthy of the franchise by sound education. But the fault here, in the first place, was not theirs. Growing up amid machinery and the hum of labor, without schools, without religious or moral worth; hardened by hard labor, in continual fight with the difficulties of life, they have moulded themselves into a spirit little in harmony with life's higher educational influences, the blessings of which they had never experienced. Atheism, radicalism, republicanism, socialism of all kinds will and must flourish here in concealment among the strong and daily augmenting masses of a population, restrained only by the fear of the still more mighty powers which may be turned against them, and by labor for their daily needs, so long as those powers are sufficing. And perhaps the American slave-states are right when they say, in reference to this condition of things, "England lies at our feet—England can not do without our cotton. If the manufacturers of England must come to a stand, then has she a popular convulsion at her door." Perhaps it may be so; for these hosts of manufacturing workmen, neglected in the beginning by society, neglected by church and state, look upon them merely as exacting and despotic powers; and in strict opposition to them, they have banded together, and established schools for their own children, where only the elements of practical science are admitted, and from which religious and moral instruction are strictly excluded. In truth, a volcanic foundation for society, and which now, for some time past, has powerfully arrested the attention of the most thinking men of England.

But into the midst of this menacing chaos light has already begun to penetrate with an organizing power; and over the dark profound hovers a spirit which can and will divide the darkness from the light, and prepare a new creation.

I sought the manufacturing towns from a sense of duty, and the commands of conscience. I was anxious to see this side of human life. But this done, I thought I might do something for my own pleasure. I was in England chiefly for this purpose. I must follow the impulse of my heart; I must make a pilgrimage to the grave of Shakspeare. For the older I have become, the more that I have lived and learned, the more valuable have two good artists become to me—the more have I had to thank—Beethoven and Shakspeare.

From Birmingham I traveled, on the morning of the fourth of October, by the railway to Leamington, and thence, alone in a little carriage, to Stratford-on-Avon.

TRUE COURAGE.—A TALE OF TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

IN the summer vacation of 183–, a party of gay young collegians visited Tattershall Castle, in Lincolnshire. This remarkably noble ruin consists of a single lofty keep, rising to the height of two hundred feet, the interior being open from summit to basement. Mighty oaken beams once, however, spanned the massive walls, supporting floors which formed stories of varying height. Many of these beams have fallen to the basement, completely rotten, through shameful exposure to the weather ever since the roof crumbled away; others still pertinaciously hang, more or less broken and decayed, but, in a majority of instances, seem as if a strong gust of eddying wind would send them down crashing to mingle their fragments with those already mouldering below.

The party were in high spirits. They had drunk old wines, and their young blood flowed hotly in their veins; they had laughed, joked, and talked themselves into wild excitement. About half way up to the castle turrets there is a sort of open landing, which goes along one wall of the structure; and on to this landing the party stepped from the grand spiral staircase they had hitherto been ascending, and there paused a moment to look about them. The scene was striking. A few beams sprung across just below their feet; a few thick-moted rays of sun pierced through the adjoining loop-holes; a few fleecy cloudlets flitted athwart the blue ether high overhead. Startled by the noisy visitors, a number of dusky jackdaws flew out of their holes up and down the walls, and, after chattering their decided disapprobation of being disturbed, made half-a-dozen whirling circuits of the interior, rising rapidly upward, until they disappeared.

Immediately afterward, a great white owl projected its visage from a hole close above where one of the beams joined the opposite wall, and, frightedly peering with its great dazzled eyes, the harmless creature bewilderedly popped from its hole on to the beam, and having made a few

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feeble flutterings with its wings, remained quite stationary, crouched in a ball-like figure, close to the wall.

"Oh, Deschamp," exclaimed one of the party to a friend at his side, who was plucking the long gray moss of a peculiar species, which literally clothes the castle walls inside and out, "look yonder at Minerva's bird."

"Ha! ha!" chorused the company—"a veritable owl!"

Thereupon one and all began picking up bits of brick and mortar from where they stood, and threw them at the bird with various degrees of skill. One or two bits even struck it, but so far from being roused thereby, the owl merely gave one boding, long-drawn, sepulchral screech, and, contracting its ghastly outline into still smaller compass, fairly buried its broad visage between the meeting bony tips of its wings.

"What a stupid creature! hoo! horoo!" shouted they, thinking by that means to induce it to fly. But the outcry only terrified the bird to such a degree, that it stuck its claws convulsively into the decayed timber, and stirred not at all.

"It's the way o' them creeturs," here said the guide, who was showing the party over the castle; "they're about the stupidest things in creation, I'm a thinking!"

"Humph!" muttered Lord Swindon, a handsome, athletic young man of twenty, "with such an example before our eyes, we can not but admit your opinion to be highly philosophic and indisputable. But I say, old fellow," added he, tapping the guide familiarly on the shoulder with the light riding switch he carried in his hand, "is *that* beam a rotten one?"

"*I* shouldn't be over-for'ard to trust myself on it, sir," replied the man—a fat dumpy personage.

"*You* wouldn't! No. I should rather think not," responded Lord Swindon, a smile of supreme disdain sweeping across his features, as he surveyed the "old fellow" from head to foot. "But, tell me, did you ever know *any body* walk upon it, eh?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Only last summer, a young Oxonian ran from end to end of it, as I seed with my own eyes."

"Did he?"

"True," put in Deschamp. "I remember now, it was young Manners of Brazennose; and didn't he brag about it!"

"Him!" exclaimed Lord Swindon, with a toss of the head; that fellow, poor milksop! Not," continued he, hastily, "that it is any thing of a feat. Pooh!"

"Not a feat!" murmured his companions; and, with one accord, they stretched forth their necks, and, gazing down the dim abyss, shuddered at what they beheld. Well they might. The beam in question rose at a height of about one hundred feet, and naught beneath it was there but a gloomy chasm, only broken in one or two places by crumbling beams, and not one even of these was by many feet near it. "Oh, Swindon, how can you say so?"

"I can say it, and I do," snappishly replied the fiery young man, his brain heated with wine; "and, at any rate, what that fellow Manners has done, I can do. So look out!"

Thus speaking, he recklessly stepped on the beam, and, despite the remonstrances of his companions, was in the act of proceeding along it, when his arm was firmly grasped, and a low, deep-toned voice exclaimed, "My lord, do you court a horrible death? Do not thus risk your life for naught."

The individual who thus unhesitatingly interfered was evidently unknown to all present, being a casual visitor to the castle, who had just joined the group. With an imprecation, the madcap youngster jerked his arm away, and sprang forward along the beam. Its surface was rough, rounded, and uneven; and as he ran along, swerving from side to side, every instant in danger of being precipitated downward, with the awful certainty of being dashed to pieces, his friends could hardly restrain themselves from shrieking with terror, though such a course would probably have had the immediate effect of discomposing the equilibrium of their rash companion, and so inducing the catastrophe they fully anticipated, without the power of prevention. Had the adventurer's presence of mind one moment failed—had his self-possession and confidence wavered or forsaken him—had his brain sickened, or his eyes turned dim for a single second—had he made the least false step—had his footing slipped on the slimy surface of the beam—had he tripped against any of the knots projecting from the rotten wood which had mouldered away around them—at once would he have been hurled into dread eternity.

But an unseen hand sustained him, and safely he reached the extremity of the beam, ruthlessly wrenched the trembling owl from its perch, waved it aloft in triumph, and then, with a proud ejaculation, began to retrace his steps, with it shrieking and fluttering in his hands. When he reached the centre of the frail beam, which creaked and bent terribly with his comparatively small weight, he paused, drew himself up to his full height—air above, air beneath, air all around, naught but air—and deliberately tore the head of the owl by main force from its body. Having perpetrated this cruel deed, he tossed the bloody head among the breathless spectators, and sharply dashed the writhing body into the void beneath his feet. He coolly watched its descent, until it lay a shapeless mass on the stones below; then, with slow, bravadoing mien, he walked back to his terrified party, and boastingly demanded of them whether they thought "Manners could beat that!"

"My lord," solemnly said the stranger, "you have not performed the act either of a brave or a sane man, and you have committed a despicable deed on one of God's helpless creatures. You ought to thank Him, my lord, from the depth of your soul, that he saved you from the penalty you incurred."

"What do you say!" fiercely demanded Lord Swindon. "Do you dare to insinuate cowardice

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against me?" and with flashing brow, he assumed a threatening attitude.

"I know not, my lord, whether you are brave or not, but what I have witnessed was certainly not an exercise of true courage," was the passionless reply.

"And yet I'll wager a cool thousand that you daren't do it."

"True, I dare not: for I am incapable of offering a deadly insult to my Maker."

"Fine words!" Then, carried away by the excitement of the moment, he added, with an insolent look and gesture, "You are a lying coward."

"Listen, my lord," answered the person thus addressed, and this time his tone was even calmer than before. "One year ago, you were walking at the midnight hour on the pier at the sea-port of Hull, and but one other person was upon it, and he was a stranger to you. You trod too near the edge of the pier, and fell into the sea. The tempest was howling, and the tide was high and running strongly; and, ere you could utter more than one smothered cry, it had swept you many yards away, and you were sinking rapidly. Except God, none but that stranger heard your cry of agony; and, soon as it reached his ear, he looked forth upon the waters, and, catching a glimpse of your struggling form, he instantly plunged in, and, after much diving, eventually grasped you at a great depth. Long did he support your helpless body, and stoutly did he buffet the stifling waves, and loudly did he call for aid. At length help came; and at the last moment, he and you were saved just in time for life to be preserved in both. Is not this true, my lord?"

"It is," emphatically responded the young nobleman; "but what have you to do with it? I don't know you—though it is not at all wonderful," added he, with a sneer, "that you should happen to know about the matter, for the newspapers blazoned it quite sufficiently."

"My lord, one question more. Did you ever learn who that stranger was who, under God, saved your life?"

"No; when I recovered a little, he left me at the hotel, where he was unknown, and I have never seen him since."

"Then, my lord," was the startling rejoinder, "look well at me, for I am that stranger."

"You!"

"Yes—I whom you have branded as a liar and a coward. Little thought I that the life I saved at the imminent risk of my own would be madly, wickedly jeopardized for no price whatever, as I have seen it this hour. Mine, my lord, was true courage; yours was false. Henceforth know the difference between them. Farewell."

So saying, the stranger bowed, and before another word could be uttered, had left the astounded party.

INTRODUCTION OF THE POTATO INTO FRANCE.

IN that rational estimate of true greatness which men are daily becoming more inclined to form, names will yet rank high as those of the benefactors of mankind, which history has too long suffered to give place to those of heroes (so called), who might be better designated as the destroyers of national prosperity, the scourges of their country. Among the names of such benefactors, that of Antoine-Augustin Parmentier well deserves to be handed down to the gratitude of posterity. He was born in the little town of Montdidier, in 1737, of poor but respectable parents; and, having lost his father before he was three years old, he was brought up altogether by his mother, a woman of considerable intelligence, and in refinement of character far beyond her station; and to her he owed much of that religious feeling and steadiness of principle which stamped such value in after-life upon the ardent disposition and spirit of enterprise which were natural to him. The good curé of the place, who had long known and esteemed his parents, had an opportunity of observing the uncommon intelligence of the boy, and undertook to teach him the rudiments of Latin. At sixteen, the young Augustin, anxious to be no longer a burden to his mother, placed himself with an apothecary of his native town; but the following year he repaired to Paris, invited thither by a relative, to study under him the profession he had chosen.

It was not long before prospects of advancement opened to the young medical student. The war of Hanover broke out, and, in 1757, Parmentier, attached to the medical staff, though in a very subordinate post, joined the army. It was not long before he had opportunity to prove his skill and zealous devotion to his duties. A dreadful epidemic appeared among the French soldiery, and tested to the utmost his unwearied activity and unceasing attention to his duties. His services were acknowledged by his being promoted to the rank of assistant-apothecary. His dauntless exposure of himself on the field of battle caused him to be five times taken prisoner—a misfortune to which he afterward often made mirthful allusion; extolling the dexterity with which the Prussian hussars had more than once stripped him, and declaring that they were the best valets de chambre he had ever met.

It was while prisoner of war on one of these occasions that Parmentier first conceived the idea which was destined to give him a claim upon the gratitude of his country. The prisoners were kept in very close confinement, and fed altogether on potatoes; but Parmentier, instead of joining his companions in misfortune in their indignant abuse of a food altogether new to them, was calmly and sensibly engaged in reflecting on the utility of the vegetable, and in inquiring into its nature, and the mode of cultivating it. We shall see how he kept the resolution he then formed of not letting it escape his memory, should he ever be permitted to revisit his native country.

Peace being declared, he was released, and came back to Paris in 1763, where he attended the Abbe Mollet's course of natural philosophy, the chemical course of the Brothers Douille, and the botanical lectures of the celebrated Bernard de Jussieu. At this time, however, his poverty

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was so great, that he had to endure the severest privations, to enable him to pay the necessary fees, and to purchase such books as he required, without interfering with the pecuniary aid which he felt it alike his duty and his privilege to afford his mother. In 1766, he became a candidate for a situation as medical attendant at the Hotel des Invalides, and was almost unanimously elected. In this position, he gave the utmost satisfaction; and not only did the skill he displayed obtain for him professional reputation, but his playful, yet never satirical wit, and the charm of his gentle and affectionate disposition, made him a universal favorite. He was the object of respectful attachment to the disabled veterans, and also to the good Sisters of Charity who attended the hospital. In 1769, he received, as the reward of his labors, the appointment of apothecary-in-chief, which permanently fixed him in the Hotel des Invalides. With a little more leisure, and comparative freedom from pecuniary care, came back the recollection of his former plans with regard to the potato. This now well-known and almost universally-used tubercle had been introduced into Europe from Peru early in the sixteenth century, and had at once been cultivated in Italy and Germany. Brought from Flanders into France, its culture was promoted in the southern provinces by the encouragement given by the great Turgot; but the dogged pertinacity with which ignorance so often resists the introduction of any thing new, had in every other part of the kingdom interfered with its propagation. Indeed, the popular prejudice against it was so high as to lead to the belief that it had a baleful effect on any soil in which it was planted, and produced in those who used it as food leprosy and other loathsome diseases. Such were the absurd and groundless prejudices which Parmentier had to encounter, but he prepared himself to carry on the contest with the boldness and perseverance of one who knew that, however difficult it may be to struggle with old opinions and long-established customs, yet nothing is impossible to the spirit of enterprise, guided by sound judgment, and animated by genuine philanthropy. Parmentier was not unmindful that to attain his object he would, in the first instance, need high patronage; and this patronage he sought and found in no less a personage than Louis XVI. himself. At his earnest solicitation, the monarch placed at his disposal, as a field for his experiment, fifty acres of the Plaine des Sablons. For the first time, this sterile soil was tilled by Parmentier, and the plant he so ardently desired to naturalize committed to it. In due time the long-wished-for blossoms appeared. Almost wondering at his success, Parmentier eagerly gathered a bouquet of the flowers, more precious to him than the rarest exotic in the royal gardens, and hastened to Versailles, to present them to the king. Louis accepted the offering most graciously, and, notwithstanding the satirical smiles of some of his courtiers, wore them in his button-hole.

From that hour the triumph of the potato was secured. The nobles and fine ladies, who had hitherto laughed at what they called "the poor man's monomania," now took their tone from the monarch, and flocked round the modest philanthropist with their congratulations. Guards placed round the field excited the curiosity of the people; but as this was a precaution rather against the pressure of the crowd than against its cupidity, they were withdrawn at night, and soon it was announced to Parmentier that his potatoes had been stolen. His delight at this intelligence was extreme, and he bountifully rewarded the bearer of the news; for he saw in this theft a proof of his complete success. "There can scarcely be any remaining prejudice against my poor potatoes," he said, "else they would not be stolen." A short time after he gave a dinner, every dish of which consisted of the potato disguised in some variety of form, and even the liquids used at table were extracted from it. Among other celebrated persons, Franklin and Lavoisier were present. And thus, to the persevering efforts of one individual was France indebted for a vegetable which soon took its place in the first rank of its agricultural treasures. By naturalizing the potato in that country, Parmentier diffused plenty among thousands, once the hapless victims of privation and misery during the seasons of scarcity hitherto frequently recurring to desolate its provinces.

From 1783 to 1791, Parmentier occupied himself in the publication of several works of great merit upon domestic economy and agriculture. But now came on the evil days of the Revolution. From prudence, natural inclination, and engrossment in other pursuits, Parmentier took no part in the political storm then raging. His moderation was regarded as a protest against the principles then in the ascendant. The man who had just rendered the most signal service to the people became an object of persecution to those calling themselves the friends of the people. "Talk not to me of this Parmentier," said an infuriate club orator; "he would give us nothing to eat but potatoes. I ask you, was it not he that invented them?" His name was put into the list of the suspected, and he was deprived not only of the small pension allowed him by Louis XVI., but also of his situation at the Hotel des Invalides. However, when the coalition of all Europe forced France to avail herself to the utmost of her every resource, it was found expedient to reorganize the medical department of the military hospitals, and to improve the diet of the soldiery; and Parmentier being fixed on for this difficult task, his success amply justified the choice. His reputation for skill and talent increasing with every test to which he was put, he was successively placed on the sanitary commission for the department of the Seine, and on the general committee of civil hospitals. Diplomas were sent to him by all the learned societies, and he was enrolled a member of the National Institute.

Parmentier lived throughout the period of the Empire, honored and esteemed by all classes; but, in 1813, grief for the loss of a beloved sister

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added to his deep dejection at the reverses of the French arms, seriously affected his health. His patriotism could not but deeply feel the evils threatening his country from foreign invasion. He became dangerously ill, and on the 13th of December the cause of social progress lost by his death one of its most zealous and enlightened promoters. In a discourse pronounced on the occasion before the Pharmaceutic Association, Cadet de Gassicour dwelt principally on the two great benefits conferred by Parmentier—the use of the potato, and the introduction of the Sirop de Raisin, thus providing, according to the benevolent boast of the philanthropist himself, "the poor man's bread, and the poor man's sugar." During his lifetime, a proposal had been made by the Minister François de Neufchateau that the potato should be called *Parmentière*. It is to be regretted that a proposal which would have secured a memorial as inexpensive as it was appropriate, was rejected; one which would have indissolubly linked in the minds of every Frenchman the name of the benefactor with the benefit.

THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

ON a cold evening in January—one of those dark and gloomy evenings which fill one with sadness—there sat watching by the bed of a sick man, in a little room on the fifth floor, a woman of about forty, and two pretty children—a boy of twelve and a little girl of eight. The exquisite neatness of the room almost concealed its wretchedness: every thing announced order and economy, but at the same time great poverty. A painted wooden bedstead, covered with coarse but clean calico sheets, blue calico curtains, four chairs, a straw arm-chair, a high desk of dark wood, with a few books and boxes placed on shelves, composed the entire furniture of the room. And yet the man who lay on that wretched bed, whose pallid cheek, and harsh, incessant cough, foretold the approach of death, was one of the brightest ornaments of our literature. His historical works had won for him a European celebrity, his writings having been translated into all the modern languages; yet he had always remained poor, because his devotion to science had prevented him from devoting a sufficient portion of his time to productive labor.

An unfinished piece of costly embroidery thrown on a little stand near the bed, another piece of a less costly kind, but yet too luxurious to be intended for the use of this poor family, showed that his wife and daughter—this gentle child, whose large dark eyes were so full of sadness—endeavored by the work of their hands to make up for the unproductiveness of his efforts. The sick man slept, and the mother, taking away the lamp and the pieces of embroidery, went with her children into the adjoining room, which served both as ante-chamber and dining-room: she seated herself at the table, and took up her work with a sad and abstracted air; then observing her little daughter doing the same thing cheerfully, and her son industriously coloring some prints destined for a book of fashions, she embraced them; and raising her tearful eyes toward heaven, she seemed to be thanking the Almighty, and, in the midst of her affliction, to be filled with gratitude to Him who had blessed her with such children.

Soon after, a gentle ring was heard at the door, and M. Raymond, a young doctor, with a frank, pleasing countenance, entered and inquired for the invalid.

"Just the same, doctor," said Madame G——.

The young man went into the next room, and gazed for some moments attentively on the sleeper, while the poor wife fixed her eyes on the doctor's countenance, and seemed there to read her fate.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" she asked, in a choking voice, as she conducted him to the other room. The doctor was silent, and the afflicted mother embraced her children and wept. After a pause, she said: "There is one idea which haunts me continually: I should wish so much to have my husband's likeness. Do you know of any generous and clever artist, doctor? Oh, how much this would add to the many obligations you have already laid me under!"

"Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with a single artist," replied the young doctor.

"I must then renounce this desire," said Madame G——, sighing.

The next morning Henry—so the little boy was called—having assisted his mother and his sister Marie in their household labors, dressed himself carefully, and, as it was a holiday, asked leave to go out.

"Go, my child," said his mother; "go and breathe a little fresh air: your continual work is injurious to you."

The boy kissed his father's wasted hand, embraced his mother and sister, and went out, at once sad and pleased. When he reached the street he hesitated for a moment, then directed his steps toward the drawing-school where he attended every day: he entered, and rung at the door of the apartment belonging to the professor who directed this academy. A servant opened the door, and conducted him into an elegantly-furnished breakfast-room; for the professor was one of the richest and most distinguished painters of the day. He was breakfasting alone with his wife when Henry entered.

"There, my dear," he said to her, as he perceived Henry; "there is the cleverest pupil in the academy. This little fellow really promises to do me great credit one day. Well, my little friend, what do you wish to say to me?"

"Sir, my father is very ill—the doctor fears that he may die: poor mamma, who is very fond of papa, wishes to have his portrait. Would you, sir, be kind enough to take it? O do not, pray sir, do not refuse me!" said Henry, whose tearful eyes were fixed imploringly on the artist.

"Impossible, Henry—impossible!" replied the painter. "I am paid three thousand francs for every portrait I paint, and I have five or six at present to finish."

"But, my dear," interposed his wife, "it

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seems to me that this portrait would take you but little time: think of the poor mother, whose husband will so soon be lost to her forever."

"It grieves me to refuse you, my dear; but you know that my battle-piece, which is destined for Versailles, must be sent to the Louvre in a fortnight, for I can not miss the Exposition this year. But stay, my little friend, I will give you the address of several of my pupils: tell them I sent you, and you will certainly find some one of them who will do what you wish. Good-morning, Henry!"

"Good-by, my little friend," added the lady. "I hope you may be successful." The boy took his leave with a bursting heart.

Henry wandered through the gardens of the Luxembourg, debating with himself if he should apply to the young artists whose addresses he held in his hand. Fearing that his new efforts might be equally unsuccessful, he was trying to nerve himself to encounter fresh refusals, when he was accosted by a boy of his own age, his fellow-student at the drawing-school. Jules proposed that they should walk together; then observing Henry's sadness, he asked him the cause. Henry told him of his mother's desire; their master's refusal to take the portrait; and of his own dislike to apply to those young artists, who were strangers to him.

"Come with me," cried Jules, when his friend had ceased speaking. "My sister is also an artist: she has always taken care of me, for our father and mother died when we were both very young. She is so kind and so fond of me, that I am very sure she will not refuse."

The two boys traversed the Avenue de l'Observatoire, the merry, joyous face of the one contrasting with the sadness and anxiety of the other. When they got to the end of the avenue they entered the Rue de l'Ouest, and went into a quiet-looking house, up to the fourth story of which Jules mounted with rapid steps, dragging poor Henry with him. He tapped gayly at a little door, which a young servant opened: he passed through the ante-chamber, and the two boys found themselves in the presence of Emily d'Orbe, the sister of Jules.

She appeared to be about twenty-five: she was not tall, and her face was rather pleasing than handsome; yet her whole appearance indicated cultivation and amiability. Her dress was simple, but exquisitely neat; her gown of brown stuff fitted well to her graceful figure; her linen cuffs and collar were of a snowy whiteness; her hair was parted in front, and fastened up behind *à l'antique:* but she wore no ribbon, no ornament—nothing but what was necessary. The furniture of the room, which served at the same time as a sitting-room and studio, was equally simple: a little divan, some chairs, and two arm-chairs covered with gray cloth, a round table, a black marble time-piece of the simplest form; two engravings, the "Spasimo di Sicilia" and the "Three Maries," alone ornamented the walls; green blinds were placed over the windows, not for ornament, but to moderate the light, according to the desire of the artist; finally, three easels, on which rested some unfinished portraits, and a large painting representing Anna Boleyn embracing her daughter before going to execution.

When he entered, little Jules went first to embrace his sister; she tenderly returned his caresses, then said to him in a gentle voice, as she returned to her easel: "Now, my dear child, let me go on with my painting;" not, however, without addressing a friendly "Good-morning" to Henry, who, she thought, had come to play with Jules.

Henry had been looking at the unfinished pictures with a sort of terror, because they appeared to him as obstacles between him and his request. He dared not speak, fearing to hear again the terrible word "impossible!" and he was going away, when Jules took him by the hand and drew him toward Emily. "Sister," he said, "I have brought my friend Henry to see you; he wishes to ask you something; do speak to him."

"Jules," she replied, "let me paint; you know I have very little time. You are playing the spoiled child: you abuse my indulgence."

"Indeed, Emily, I am not jesting; you must really speak to Henry. If you knew how unhappy he is!"

Mademoiselle d'Orbe, raising her eyes to the boy, was struck with his pale and anxious face, and said to him in a kind voice, as she continued her painting: "Forgive my rudeness, my little friend; this picture is to be sent to the Exposition, and I have not a moment to lose, because, both for my brother's sake and my own, I wish it to do me credit. But speak, my child; speak without fear, and be assured that I will not refuse you any thing that is in the power of a poor artist."

Henry, regaining a little courage, told her what he desired: then Jules, having related his friend's visit to their master, Henry added; "But I see very well, mademoiselle, that you can not do this portrait either, and I am sorry to have disturbed you."

In the mean time little Jules had been kissing his sister, and caressing her soft hair, entreating her not to refuse his little friend's request. Mademoiselle d'Orbe was painting Anna Boleyn: she stopped her work; a struggle seemed to arise in the depth of her heart, while she looked affectionately on the children. She, however, soon laid aside her pallet, and casting one glance of regret on her picture: "I will take your father's portrait," she said to Henry—"that man of sorrow and of genius. Your mother's wish shall be fulfilled."

She had scarcely uttered these words when a lady entered the room. She was young, pretty, and richly dressed. Having announced her name, she asked Mademoiselle d'Orbe to take her portrait, on the express condition that it should be finished in time to be placed in the Exposition.

"It is impossible for me to have this honor, madame," replied the artist: "I have a picture to finish, and I have just promised to do a portrait to which I must give all my spare time"

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"You would have been well paid for my portrait, and my name in the catalogue would have made yours known," added the young countess.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe only replied by a bow; and the lady had scarcely withdrawn, when, taking her bonnet and shawl, the young artist embraced her brother, took Henry by the hand, and said to him: "Bring me to your mother, my child."

Henry flew rather than walked; Mademoiselle d'Orbe could with difficulty keep up with him. Both ascended to the fifth story in the house in the Rue Descartes, where this poor family lived. When they reached the door, Henry tapped softly at it. Madame G—— opened it.

"Mamma," said the boy, trembling with emotion, "this lady is an artist: she is come to take papa's portrait." The poor woman, who had not hoped for such an unexpected happiness, wept as she pressed to her lips the hands of Mademoiselle d'Orbe, and could not find words to express her gratitude.

The portrait was commenced at once; and the young artist worked with zeal and devotion, for her admiration of the gifted and unfortunate man was intense. She resolved to make the piece valuable as a work of art, for posterity might one day demand the portrait of this gifted man, and her duty as a painter was to represent him in his noblest aspect.

Long sittings fatigued the invalid; so it was resolved to take two each day, and the young artist came regularly twice every day. As by degrees the strength of the sick man declined, the portrait advanced. At length, at the end of twelve days, it was finished: this was about a week before the death of M. G——.

At the same time that she was painting this portrait, Mademoiselle d'Orbe worked with ardor on her large painting, always hoping to have it ready in time. This hope did not fail her, until some days before the 1st of February. There was but a week longer to work: and this year she must abandon the idea of sending to the Exposition.

Some artists who had seen her picture had encouraged her very much; she could count, in their opinion, on brilliant success. This she desired with all her heart: first, from that noble thirst of glory which God has implanted in the souls of artists; and, secondly, from the influence it would have on the prospects of her little Jules, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, and whom she wished to be able to endow with all the treasures of education. This disappointment, these long hours of toil, rendered so vain at the very moment when she looked forward to receive her reward, so depressed the young artist, that she became dangerously ill.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe had very few friends, as she was an orphan, and lived in great retirement; she found herself, therefore, completely left to the care of her young attendant. When Jules met Henry at the drawing-school he told him of his sister's illness: Henry informed his mother, and Madame G—— immediately hastened to Mademoiselle d'Orbe, whom she found in the delirium of a fever from which she had been suffering for some days. The servant said that her mistress had refused to send for a doctor, pretending that her illness did not signify. Madame G——, terrified at the state of her young friend, went out and soon returned with Dr. Raymond.

The invalid was delirious: she unceasingly repeated the words—"portrait," "Anna Boleyn," "Exposition," "fortune," "disappointed hopes;" which plainly indicated the cause of her illness, and brought tears into the eyes of Madame G——. "Alas!" she said, "it is on my account she suffers: I am the cause of her not finishing her picture. Doctor, I am very unfortunate."

"All may be repaired," replied the doctor; "if you will promise to nurse the invalid, I will answer for her recovery."

In fact, Madame G—— never left the sick-bed of Mademoiselle d'Orbe. The doctor visited her twice in the day, and their united care soon restored the health of the interesting artist.

Mademoiselle was scarcely convalescent when she went to the Exposition of paintings at the Louvre, of which she had heard nothing—the doctor and Madame G—— having, as she thought, avoided touching on a subject which might pain her. She passed alone through the galleries, crowded with distinguished artists and elegantly-dressed ladies, saying to herself that perhaps her picture would have been as good as many which attracted the admiration of the crowd. She was thus walking sadly on, looking at the spot where she had hoped to have seen her Anna Boleyn, when she found herself stopped by a group of artists. They were unanimous in their praises. "This is the best portrait in the Exposition," said one. "A celebrated engraver is about to buy from the artist the right to engrave this portrait for the new edition of the author's works," said another. "We are very fortunate in having so faithful a likeness of so distinguished a writer as M. G——."

At this name Mademoiselle d'Orbe raised her eyes, and recognized her own work! Pale, trembling with emotion, the young artist was obliged to lean on the rail for support; then opening the catalogue, she read her name as if in a dream, and remained for some time to enjoy the pleasure of hearing the praises of her genius.

When the Exposition closed she hastened to Madame G——, and heard that it was Dr. Raymond who had conceived the happy idea of sending the portrait to the Louvre. "My only merit is the separating myself for a time from a picture which is my greatest consolation," added Madame G——.

From this day the young artist became the friend of the poor widow, whose prospects soon brightened. Through the influence of some of the friends of her lost husband, she obtained a pension from government—a merited but tardy reward! The two ladies lived near each other, and spent their evenings together. Henry and Jules played and studied together. Marie read aloud, while her mother and Mademoiselle d'Orbe

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d. Dr. Raymond sometimes shared in this
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Madame G—— had, then, a favorable an-
o give to her young friend, who soon be-
he husband of the interesting artist whose
us sacrifice had been the foundation of her
ess.

THE STOLEN BANK NOTES.

; newspapers of 1810 contain a few brief
ragraphs—cold, bare, and partial as a
one, relative to a singular, and, to my
g, instructive passage in the domestic an-
Great Britain, with which I happened to
intimately acquainted. The impression
uced on me at the time was vivid and pro-
and a couple of lines in a Liverpool journal
er day, curtly announcing the death of a
e L'Estrange, recalled each incident as
to memory as if graven there but yester-
nd moreover induced me to pen the fol-
narrative, in which, now that I can do so
t the risk of giving pain or offense to any
have given the whole affair, divested of
g, disguise, or concealment.

father, who had influence with the late
exley, then Mr. Vansittart, procured me,
eeks after I came of age, a junior clerk-
one of the best paid of our government
In the same department were two young
y seniors by about six or seven years only,
ames of Martin Travers and Edward Capel.
salaries were the same—three hundred
a year—and both had an equal chance of
on to the vacancy likely soon to occur,
by the death or superannuation of Mr.
l, an aged and ailing chief-clerk. I had
them slightly before I entered the office,
ch as our families visited in the same so-
nd we were very soon especially intimate
ch other. They were, I found, fast friends,
differing greatly in character and tem-
nt. I liked Martin Travers much the best
wo. He was a handsome, well-grown,
oken, generous young man; and never
known a person so full of buoyant life as
a temper so constantly gay and cheerful.
vas of a graver, more saturnine disposi-
th lines about the mouth indicative of iron
lity of nerve and will; yet withal a hearty
nough, and living, it was suspected, *quite*
s income, if not to something considerably
had not been more than about three
months in the office, when a marked change was perceptible in both. Gradually they had become cold, distant, and at last utterly estranged from each other; and it was suggested by several among us, that jealousy as to who should succeed to Rowdell's snug salary of six hundred a year, might have produced the evidently bad feeling between them. This might, I thought, have generated the lowering cloud hourly darkening and thickening upon Capel's brow, but could scarcely account for the change in Martin Travers. He whose contagious gayety used to render dullness and ill-humor impossible in his presence, was now fitful, moody, irascible; his daily tasks were no longer gone through with the old cheerful alacrity; and finally—for he was morbidly impatient of being questioned—I jumped to the conclusion—partly from some half-words dropped, and partly from knowing where they both occasionally visited—that the subtle influence which from the days of Helen downward—and I suppose upward—has pleased and plagued mankind, was at the bottom of the matter. I was quite right, and proof was not long waited for. I was walking early one evening along Piccadilly with Travers—who appeared, by-the-by, to wish me further, though he was too polite to say so—when we came suddenly upon Capel. I caught his arm, and insisted that he should take a turn with us as he used to do. I thought that possibly a quiet word or two on the beauty and excellence of kindly brotherhood among men, might lead to a better feeling between them. I was deucedly mistaken. My efforts in that line—awkwardly enough made, I dare say—proved utterly abortive. Capel indeed turned back, rather than, as I supposed, fussily persist in going on; but both he and Travers strode on as stiffly as grenadiers on parade—their cheeks flushed, their eyes alight with angry emotion, and altogether sullen and savage as bears. What seemed odd too, when Travers turned sharply round within a short distance of Hyde Park Corner, with a scarcely-disguised intention of shaking us off, Capel whirled round as quickly, as if quite as resolutely determined not to be shaken off; while I, considerably alarmed by the result of the pacific overture I had ventured upon, did, of course, the same. We stalked on in silence, till just as we reached Hoby's, and a Mr. Hervey, with his daughter Constance, turned suddenly out of St. James's-street. I was fiery hot to the tips of my ears in an instant. Travers and Capel stopped abruptly, stared fiercely at each other, and barely recovered presence of mind in sufficient time to lift their hats in acknowledgment of Mr. Hervey's brief greeting, and the lady's slight bow, as, after half-pausing, they passed on. It was all clear enough now. My two gentlemen had come to Piccadilly in the hope of meeting with Constance Hervey, and accompanying her home; frustrated in this, they had determined not to lose sight of each other; nor did they for three mortal hours, during which, anxiety lest their rancorous ill-humor should break out into open quarrel, kept me banging about from post to pillar with them—a

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sullen companionship, so utterly wearisome that I had several times half a mind to propose that they should fight it out at once, or toss up which should jump for the other's benefit into the Thames. At length ten o'clock struck, and it appearing to be mutually concluded that a visit to Kensington was no longer possible, a sour expression of relief escaped them, and our very agreeable party separated.

A very dangerous person in such a crisis was, I knew, this Constance Hervey, though by no means a catch in a pecuniary sense for well-connected young men with present salaries of three hundred a year, and twice as much in near expectancy. Her father, who had once held his head pretty high in the commercial world, had not long since become bankrupt, and they were now living upon an annuity of little more, I understood, than a hundred pounds, so secured to Mr. Hervey that his creditors could not touch it. This consideration, however, is one that weighs very little with men in the condition of mind of Capel and Travers, and I felt that once enthralled by Constance Hervey's singular beauty, escape, or resignation to disappointment was very difficult and hard to bear. She was no favorite of mine, just then, by the way. I had first seen her about three years previously—and even then, while yet the light, the simplicity, the candor, of young girlhood lingered over, and softened the rising graces of the woman, I read in the full depths of her dark eyes an exultant consciousness of beauty, and the secret instinct of its power. Let me, however, in fairness state that I had myself—moon-calf that I must have been—made sundry booby, blushing advances to the youthful beauty, and the half-amused, half-derisive merriment with which they were received, gave a twist, no doubt, to my opinion of the merits of a person so provokingly blind to mine. Be this, however, as it may, there could be no question that Constance Hervey was now a very charming woman, and I was grieved only, not surprised, at the bitter rivalry that had sprung up between Travers and Capel—a rivalry which each successive day but fed and strengthened!

Capel appeared to be fast losing all control over his temper and mode of life. He drank freely—that was quite clear; gambled, it was said, and rumors of debt, protested bills, ready money raised at exorbitant interest on the faith of his succeeding to Rowdell's post, flew thick as hail about the office. Should he obtain the coveted six hundred a year, Constance Hervey would, I doubted not—first favorite as Travers now seemed to be—condescend to be Mrs. Capel. This, not very complimentary opinion, I had been mentally repeating some dozen times with more than ordinary bitterness as I sat alone one evening after dinner in our little dining-room in Golden-square, when the decision came. The governor being out, I had perhaps taken a few extra glasses of wine, and nothing, in my experience, so lights up and inflames tender or exasperating reminiscences as fine old port.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat." It was unmistakably Travers's knock, and boisterously hilarious, too, as in the old time, before any Constance Herveys had emerged from pinafores and tuckers to distract and torment mankind, and more especially well-to-do government clerks. The startled maid-servant hastened to the door, and I had barely gained my feet and stretched myself, when in bounced Travers—radiant—a-blaze with triumph.

"Hollo, Travers! Why, where the deuce do you spring from, eh?"

"From Heaven! Paradise!—the presence of an angel at all events!"

"There, there, that will do; I quite understand."

"No, you don't Ned. Nobody but myself *can* understand, imagine, guess, dream of the extent the vastness of the change that has come over my life. Firstly, then—but this is nothing—Rowdell is at length superannuated, and I am to have his place."

He paused a moment; and I, with certainly a more than half-envious sneer, said—"And upon the strength of that piece of luck, you have proposed to Constance Hervey, and been accepted—of course."

"*Jubilate*—yes! Feel how my pulse throbs! It is four hours since, and still my brain lightens and my eyes dazzle with the tumultuous joy. Do not light the candles; I shall grow calmer in the twilight."

"Confound his raptures," was my internal ejaculation. "Why the mischief couldn't he take them somewhere else?" I, however, said nothing, and he presently resumed the grateful theme. "You will be at the wedding, of course. And by-the-by, now I think of it, haven't I heard Constance say she especially remembers you for something—I forget exactly what—but something pleasant and amusing—very!"

My face kindled to flame, and I savagely whirled the easy chair in which I sat two or three yards back from the fire-light before speaking. "I am extremely obliged to the lady, and so I dare say is poor Capel, who, it seems, has been so carelessly thrown over."

"Carelessly thrown over!" rejoined Travers, sharply. "That is a very improper expression. If he has, as I fear, indulged in illusions, he has been only self-deceived. Still, his double disappointment grieves me. It seems to cast—though there is no valid reason that it should do so—a shadow on my conscience."

We were both silent for some time. I was in no mood for talking, and he sat gazing dreamily at the fire. I knew very well whose face he saw there. I have seen it myself in the same place a hundred times.

"There is another drawback, Ned," he at length resumed. "Our marriage must be deferred six months at the least. I have but about two hundred pounds in ready money, and the lease and furniture of the house we shall require, would cost at least double that."

"Any respectable establishment would credit you for the furniture upon the strength of your greatly-increased salary."

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"So I urged; but Constance has such a perfect horror of debt—arising no doubt from her father's misfortunes—that she positively insists we must wait till every thing required in our new establishment can be paid for when purchased. I could, I think, raise the money upon my own acceptance, but should Constance hear that I had done so, she would, I fear, withdraw her promise."

"Stuff and nonsense! Six hundred a year can not be picked up every day."

"You do not know Constance Hervey. But come; I must have patience! Six—nine months are not a lifetime. Good-by. I knew you would be rejoiced to hear of my good fortune."

"Oh, of course—particularly delighted, in fact! Good-evening." I have slept better than I did that night.

It was Sunday evening when Travers called on me, and Capel did not make his appearance at the office till the Friday following, his excuse being urgent private business. Harassing business, if that were so, it must have been, for a sharp fever could scarcely have produced a greater change for the worse in his personal appearance. He was mentally changed as greatly. He very heartily congratulated Travers on his promotion, and took, moreover, the first opportunity of privately assuring him that his (Capel's) transient fancy for Miss Hervey had entirely passed away, and he cordially complimented his former rival on having succeeded in that quarter also. This was all remarkably queer, *I* thought; but Travers, from whose mind a great load seemed taken, willingly believed him, and they were better friends than ever; Capel, the more thoroughly, it seemed, to mark his acquiescent indifference, accompanying Travers once or twice to the Herveys'. So did I; though I would have given something the first time to have been any where else; for if a certain kneeling down, garden-arbor scene did not play about the lady's coral lips, and gleam for a moment from the corners of her bewildering eyes, my pulse was as steady and temperate just then, as it is now, after the frosts of more than sixty winters have chilled its beatings. She was, however, very kind and courteous, a shade *too* considerately gentle and patronizing, perhaps, and I became a rather frequent visitor. An ancient aunt, and very worthy soul, lived with them, with whom I now and then took a turn at backgammon, while the affianced couple amused themselves with chess—such chess! Travers was, I knew, a superior player, but on these occasions he hardly appeared to know a queen from a rook, or a bishop from a pawn. They were thus absurdly engaged one evening, when I made a discovery which, if it did not much surprise, greatly pained and somewhat alarmed me. Aunt Jane had left the room on some household intent, and I, partly concealed in the recess where I sat, by the window-curtain, silently contemplated the queer chess-playing, the entranced delight of the lover, and the calm, smiling graciousness of the lady. I have felt in a more enviable frame of mind—more composed, more comfortable than I did just then, but, good lord! what was my innocent little pit-pat compared with the storm of hate, and fury, and despair, which found terrific expression in the countenance that, as attracted by a slight noise, I hastily looked up, met my view! It was Capel's. He had entered the room, the door being ajar, unobserved, and was gazing, as he supposed, unmarked, at the chess-players. I was so startled that I, mechanically, as it were, sprang to my feet, and as I did so, Capel's features, by a strong effort of will, resumed their ordinary expression, save for the deathly pallor that remained, and a nervous quivering of the upper lip which could not be instantly mastered. I was more than satisfied as to the true nature of smooth-seeming Mr. Capel's sentiments toward the contracted couple, but as *they* had observed nothing, I thought it wisest to hold my peace. I could not, however, help smiling at the confiding simplicity with which Travers, as we all three walked homeward together, sought counsel of Capel as to the readiest means of raising—unknown to Miss Hervey—the funds necessary to be obtained before Prudence, as interpreted by that lady, would permit his marriage. Slight help, thought I, for such a purpose, will be afforded by the owner of the amiable countenance I saw just now.

It was just a week after this that thunder fell upon our office by the discovery that sixteen hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, sent in by different parties, late on the previous day, had disappeared, together with a memorandum-book containing the numbers and dates. Great, it may be imagined, was the consternation among us all, and a rigorous investigation, which, however, led to nothing, was immediately instituted. Capel, who showed extraordinary zeal in the matter, went, accompanied by one of the chief clerks, to the parties from whom the notes had been received, for fresh lists, in order that payment might be stopped. On their return, it was given out that no accurate, reliable list could be obtained. This, it was afterward found, was a *ruse* adopted in order to induce the thief or thieves to more readily attempt getting the notes into circulation.

This occurred in the beginning of September, and about the middle of October, Travers suddenly informed me that he was to be married on the following Monday—this was Tuesday. The lease of a house at Hammersmith had, he said, been agreed for, the furniture ordered, and every thing was to be completed and paid for by the end of the present week. "And the money—the extra two hundred and odd pounds required—how has that been obtained?" "Of my uncle Woolridge, a marriage-*gift*, though he won't, I believe, be present at the wedding," returned the bridegroom-elect, with a joyous chuckle. I was quite sure from his manner, as well as from my knowledge of his uncle's penurious character, that this was a deception. Constance Hervey's scruples, I had always thought, now that it was certain his next quarter's salary would be one hundred and fifty pounds were somewhat over

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strained and unreasonable—still I was vexed that he had stooped to deceive her by such a subterfuge. It was, however, no especial affair of mine, and I reluctantly accepted his invitation to dine at the Herveys' with him on the last day of his bachelorhood, that is, on the following Sunday. Capel was invited, but he refused. I also, declined, and resolutely, to attend the wedding. That would, I felt, be *un peu trop fort* just then.

A very pleasant party assembled at Mr. Hervey's on the afternoon of that terrible Sunday, and we were cheerfully chatting over the dessert, when the servant-girl announced that four gentlemen were at the door who said they *must* see Mr. Travers instantly.

"*Must* see me!" exclaimed Travers. "Very peremptory, upon my word. With your leave, sir—and yours, Constance, I will see these very determined gentlemen here. Bid them walk in, Susan."

Before Susan could do so, the door opened, and in walked the strangers *without* invitation. One of them, a square, thick-set, bullet-headed man it instantly struck me I had been in company with before. Oh! to be sure! he was the officer who conducted the investigation in the matter of the stolen notes. What on earth could *he* want there—or with Travers?

"You paid, Mr. Travers," said he, bluntly, "something over four hundred pounds to these two gentlemen, yesterday."

"Yes, certainly I did; no doubt about it."

"Will you tell us, then, if you please, where you obtained the notes in which you made those payments?"

"Obtained them—where I obtained them?" said Travers, who did not, I think, immediately recognize the officer. "To be sure. Four of them—four fifties—I have had by me for some time; and—and—"

"The two one-hundred pound notes—how about them?" quietly suggested the man, seeing Travers hesitate.

Travers, more confused than alarmed, perhaps, but white as the paper on which I am writing, glanced hurriedly round—we had all impulsively risen to our feet—till his eye rested upon Constance Hervey's eagerly-attentive countenance. "I received them," he stammered, repeating, I was sure, a falsehood, "from my uncle, Mr. Woolridge, of Tottenham."

"Then, of course, you will have no objection to accompany us to your uncle, Mr. Woolridge, of Tottenham?"

"Certainly not; but not now. To-morrow—you see I am engaged now."

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Travers, that you *must* go with us. Those two notes were among those stolen from the office to which you belong."

There was a half-stifled scream—a broken sob, and, but for me, Constance Hervey would have fallen senseless on the floor. Travers was in the merciless grasp of the officers, who needlessly hurried him off, spite of his frantic entreaties for a brief delay. The confusion and terror of such a scene may be imagined, not described. Although at first somewhat staggered, five minutes had not passed before I felt thoroughly satisfied that Travers was the victim of some diabolical plot; and I pretty well guessed of whose concoction. An untruth he had no doubt been guilty of, through fear of displeasing his betrothed—but guilty of stealing money—of plundering the office!—bah!—the bare supposition was an absurdity.

As soon as Miss Hervey was sufficiently recovered to listen, I endeavored to reason with her in this sense, but she could not sufficiently command her attention. "My brain is dizzy and confused as yet," she said; "do you follow, and ascertain, as far as possible, *all* the truth—the worst truth. I shall be calmer when you return."

"I did so, and in less than two hours I was again at Kensington. Travers was locked up, after confessing that his statement of having received the hundred-pound notes of his uncle Woolridge, was untrue. He would probably be examined at Bow-street the next day—his wedding-day, as he had fondly dreamed!

I found Constance Hervey—unlike her father and aunt, who were moaning and lamenting about the place like distracted creatures—perfectly calm and self-possessed, though pale as Parian marble. I told her all—all I had heard and seen, and all that I suspected. Her eyes kindled to intensest lustre as I spoke. "I have no doubt," she said, "that your suspicions point the right way, but proof, confronted as we shall be by that wretched falsehood, will, I fear, be difficult. But I will not despair; the truth will, I trust, ultimately prevail. And remember, Thornton," she added, "that we count entirely upon you." She gave me her hand on saying this; I clutched it with ridiculous enthusiasm, and blurted out—as if I had been a warlike knight instead of a peaceable clerk—"You may, Miss Hervey, to the death!" In fact, at that particular moment, although by no means naturally pugnacious, and, moreover, of a somewhat delicate constitution, I think I should have proved an ugly customer had there been any body in the way to fight with. This, however, not being the case, I consulted with Mr. Hervey as to what legal assistance ought to be secured, and it was finally determined that I should request Mr. Elkins, a solicitor residing in Lothbury, to take Travers's instructions, and that Mr. Alley, the barrister, should be retained to attend at Bow-street. This matter settled, I took my leave.

I had a very unsatisfactory account to render on the morrow evening to the anxious family at Kensington. Travers's appearance at Bow-street had been deferred, at the request of his solicitor, to Wednesday, in order that the individual from whom the prisoner *now* declared he had received the stolen notes might be communicated with. The explanation given by Travers to the solicitor was briefly this: About seven months previously he had amassed a considerable sum in guineas—

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then bearing a high premium, although it was an *offense* at law to dispose of them for more in silver or notes than their nominal value. Somebody—Mr. Capel, he was pretty sure, but would not be positive—mentioned to him the name of one Louis Brocard, of No. 18 Brewer-street, as a man who would be likely to give him a good price for his gold. Travers accordingly saw Brocard, who, after considerable haggling, paid him two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes—four fifties—for one hundred and sixty-two guineas. That lately he, Travers, had often mentioned to Capel, that he wished to raise, as secretly as possible, on his own personal security, a sum of at least two hundred pounds, and that Capel—this he was sure of, as not more than a month had since elapsed—Capel had advised him to apply to Louis Brocard for assistance. He had done so, and Brocard had given him the two one-hundred pound notes in exchange for a note of hand, at six months' date, for two hundred and twenty pounds. I had obtained temporary leave of absence from the office, and at the solicitor's request I accompanied him to Brewer-street. Brocard—a strong-featured, swarthy *emigré* from the south of France, Languedoc, I believe, who had been in this country since '92, and spoke English fluently—was at home, and I could not help thinking, from his manner, expecting and prepared for some such visit. There was a young woman with him, his niece, he said, Marie Deschamps, of the same cast of features as himself, but much handsomer, and with dark fiery eyes, that upon the least excitement seemed to burn like lightning. Brocard confirmed Travers's statement without hesitation as to the purchase of the gold and the discount of the bill. "*In* what money did you pay the two hundred pounds for which you received the acceptance?" asked the solicitor.

"I will tell you," replied Brocard, coolly. "Marie, give me the pocket-book from the desk—the red one. September 26th," he continued, after adjusting his spectacles, "Martin Travers, four fifty Bank of England notes," and he read off the dates and numbers, of which I possess no memoranda.

"Why, those are the notes," exclaimed Mr. Elkins, very much startled, and glancing at a list in his hand, "which you paid Mr. Travers for the gold, and which you and others I could name, knew he had not since parted with!"

A slight flush crossed the Frenchman's brow, and the niece's eyes gleamed with fierce expression at these words. The emotion thus displayed was but momentary.

"You are misinformed," said Brocard. "Here is a memorandum made at the time (March 3d) of the notes paid for the gold. You can read it yourself. The largest in amount, you will see, was a twenty."

"Do you mean to persist in asserting," said Mr. Elkins, after several moments of dead silence, "that you did not pay Mr. Travers for his bill of exchange in two one-hundred pound notes?"

"Persist!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I don't understand your 'persist!' I have told you the plain truth. Persist—*parbleu!*"

I was dumfoundered. "Pray, Monsieur Brocard," said the solicitor, suddenly; "Do you know Mr. Capel?"

The swarthy flush was plainer now, and not so transitory. "Capel—Capel," he muttered, averting his face toward his niece. "Do we know Capel, Marie?"

"No doubt your niece does, Mr. Brocard," said the solicitor, with a sharp sneer, "or that eloquent face of hers belies her."

In truth, Marie Deschamps's features were a-flame with confused and angry consciousness; and her brilliant eyes sparkled with quick ire, as she retorted, "And if I do, what then?"

"Nothing, *perhaps*, young lady; but my question was addressed to your uncle."

"I have nothing more to say," rejoined Brocard. "I know nothing of the hundred pound notes; very little of Mr. Capel, whom now, however, I remember. And pray, sir," he added, with a cold, malignant smile, "did I not hear this morning, that Martin Travers informed the officers that it was a relation, an uncle, I believe, from whom he received the said notes—stolen notes, it seems? He will endeavor to inculpate some one else by-and-by, I dare say."

There was no parrying this thrust, and we came away, much disturbed and discouraged. I remained late that evening at Kensington, talking the unfortunate matter over; but hope, alas! of a safe deliverance for poor Travers appeared impossible, should Brocard persist in his statement. The prisoner's lodgings had been minutely searched, but no trace of the still missing fourteen hundred pounds had been discovered there. Constance Hervey appeared to be greatly struck with my account of Marie Deschamps's appearance and demeanor, and made me repeat each circumstance over and over again. I could not comprehend how this could so much interest her at such a time.

Brocard repeated his statement, on oath, at Bow-street, and Mr. Alley's cross-examination failed to shake his testimony. The first declaration made by Travers necessarily deprived his after protestations, vehement as they were, of all respect; but I could not help feeling surprise that the barrister's suggestion that it was absurd to suppose that a man in possession of the very large sum that had been stolen, would have *borrowed* two hundred pounds at an exorbitant interest, was treated with contempt. All that, it was hinted, was a mere colorable contrivance to be used in case of detection. The prisoner feared to put too many of the notes in circulation at once, and the acceptance would have been paid for in the stolen moneys, and so on. Finally, Travers was committed for trial, and bail was refused.

As the star of the unfortunate Travers sank in disastrous eclipse, that of Capel shone more brilliantly. There was no doubt that he would succeed, on his rival's conviction, to the vacated

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post; and some eight or nine weeks after Travers had been committed, circumstances occurred which induced me to believe that he would be equally successful in another respect. I must also say that Capel evinced from the first much sorrow for his old friend's lamentable fall; he treated the notion of his being guiltless with disdain, and taking me one day aside, he said he should endeavor to get Brocard out of the country before the day of trial either by fair means or by tipping him the Alien Act. "In fact," he added, with some confusion of manner, "I have faithfully promised Miss Hervey, that for *her* sake, though she can have no more doubt of his guilt than I have, that no effort shall be spared to prevent his *legal* conviction; albeit, life, without character will be, I should think, no great boon to him."

"For *her* sake! You, Edward Capel, have faithfully promised Miss Hervey to attempt this for *her* sake!" I exclaimed, as soon as I could speak for sheer astonishment.

"Ay, truly; does that surprise you, Thornton?" he added, with a half-bitter, half-Malvolio smile.

"Supremely; and if it be as your manner intimates, why then, Frailty, thy name in very truth is—"

"Woman!" broke in Capel, taking the word out of my mouth. "No doubt of it, from the days of Eve till ours. But come, let us return to business."

I had been for some time grievously perplexed by the behavior of Constance Hervey. Whenever I had called at Kensington, I found, that though at times she appeared to be on the point of breaking through a self-imposed restraint, all mention of Travers, as far as possible, was avoided, and that some new object engrossed the mind of Constance, to the exclusion of every other. What a light did this revelation of Capel's throw on her conduct and its motives! And it was such a woman as that, was it, that I had enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart, and worshiped as almost a divinity! Great God!

These thoughts were trembling on my lips, when a brief note was brought me: "Miss Hervey's compliments to Mr. Edward Thornton, and she will be obliged if, late as it is, he will hasten to Kensington immediately." I had never seen a line of hers before in my life, and it was wonderful how all my anger, suspicion, scorn, vanished—exhaled, before those little fly-stroke characters; so much so that—but no, I won't expose myself. A hack soon conveyed me to Kensington; Mr. Hervey, Constance, and good Aunt Jane were all there in the parlor, evidently in expectation of my arrival. Miss Hervey proceeded to business at once.

"You have not seen Marie Deschamps lately, I believe?"

"Not I! The last time I saw her was in Bow-street, whither she accompanied her scoundrel of an uncle."

"Well, you must see her again to-morrow. She is deeply attached to Mr. Capel, and expects that he will marry her as soon as Martin Travers is convicted; and he, Capel, has secured the vacant place."

"Ha!"

"Mr. Capel," continued Miss Hervey, and a glint of sparkling sunlight shot from her charming eyes, "has been foolish enough to prefer another person—at least so I am instructed by papa, with whom the gentleman left this note, not yet opened, addressed to me, some three hours since. I can imagine its contents, but let us see."

I can not depict in words the scorn, contempt, pride—triumph, too—that swept over that beautiful countenance. "Very impassioned and eloquent, upon my word," she said; "I only wonder such burning words did not fire the paper. Now, Mr. Thornton, you must see this forsaken damsel, Marie Deschamps, and acquaint her with Mr. Capel's inconstancy. She will require proof—it shall be afforded her. In answer to this missive, I shall appoint Mr. Capel to see me here to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. Do you bring her by half-past six, and place yourselves in yon little ante-room, where every thing done here, and every word spoken, can be distinctly seen and heard. This well managed, I am greatly deceived in those southern eyes of hers if the iniquitous plot, of which there can be no doubt she holds the clew, will not receive an unlooked-for solution."

"Charming! glorious! beautiful!" I was breaking into *éclats* of enthusiastic admiration, but Miss Hervey, who was too earnest and excited to listen patiently to rhapsodies, cut me short with, "My dear sir, it's getting very late, and there is, you know, much to be done to-morrow." It's not pleasant to be let down so suddenly when you are so particularly stilty, but as I was by this time pretty well used to it, I submitted with the best possible grace, and, after receiving some other explanations and directions took leave.

I obtained an interview without difficulty, on the following morning, with Marie Deschamps, just before office hours, and in her uncle's absence. She was curious to know the object of my visit; but her manner, though free and gay, was carefully guarded and unrelenting, till I gradually and cautiously introduced the subject of Capel's infidelity. It was marvelous how, as each sentence fell upon her ear, her figure stiffened into statue-like rigidity, and her eyes kindled with fiery passion. "If this be so," she said, when I ceased speaking, "he is playing with his life! Is she the lady I passed a fortnight since, when with him in the Park?" "Describe the lady, and I will tell you." She did so; it was the exact portrait of Miss Hervey, and so I told her. "I had a misgiving at the time," she said; "if it prove true—but I will believe, after what has passed, only my own eyes and ears."

This was all we desired; a satisfactory arrangement was agreed upon, and I left her, not without hugging self-gratulation that *I* was not

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the recreant sweetheart about to be caught *in flagrante delicto* by such a damsel.

I watched Capel that day with keen attention. He was much excited it was evident, and withal ill at ease: there was a nervous apprehensiveness in his manner and aspect I had never before noticed, over which, however, from time to time quick flashes of exultation glimmered, sparkled, and then vanished. Is it, thought I, the shadow of a sinister catastrophe that already projects over and awes, appalls him? It might be.

Marie Deschamps and I were ensconced punctually at the hour named, in the little slip of a closet communicating with the Herveys' upstairs sitting-room. Nobody appeared there till about five minutes to seven, when Constance, charmingly attired, and looking divinely—though much agitated, I could see through all her assumed firmness—entered, and seated herself upon a small couch, directly in front of the tiny window through which we cautiously peered. "No wonder," I mentally exclaimed, "that Capel has been beguiled of all sense or discretion!"

In reply to Marie Deschamps' look of jealous yet admiring surprise, I whispered, pointing to the neat but poor furniture, "Capel expects, you know, soon to have six hundred a year." "Ah," she rejoined, in the same tone, "and in this country gold is God!" "And all the Saints in yours, I believe; but hark! there is a knock at the door; it is he, no doubt."

Comparatively dark as the closet was, I could see the red, swarthy color come and go on the young woman's cheeks and forehead; and I fancied I could hear the violent and hurried beating of her heart. Presently Mr. Capel entered the apartment; his features were flushed as with fever, and his whole manner exhibited uncontrollable agitation. His first words were unintelligible, albeit their purport might be guessed. Miss Hervey, though much disturbed also, managed to say, after a few moment's awkward silence, and with a half-ironical yet fascinating smile, taking up as she spoke a letter which lay upon the table, "Upon my word, Mr. Capel, this abrupt proposal of yours appears to me, under the circumstances, to be singularly ill-timed and premature, besides—"

The lady's discomposure had, it struck me, dissipated a half-formed suspicion in Capel's mind that some trap or mystification was preparing for him, and, throwing himself at the feet of Constance, he gave way to a torrent of fervent, headlong protestation, which there could be no question was the utterance of genuine passion. Marie Deschamps felt this, and but that I forcibly held her back, she would have burst into the room at once: as it was she pressed her arms across her bosom with her utmost force, as if to compress, keep down, the wild rage by which she was, I saw, shaken and convulsed. Miss Hervey appeared affected by Capel's vehemence, and she insisted that he should rise and seat himself. He did so, and after a minute or so of silence, Constance again resolutely addressed herself to the task she had determined to perform.

"But the lady, Mr. Capel, whom we saw you conversing with not long since in the Park; one Marie—Marie, something?"

"The name of such a person as Marie Deschamps should not sully Miss Hervey's lips, even in jest, ha!—"

No wonder he stopped abruptly, and turned round with quick alarm. Till that moment I had with difficulty succeeded in holding the said Marie, but no sooner was her name thus contemptuously pronounced, than she plucked a small, glittering instrument from her bodice—the half of a pair of scissors, it seemed to me, but pointed and sharp as a dagger—and drove it into my arm with such hearty good-will, that I loosed her in a twinkling. In she burst upon the utterly astounded Capel with a cry of rage and vengeance, and struck furiously at him right and left, at the same time hurling in his face the epithets of "liar!" "traitor!" "robber!" "villain!" and so on, as thick as hail, and with maniacal fury. I had instantly followed, and at the same moment Mr. Hervey, and the officer who arrested Travers, came in by another door. I and Mr. Hervey placed ourselves before Constance, who was terribly scared, for this stabbing business was more than we had looked or bargained for. The officer seized Marie Deschamps' arm, and with some difficulty wrenched the dangerous weapon she wielded with such deadly ferocity from her grasp. It was, as I supposed, a sharpened scissors-blade, and keen, as a large scar on my arm still testifies, as a poinard. Capel, paralyzed, bewildered by so unexpected and furious an attack, and bleeding in several places, though not seriously hurt, staggered back to the wall, against which he supported himself, as he gazed with haggard fear and astonishment at the menacing scene before him.

"And so you would marry that lady, thief and villain that you are!" continued the relentless young fury; "she shall know, then, what you are; that it was you contrived the stealing of the bank notes, which—"

"Marie!" shrieked Capel, "dear Marie! for your own sake, stop! I will do any thing—"

"Dog! traitor!" she broke in, with even yet wilder passion than before, if it were possible; "it is too late. I know you now, and spit at both you and your promises! It was you, I say, who brought my uncle the one-hundred pound notes by which your *friend*, Martin Travers, has been entrapped!"

"'Tis false! the passionate, mad, jealous fool lies!" shouted Capel, with frantic terror.

"Lie, do I! Then there is *not* a thousand pounds worth of the stolen notes concealed at this moment beneath the floor of your sitting-room, till an opportunity can be found of sending them abroad! That, unmatched villain that you are! is false, too, perhaps?"

She paused from sheer exhaustion, and for a brief space no one spoke, so suddenly had the blow fallen. Presently the officer said, "The

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game is up, you see, at last, Mr. Capel; you will go with me;" and he stepped toward the unhappy culprit. Capel, thoroughly desperate, turned, sprang with surprising agility over a dining-table, threw up a window-sash, and leapt into the street. The height was not so much, but his feet caught in some iron railing, and he fell head foremost on the pavement, fracturing his skull frightfully. Before an hour had passed, he was dead.

Brocard contrived to escape, but the evidence of Marie Deschamps and the finding of the stolen notes, in accordance with her statement, fully established the innocence of Travers, and he was restored to freedom and his former position in the world. He and Constance Hervey, to whom he owed so much, were married three months after his liberation, and I officiated, by particular desire, as bride's father.

I had lost sight of Marie Deschamps for some twelve or thirteen years, when I accidentally met her in Liverpool. She was a widow, having married and buried a M. L'Estrange, a well-to-do person there, who left her in decent circumstances. We spoke together of the events I have briefly but faithfully narrated, and she expressed much contrition for the share she had taken in the conspiracy against Travers. I fancied, too—it was perhaps an unjust fancy—that, knowing I had lately been promoted to four hundred a year, she wished to dazzle me with those still bright eyes of hers—a bootless effort, by whomsoever attempted. The talismanic image daguerreotyped upon my heart in the bright sunlight of young manhood, could have no rival there, and is even now as fresh and radiant as when first impressed, albeit the strong years have done their work, yet very gently, upon the original. It could scarcely be otherwise, living visibly, as she still does, in youthful grace and beauty in the person of the gay gipsy I am, please God, soon to "give away," at St. Pancras Church, as I did her grandmamma, more than forty years ago, at Kensington. Constance, *this* Constance is, as she well knows, to be my heiress. Travers, her grandfather, is now a silver-haired, yet hale, jocund, old man; and so tenderly, I repeat, has Time dealt with his wife—the Constance Hervey of this narrative—that I can sometimes hardly believe her to be more than about three or four and forty years of age. This is, however, perhaps only an illusion of the long and, whatever fools or skeptics may think, or say, elevating dream that has pursued me through youth and middle age, even unto confirmed old bachelorhood. Madame L'Estrange, as before stated, died a short time since at Liverpool; her death, by influenza, the paper noticed, was sudden and unexpected.

WONDERFUL TOYS.

VERY wonderful things are told by various writers of the power of inventive genius in expending itself upon trifles. Philip Camuz describes an extraordinary automaton group that was got up, regardless, of course, of expense, for the entertainment of Louis the Fourteenth. It consisted of a coach and horses—what a modern coachman would designate "a first-rate turn-out." Its road was a table; and, at starting, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses began to prance; then, subsiding into a long trot, they continued until the whole equipage arrived opposite to where the King sat. They then stopped, a footman dismounted from the foot-board, opened the door, and handed out a lady; who, courtesying gracefully, offered a petition to his Majesty, and re-entered the carriage. The footman jumped up behind—all right—the whip smacked once more; the horses pranced, and the long trot was resumed.

Some of the stories extant, respecting musical automata, are no less extraordinary. D'Alembert gives an account, in the "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*," of a gigantic mechanical Flute-player. It stood on a pedestal, in which some of the "works" were contained; and, not only blew into the flute, but, with its lips, increased or diminished the tones it forced out of the instrument, performing the legato and staccato passages to perfection. The fingering was also quite accurate. This marvelous Flautist was exhibited in Paris in 1738, and was made by Jacques de Vaucanson, the prince of automaton contrivers.

Vaucanson labored under many disadvantages in constructing this marvelous figure; among others, that of a skeptic uncle; who, for some years, laughed him out of his project. At length, fortune favored the mechanist with a severe illness; and he took advantage of it to contrive the automaton he had so long dreamt of. This was at Grenoble; and, as Vaucanson designed each portion of the figure, he sent it to be made by a separate workman; that no one should find out the principle of his invention. As the pieces came home, he put them together; and, when the whole was completed, he crawled out of bed, by the help of a servant who had been his go-between with the various operative mechanics, and locked his chamber door. Trembling with anxiety, he wound up the works. At the first sound emitted from the flute, the servant fell on his knees, and began to worship his master as somebody more than mortal. They both embraced each other, and wept with joy to the tune which the figure was merrily playing.

None of Vaucanson's imitators have been able to accomplish the organization by which his figure modified the tones, by the action of the lips; although several flute-playing puppets have since been made. About forty years ago there was an exhibition in London, of two mechanical figures, of the size of life, which performed duets. Incredulous visitors were in the habit of placing their fingers on the holes of the flutes, in order to convince themselves that the puppets really supplied the wind, which caused the flutes to discourse such excellent music.

A full orchestra of clock-work musicians is quite possible. Maelzel, the inventor of the Metronome, opened an exhibition in Vienna, in 1809, in which an automaton Trumpeter as large

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as life, performed with surprising accuracy and power. The audience first saw, on entering the room, a tent. Presently the curtains opened, and Maelzel appeared leading forward the trumpeter, attired in full regimentals of an Austrian dragoon. He then pressed the left epaulet of the figure, and it began to sound, not only all the cavalry calls then in use for directing the evolutions of the Austrian cavalry, but to play a march, and an allegro by Weigl, which was accompanied by a full band of living musicians. The figure then retired; and, in a few minutes, reappeared in the dress of a trumpeter of the French guard. The inventor wound it up on the left hip; another touch on the left shoulder, and forth came from the trumpet, in succession, all the French cavalry-calls, the French cavalry march, a march by Dussek, and one of Pleyel's allegros; again accompanied by the orchestra. In the *Journal des Modes*, whence this account is derived, it is declared that the tones produced by Maelzel's automaton were even fuller and richer than those got out of a trumpet by human lungs and lips; because a man's breath imparts to the inside of the instrument a moisture which deteriorates the quality of the tone.

Vaucanson has, however, never been outdone; after his Flautist, he produced a figure which accompanied a flageolet played with one hand, with a tambourine struck with the other. But his most wonderful achievements were in imitating animals. His duck became a wonder of the world. He simulated nature in the minutest point. Every bone, every fibre, every organ, were so accurately constructed and fitted, that the mechanism waddled about in search of grain; and, when it found some, picked it up with its bill and swallowed it. "This grain" (we quote from the *Biographie Universelle*) "produced in the stomach a species of trituration, which caused it to pass into the intestines, and to perform all the functions of digestion." The wonderful duck was not to be distinguished from any live duck. It muddled the water with its beak, drank, and quacked to the life. From men and ducks Vaucanson descended to insects. When Marmontel brought out his tragedy of "Cleopatra," Vaucanson obliged the author with a mechanical Aspic, in order that the heroine might be stung with the closest imitation of nature. At the proper moment the insect darted forth from the side-scenes, and settled upon the actress, hissing all the while. A wit, on being asked his opinion of the play, answered pithily, "*I* agree with the *Aspic*."

One never contemplates these wonders without regretting that so much mechanical genius should have been mis-expended upon objects by which mankind are no gainers beyond a little fleeting gratification. Vaucanson did not, however, wholly waste himself upon ingenious trifling. He was appointed by Cardinal Fleury, Inspector of Silk Manufactories, into which he introduced, during a visit to Lyons, some labor-saving improvements. In return for this, the workmen stoned him out of the town; but he conveyed his opinion of their folly by constructing and setting to work a machine which produced a very respectable flower pattern in silk damask by the aid of an Ass. Had his genius confined itself wholly to the useful arts, it is not to be doubted that Vaucanson would have advanced the productive powers of machinery, and, consequently, the prosperity of mankind, at least half a century. In point of abstract ingenuity, his useless contrivances equal, if they do not exceed in inventive power and mechanical skill, the important achievements of Arkwright and Watt. Vaucanson's inventions died with him; those of the great English engineers will live to increase the happiness and comfort of mankind forever.

Single mechanical figures, including the automaton Chess-player (which was scarcely a fair deception, and is too well known to need more than a passing allusion), although surprising for their special performances, were hardly more attractive than the groups of automata which have been from time to time exhibited. One of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences describes, in 1729, a set of mechanical puppets, which were at that time performing a pantomime in five acts. In 1746, Bienfait, the show-man, brought out "The Bombardment of the City of Antwerp," which was performed in the most soldier-like manner, by automata; all the artillery being served and discharged with that regularity which is always attributed to clock-work. A year or two later, the same artist produced "The Grand Assault of Bergem-op-Zoom," with unequivocal success. He called his company *Comédiens praticiens*.

The latest notable effort of mechanical puppet manufacture is exhibited at Boulogne at the present time. It is that of a jeweler, who has devoted eight years of his life to the perfection of a clock-work conjuror; which he has made a thorough master of the thimble-rig. Dressed in an Eastern costume, this necromancer stands behind a table, covered, as the tables of professors of legerdemain usually are, with little boxes and cabinets, from which he takes the objects he employs during the exhibition. He produces his goblets, and shows the balls under them; which vanish and reappear in the most approved style: now two or three are conjured into a spot, a moment before vacant; presently, these disappear again, and are perpetually divided and re-united.

At every exclamation of the spectators, the little conjuror turns his eyes from side to side, as if looking round the house; smiles, casts his eyes modestly down, bows, and resumes his sleight-of-hand. He not only takes up the goblets from a stand, and places them over the balls, but leaves them there for a minute, and holds his hands up, to show the audience that he conceals nothing in his palm or sleeve. He then seizes the goblets again and goes on. This trick over, he puts his cups away, and shuts his cabinet. He then knocks on his table, and up starts an egg, to which he points, to secure attention; he touches the egg (which opens lengthwise) and a little

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bird starts into life; sings a roundelay, claps its enameled wings—which are of real humming-birds' feathers, beyond any metallic art in lustre—and then falls back into its egg. The little conjuror nods, smiles, rolls his eyes right and left, bows as before, and the egg disappears into the table; he bows again, and then sits down to intimate that the performance is over. The height of this little gentleman is about three inches; his table and every thing else being in due proportion. He stands on a high square pedestal, apparently of marble. It is, however, of tin, painted white, and within it are all the wheels and works containing the heart of the mystery.

This jeweler sold to a dealer, who re-sold to a Persian Prince, not long since, a Marionnette flute-player; but whose fingering in the most elaborate pieces, although as accurate as if Drouet or Nicholson had been the performers, had no influence over the tune; which was played by a concealed musical box. It was therefore, much inferior to those mechanical flautists we have already described. The jeweler has never ceased to regret having sold this toy. He could have borne to have parted with it if it had remained in Europe, but that it should have been conveyed, as he says, "to the other world," has been too cruel a blow. "*Tout le monde*," he exclaims, "*sera enchanté de mon ouvrage; mais, on ne parlera pas de moi, là-bas*"—all the world will be enchanted with my work, but no one will speak of me yonder—by which distant region, he probably means Ispahan.

He is now perfecting a beautiful bird, which flies from spray to spray, and sings when it alights, somewhat similarly to the little Swiss bird which warbled so sweetly at the Great Exhibition.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION.

MY picture was a failure. Partial friends had guaranteed its success; but the Hanging Committee and the press are not composed of one's partial friends. The Hanging Committee thrust me into the darkest corner of the octagon-room, and the press ignored my existence—excepting in one instance, when my critic dismissed me in a quarter of a line as a "presumptuous dauber." I was stunned with the blow, for I had counted so securely on the £200 at which my grand historical painting was dog-cheap—not to speak of the deathless fame which it was to create for me—that I felt like a mere wreck when my hopes were flung to the ground, and the untasted cup dashed from my lips. I took to my bed, and was seriously ill. The doctor bled me till I fainted, and then said, that he had saved me from a brain-fever. That might be, but he very nearly threw me into a consumption, only that I had a deep chest and a good digestion. Pneumonic expansion and active chyle saved me from an early tomb, yet I was too unhappy to be grateful.

But why did my picture fail? Surely it possessed all the elements of success! It was grandly historical in subject, original in treatment, pure in coloring; what, then, was wanting? This old warrior's head, of true Saxon type, had all the majesty of Michael Angelo; that young figure, all the radiant grace of Correggio; no Rembrandt showed more severe dignity than yon burnt umber monk in the corner; and Titian never excelled the loveliness of this cobalt virgin in the foreground. Why did it not succeed? The subject, too—the "Finding of the Body of Harold by Torch-light"—was sacred to all English hearts; and being conceived in an entirely new and original manner, it was redeemed from the charge of triteness and wearisomeness. The composition was pyramidal, the apex being a torch borne aloft for the "high light," and the base showing some very novel effects of herbage and armor. But it failed. All my skill, all my hope, my ceaseless endeavor, my burning visions, all—all had failed; and I was only a poor, half-starved painter, in Great Howland-street, whose landlady was daily abating in her respect, and the butcher daily abating in his punctuality; whose garments were getting threadbare, and his dinners hypothetical, and whose day-dreams of fame and fortune had faded into the dull-gray of penury and disappointment. I was broken-hearted, ill, hungry; so I accepted an invitation from a friend, a rich manufacturer in Birmingham, to go down to his house for the Christmas holidays. He had a pleasant place in the midst of some iron-works, the blazing chimneys of which, he assured me, would afford me some exquisite studies of "light" effects.

By mistake, I went by the Express train, and so was thrown into the society of a lady whose position would have rendered any acquaintance with her impossible, excepting under such chance-conditions as the present; and whose history, as I learned it afterward, led me to reflect much on the difference between the reality and the seeming of life.

She moved my envy. Yes—base, mean, low, unartistic, degrading as is this passion, I felt it rise up like a snake in my breast when I saw that feeble woman. She was splendidly dressed—wrapped in furs of the most costly kind, trailing behind; her velvets and lace worth a countess's dowry. She was attended by obsequious menials; surrounded by luxuries; her compartment of the carriage was a perfect palace in all the accessories which it was possible to collect in so small a space; and it seemed as though "Cleopatra's cup" would have been no impracticable draught for her. She gave me more fully the impression of luxury, than any person I had ever met with before; and I thought I had reason when I envied her.

She was lifted into the carriage carefully; carefully swathed in her splendid furs and lustrous velvets; and placed gently, like a wounded bird, in her warm nest of down. But she moved languidly, and fretfully thrust aside her servants' busy hands, indifferent to her comforts, and annoyed by her very blessings. I looked into her face: it was a strange face, which had once been beautiful; but ill-health, and care, and grief had

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marked it now with deep lines, and colored it with unnatural tints. Tears had washed out the roses from her cheeks, and set large purple rings about her eyes; the mouth was hard and pinched, but the eyelids swollen; while the crossed wrinkles on her brow told the same tale of grief grown petulant, and of pain grown soured, as the thin lip, quivering and querulous, and the nervous hand, never still and never strong.

The train-bell rang, the whistle sounded, the lady's servitors stood bareheaded and courtesying to the ground, and the rapid rush of the iron giant bore off the high-born dame and the starveling painter in strange companionship. Unquiet and unresting—now shifting her place—now letting down the glass for the cold air to blow full upon her withered face, then drawing it up, and chafing her hands and feet by the warm-water apparatus concealed in her *chauffe-pied*, while shivering as if in an ague-fit—sighing deeply—lost in thought—wildly looking out and around for distraction—she soon made me ask myself whether my envy of her was as true as deep sympathy and pity would have been.

"But her wealth—her wealth!" I thought. "True she may suffer, but how gloriously she is solaced! She may weep, but the angels of social life wipe off her tears with perfumed linen, gold embroidered; she may grieve, but her grief makes her joys so much the more blissful. Ah! she is to be envied after all!—envied, while I, a very beggar, might well scorn my place now!"

Something of this might have been in my face, as I offered my sick companion some small attention—I forget what—gathering up one of her luxurious trifles, or arranging her cushions. She seemed almost to read my thoughts as her eyes rested on my melancholy face; and saying abruptly: "I fear you are unhappy, young man?" she settled herself in her place like a person prepared to listen to a pleasant tale.

"I am unfortunate, madam," I answered.

"Unfortunate?" she said impatiently. "What! with youth and health, can you call yourself unfortunate? When the whole world lies untried before you, and you still live in the golden atmosphere of hope, can you pamper yourself with sentimental sorrows? Fie upon you!—fie upon you! What are your sorrows compared with mine?"

"I am ignorant of yours, madam," I said, respectfully; "but I know my own; and, knowing them, I can speak of their weight and bitterness. By your very position, you can not undergo the same kind of distress as that overwhelming me at this moment: you may have evils in your path of life, but they can not equal mine."

"Can any thing equal the evils of ruined health and a desolated hearth?" she cried, still in the same impatient manner. "Can the worst griefs of wayward youth equal the bitterness of that cup which you drink at such a time of life as forbids all hope of after-assuagement? Can the first disappointment of a strong heart rank with the terrible desolation of a wrecked old age? You think because you see about me the evidences of wealth, that I must be happy. Young man, I tell you truly, I would glady give up every farthing of my princely fortune, and be reduced to the extreme of want, to bring back from the grave the dear ones lying there, or pour into my veins one drop of the bounding blood of health and energy which used to make life a long play-hour of delight. Once, no child in the fields, no bird in the sky, was more blessed than I; and what am I now?—a sickly, lonely old woman, whose nerves are shattered and whose heart is broken, without hope or happiness on the earth! Even death has passed me by in forgetfulness and scorn!"

Her voice betrayed the truth of her emotion. Still, with an accent of bitterness and complaint, rather than of simple sorrow, it was the voice of one fighting against her fate, more than of one suffering acutely and in despair: it was petulant rather than melancholy; angry rather than grieving; showing that her trials had hardened, not softened her heart.

"Listen to me," she then said, laying her hand on my arm, "and perhaps my history may reconcile you to the childish depression, from what cause soever it may be, under which you are laboring. You are young and strong, and can bear any amount of pain as yet: wait until you reach my age, and then you will know the true meaning of the word despair! I am rich, as you may see," she continued, pointing to her surroundings: "in truth, so rich that I take no account either of my income or my expenditure. I have never known life under any other form; I have never known what it was to be denied the gratification of one desire which wealth could purchase, or obliged to calculate the cost of a single undertaking. I can scarcely realize the idea of poverty. I see that all people do not live in the same style as myself; but I can not understand that it is from inability: it always seems to me to be from their own disinclination. I tell you, I can not fully realize the idea of poverty; and you think this must make me happy, perhaps?" she added, sharply, looking full in my face.

"I should be happy, madam, if I were rich," I replied. "Suffering now from the strain of poverty, it is no marvel if I place an undue value on plenty."

"Yet see what it does for me!" continued my companion. "Does it give me back my husband, my brave boys, my beautiful girl? Does it give rest to this weary heart, or relief to this aching head? Does it soothe my mind or heal my body? No! It but oppresses me, like a heavy robe thrown round weakened limbs: it is even an additional misfortune, for if I were poor, I should be obliged to think of other things besides myself and my woes; and the very mental exertion necessary to sustain my position would lighten my miseries. I have seen my daughter wasting year by year and day by day, under the warm sky of the south—under the warm care of love! Neither climate nor affection could save her: every effort was made—the best advice procured—the latest panacea adopted; but to no effect. Her life was

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prolonged, certainly; but this simply means, that she was three years in dying, instead of three months. She was a gloriously lovely creature, like a fair young saint for beauty and purity—quite an ideal thing, with her golden hair and large blue eyes! She was my only girl—my youngest, my darling, my best treasure! My first real sorrow—now fifteen years ago—was when I saw her laid, on her twenty-first birthday, in the English burial-ground at Madeira. It is on the grave-stone, that she died of consumption: would that it had been added—and her mother of grief! From the day of her death, my happiness left me!"

Here the poor lady paused, and buried her face in her hands. The first sorrow was evidently also the keenest; and I felt my own eyelids moist as I watched this outpouring of the mother's anguish. After all, here was grief beyond the power of wealth to assuage: here was sorrow deeper than any mere worldly disappointment.

"I had two sons," she went on to say, after a short time—"only two. They were fine young men, gifted and handsome. In fact, all my children were allowed to be very models of beauty. One entered the army, the other the navy. The eldest went with his regiment to the Cape, where he married a woman of low family—an infamous creature of no blood; though she was decently conducted for a low-born thing as she was. She was well-spoken of by those who knew her; but what *could* she be with a butcher for a grandfather! However, my poor infatuated son loved her to the last. She was very pretty, I have heard—young, and timid; but being of such fearfully low origin, of course she could not be recognized by my husband or myself! We forbade my son all intercourse with us, unless he would separate himself from her; but the poor boy was perfectly mad, and he preferred this low-born wife to his father and mother. They had a little baby, who was sent over to me when the wife died—for, thank God! she did die in a few years' time. My son was restored to our love, and he received our forgiveness; but we never saw him again. He took a fever of the country, and was a corpse in a few hours. My second boy was in the navy—a fine, high-spirited fellow, who seemed to set all the accidents of life at defiance. I could not believe in any harm coming to *him*. He was so strong, so healthy, so beautiful, so bright: he might have been immortal, for all the elements of decay that showed themselves in him. Yet this glorious young hero was drowned—wrecked off a coral-reef, and flung like a weed on the waters. He lost his own life in trying to save that of a common sailor—a piece of pure gold bartered for the foulest clay! Two years after this, my husband died of typhus fever, and I had a nervous attack, from which I have never recovered. And now, what do you say to this history of mine? For fifteen years, I have never been free from sorrow. No sooner did one grow so familiar to me, that I ceased to tremble at its hideousness, than another, still more terrible, came to overwhelm me in fresh misery. For fifteen years, my heart has never known an hour's peace; and to the end of my life, I shall be a desolate, miserable, broken-hearted woman. Can you understand, now, the valuelessness of my riches, and how desolate my splendid house must seem to me? They have been given me for no useful purpose here or hereafter; they encumber me, and do no good to others. Who is to have them when I die? Hospitals and schools? I hate the medical profession, and I am against the education of the poor. I think it the great evil of the day, and I would not leave a penny of mine to such a radical wrong. What is to become of my wealth—?"

"Your grandson," I interrupted, hastily: "the child of the officer."

The old woman's face gradually softened. "Ah! he is a lovely boy," she said; "but I don't love him—no, I don't," she repeated, vehemently. "If I set my heart on him, he will die or turn out ill: take to the low ways of his wretched mother, or die some horrible death. I steel my heart against him, and shut him out from my calculations of the future. He is a sweet boy: interesting, affectionate, lovely; but I will not allow myself to love him, and I don't allow him to love me! But you ought to see him. His hair is like my own daughter's—long, glossy, golden hair; and his eyes are large and blue, and the lashes curl on his cheek like heavy fringes. He is too pale and too thin: he looks sadly delicate; but his wretched mother was a delicate little creature, and he has doubtless inherited a world of disease and poor blood from her. I wish he was here though, for you to see; but I keep him at school, for when he is much with me, I feel myself beginning to be interested in him; and I do not wish to love him—I do not wish to remember him at all! With that delicate frame and nervous temperament, he *must* die; and why should I prepare fresh sorrow for myself, by taking him into my heart, only to have him plucked out again by death?"

All this was said with the most passionate vehemence of manner, as if she were defending herself against some unjust charge. I said something in the way of remonstrance. Gently and respectfully, but firmly, I spoke of the necessity for each soul to spiritualize its aspirations, and to raise itself from the trammels of earth; and in speaking thus to her, I felt my own burden lighten off my heart, and I acknowledged that I had been both foolish and sinful in allowing my first disappointment to shadow all the sunlight of my existence. I am not naturally of a desponding disposition, and nothing but a blow as severe as the non-success of my "Finding the Body of Harold by Torch-light" could have affected me to the extent of mental prostration, as that under which I was now laboring. But this was very hard to bear! My companion listened to me with a kind of blank surprise, evidently unaccustomed to the honesty of truth; but she bore my remarks patiently, and when I had ended, she even thanked me for my advice.

"And now, tell me the cause of your melan-

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choly face?" she asked, as we were nearing Birmingham. "Your story can not be very long, and I shall have just enough time to hear it."

I smiled at her authoritative tone, and said quietly: "I am an artist, madam, and I had counted much on the success of my first historical painting. It has failed, and I am both penniless and infamous. I am the 'presumptuous dauber' of the critics—despised by my creditors—emphatically a failure throughout."

"Pshaw!" cried the lady, impatiently; "and what is that for a grief! a day's disappointment which a day's labor can repair! To me, your troubles seem of no more worth than a child's tears when he has broken his newest toy! Here is Birmingham, and I must bid you farewell. Perhaps you will open the door for me? Good-morning: you have made my journey pleasant, and relieved my ennui. I shall be happy to see you in town, and to help you forward in your career."

And with these words, said in a strange, indifferent, matter-of-fact tone, as of one accustomed to all the polite offers of good society, which mean nothing tangible, she was lifted from the carriage by a train of servants, and borne off the platform.

I looked at the card which she placed in my hand, and read the address of "Mrs. Arden, Belgrave-square."

I found my friend waiting for me; and in a few moments was seated before a blazing fire in a magnificent drawing-room, surrounded with every comfort that hospitality could offer, or luxury invent

"Here, at least, is happiness," I thought, as I saw the family assemble in the drawing-room before dinner. "Here are beauty, youth, wealth, position—all that makes life valuable. What concealed skeleton can there be in this house to frighten away one grace of existence? None—none! They must be happy; and, oh! what a contrast to that poor lady I met with to-day; and what a painful contrast to myself!"

And all my former melancholy returned like a heavy cloud upon my brow; and I felt that I stood like some sad ghost in a fairy-land of beauty, so utterly out of place was my gloom in the midst of all this gayety and splendor.

One daughter attracted my attention more than the rest. She was the eldest, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, or she might have been even a few years older. Her face was quite of the Spanish style—dark, expressive, and tender; and her manners were the softest and most bewitching I had ever seen. She was peculiarly attractive to an artist, from the exceeding beauty of feature, as well as from the depth of expression which distinguished her. I secretly sketched her portrait on my thumb-nail, and in my own mind I determined to make her the model for my next grand attempt at historical composition—"the Return of Columbus." She was to be the Spanish queen; and I thought of myself as Ferdinand; for I was not unlike a Spaniard in appearance, and I was almost as brown.

I remained with my friend a fortnight, studying the midnight effects of the iron-foundries, and cultivating the acquaintance of Julia. In these two congenial occupations, the time passed like lightning, and I woke as from a pleasant dream, to the knowledge of the fact, that my visit was expected to be brought to a close. I had been asked, I remembered, for a week, and I had doubled my furlough. I hinted at breakfast, that I was afraid I must leave my kind friends to-morrow, and a general regret was expressed, but no one asked me to stay longer; so the die was unhappily cast.

Julia was melancholy. I could not but observe it; and I confess that the observation caused me more pleasure than pain. Could it be sorrow at my departure? We had been daily, almost hourly, companions for fourteen days, and the surmise was not unreasonable. She had always shown me particular kindness, and she could not but have seen my marked preference for her. My heart beat wildly as I gazed on her pale cheek and drooping eyelid; for though she had been always still and gentle, I had never seen—certainly I had never noticed—such evident traces of sorrow, as I saw in her face to-day. Oh, if it were for me, how I would bless each pang which pained that beautiful heart!—how I would cherish the tears that fell, as if they had been priceless diamonds from the mine!—how I would joy in her grief and live in her despair! It might be that out of evil would come good, and from the deep desolation of my unsold "Body" might arise the heavenly blessedness of such love as this! I was intoxicated with my hopes; and was on the point of making a public idiot of myself, but happily some slight remnant of common sense was left me. However, impatient to learn my fate, I drew Julia aside; and, placing myself at her feet, while she was enthroned on a luxurious ottoman, I pretended that I must conclude the series of lectures on art, and the best methods of coloring, on which I had been employed with her ever since my visit.

"You seem unhappy to-day, Miss Reay," I said, abruptly, with my voice trembling like a girl's.

She raised her large eyes languidly. "Unhappy? no, I am never unhappy," she said, quietly.

Her voice never sounded so silvery sweet, so pure and harmonious. It fell like music on the air.

"I have, then, been too much blinded by excess of beauty to have been able to see correctly," I answered. "To me you have appeared always calm, but never sad; but to-day there is a palpable weight of sorrow on you, which a child might read. It is in your voice, and on your eyelids, and round your lips; it is on you like the moss on the young rose—beautifying while vailing the dazzling glory within."

"Ah! you speak far too poetically for me," said Julia, smiling. "If you will come down to my level for a little while, and will talk to me rationally, I will tell you my history. I will tell

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it you as a lesson for yourself, which I think will do you good."

The cold chill that went to my soul! Her history! It was no diary of facts that I wanted to hear, but only a register of feelings—a register of feelings in which I should find myself the only point whereto the index was set. History! what events deserving that name could have troubled the smooth waters of her life?

I was silent, for I was disturbed; but Julia did not notice either my embarrassment or my silence, and began, in her low, soft voice, to open one of the saddest chapters of life which I had ever heard.

"You do not know that I am going into a convent?" she said; then, without waiting for an answer, she continued: "This is the last month of my worldly life. In four weeks, I shall have put on the white robe of the novitiate, and in due course I trust to be dead forever to this earthly life."

A heavy, thick, choking sensation in my throat, and a burning pain within my eyeballs, warned me to keep silence. My voice would have betrayed me.

"When I was seventeen," continued Julia, "I was engaged to my cousin. We had been brought up together from childhood, and we loved each other perfectly. You must not think, because I speak so calmly now, that I have not suffered in the past. It is only by the grace of resignation and of religion, that I have been brought to my present condition of spiritual peace. I am now five-and-twenty—next week I shall be six-and-twenty: that is just nine years since I was first engaged to Laurence. He was not rich enough, and indeed he was far too young, to marry, for he was only a year older than myself; and if he had had the largest possible amount of income, we could certainly not have married for three years. My father never cordially approved of the engagement, though he did not oppose it. Laurence was taken partner into a large concern here, and a heavy weight of business was immediately laid on him. Youthful as he was, he was made the sole and almost irresponsible agent in a house which counted its capital by millions, and through which gold flowed like water. For some time, he went on well—to a marvel, well. He was punctual, vigilant, careful; but the responsibility was too much for the poor boy: the praises he received, the flattery and obsequiousness which, for the first time, were lavished on the friendless youth, the wealth at his command, all turned his head. For a long time, we heard vague rumors of irregular conduct; but as he was always the same good, affectionate, respectful, happy Laurence, when with us, even my father, who is so strict, and somewhat suspicious, turned a deaf ear to them. I was the earliest to notice a slight change, first in his face, and then in his manners. At last, the rumors ceased to be vague, and became definite. Business neglected; fatal habits visible, even in the early day; the frightful use of horrible words, which once he would have trembled to use; the nights passed at the gaming-table, and the days spent in the society of the worst men on the turf—all these accusations were brought to my father by credible witnesses; and, alas! they were too true to be refuted. My father—heaven and the holy saints bless his gray head!—kept them from me as long as he could. He forgave him again and again, and used every means that love and reason could employ to bring him back into the way of right; but he could do nothing against the force of such fatal habits as those to which my poor Laurence had now become wedded. With every good intention, and with much strong love for me burning sadly amid the wreck of his virtues, he yet would not refrain: the evil one had overcome him; he was his prey here and hereafter. Oh, no—not hereafter!" she added, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, "if prayer, if fasting, patient vigil, incessant striving, may procure him pardon—not forever his prey! Our engagement was broken off; and this step, necessary as it was, completed his ruin. He died . . . ." Here a strong shudder shook her from head to foot and I half rose, in alarm. The next instant she was calm.

"Now, you know my history," continued she. "It is a tragedy of real life, which you will do well, young painter, to compare with your own!" With a kindly pressure of the hand, and a gentle smile—oh! so sweet, so pure and heavenly!—Julia Reay left me; while I sat perfectly awed—that is the only word I can use—with the revelation which she had made both of her history and of her own grand soul.

"Come with me to my study," said Mr. Reay, entering the room; "I have a world to talk to you about. You go to-morrow, you say. I am sorry for it; but I must therefore settle my business with you in good time to-day."

I followed him mechanically, for I was undergoing a mental castigation which rather disturbed me. Indeed, like a young fool—as eager in self-reproach as in self-glorification—I was so occupied in inwardly calling myself hard names, that even when my host gave me a commission for my new picture, "The Return of Columbus," at two hundred and fifty pounds, together with an order to paint himself, Mrs. Reay, and half-a-dozen of their children, I confess it with shame, that I received the news like a leaden block, and felt neither surprise nor joy—not though these few words chased me from the gates of the Fleet, whither I was fast hastening, and secured me both position and daily bread. The words of that beautiful girl were still ringing in my ears, mixed up with the bitterest self-accusations; and these together shut out all other sound, however pleasant. But that was always my way.

I went back to London, humbled and yet strengthened, having learned more of human nature and the value of events, in one short fortnight, than I had ever dreamed of before. The first lessons of youth generally come in hard shape. I had sense enough to feel that I

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earned mine gently, and that I had cause thankful for the mildness of the teaching. a boy, I became a man, judging more acely of humanity than a year's ordinary exice would have enabled me to do. And the which I drew was this: that under our terrible afflictions, we may always gain spiritual good, if we suffer them to be soft- and purifying, rather than hardening ines over us. And also, that while we are ing the most acutely, we may be sure that are suffering still more acutely; and if uld but sympathize with them more than urselves—live out of our own selves, and wide world around us—we would soon led while striving to heal others. Of this convinced: the secret of life, and of all its s in love; and while we preserve this, we ver fail of comfort. The sweet waters will gush out over the sandiest desert of our hile we can love; but without it—nay, not rest weed of comfort or of virtue would nder the feet of angels. In this was the tion between Mrs. Arden and Julia Reay. e had hardened her heart under her trials, ut it up in itself; the other had opened the purest love of man and love of God; result was to be seen in the despair of , and in the holy peace of the other.

of these thoughts, I sought out my poor termined to do her real benefit if I could. ceived me very kindly, for I had taken provide myself with a sufficient introduc- as to set all doubts of my social position and I knew how far this would go with We soon became fast friends. She seemst on me much for sympathy and com- I soon grew to regard me with a sort of y fondness that of itself brightened her paid her all the attention which a don might pay—humored her whims, her pains; but insensibly I led her mind itself—first in kindness to me, and then o her grandson.

d for him just before the midsummer , and with great difficulty obtained an n for him to spend them with her. She my entreaties stoutly, but at last was o yield; not to me, nor to my powers sion, but to the holy truth of which I the advocate. The child came, and I also to receive him, and to enforce by nce—which I saw, without vanity, had uence—a fitting reception. He was a clever, interesting little fellow; sensiaffectionate, timid, gifted with wonders, and of great beauty. There was a in his eyes, which made me sure that ted much of his loveliness from his and when we were great friends, he e a small portrait of "Poor mamma;" w at once the most striking likeness he two. No human heart could with- t boy, certainly not my poor friend's. led, fighting desperately against me and all the powers of love, which were subduing her, but yielding while she fought; and in a short time the child had taken his proper place in her affections, which he kept to the end of her life. And she, that desolate mother, even she, with her seared soul and petrified heart, was brought to the knowledge of peace by the glorious power of love.

Prosperous, famous, happy, blessed in home and hearth, this has become my fundamental creed of life, the basis on which all good, whether of art or of morality, is rested: of art especially; for only by a tender, reverent spirit can the true meaning of his vocation be made known to the artist. All the rest is mere imitation of form, not insight into essence. And while I feel that I can live out of myself, and love others—the whole world of man—more than myself, I know that I possess the secret of happiness; ay, though my powers were suddenly blasted as by lightning, my wife and children laid in the cold grave, and my happy home desolated forever. For I would go out into the thronged streets, and gather up the sorrows of others, to relieve them; and I would go out under the quiet sky, and look up to the Father's throne; and I would pluck peace, as green herbs from active benevolence and contemplative adoration. Yes; love can save from the sterility of selfishness, and from the death of despair; but love alone. No other talisman has the power; pride, self-sustainment, coldness, pleasure, nothing—nothing—but that divine word of Life which is life's soul!

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

ALMSGIVING takes the place of the workhouse system, in the economy of a large part of Europe. The giving of alms to the helpless is, moreover, in Catholic countries, a religious office. The voluntary surrender of gifts, each according to his ability, as a means of grace, is more prominently insisted upon than among Protestants; consequently systematic taxation for the poor is not resorted to. Nor is there so great a necessity for it as in England; for few nations have so many paupers to provide for as the English are accustomed to regard as a natural element in society; and thus it happens, that when, about ten years ago, there was in France no asylum but the hospital, for aged and ailing poor, the want of institutions for the infirm but healthy was not so severe as to attract the public eye.

But there was at that time a poor servant-woman, a native of the village of La Croix, in Brittany—Jeanne Sugon was her name—who was moved by the gentleness of her heart, and the fervor of her religion, to pity a certain infirm and destitute neighbor, to take her to her side as a companion, and to devote herself to her support. Other infirm people earned, by their helplessness, a claim on her attention. She went about begging, when she could not work, that she might preserve life as long as Nature would grant it to her infirm charges. Her example spread a desire for the performance of similar good offices. Two pious women, her neighbors,

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united with Jeanne in her pious office. These women cherished, as they were able, aged and infirm paupers; nursed them in a little house, and begged for them in the vicinity. The three women, who had so devoted themselves, attracted notice, and were presently received into the order of Sisters of Charity, in which they took for themselves the name of "Little Sisters of the Poor"—PETITES SŒURS DES PAUVRES.

The first house of the Little Sisters of the Poor was opened at St. Servan, in Brittany. A healthy flower scatters seed around. We saw that forcibly illustrated, in the progress, from an origin equally humble, of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburgh: we see it now again, in the efforts of the Little Sisters, which flourished and fructified with prompt usefulness. On the tenth anniversary of the establishment at St. Servan, ten similar houses had been founded in ten different French towns.

The *Petites Sœurs* live with their charges in the most frugal way, upon the scraps and waste meat which they can collect from the surrounding houses. The voluntary contributions by which they support their institution, are truly the crumbs falling from the rich man's table. The nurse fares no better than the objects of her care. She lives upon equal terms with Lazarus, and acts toward him in the spirit of a younger sister.

The establishment at Dinan, over which Jeanne Sugon herself presides, being under repair, and not quite fit for the reception of visitors, we will go over the Sisters' house at Paris, which is conducted on exactly the same plan.

We are ushered into a small parlor, scantily furnished, with some Scripture prints upon the walls. A Sister enters to us with such a bright look of cheerfulness as faces wear when hearts beneath them feel that they are beating to some purpose in the world. She accedes gladly to our desire, and at once leads us into another room of larger size, in which twenty or thirty old women are at this moment finishing their dinner; it being Friday, rice stands on the table in the place of meat. The Sister moves and speaks with the gentleness of a mother among creatures who are in, or are near to the state of second childhood. You see an old dame fumbling eagerly over her snuff-box lid. The poor creatures are not denied luxuries; for, whatever they can earn by their spinning is their own money, and they buy with it any indulgences they please; among which nothing is so highly prized or eagerly coveted as a pinch of snuff.

In the dormitories on the first floor, some lie bed-ridden. Gentler still, if possible, is now the Sister's voice. The rooms throughout the house are airy, with large windows, and those inhabited by the Sisters are distinguished from the rest by no mark of indulgence or superiority.

We descend now into the old men's department; and enter a warm room, with a stove in the centre. One old fellow has his feet upon a little foot-warmer, and thinly pipes out, that he is very comfortable now, for he is always warm. The chills of age, and the chills of the cold pavement remain together in his memory; but he is very comfortable now—very comfortable. Another decrepit man, with white hair and bowed back—who may have been proud, in his youth, of a rich voice for love-song, talks of music to the Sister; and, on being asked to sing, blazes out with joyous gestures, and strikes up a song of Béranger's in a cracked, shaggy voice, which sometimes—like a river given to flow under ground—is lost entirely, and then bubbles up again, quite thick with mud.

We go into a little oratory, where all pray together nightly before they retire to rest. Thence we descend into a garden for the men; and pass thence by a door into the women's court. The chapel-bell invites us to witness the assembly of the Sisters for the repetition of their psalms and litanies. From the chapel we return into the court, and enter a large room, where the women are all busy with their spinning-wheels. One old soul immediately totters to the Sister (not the same Sister with whom we set out), and insists on welcoming her daughter with a kiss. We are informed that it is a delusion of her age to recognize in this Sister really her own child, who is certainly far away, and may possibly be dead. The Sister embraces her affectionately, and does nothing to disturb the pleasant thought.

And now we go into the kitchen. Preparation for coffee is in progress. The dregs of coffee that have been collected from the houses of the affluent in the neighborhood, are stewed for a long time with great care. The Sisters say they produce a very tolerable result; and, at any rate, every inmate is thus enabled to have a cup of coffee every morning, to which love is able to administer the finest Mocha flavor. A Sister enters from her rounds out of doors with two cans full of broken victuals. She is a healthy, and, I think, a handsome woman. Her daily work is to go out with the cans directly after she has had her morning coffee, and to collect food for the ninety old people that are in the house. As fast as she fills her cans, she brings them to the kitchen, and goes out again; continuing in this work daily till four o'clock.

You do not like this begging? What are the advertisements on behalf of our own hospitals? what are the collectors? what are the dinners, the speeches, the charity sermons? A few weak women, strong in heart, without advertisement, or dinners, or charity sermons; without urgent appeals to a sympathizing public; who have no occasion to excitate charity, by enticing it to balls and to theatrical benefits; patiently collect waste food from house to house, and feed the poor with it, humbly and tenderly.

The cans are now to be emptied; the contents being divided into four compartments, according to their nature—broken meat, vegetables, slices of pudding, fish, &c. Each is afterward submitted to the best cookery that can be contrived. The choicest things are set aside—these, said a Sister, with a look of satisfaction, will be for our poor dear sick.

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The number of Sisters altogether in this house engaged in attendance on the ninety infirm paupers, is fourteen. They divide the duties of the house among themselves. Two serve in the kitchen, two in the laundry; one begs, one devotes herself to constant personal attendance on the wants of the old men, and so on with the others, each having her special department. The whole sentiment of the household is that of a very large and very amiable family. To feel that they console the last days of the infirm and aged poor, is all the Little Sisters get for their hard work.

HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.—VISIT TO HOUNSLOW MILLS.

HOUNSLOW Gunpowder Mills are not so much like a special "town," as so many other large manufactories appear, but rather have the appearance of an infant colony—a very infant one, inasmuch as it has very few inhabitants. We never met a single man in all our rambles through the plantations, nor heard the sound of a human voice. It is like a strange new settlement, where there is ample space, plenty of wood and water, but with scarcely any colonists, and only here and there a log-hut or a dark shed among the trees.

These works are distributed over some hundred and fifty acres of land, without reckoning the surface of the Colne, which, sometimes broad, sometimes narrow, sometimes in a line, and sometimes coiling, and escaping by a curve out of sight, intersects the whole place. It is, in fact, a great straggling plantation of firs, over swells and declivities of land, with a branch or neck of a river meeting you unexpectedly at almost every turn. The more we have seen of this dismal settlement "in the bush," the more do we revert to our first impression on entering it. The place is like the strange and squalid plantation of some necromancer in Spenser's "Fairy Queen." Many trees are black and shattered, as if by lightning; others distorted, writhing, and partially stripped of their bark; and all of them have a sort of conscious look that this is a very precarious spot for the regular progress of vegetation. You wander up narrow winding paths, and you descend narrow winding paths; you see the broad arm of a river, with little swampy osier islands upon it, and then you enter another plantation, and come upon a narrow winding neck of river, leading up to a great black slanting structure, which you are told is a "blast-wall;" and behind this is the green embankment of a fortification, and further back you come upon one of the black, ominous-looking powder "houses." You advance along other tortuous paths, you cross small bridges, and again you enter a plantation, more or less sombre, and presently emerge upon an open space, where you see a semicircular road of red gravel, with cart-ruts deeply trenched in it; and then another narrower road down to a branch of the river, where there is another little bridge; and beyond this, on the other side, you see a huge water-wheel revolving between two black barn-like houses. You ascend a slope, by a path of mud and slush, and arriving at another larger open space, you find yourself in front of a sheet of water, and in the distance you observe one enormous wheel—the diabolical queen of all the rest—standing, black and immovable, like an antediluvian skeleton, against the dull, gray sky, with a torrent of water running in a long narrow gully from beneath its lower spokes, as if disgorged before its death. This open space is surrounded by trees, above which, high over all, there rises a huge chimney, or rather tower; and again, over all this there float clouds of black smoke, derived from charred wood, if we may judge of the effect upon our noses and eyes.

At distances from each other, varying from thirty or forty to a hundred and fifty yards, over this settlement are distributed, by systematic arrangement of the intervals, and the obstructive character of the intervening ground and plantations, no less than ninety-seven different buildings. By these means, not only is the danger divided, but the loss, by an explosion, reduced to the one "house" in which the accident occurs. Such, at least, is the intention, though certainly not always affording the desired protection. The houses are also, for the most part, constructed of light materials, where the nature of the operation will admit of it; sometimes extremely strong below, but very light above, like a man in armor with a straw hat; so that if a "puff" comes, there will be a free way upward, and they hope to get rid of the fury with no greater loss than a light roof. In some cases the roofs are of concrete, and bomb-proof; in others, the roofs are floated with water in shallow tanks. There are five steam-engines employed, one being a locomotive; and the extraordinary number of twenty-six water-mills, as motive powers for machinery—obviously much safer than any other that could be obtained from the most guarded and covered-in engines requiring furnaces.

In this silent region, amidst whose ninety-seven work-places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are secreted upward of two hundred and fifty work-people. They are a peculiar race; not, of course, by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and feelings to the conditions of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits ever transpires; no witticisms, no oaths, no chaffing, or slang. A laugh is never heard; a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that any body fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion, or cause an explosion to

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take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate any thing to another, or to ask for any thing from somebody at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation Amidst all this silence, whenever a shout *does* occur, every body knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running toward it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in the river), that might cause one or two of the boldest to return; but this would be a very rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of the property at stake at all times, and more especially in all the more dangerous "houses." The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is discovered by one, it is immediately communicated to all the others. The wages of the men are good, and the hours very short; no artificial lights are ever used in the works. They all wash themselves—black, white, yellow, and bronze—and leave the mills at half-past three in the afternoon, winter and summer.

After several unsuccessful attempts to effect an entrance into one of the mysterious manufactories—attributable solely to the dangers of utter destruction that momentarily hover over all works of this kind, and not in the least from any want of courtesy in the proprietors—we eventually obtained permission to inspect these mills owned by the Messrs. Curtis, which are among the largest works of the kind in Europe. It was a very wet day, but that circumstance was rather favorable than otherwise, as our obliging companion, Mr. Ashbee, the manager of the works, considerately informed us. After visiting successively the mills where the charcoal, saltpetre, and brimstone, are separately prepared, we plash our way over the wet path to the "incorporation mill"—a sufficiently dangerous place. Having exchanged our boots for India rubber over-shoes, we enter and find the machinery—consisting of two ponderous, upright millstones, rolling round like wagon-wheels, in a small circle. In the bed beneath these huge rolling stones lies, not one, but the *three* terrible ingredients of powdered charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur, which are thus incorporated. The bed upon which the stones roll is of iron; from it the stones would inevitably strike sparks—and "there an end of all"—if they came in contact in any part. But between the stones and the iron bed lies the incorporating powder—forty pounds of it giving a bed of intermediate powder, of two or three inches deep; so that the explosive material is absolutely the only protection. So long as the powder lies in this bed with no part of the iron left bare, all is considered to be safe. To keep it within the bed, therefore—while the rolling twist of the stones is continually displacing it, and rubbing it outward and inward—several mechanical contrivances are adopted, which act like guides, and scoops, and scrapers; and thus restore, with regularity, the powder to its proper place, beneath the stones. A water-wheel keeps this mill in action. No workmen remain here; but the time required for the incorporating process being known, the bed of powder is laid down, the mill set in motion, and then shut up and left to itself—as it ought to be, in case of any little oversight or "hitch" on the part of the guides, scoops, or scrapers. The machinery of these mills, as may be readily credited, is always kept in the finest order. "And yet," says Mr. Ashbee, in a whisper; "and yet, five of them—just such mills as these—*went off* at Faversham, the other day, one after the other. Nobody knew how." This seasonable piece of information naturally increases the peculiar interest we feel in the objects we are now examining, as they proceed with their work.

The next house we visit, Mr. Ashbee assures us, is a very interesting process. To be sure, it is one of the most dangerous; and what makes this worse, is the fact that the process is of that kind which requires the constant presence of the men. They can not set the machinery to work, and leave it for a given time; they must always remain on the spot. It is the "Corning House" sometimes called "Graining," as it is the process which reduces the cakes and hard knobs, into which the gunpowder has been forced by hydraulic pressure, into grains—a very nice, and, it would appear, a sufficiently alarming operation.

Ascending by a rising pathway, we pass over a mound covered with a plantation of firs, and descending to a path by the river side, we arrive at a structure of black timber, some five-and-twenty feet high, set up in the shape of an acute angle. This is a "blast-wall," intended to offer some resistance to a rush of air in case of an explosion near at hand. There is also a similar blast-wall on the opposite side of the river. Passing this structure, we arrive at a green embankment thrown up as in fortified places, and behind and beneath this stands the "Corning House."

It is a low-roofed, black edifice, like the rest, although, if possible, with a still more dismal appearance. We know not what causes the impression, but we could fancy it some place of torture, devoted to the service of the darkest pagan superstitions, or those of the Holy Inquisition. A little black vestibule, or out-house, stands on the side nearest us. The whole structure is planted on the river's edge, to which the platform in front extends. We enter the little vestibule, and here we go through the ceremony of the over-shoes. We are then permitted to advance upon the sacred platform, and we then approach

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the entrance. If we have received a strange and unaccountable impression of a place of torture, from the external appearance and surrounding circumstances, this is considerably borne out by the interior. The first thing that seems to justify this is a dry, strangulated, shrieking cry which continues at intervals. We discover that it is the cry of a wooden screw in torment, which in some sort reconciles us. But the sound lingers, and the impression too. The flooring is all covered with leather and hides, all perfectly black with the dust of gunpowder, and on this occasion all perfectly dry. We do not much like that: the wet sliding about was more amusing; perhaps, also, a trifle safer.

The first object that seizes upon our attention is a black square frame-work, apparently suspended from the ceiling. Its ugly perpendicular beams, and equally uncouth horizontal limbs would be just the thing to hang the dead bodies of tortured victims in. We can not help following up our first impression. The men here, who stand in silence looking intently at us, all wear black masks. On the left there is reared a structure of black wood reaching to within two or three feet of the roof. It is built up in several stages, descending like broad steps. Each of these broad steps contains a sieve made of closely woven wire, which becomes finer as the steps get lower and lower. In this machine we noticed iron axles for the wheels, but our attention was directed to the rollers, which were of zinc. Thus the friction does not induce sparks, the action being also guarded against external blows. At present the machine is not in motion; and the men at work here observe their usual silence and depressing gravity. We conjecture that the machine, when put in motion, shakes and sifts the gunpowder in a slow and most cautious manner, corresponding to the seriousness of the human workers, and with an almost equal sense of the consequences of iron mistaking for once the nature of copper and brass. "Put *on* the house!" says Mr. Ashbee, in the calm voice always used here, and nodding at the same time to the head corning-man. A rumbling sound is heard—the wheels begin to turn—the black sieves bestir themselves, moving from side to side; the wheels turn faster—the sieves shake and shuffle faster. We trust there is no mistake. They all get faster still. We do not wish them to put themselves to any inconvenience on our account. The full speed is laid on! The wheels whirl and buzz—iron teeth play into brass teeth—copper winks at iron—the black sieves shake their infernal sides into fury—the whole machine seems bent upon its own destruction—the destruction of us all! Now—one small spark—and in an instant the whole of this house, with all in it, would be instantly swept away! Nobody seems to think of this. And see!—how the gunpowder rushes from side to side of the sieves, and pours down from one stage to the other. We feel sure that all this must be much faster than usual. We do not wish it. Why should pride prevent our requesting that this horror should cease! We hear, also, an extraordinary noise behind us. Turning hastily round, we see the previously immovable black frame-work for the dead whirling round and round in the air with frightful rapidity, while two men with wooden shovels are shoveling up showers of gunpowder, as if to smother and suffocate its madness. Nothing but shame—nothing but shame and an anguish of self-command, prevents our instantly darting out of the house—across the platform—and headlong into the river.

What a house—what a workshop! It is quiet again. We have not sprung into the river. But had we been alone here, under such circumstances for the first time, we should have had no subsequent respect for our own instincts and promptitude of action if we had done any thing else. As it was, the thing is a sensation for life. We find that the whirling frame-work also contains sieves—that the invisible moving power is by a water-wheel under the flooring, which acts by a crank. But we are very much obliged al ready—we have had enough of "corning."

We take our departure over the platform—have our over-shoes taken off—and finding that there is something more to see, we rally and recover our breath, and are again on the path by the water's edge. A man is coming down the river with a small covered barge, carrying powder from one house to another. We remark that boating must be one of the safest positions, not only as unconducive to explosion, but even in case of its occurring elsewhere. Mr. Ashbee coincides in this opinion, although, he adds, that some time ago, a man coming down the river in a boat—just as that one is now doing—had his right arm blown off. We see that, in truth, *no* position is safe. One may be "blown off" any where, at any moment. Thus pleasantly conversing as we walk, we arrive at the "Glazing-House."

The process of glazing consists in mixing black-lead with gunpowder in large grains, and glazing, or giving it a fine glossy texture. For this purpose four barrels containing the grains are ranged on an axle. They are made to revolve during four hours, to render them smooth; black-lead is then added, and they revolve four hours more. There is iron in this machinery; but it works upon brass or copper wheels, so that friction generates heat, but not fire. The process continues from eight to twenty-four hours, according to the fineness of polish required; and the revolution of the barrels sometimes causes the heat of the gunpowder within to rise to one hundred and twenty degrees—even to charring the wood of the interior of the barrels by the heat and friction. We inquire what degree of heat they may be in at the present moment? It is rather high, we learn; and the head-glazer politely informs us that we may put our hand and arm into the barrels and feel the heat. He opens it at the top for the purpose. We take his word for it. However, as he inserts one hand and arm by way of example, we feel in some sort called upon, for the honor of "Household Words,"

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to do the same. It is extremely hot, and a most agreeable sensation. The faces of the men here, being all black from the powder, and shining with the addition of the black lead, have the appearance of grim masks of demons in a pantomime, or rather of real demons in a mine. Their eyes look out upon us with a strange intelligence. They know the figure they present. So do we. This, added to their subdued voice, and whispering, and mute gesticulation, and noiseless moving and creeping about, renders the scene quite unique; and a little of it goes a great way.

Our time being now short—our hours, in fact, being "numbered"—we move quickly on to the next house, some hundred yards distant. It is the "Stoving-house." We approach the door. Mr. Ashbee is so good as to say there is no need for us to enter, as the process may be seen from the door-way. We are permitted to stand upon the little platform outside, in our boots, dispensing with the over-shoes. This house is heated by pipes. The powder is spread upon numerous wooden trays, and slid into shelves on stands, or racks. The heat is raised to one hundred and twenty-five degrees. We salute the head stoveman, and depart. But turning round to give a "longing, lingering look behind," we see a large mop protruded from the door-way. Its round head seems to inspect the place where we stood in our boots on the platform. It evidently discovers a few grains of gravel or grit, and descends upon them immediately, to expurgate the evil communication which may corrupt the good manners of the house. A great watering-pot is next advanced, and then a stern head—not unlike an old medallion we have seen of Diogenes—looks round the door-post after us.

The furnace, with its tall chimney, by means of which the stove-pipes of the house we have just visited, are heated, is at a considerable distance, the pipes being carried under-ground to the house.

We next go to look at the "Packing-house," where the powder is placed in barrels, bags, tin cases, paper cases, canisters, &c. On entering this place, a man runs swiftly before each of us, laying down a mat for each foot to step upon as we advance, thus leaving rows of mats in our wake, over which we are required to pass on returning. We considered it a mark of great attention—a kind of Oriental compliment.

The last of our visits is to a "Charge-House." There are several of these, where the powder is kept in store. We approach it by a path through a plantation. It lies deep among the trees—a most lonely, dismal sarcophagus. It is roofed with water—that is, the roof is composed of water-tanks, which are filled by the rain; and in dry weather they are filled by means of a pump arranged for that purpose. The platform at the entrance is of water—that is to say, it is a broad wooden trough two inches deep, full of water, through which we are required to walk. We do so, and with far more satisfaction than some things we have done here to-day. We enter the house alone; the others waiting outside. All silent and dusky as an Egyptian tomb. The tubs of powder, dimly seen in the uncertain light, are ranged along the walls, like mummies—all giving the impression of a secret life within. But a secret life, how different! "Ah! there's the rub." We retire with a mental obeisance, and a respectful air—the influence remaining with us, so that we bow slightly on rejoining our friends outside, who bow in return, looking from us to the open door-way of the "house!"

With thoughtful brows, and not in any very high state of hilarity, after the duties of the day—not to speak of being wet through to the skin, for the second time—we move through the fir groves on our way back. We notice a strange appearance in many trees, some of which are curiously distorted, others with their heads cut off; and, in some places, there are large and upright gaps in a plantation. Mr. Ashbee, after deliberating inwardly a little while, informs us that a very dreadful accident happened here last year. "Was there an explosion?" we inquire. He says there was. "And a serious one?"—"Yes."—"Any lives lost?"—"Yes."—"Two or three?"—"More than that."—"Five or six?" He says more than that. He gradually drops into the narrative, with a subdued tone of voice. There was an explosion last year. Six different houses blew up. It began with a "Separating House,"—a place for sizing, or sorting, the different grains through sieves. Then the explosion went to a "Granulating-House," one hundred yards off. How it was carried such distances, except by a general combustion of the air, he can not imagine. Thence, it went to a "Press House," where the powder lies in hard cakes. Thence, it went in two ways—on one side to a "Composition Mixing-House," and, on the other, to a "Glazing-House;" and thence to another "Granulating-House." Each of these buildings were fully one hundred yards from another; each was intercepted by plantations of fir and forest trees as a protection; and the whole took place within forty seconds. There was no tracing how it had occurred.

This, then, accounts for the different gaps—some of them extending fifty or sixty yards—in the plantations and groves! Mr. Ashbee nods a grave assent. He adds, that one large tree was torn up by the roots, and its trunk was found deposited at such a distance, that they never could really ascertain where it came from. It was just found lying there. An iron water-wheel, of thirty feet in circumference, belonging to one of the mills, was blown to a distance of fifty yards through the air, cutting through the heads of all the trees in its way, and finally lodging between the upper boughs of a large tree, where it stuck fast, like a boy's kite. The poor fellows who were killed—(our informant here drops his voice to a whisper, and speaks in short detached fragments; there is nobody near us, but he feels as a man should feel in speaking of such things)—the poor fellows who were killed were horribly mutilated—more than mutilated,

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some of them—their different members distributed hither and thither, could not be buried with their proper owners, to any certainty. One man escaped out of a house, before it blew up, in time to run at least forty yards. He was seen running, when suddenly he fell. But when he was picked up, he was found to be quite dead. The concussion of the air had killed him. One man coming down the river in a boat was mutilated. Some men who were missing, were never found —blown all to nothing. The place where some of the "houses" had stood, did not retain so much as a piece of timber, or a brick. All had been swept away, leaving nothing but the torn-up ground, a little rubbish, and a black hash of bits of stick, to show the place where they had been erected.

We turn our eyes once more toward the immense gaps in the fir groves, gaps which here and there amount to wide intervals, in which all the trees are reduced to about half their height, having been cut away near the middle. Some trees, near at hand, we observe to have been flayed of their bark all down one side; others have strips of bark hanging dry and black. Several trees are strangely distorted, and the entire trunk of one large fir has been literally twisted like a corkscrew, from top to bottom, requiring an amount of force scarcely to be estimated by any known means of mechanical power. Amid all this quietness, how dreadful a visitation! It is visible on all sides, and fills the scene with a solemn, melancholy weight.

But we will linger here no longer. We take a parting glance around, at the plantations of firs, some of them prematurely old, and shaking their heads, while the air wafts by, as though conscious of their defeated youth, and all its once-bright hopes. The dead leaves lie thick beneath, in various sombre colors of decay, and through the thin bare woods we see the gray light fading into the advancing evening. Here, where the voice of man is never heard, we pause, to listen to the sound of rustling boughs, and the sullen rush and murmur of water-wheels and mill-streams; and, over all, the song of a thrush, even while uttering blithe notes, gives a touching sadness to this isolated scene of human labors—labors, the end of which, is a destruction of numbers of our species, which may, or may not, be necessary to the progress of civilization, and the liberty of mankind.

AN INSANE PHILOSOPHER.

A VISITOR to the Hanwell Insane Asylum, in England, will have his attention directed to one of the inmates who is at once the "pet," the peer, the philosopher, and the poet of that vast community. No one can long enjoy the privilege of his company without perceiving that he has received a first-rate classical education. His mind is remarkably clear-visioned, acute, severe, logical, and accomplished. His manners usually display the refinement, polish, and urbanity of a well-bred gentleman, though at times, it is said, they are tinged with a degree of aristocratic pride, austerity, and hauteur, especially when brought into contact with the ignorant and vulgar. In conversation, though impeded by a slight hesitation of utterance, he displays clearness and breadth of intelligence in all his views, and pours forth freely from the treasures of a well-stored memory abundance of information, anecdote, and fact. His physiognomy and physical structure are well adapted to enshrine a mind of such a calibre. In stature he is tall, rather slender, but firmly knit. The muscular development of the frame denotes considerable strength—a quality which he claims to possess in a pre-eminent degree. He boasts, probably with considerable truth, of having no equal, in this respect, in the asylum. His head, beautifully formed, after a fine intellectual type, is partially bald—the few surviving locks of hair that fringe its sides being nearly gray. The keen, twinkling, gray eye; the prominent classic brow; the boldly-chiseled aquiline nose; the thin cheeks, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" the sharp features, together with the small, firmly-compressed mouth, plainly bespeak him a man of reflection, and strong purpose. In age, he appears to have weathered about fifty stormy winters. The term of his residence in this rendezvous of afflicted strangers is somewhere about six years. His *real* name, his early history, his human kindred, his former social status—in fact, all the antecedents of his life, previous to his admission to the asylum—are utterly unknown. On all these matters he preserves the silence of a sphinx. No remarks, so far as we know, have ever escaped his lips, calculated to afford any certain clew for the elucidation of the mystery that enshrouds him. Surmise and conjecture have of course been busy with their guesses as to his probable extraction; and the organ of wonder has been sorely taxed in an effort to account for the marvelous fact, that a gentleman of such apparent distinction, it may be of noble birth and fortune, should have been lost to his friends for a space of six years, and no earnest inquiries been made to discover his fate. That he is of aristocratic descent, appears to be the general impression among the officers and inmates of the asylum—an impression justified by his elegant manners, his superior attainments, his extensive acquaintance with noble families, and many significant allusions found in his painted chamber, upon the walls of which he has faithfully daguerreotyped the images, the feelings, the recollections, and the cherished sentiments of his inner man. The *fictitious* name by which he is known at present is that of Mr. Chiswick—a name commemorative of the *scene* of that sad event which has overshadowed the afternoon, and which threatens to darken the evening, of his earthly existence. But the reader will be anxious to learn under what strange conjunction of circumstances this mysterious being—without father or mother, brothers or sisters, kinsfolk or acquaintances, and without even a local habitation or a name—obtained an introduction to this strange home We will at once state such facts as we have been able to collect.

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On one Sabbath-day, about six years ago, a congregation had gathered together, as was their wont, for the celebration of divine worship, in the small country church of Turnham Green, near Chiswick. The officiating clergyman and the worshiping assembly had jointly gone through the liturgical services without the occurrence of any unusual event. As soon as the robed minister had ascended the sacred desk, and commenced his discourse, however, the eyes of a portion of the audience were attracted toward a gentleman occupying a somewhat conspicuous position in the church, whose strange and restless movements, wild and excited air, and occasional audible exclamations, indicated the presence of either a fanatic or a lunatic. These symptoms continued to increase, until, at length, as if irritated beyond endurance by some sentiment that fell from the lips of the preacher, he gave way to a perfect paroxysm of frenzy, under the influence of which he seized his hat, and flung it at the head of the minister. Of course, the service was suspended until the offender was expelled. It was soon discovered that the unhappy author of this untoward disturbance was suffering under a violent fit of mania. When borne from the church, no person could recognize or identify him. He was a total stranger to all residing in the neighborhood, so that no clew could be obtained that would enable them to restore him to the custody and surveillance of his friends. Under these circumstances, he was taken to the adjoining workhouse at Isleworth, where he was detained for some weeks under medical care, during which period the most diligent inquiries were instituted with the view of unraveling the mystery of the stranger's kinship. But without avail. No one claimed him; and even when pressed himself to impart some information on the subject, he either could not or would not divulge the secret. Finding, at length, that all efforts to identify the great Incognito were ineffectual, he was removed to Hanwell, the asylum of the county to which he had thus suddenly become chargeable, and where he has ever since remained.

Mr. Chiswick is treated by the magistrates and officers with great kindness and consideration. His employments are such as befit a gentleman. No menial or laborious tasks are imposed upon him. He is allowed, to a great extent, to consult his predilections, and these are invariably of a tasteful and elegant description. His time is divided chiefly between reading and painting, in which occupations he is devotedly industrious. He is an early riser, and intersperses his more sedentary pursuits with seasons of vigorous exercise. To this practice, in conjunction with strictly temperate habits, he attributes his excellent health and remarkable prowess. To a stranger, no signs of mental aberration are discernible. His aspect is so calm and collected, and his ideas are so lucidly expressed, that, if met with in any other place besides an asylum, no one would suspect that he had ever been smitten with a calamity so terrible. He would simply be regarded as eccentric. So satisfied is he of his own perfect saneness, and of his ability to secure self-maintenance by the productions of his own genius, that confinement begins to be felt by him as intolerably irksome and oppressive. The invisible fetters gall his sensitive soul, and render him impatient of restraint. On our last visit but one, he declared that he had abandoned all thoughts of doing any thing more to his painted room; he aspired to higher things than that. He was striving to cultivate his artistic talents, so that by their exercise he might henceforth minister to his own necessities. Who his connections, and what his antecedents were should never be known—they were things that concerned no one; his aim was to qualify himself, by self-reliant labor, to wrestle once more with the world, and to wring from it the pittance of a humble subsistence. As soon as he felt himself competent to hazard this step, he intended to demand his immediate release; "and, should it then be refused," said he, with the solemn and impressive emphasis of a man thoroughly in earnest, "they will, on the next day, find me a *corpse*." To the superintendent in the tailoring department, he likewise remarked, a short time since, when giving instructions for a new garment: "This is the last favor I shall ever ask of you. I intend shortly to quit the asylum; for if they do not discharge me of their own accord, in answer to my request, *I will discharge myself*."

On the occasion of our second visit to the asylum, we were received by Mr. Chiswick with great courtesy, and were favored with a long conversation on a variety of topics. Besides the exercise of his brush and pencil, his genius manifests itself in other ways, some of them being rather amusing and eccentric. Among these, is that of making stockings, and other articles of apparel in a very original manner. His mind, as we have remarked, is well replenished with anecdotes and illustrations suitable to whatever topic may happen to be on hand. On the present occasion, upon offering us a glass of wine, we declined his hospitality, on the true plea that we had fasted since eight o'clock in the morning, and it was then nearly five in the afternoon. Upon this, he produced a piece of sweet bread, saying, "Take that first, and then the wine will not hurt you. You remember the anecdote of the bride? Soon after her marriage, her mother inquired, 'How does your husband treat you, my dear?' 'Oh, he loves me very much, for he gives me two glasses of white wine every morning before I am up.' 'My dear child,' said the mother, with an air of alarm, 'he means to kill you. However, do not refuse the wine, but take a piece of cake to bed with you at night, and when he is gone for the wine in the morning, do you eat the cake, then the wine will not hurt you,' The bride obeyed the mother's advice, and lived to a good old age."

Having sat down by the fire in the ward with a number of the patients, Mr. Chiswick took out his pocket-book to show us a letter which he had received from some kind but unknown friend, who had visited the asylum, and also that he

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might present to us a piece of poetry, which had just been printed at the asylum press. In looking for these, he accidentally dropped a greater part of the contents of his pocket-book on the *floor*; and when one of the lunatics hastened to scramble for some of the papers, Mr. Chiswick, quick as thought, pulled off the officious patient's *hat*, and sent it flying to the other end of the ward, bidding its owner to run after it. We offered to assist in picking up the scattered papers, but he would not allow us to touch them. "You act," we remarked, "on the principle of not allowing others to do for you any thing that you can do yourself." "Exactly so," said he, "and I will tell you a good anecdote about that. There was once a bishop of Gibraltar, who hired a valet; but for some time this valet had nothing to do: the bishop cleaned his own boots, and performed many other menial tasks, which the servant supposed that he had been engaged to do. At length he said—'Your lordship, I should be glad to be informed what it is expected that I should do. You clean your own boots, brush your own clothes, and do a multitude of other things that I supposed would fall to my lot.' 'Well,' said the bishop, 'I have been accustomed to do this, and I can do it very well; therefore, why should you do it? I act upon the principle of never allowing others to do what I can do myself. Therefore, do you go and study, and I will go on as usual. I have already had opportunities to get knowledge, and you have not; and I think that will be to do to you as I should wish you to do to me.'"

BLEAK HOUSE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.—In Chancery.

LONDON. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the water had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if the day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Fog every where. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and plow-boy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of heaven and earth.

On such an afternoon, if ever, the Lord High Chancellor ought to be sitting here—as here he is—with a foggy glory round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog. On such an afternoon, some score of members of the High Court of Chancery bar ought to be—as here they are—mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities, running their goat-hair and horse-hair warded heads against walls of words, and making a pretense of equity with serious faces, as players might. On such an afternoon, the various solicitors in the cause, some two or three of whom have inherited it from their fathers, who made a fortune by it, ought to be—as are they not?—ranged in a line, in a long matted well (but you might look in vain for Truth at the bottom of it), between the registrar's red table and the silk gowns, with bills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, masters' reports, mountains of costly nonsense, piled before them. Well may the court be dim, with wasting candles here and there; well may the fog hang heavy in it, as if it would never get out; well may the stained glass windows lose their color, and admit no light of day into the place; well may the uninitiated from the streets,

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who peep in through the glass panes in the door, be deterred from entrance by its owlish aspect, and by the drawl languidly echoing to the roof from the padded dais where the Lord High Chancellor looks into the lantern that has no light in it, and where the attendant wigs are all stuck in a fog-bank! This is the Court of Chancery; which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire; which has its worn-out lunatic in every mad-house, and its dead in every church-yard; which has its ruined suitor, with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress, borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance; which gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right; which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope; so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart; that there is not an honorable man among its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning, "Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here!"

Who happen to be in the Lord Chancellor's court this murky afternoon besides the Lord Chancellor, the counsel in the cause, two or three counsel who are never in any cause, and the well of solicitors before mentioned? There is the registrar below the Judge, in wig and gown; and there are two or three maces, or petty-bags, or privy-purses, or whatever they may be, in legal court suits. These are all yawning; for no crumb of amusement ever falls from JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE (the cause in hand) which was squeezed dry years upon years ago. The short-hand writers, the reporters of the court, and the reporters of the newspapers, invariably decamp with the rest of the regulars when Jarndyce and Jarndyce comes on. Their places are a blank. Standing on a seat at the side of the hall, the better to peer into the curtained sanctuary, is a little mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet, who is always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favor. Some say she really is, or was, a party to a suit; but no one knows for certain, because no one cares. She carries some small litter in a reticule which she calls her documents; principally consisting of paper matches and dry lavender. A sallow prisoner has come up, in custody, for the half-dozenth time, to make a personal application "to purge himself of his contempt;" which, being a solitary surviving executor who has fallen into a state of conglomeration about accounts of which it is not pretended that he had ever any knowledge, he is not at all likely ever to do. In the meantime, his prospects in life are ended. Another ruined suitor, who periodically appears from Shropshire, and breaks out into efforts to address the Chancellor at the close of the day's business, and who can by no means be made to understand that the Chancellor is legally ignorant of his existence after making it desolate for a quarter of a century, plants himself in a good place and keeps an eye on the Judge, ready to call out "My lord!" in a voice of sonorous complaint, on the instant of his rising. A few lawyers' clerks and others who know this suitor by sight, linger, on the chance of his furnishing some fun, and enlivening the dismal weather a little.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce drones on. This scarecrow of a suit has, in course of time, become so complicated, that no man alive knows what it means. The parties to it understand it least; but it has been observed that no two Chancery lawyers can talk about it for five minutes, without coming to a total disagreement as to all the premises. Innumerable children have been born into the cause; innumerable young people have married into it; innumerable old people have died out of it. Scores of persons have deliriously found themselves made parties in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, without knowing how or why; whole families have inherited legendary hatreds with the suit. The little plaintiff or defendant, who was promised a new rocking-horse when Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be settled, has grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. Fair wards of court have faded into mothers and grandmothers; a long procession of Chancellors has come in and gone out; the legion of bills in the suit have been transformed into mere bills of mortality; there are not three Jarndyces left upon the earth perhaps, since old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee-house in Chancery-lane; but Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the Court, perennially hopeless.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce has passed into a joke That is the only good that has ever come of it It has been death to many, but it is a joke in the profession. Every master in Chancery has had a reference out of it. Every Chancellor was "in it," for somebody or other, when he was counsel at the bar. Good things have been said about it by blue-nosed, bulbous-shoed old benchers, in select port-wine committee after dinner in hall Articled clerks have been in the habit of fleshing their legal wit upon it. The last Lord Chancellor handled it neatly, when, correcting Mr. Blowers the eminent silk gown who said that such a thing might happen when the sky rained potatoes, he observed, "or when we get through Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Mr. Blowers;"—a pleasantry that particularly tickled the maces, bags, and purses.

How many people out of the suit, Jarndyce and Jarndyce has stretched forth its unwholesome hand to spoil and corrupt, would be a very wide question. From the master, upon whose impaling files reams of dusty warrants in Jarndyce and Jarndyce have grimly writhed into many shapes; down to the copying clerk in the Six Clerks' Office who has copied his tens of thousands of Chancery-folio-pages under that eternal heading; no man's nature has been made the better by it. In trickery, evasion, procrastination, spoliation, botheration, under false pretenses of all sorts, there are influences that can never come to good. The very solicitors' boys who have kept the wretched suitors at bay, by protesting time out of mind that Mr. Chizzle, Mizzle, or otherwise, was particularly

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engaged and had appointments until dinner, may have got an extra moral twist and shuffle into themselves out of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. The receiver in the cause has acquired a goodly sum of money by it, but has acquired too a distrust of his own mother, and a contempt for his own kind. Chizzle, Mizzle, and otherwise, have lapsed into a habit of vaguely promising themselves that they will look into that outstanding little matter, and see what can be done for Drizzle—who was not well used—when Jarndyce and Jarndyce shall be got out of the office. Shirking and sharking, in all their many varieties, have been sown broadcast by the ill-fated cause; and even those who have contemplated its history from the outermost circle of such evil, have been insensibly tempted into a loose way of letting bad things alone to take their own bad course, and a loose belief that if the world go wrong, it was, in some off-hand manner, never meant to go right.

Thus, in the midst of the mud and at the heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

"Mr. Tangle," says the Lord High Chancellor, latterly something restless under the eloquence of that learned gentleman.

"Mlud," says Mr. Tangle. Mr. Tangle knows more of Jarndyce and Jarndyce than any body. He is famous for it—supposed never to have read any thing else since he left school.

"Have you nearly concluded your argument?"

"Mlud, no—variety of points—feel it my duty tsubmit—ludship," is the reply that slides out of Mr. Tangle.

"Several members of the bar are still to be heard, I believe?" says the Chancellor, with a slight smile.

Eighteen of Mr. Tangle's learned friends, each armed with a little summary of eighteen hundred sheets, bob up like eighteen hammers in a pianoforte, make eighteen bows, and drop into their eighteen places of obscurity.

"We will proceed with the hearing on Wednesday fortnight," says the Chancellor. For, the question at issue is only a question of costs, a mere bud on the forest tree of the parent suit, and really will come to a settlement one of these days.

The Chancellor rises; the bar rises; the prisoner is brought forward in a hurry; the man from Shropshire cries, "My lord!" Maces, bags, and purses, indignantly proclaim silence, and frown at the man from Shropshire.

"In reference," proceeds the Chancellor, still on Jarndyce and Jarndyce, to the young girl ——."

"Begludship's pardon—boy," says Mr. Tangle, prematurely.

"In reference," proceeds the Chancellor, with extra distinctness, "to the young girl and boy, the two young people."

(Mr. Tangle crushed.)

"Whom I directed to be in attendance to-day, and who are now in my private room, I will see them and satisfy myself as to the expediency of making the order for their residing with their uncle."

Mr. Tangle on his legs again.

"Begludship's pardon—dead."

"With their," Chancellor looking through his double eye-glass at the papers on his desk, "grandfather."

"Begludship's pardon—victim of rash action—brains."

Suddenly a very little counsel, with a terrific bass voice, arises, fully inflated, in the back settlements of the fog, and says, "Will your lordship allow me? I appear for him. He is a cousin, several times removed. I am not at the moment prepared to inform the Court in what exact remove he is a cousin; but he *is* a cousin."

Leaving this address (delivered like a sepulchral message) ringing in the rafters of the roof, the very little counsel drops, and the fog knows him no more. Every body looks for him. Nobody can see him.

"I will speak with both the young people," says the Chancellor anew, "and satisfy myself on the subject of their residing with their cousin. I will mention the matter to-morrow morning when I take my seat."

The Chancellor is about to bow to the bar, when the prisoner is presented. Nothing can possibly come of the prisoner's conglomeration, but his being sent back to prison; which is soon done. The man from Shropshire ventures another remonstrative "My lord!" but the Chancellor, being aware of him, has dexterously vanished. Every body else quickly vanishes too. A battery of blue bags is loaded with heavy charges of papers and carried off by clerks; the little mad old woman marches off with her documents; the empty court is locked up. If all the injustice it has committed, and all the misery it has caused, could only be locked up with it, and the whole burnt away in a great funeral pyre—why, so much the better for other parties than the parties in Jarndyce and Jarndyce!

CHAPTER II.—In Fashion.

It is but a glimpse of the world of fashion that we want on this same miry afternoon. It is not so unlike the Court of Chancery, but that we may pass from the one scene to the other, as the crow flies. Both the world of fashion and the Court of Chancery are things of precedent and usage; over-sleeping Rip Van Winkles, who have played at strange games through a deal of thundery weather; sleeping beauties, whom the Knight will wake one day, when all the stopped spits in the kitchen shall begin to turn prodigiously.

It is not a large world. Relatively even to this world of ours, which has its limits too (as your Highness shall find when you have made the tour of it, and are come to the brink of the void beyond), it is a very little speck. There is much good in it; there are many good and true people in it; it has its appointed place. But the evil of it is, that it is a world wrapped up in too much jeweler's cotton and fine wool, and can not hear the rushing of the larger worlds, and can not see them as they circle round the sun. It is a dead-

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ened world, and its growth is sometimes unhealthy for want of air.

My Lady Dedlock has returned to her house in town for a few days previous to her departure for Paris, where her ladyship intends to stay some weeks; after which her movements are uncertain. The fashionable intelligence says so, for the comfort of the Parisians, and it knows all fashionable things. To know things otherwise, were to be unfashionable. My Lady Dedlock has been down at what she calls, in familiar conversation, her "place" in Lincolnshire. The waters are out in Lincolnshire. An arch of the bridge in the park has been sapped and sopped away. The adjacent low-lying ground, for half a mile in breadth, is a stagnant river, with melancholy trees for islands in it, and a surface punctured all over, all day long, with falling rain. My Lady Dedlock's "place" has been extremely dreary. The weather, for many a day and night, has been so wet that the trees seem wet through, and the soft loppings and prunings of the woodman's ax can make no crash or crackle as they fall. The deer, looking soaked, leave quagmires, where they pass. The shot of a rifle loses its sharpness in the moist air, and its smoke moves in a tardy little cloud toward the green rise, coppice-topped, that makes a back-ground for the falling rain. The view from my Lady Dedlock's own windows is alternately a lead-colored view, and a view in Indian ink. The vases on the stone terrace in the foreground catch the rain all day; and the heavy drops fall, drip, drip, drip, upon the broad flagged pavement, called, from old time, the Ghost's Walk, all night. On Sundays, the little church in the park is mouldy; the oaken pulpit breaks out into a cold sweat; and there is a general smell and taste as of the ancient Dedlocks in their graves. My Lady Dedlock (who is childless), looking out in the early twilight from her boudoir at a keeper's lodge, and seeing the light of a fire upon the latticed panes, and smoke rising from the chimney, and a child, chased by a woman, running out into the rain to meet the shining figure of a wrapped-up man coming through the gate, has been put quite out of temper. My Lady Dedlock says she has been "bored to death."

Therefore my Lady Dedlock has come away from the place in Lincolnshire, and has left it to the rain, and the crows, and the rabbits, and the deer, and the partridges, and pheasants. The pictures of the Dedlocks past and gone seemed to vanish into the damp walls in mere lowness of spirits, as the housekeeper has passed along the old rooms, shutting up the shutters. And when they will next come forth again, the fashionable intelligence—which, like the fiend, is omniscient of the past and present, but not the future—can not yet undertake to say.

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet, but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. He would on the whole admit Nature to be a good idea (a little low, perhaps, when not inclosed with a park-fence), but an idea dependent for its execution on your great county families. He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meanness, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you may please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honorable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my Lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of a worthy presence, with his light gray hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my Lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest estimation. His gallantry to my Lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him.

Indeed, he married her for love. A whisper still goes about, that she had not even family; howbeit, Sir Leicester had so much family that perhaps he had enough, and could dispense with any more. But she had beauty, pride, ambition, insolent resolve, and sense enough to portion out a legion of fine ladies. Wealth and station, added to these, soon floated her upward; and for years, now, my Lady Dedlock has been at the centre of the fashionable intelligence, and at the top of the fashionable tree.

How Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, every body knows—or has some reason to know by this time, the matter having been rather frequently mentioned. My Lady Dedlock, having conquered *her* world, fell, not into the melting but rather into the freezing mood. An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue, not to be ruffled by interest or satisfaction, are the trophies of her victory. See is perfectly well bred. If she could be translated to Heaven to-morrow, she might be expected to ascend without any rapture.

She has beauty still, and, if it be not in its heyday, it is not yet in its autumn. She has a fine face—originally of a character that would be rather called very pretty than handsome, but improved into classicality by the acquired expression of her fashionable state. Her figure is elegant, and has the effect of being tall. Not that she is so, but that "the most is made," as the Honorable Bob Staples has frequently asserted upon oath, "of all her points." The same authority observes, that she is perfectly got up and remarks, in commendation of her hair especially, that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud.

With all her perfections on her head, my Lady Dedlock has come up from her place in Lincoln-

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shire (hotly pursued by the fashionable intelligence), to pass a few days at her house in town previous to her departure for Paris, where her ladyship intends to stay some weeks, after which her movements are uncertain. And at her house in town, upon this muddy, murky afternoon, presents himself an old-fashioned old gentleman, attorney-at-law, and eke solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, who has the honor of acting as legal adviser of the Dedlocks, and has as many cast-iron boxes in his office with that name outside, as if the present baronet were the coin of the conjuror's trick, and were constantly being juggled through the whole set. Across the hall, and up the stairs, and along the passages, and through the rooms, which are very brilliant in the season and very dismal out of it—Fairy-land to visit, but a desert to live in—the old gentleman is conducted, by a Mercury in powder, to my Lady's presence.

The old gentleman is rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious Lalo of family confidences; of which he is known to be the silent depository. There are noble Mausoleums rooted for centuries in retired glades of parks, among the growing timber and the fern, which perhaps hold fewer noble secrets than walk abroad among men, shut up in the breast of Mr. Tulkinghorn. He is of what is called the old school—a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young—and wears knee breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes, and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is, that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsive to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses, when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent: where every body knows him, and where half the Peerage stops to say "How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Sir Leicester Dedlock is with my Lady, and is happy to see Mr. Tulkinghorn. There is an air of prescription about him which is always agreeable to Sir Leicester; he receives it as a kind of tribute. He likes Mr. Tulkinghorn's dress; there is a kind of tribute in that too. It is eminently respectable, and likewise, in a general way, retainer-like. It expresses, as it were, the steward of the legal mysteries, the butler of the legal cellar of the Dedlocks.

Has Mr. Tulkinghorn any idea of this himself? It may be so, or it may not; but there is this remarkable circumstance to be noted in every thing associated with my Lady Dedlock as one of a class—as one of the leaders and representatives of her little world. She supposes herself to be an inscrutable Being, quite out of the reach and ken of ordinary mortals—seeing herself in her glass, where indeed she looks so. Yet, every dim little star revolving about her, from her maid to the manager of the Italian Opera, knows her weaknesses, prejudices, follies, haughtinesses, and caprices; and lives upon as accurate a calculation and as nice a measure of her moral nature, as her dress-maker takes of her physical proportions. Is a new dress, a new custom, a new singer, a new dancer, a new form of jewelry, a new dwarf or giant, a new chapel, a new any thing, to be set up? There are deferential people, in a dozen callings, whom my Lady Dedlock suspects of nothing but prostration before her, who can tell you how to manage her as if she were a baby; who do nothing but nurse her all their lives; who, humbly affecting to follow with profound subservience, lead her and her whole troop after them; who, in hooking one, hook all and bear them off, as Lemuel Gulliver bore away the stately fleet of the majestic Lilliput. "If you want to address our people, sir," say Blaze and Sparkle the jewelers—meaning by our people, Lady Dedlock and the rest—"you must remember that you are not dealing with the general public; you must hit our people in their weakest place, and their weakest place is such a place." "To make this article go down, gentlemen," say Sheen and Gloss the mercers, to their friends the manufacturers, "you must come to us, because we know where to have the fashionable people, and we can make it fashionable." "If you want to get this print upon the tables of my high connection, sir," says Mr. Sladdery the librarian, "or if you want to get this dwarf or giant into the houses of my high connection, sir, or if you want to secure to this entertainment the patronage of my high connection, sir, you must leave it, if you please, to me; for I have been accustomed to study the leaders of my high connection, sir; and I may tell you, without vanity, that I can turn them round my finger"—in which Mr. Sladdery, who is an honest man, does not exaggerate at all.

"Therefore, while Mr. Tulkinghorn may not know what was passing in the Dedlock mind at present, it is very possible that he may.

"My Lady's cause has been again before the Chancellor, has it, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" says Sir Leicester, giving him his hand.

"Yes. It has been on again to-day," Mr. Tulkinghorn replies; making one of his quiet bows to my Lady, who is on a sofa near the fire, shading her face with a hand-screen.

"It would be useless to ask," says my Lady, with the dreariness of the place in Lincolnshire still upon her, "whether any thing has been done."

"Nothing that *you* would call any thing has been done to-day," replies Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nor ever will be," says my Lady.

Sir Leicester has no objection to an interminable Chancery suit. It is a slow, expensive, British, constitutional kind of thing. To be sure, he has not a vital interest in the suit in question, her

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part in which was the only property my Lady brought him; and he has a shadowy impression that for his name—the name of Dedlock—to be in a cause, and not in the title of that cause, is a most ridiculous accident. But he regards the Court of Chancery, even if it should involve an occasional delay of justice and a trifling amount of confusion, as a something, devised in conjunction with a variety of other somethings, by the perfection of human wisdom, for the eternal settlement (humanly speaking) of every thing. And he is, upon the whole, of a fixed opinion, that to give the sanction of his countenance to any complaints respecting it, would be to encourage some person of the lower orders to rise up somewhere—like Wat Tyler.

"As a few fresh affidavits have been put upon the file," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "and as they are short, and as I proceed upon the troublesome principle of begging leave to possess my clients with any new proceedings in a cause;" cautious man, Mr. Tulkinghorn, taking no more responsibility than necessary; "and further, as I see you are going to Paris, I have brought them in my pocket."

(Sir Leicester was going to Paris too, by-the-by, but the delight of the fashionable intelligence was in his Lady.)

Mr. Tulkinghorn takes out his papers, asks permission to place them on a golden talisman of a table at my Lady's elbow, puts on his spectacles, and begins to read by the light of a shaded lamp.

"'In Chancery. Between John Jarndyce—'"

My Lady interrupts him, requesting him to miss as many of the formal horrors as he can.

Mr. Tulkinghorn glances over his spectacles, and begins again lower down. My Lady carelessly and scornfully abstracts her attention. Sir Leicester in a great chair looks at the fire, and appears to have a stately liking for the legal repetitions and prolixities, as ranging among the national bulwarks. It happens that the fire is hot, where my Lady sits; and that the hand-screen is more beautiful than useful, being priceless, but small. My Lady, changing her position, sees the papers on the table—looks at them nearer—looks at them nearer still—asks impulsively:

"Who copied that?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn stops short, surprised at my Lady's animation and her unusual tone.

"Is it what you people call law hand?" she asks, looking full at him in her careless way again, and toying with her screen.

"Not quite. Probably"—Mr. Tulkinghorn examines it as he speaks—"the legal character it has, was acquired after the original hand was formed. Why do you ask?"

"Any thing to vary this detestable monotony. O, go on, do!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn reads again. The heat is greater; my Lady screens her face. Sir Leicester dozes, starts up suddenly, and cries, "Eh? what do you say?"

"I say I am afraid," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, who has risen hastily, "that Lady Dedlock is ill."

"Faint," my Lady murmurs, with white lips, "only that; but it is like the faintness of death. Don't speak to me. Ring, and take me to my room!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn retires into another chamber; bells ring, feet shuffle and patter, silence ensues. Mercury at last begs Mr. Tulkinghorn to return.

"Better now," quoth Sir Leicester, noticing the lawyer to sit down and read to him alone. "I have been quite alarmed. I never knew my lady swoon before. But the weather is extremely trying—and she really has been bored to death down at our place in Lincolnshire."

CHAPTER III.—A PROGRESS

I HAVE a great deal of difficulty in beginning to write my portion of these pages, for I know I am not clever. I always knew that. I can remember, when I was a very little girl indeed, I used to say to my doll, when we were alone together, "Now, Dolly, I am not clever, you know very well, and you must be patient with me, like a dear!" And so she used to sit propped up in a great arm-chair, with her beautiful complexion and rosy lips, staring at me—or not so much at me, I think, as at nothing—while I busily stitched away, and told her every one of my secrets.

My dear old doll! I was such a shy little thing that I seldom dared to open my lips, and never dared to open my heart, to any body else. It almost makes me cry to think what a relief it used to be to me, when I came home from school of a day, to run up stairs to my room, and say, "O you dear faithful Dolly, I knew you would be expecting me!" and then to sit down on the floor, leaning on the elbow of her great chair, and tell her all I had noticed since we parted. I had always rather a noticing way—not a quick way, O no!—a silent way of noticing what passed before me, and thinking I should like to understand it better. I have not by any means a quick understanding. When I love a person very tenderly indeed, it seems to brighten. But even that may be my vanity.

I was brought up, from my earliest remembrance—like some of the princesses in the fairy stories, only I was not charming—by my godmother. At least I only knew her as such. She was a good, good woman! She went to church three times every Sunday, and to morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and to lectures whenever there were lectures; and never missed. She was handsome; and if she had ever smiled, would have been (I used to think) like an angel—but she never smiled. She was always grave, and strict. She was so very good herself, I thought, that the badness of other people made her frown all her life. I felt so different from her, even making every allowance for the differences between a child and a woman; I felt so poor, so trifling, and so far off; that I never could be unrestrained with her—no, could never even love her as I wished. It made me very sorry to consider how good she was, and how unworthy of her I was; and I used ardently to hope that I

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ht have a better heart; and I talked it over
often with the dear old doll; but I never
d my godmother as I ought to have loved
and as I felt I must have loved her if I had
a better girl.

his made me, I dare say, more timid and
ing than I naturally was, and cast me upon
y as the only friend with whom I felt at ease.
something happened when I was still quite
tle thing, that helped it very much.

had never heard my mamma spoken of. I
never heard of my papa either, but I felt
interested about my mamma. I had never
a black frock, that I could recollect. I had
been shown my mamma's grave. I had
been told where it was. Yet I had never
taught to pray for any relation but my god-
er. I had more than once approached this
ct of my thoughts with Mrs. Rachael, our
servant, who took my light away when I
n bed (another very good woman, but au-
to me), and she had only said, "Esther,
night!" and gone away and left me.

hough there were seven girls at the neigh-
g school where I was a day boarder, and
gh they called me little Esther Summer-
knew none of them at home. All of them
lder than I, to be sure (I was the youngest
by a good deal), but there seemed to be
other separation between us besides that,
esides their being far more clever than I
nd knowing much more than I did. One of
in the first week of my going to the school
ember it very well), invited me home to a
arty, to my great joy. But my godmother
a stiff letter declining for me, and I never
I never went out at all.

as my birthday. There were holidays at
on other birthdays—none on mine. There
ejoicings at home on other birthdays, as I
rom what I heard the girls relate to one
r—there were none on mine. My birth-
s the most melancholy day at home, in
ole year.

ve mentioned, that, unless my vanity
deceive me (as I know it may, for I may
vain, without suspecting it—though in-
don't), my comprehension is quickened
ıy affection is. My disposition is very af-
te; and perhaps I might still feel such a
if such a wound could be received more
ce, with the quickness of that birthday.

er was over, and my godmother and I
tting at the table before the fire. The
cked, the fire clicked; not another sound
n heard in the room, or in the house, for
know how long. I happened to look
up from my stitching, across the table,
odmother, and I saw in her face, looking
at me, "It would have been far better,
ther, had you had no birthday; that
never been born!"

te out sobbing and crying, and I said,
r godmother, tell me, pray do tell me,
ma die on my birthday?"

"No," she returned. "Ask me no more, child!"

"O, do pray tell me something of her. Do now, at last, dear godmother, if you please! What did I do to her? How did I lose her? Why am I so different from other children, and why is it my fault, dear godmother? No, no, no, don't go away. O, speak to me!"

I was in a kind of fright beyond my grief; and I had caught hold of her dress, and was kneeling to her. She had been saying all the while, "Let me go!" But now she stood still.

Her darkened face had such power over me, that it stopped me in the midst of my vehemence. I put up my trembling little hand to clasp hers, or to beg her pardon with what earnestness I might, but withdrew it as she looked at me, and laid it on my fluttering heart. She raised me, sat in her chair, and standing me before her, said, slowly, in a cold, low voice—I see her knitted brow, and pointed finger:

"Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers. The time will come—and soon enough—when you will understand this better, and will feel it too, as no one save a woman can. I have forgiven her;" but her face did not relent; "the wrong she did to me, and I say no more of it, though it was greater than you will ever know—than any one will ever know, but I, the sufferer. For yourself, unfortunate girl, orphaned and degraded from the first of these evil anniversaries, pray daily that the sins of others be not visited upon your head, according to what is written. Forget your mother, and leave all other people to forget her who will do her unhappy child that greatest kindness. Now, go!"

She checked me, however, as I was about to depart from her—so frozen as I was!—and added this:

"Submission, self-denial, diligent work, are the preparations for a life begun with such a shadow on it. You are different from other children, Esther, because you were not born, like them, in common sinfulness and wrath. You are set apart."

I went up to my room, and crept to bed, and laid my doll's cheek against mine wet with tears; and holding that solitary friend upon my bosom, cried myself to sleep. Imperfect as my understanding of my sorrow was, I knew that I had brought no joy, at any time, to any body's heart, and that I was to no one upon earth what Dolly was to me.

Dear, dear, to think how much time we passed alone together afterward, and how often I repeated to the doll the story of my birthday, and confided to her that I would try, as hard as ever I could, to repair the fault I had been born with (of which I confusedly felt guilty and yet innocent), and would strive as I grew up to be industrious, contented, and kind-hearted, and to do some good to some one, and win some love to myself if I could. I hope it is not self-indulgent to shed these tears as I think of it. I am very

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thankful, I am very cheerful, but I can not quite help their coming to my eyes.

There! I have wiped them away now, and can go on again properly.

I felt the distance between my godmother and myself so much more after the birthday, and felt so sensible of filling a place in her house which ought to have been empty, that I found her more difficult of approach, though I was fervently grateful to her in my heart, than ever. I felt in the same way toward my school companions; I felt in the same way toward Mrs. Rachael, who was a widow; and O toward her daughter, of whom she was proud, who came to see her once a fortnight! I was very retired and quiet, and tried to be very diligent.

One sunny afternoon, when I had come home from school with my books and portfolio, watching my long shadow at my side, and as I was gliding up stairs to my room as usual, my godmother looked out of the parlor door, and called me back. Sitting with her, I found—which was very unusual indeed—a stranger. A portly, important-looking gentleman, dressed all in black, with a white cravat, large gold watch seals, a pair of gold eye-glasses, and a large seal-ring upon his little finger.

"This," said my godmother in an under tone, "is the child." Then she said, in her naturally stern way of speaking, "This is Esther, sir."

The gentleman put up his eye-glasses to look at me, and said, "Come here, my dear!" He shook hands with me, and asked me to take off my bonnet—looking at me all the while. When I had complied, he said, "Ah!" and afterward "Yes!" And then, taking off his eye-glasses and folding them in a red case, and leaning back in his arm-chair, turning the case about in his two hands he gave my godmother a nod. Upon that, my godmother said, "You may go upstairs, Esther!" and I made him my courtesy and left him.

It must have been two years afterward, and I was almost fourteen, when one dreadful night my godmother and I sat at the fireside. I was reading aloud, and she was listening. I had come down at nine o'clock, as I always did, to read the Bible to her; and was reading, from St. John, how our Saviour stooped down, writing with his finger in the dust, when they brought the sinful woman to him.

"'So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!'"

I was stopped by my godmother's rising, putting her hand to her head, and crying out, in an awful voice, from quite another part of the book:

"'Watch ye therefore! lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!'"

In an instant, while she stood before me repeating these words, she fell down on the floor. I had no need to cry out; her voice had sounded through the house, and been heard in the street.

She was laid upon her bed. For more than a week she lay there, little altered outwardly; with her old handsome, resolute frown that I so well knew, carved upon her face. Many and many a time, in the day and in the night, with my head upon the pillow by her that my whispers might be plainer to her, I kissed her, thanked her, prayed for her, asked her for her blessing and forgiveness, entreated her to give me the least sign that she knew or heard me. No, no, no. Her face was immovable. To the very last, and even afterward, her frown remained unsoftened.

On the day after my poor good godmother was buried, the gentleman in black with the white neckcloth re-appeared. I was sent for by Mrs. Rachael, and found him in the same place, as if he had never gone away.

"My name is Kenge," he said; "you may remember it, my child; Kenge and Carboy, Lincoln's Inn."

I replied, that I remembered to have seen him once before.

"Pray be seated—here, near me. Don't distress yourself; it's of no use. Mrs. Rachael, I needn't inform you, who were acquainted with the late Miss Barbary's affairs, that her means die with her; and that this young lady, now her aunt is dead—"

"My aunt, sir!"

"It really is of no use carrying on a deception when no object is to be gained by it," said Mr. Kenge, smoothly. "Aunt in fact, though not in law. Don't distress yourself! Don't weep! Don't tremble! Mrs. Rachael, our young friend has no doubt heard of—the—a—Jarndyce and Jarndyce."

"Never," said Mrs. Rachel.

"Is it possible," pursued Mr. Kenge, putting up his eye-glasses, "that our young friend—I *beg* you won't distress yourself!—never heard of Jarndyce and Jarndyce?"

I shook my head, wondering even what it was.

"Not of Jarndyce and Jarndyce?" said Mr. Kenge, looking over his glasses at me, and softly turning the case about and about, as if he were petting something. "Not of one of the greatest Chancery suits known? Not of Jarndyce and Jarndyce—the—a—in itself a monument of Chancery practice? In which (I would say) every difficulty, every contingency, every masterly fiction, every form of procedure known in that court, is represented over and over again? It is a cause that could not exist, out of this free and great country. I should say that the aggregate of costs in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Mrs. Rachael;" I was afraid he addressed himself to her, because I appeared inattentive; "amounts at the present hour to from SIX-TY to SEVEN-TY THOUSAND POUNDS!" said Mr. Kenge, leaning back in his chair.

I felt very ignorant, but what could I do? I was so entirely unacquainted with the subject, that I understood nothing about it even then.

"And she really never heard of the cause!" said Mr. Kenge. "Surprising!"

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"Miss Barbary, sir," returned Mrs. Rachael, "who is now among the Seraphim—"

("I hope so, I am sure," said Mr. Kenge, politely.)

"—Wished Esther only to know what would be serviceable to her. And she knows, from any teaching she has had here, nothing more."

"Well!" said Mr. Kenge. "Upon the whole, very proper. Now to the point," addressing me. "Miss Barbary, your sole relation (in fact, that is; for I am bound to observe that in law you had none), being deceased, and it naturally not being to be expected that Mrs. Rachael—"

"O dear no!" said Mrs. Rachael, quickly.

"Quite so," assented Mr. Kenge; "that Mrs. Rachael should charge herself with your maintenance and support (I beg you won't distress yourself), you are in a position to receive the renewal of an offer which I was instructed to make to Miss Barbary some two years ago, and which, though rejected then, was understood to be renewable under the lamentable circumstances that have since occurred. Now, if I avow that I represent, in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and otherwise, a highly humane, but at the same time singular man, shall I compromise myself by any stretch of my professional caution?" said Mr. Kenge, leaning back in his chair again, and looking calmly at us both.

He appeared to enjoy beyond every thing, the sound of his own voice. I couldn't wonder at that, for it was mellow and full, and gave great importance to every word he uttered. He listened to himself with obvious satisfaction, and sometimes gently beat time to his own music with his head, or rounded a sentence with his hand. I was very much impressed by him—even then, before I knew that he formed himself on the model of a great lord who was his client, and that he was generally called Conversation Kenge.

"Mr. Jarndyce," he pursued, "being aware of the—I would say, desolate—position of our young friend, offers to place her at a first-rate establishment; where her education shall be completed, where her comfort shall be secured, where her reasonable wants shall be anticipated, where she shall be eminently qualified to discharge her duty in that station of life unto which it has pleased—shall I say Providence?—to call her."

My heart was filled so full, both by what he said, and by his affecting manner of saying it, that I was not able to speak, though I tried.

"Mr. Jarndyce," he went on, "makes no condition, beyond expressing his expectation, that our young friend will not at any time remove herself from the establishment in question without his knowledge and concurrence. That she will faithfully apply herself to the acquisition of those accomplishments, upon the exercise of which she will be ultimately dependent. That she will tread in the paths of virtue, and honor, and—the—a—so forth."

I was still less able to speak than before.

"Now, what does our young friend say?" proceeded Mr. Kenge. "Take time, take time! I pause for her reply. But take time!"

What the destitute subject of such an offer tried to say, I need not repeat. What she did say, I could more easily tell, if it were worth the telling. What she felt, and will feel to her dying hour, I could never relate.

This interview took place at Windsor, where I had passed (as far as I knew) my whole life. On that day week, amply provided with all necessaries, I left it, inside the stage-coach, for Reading.

Mrs. Rachael was too good to feel any emotion at parting, but I was not so good, and wept bitterly. I thought that I ought to have known her better after so many years, and ought to have made myself enough of a favorite with her to make her sorry then. When she gave me one cold, parting kiss upon my forehead, like a thaw-drop from the stone porch—it was a very frosty day—I felt so miserable and self-reproachful that I clung to her and told her it was my fault, I knew, that she could say good-by so easily!

"No, Esther!" she returned. "It is your misfortune!"

The coach was at the little lawn gate—we had not come out until we heard the wheels—and thus I left her, with a sorrowful heart. She went in before my boxes were lifted to the coach-roof, and shut the door. As long as I could see the house, I looked back at it from the window, through my tears. My godmother had left Mrs. Rachael all the little property she possessed; and there was to be a sale; and an old hearth-rug with roses on it, which always seemed to me the first thing in the world I had ever seen, was hanging outside in the frost and snow. A day or two before, I had wrapped the dear old doll in her own shawl, and quietly laid her—I am half-ashamed to tell it—in the garden-earth, under the tree that shaded my own window. I had no companion left but my bird, and him I carried with me in his cage.

When the house was out of sight, I sat, with my bird-cage in the straw at my feet, forward on the low seat to look out of the high window; watching the frosty trees that were like beautiful pieces of spar; and the fields all smooth and white with last night's snow; and the sun so red but yielding so little heat; and the ice, dark like metal, where the skaters and sliders had brushed the snow away. There was a gentleman in the coach who sat on the opposite seat, and looked very large in a quantity of wrappings; but he sat gazing out of the other window, and took no notice of me.

I thought of my dead godmother; of the night when I read to her; of her frowning so fixedly and sternly in her bed; of the strange place I was going to; of the people I should find there, and what they would be like, and what they would say to me; when a voice in the coach gave me a terrible start.

It said, "What the de-vil are you crying for?"

I was so frightened that I lost my voice, and could only answer in a whisper. "Me, sir?"

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For of course I knew it must have been the gentleman in the quantity of wrappings, though he was still looking out of his window.

"Yes, you," he said, turning round.

"I didn't know I was crying, sir," I faltered.

"But you are!" said the gentleman. "Look here!" He came quite opposite to me from the other corner of the coach, brushed one of his large furry cuffs across my eyes (but without hurting me), and showed me that it was wet.

"There! Now, you know you are," he said. "Don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And what are you crying for?" said the gentleman. "Don't you want to go there?"

"Where, sir?"

"Where? Why, wherever you are going," said the gentleman.

"I am very glad to go there, sir," I answered.

"Well, then! Look glad!" said the gentleman.

I thought he was very strange, or at least that what I could see of him was very strange, for he was wrapped up to the chin, and his face was almost hidden in a fur cap, with broad fur straps at the side of his head, fastened under his chin; but I was composed again, and not afraid of him. So I told him that I thought I must have been crying, because of my godmother's death, and because of Mrs. Rachael's not being sorry to part with me.

"Con-found Mrs. Rachael!" said the gentleman. "Let her fly away in a high wind on a broomstick, I"

I began to be really afraid of him now, and looked at him with the greatest astonishment. But I thought that he had pleasant eyes, although he kept on muttering to himself in an angry manner, and calling Mrs. Rachael names.

After a little while, he opened his outer wrapper, which appeared to me large enough to wrap up the whole coach, and put his arm down into a deep pocket in the side.

"Now, look here!" he said. "In this paper," which was nicely folded, "is a piece of the best plum-cake that can be got for money—sugar on the outside an inch thick, like fat on mutton-chops. Here's a little pie (a gem this is, both for size and quality), made in France. And what do you suppose it's made of? Livers of fat geese. There's a pie! Now let's see you eat 'em."

"Thank you, sir," I replied; "thank you very much, indeed, but I hope you won't be offended; they are too rich for me."

"Floored again!" said the gentleman, which I didn't at all understand; and threw them both out of window.

He did not speak to me any more, until he got out of the coach a little way short of Reading, when he advised me to be a good girl, and to be studious; and shook hands with me. I must say I was relieved by his departure. We left him at a milestone. I often walked past it afterward, and never, for a long time, without thinking of him, and half-expecting to meet him. But I never did; and so, as time went on, he passed out of my mind.

When the coach stopped, a very neat lady looked up at the window, and said,

"Miss Donny."

"No, ma'am, Esther Summerson."

"That is quite right," said the lady, "Miss Donny."

I now understood that she introduced herself by that name, and begged Miss Donny's pardon for my mistake, and pointed out my boxes at her request. Under the direction of a very neat maid, they were put outside a very small green carriage; and then Miss Donny, the maid, and I, got inside, and were driven away.

"Every thing is ready for you, Esther," said Miss Donny; "and the scheme of your pursuits has been arranged in exact accordance with the wishes of your guardian, Mr. Jarndyce."

"Of ——, did you say, ma'am?"

"Of your guardian, Mr. Jarndyce," said Miss Donny.

I was so bewildered that Miss Donny thought the cold had been too severe for me, and lent me her smelling-bottle.

"Do you know my—guardian, Mr. Jarndyce, ma'am?" I asked, after a good deal of hesitation.

"Not personally, Esther," said Miss Donny; "merely through his solicitors, Messrs. Kenge and Carboy, of London. A very superior gentleman, Mr. Kenge. Truly eloquent, indeed. Some of his periods quite majestic!"

I felt this to be very true, but was too confused to attend to it. Our speedy arrival at our destination, before I had time to recover myself, increased my confusion; and I never shall forget the uncertain and unreal air of every thing at Greenleaf (Miss Donny's house), that afternoon!

But I soon became used to it. I was so adapted to the routine of Greenleaf before long, that I seemed to have been there a great while; and almost to have dreamed, rather than to have really lived, my old life at my godmother's. Nothing could be more precise, exact, and orderly, than Greenleaf. There was a time for every thing all round the dial of the clock, and every thing was done at its appointed moment.

We were twelve boarders, and there were two Miss Donnys, twins. It was understood that I would have to depend, by-and-by, on my qualifications as a governess; and I was not only instructed in every thing that was taught at Greenleaf, but was very soon engaged in helping to instruct others. Although I was treated in every other respect like the rest of the school, this single difference was made in my case from the first. As I began to know more, I taught more, and so in course of time I had plenty to do, which I was very fond of doing, because it made the dear girls fond of me. At last, whenever a new pupil came, who was a little downcast and unhappy, she was so sure—indeed I don't know why—to make a friend of me, that all new-comers were confided to my care. They said I was so gentle; but I

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sure *they* were! I often thought of the reso-
ion I had made on my birth-day, to try to be
ustrious, contented, and true-hearted, and to
some good to some one, and win some love
I could; and indeed, indeed, I felt almost
amed to have done so little, and have won so
ch.

passed at Greenleaf six happy, quiet years.
ever saw in any face there, thank Heaven, on
birthday, that it would have been better
had never been born. When the day came
nd, it brought me so many tokens of affec-
ate remembrance, that my room was beautiful
h them from New-Year's Day to Christmas.
n those six years I had never been away, ex-
t on visits at holiday time in the neighbor-
d. After the first six months or so, I had
n Miss Donny's advice in reference to the
riety of writing to Mr. Kenge, to say that I
happy and grateful; and, with her approval,
d written such a letter. I had received a
al answer acknowledging its receipt, and
ng, "We note the contents thereof, which
l be duly communicated to our client."
r that, I sometimes heard Miss Donny and
sister mention how regularly my accounts
paid; and about twice a year I ventured to
a similar letter. I always received by
n of post exactly the same answer, in the
round hand; with the signature of Kenge
Carboy in another writing, which I sup-
d to be Mr. Kenge's.

seems so curious to me to be obliged to
all this about myself!—as if this narrative
the narrative of *my* life! But my little
will soon fall into the background now.

quiet years (I find I am saying it for the
d time) I had passed at Greenleaf, seeing in
around me, as it might be in a looking-
every stage of my own growth and change
when, one November morning, I received
etter. I omit the date.

Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

Madam,

Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

r clt Mr. Jarndyce being abt to rece into his under an Order of the Ct of Chy, a Ward Ct in this cause, for whom he wishes to an elgble compn, directs us to inform you e will be glad of your serces in the afsd ity.

have arrngd for your being forded, car-free, pr eight o'clock coach from Reading, nday morning next, to White Horse Cellar, illy, London, where one of our clks will be ting to convey you to our offe as above.

We are, Madam,
Your obedt Servts,
Kenge and Carboy.

Esther Summerson.

ever, never, never shall I forget the emotion
ter caused in the house! It was so tender in them to care so much for me; it was so gracious in that Father who had not forgotten me, to have made my orphan way so smooth and easy, and to have inclined so many youthful natures toward me; that I could hardly bear it. Not that I would have had them less sorry—I am afraid not; but the pleasure of it, and the pain of it, and the pride and joy of it, and the humble regret of it, were so blended, that my heart seemed almost breaking while it was full of rapture.

The letter gave me only five days' notice of my removal. When every minute added to the proofs of love and kindness that were given me in those five days; and when at last the morning came, and when they took me through all the rooms, that I might see them for the last time; and when some cried "Esther, dear, say good-by to me here, at my bedside, where you first spoke so kindly to me!" and when others asked me only to write their names, "With Esther's love;" and when they all surrounded me with their parting presents, and clung to me weeping, and cried, "What shall we do when dear Esther's gone!" and when I tried to tell them how forbearing, and how good they had all been to me, and how I blessed, and thanked them every one; what a heart I had!

And when the two Miss Donnys grieved as much to part with me, as the least among them; and when the maids said, "Bless you, miss, wherever you go!" and when the ugly lame old gardener, who I thought had hardly noticed me in all those years, came panting after the coach to give me a little nosegay of geraniums, and told me I had been the light of his eyes—indeed the old man said so!—what a heart I had then!

And could I help it, if with all this, and the coming to the little school, and the unexpected sight of the poor children outside waving their hats and bonnets to me, and of a gray-headed gentleman and lady, whose daughter I had helped to teach, and at whose house I had visited (who were said to be the proudest people in all that country), caring for nothing but calling out "Good-by, Esther. May you be very happy!" could I help it if I was quite bowed down in the coach by myself, and said, "O, I am so thankful, I am so thankful!" many times over!

But of course I soon considered that I must not take tears where I was going, after all that had been done for me. Therefore, of course, I made myself sob less, and persuaded myself to be quiet, by saying very often, "Esther! now, you really must! This *will not* do!" I cheered myself up pretty well at last, though I am afraid I was longer about it than I ought to have been; and when I had cooled my eyes with lavender water, it was time to watch for London.

I was quite persuaded that we were there, when we were ten miles off; and when we really were there, that we should never get there. However, when we began to jolt upon a stone pavement, and particularly when every other conveyance seemed to be running into us and we seemed to be running into every other conveyance, I began

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to believe that we really were approaching the end of our journey. Very soon afterward we stopped.

A young gentleman who had inked himself by accident, addressed me from the pavement, and said, "I am from Kenge and Carboy's, miss, of Lincoln's Inn."

"If you please, sir," said I.

He was very obliging; and as he handed me into a fly, after superintending the removal of my boxes, I asked him whether there was a great fire anywhere? For the streets were so full of dense brown smoke that scarcely any thing was to be seen.

"O dear no, miss," he said. "This is a London particular."

I had never heard of such a thing.

"A fog, miss," said the young gentleman.

"O indeed!" said I.

We drove slowly through the dirtiest and darkest streets that ever were seen in the world (I thought), and in such a distracting state of confusion that I wondered how the people kept their senses, until we passed into sudden quietude under an old gateway, and drove on through a silent square, until we came to an odd nook in a corner, where there was an entrance up a steep broad flight of stairs, like an entrance to a church. And there really was a church-yard outside under some cloisters, for I saw the grave-stones from the staircase window.

This was Kenge and Carboy's. The young gentleman showed me through an outer office into Mr. Kenge's room—there was no one in it—and politely put an arm-chair for me by the fire. He then called my attention to a little looking-glass, hanging from a nail on one side of the chimney-piece.

"In case you should wish to look at yourself, miss, after the journey, as you're going before the Chancellor. Not that it's necessary, I am sure," said the young gentleman, civilly.

"Going before the Chancellor?" I said, startled for a moment.

"Only a matter of form, miss," returned the young gentleman. "Mr. Kenge is in court now. He left his compliments, and would you partake of some refreshment;" there were biscuits and a decanter of wine on a small table; "and look over the paper;" which the young gentleman gave me as he spoke. He then stirred the fire, and left me.

Every thing was so strange—the stranger for its being night in the day-time, and the candles burning with a white flame, and looking raw and cold—that I read the words in the newspaper without knowing what they meant, and found myself reading the same words repeatedly. As it was of no use going on in that way, I put the paper down, took a peep at my bonnet in the glass to see if it was neat, and looked at the room which was not half lighted, and at the shabby dusty tables, and at the piles of writings, and at a bookcase full of the most inexpressive-looking books that ever had any thing to say for themselves. Then I went on, thinking, thinking, thinking; and the fire went on, burning, burning, burning; and the candles went on flickering and guttering, and there were no snuffers—until the young gentleman by-and-by brought a very dirty pair; for two hours.

At last Mr. Kenge came. *He* was not altered; but he was surprised to see how altered I was, and appeared quite pleased. "As you are going to be the companion of the young lady who is now in the Chancellor's private room, Miss Summerson," he said, "we thought it well that you should be in attendance also. You will not be discomposed by the Lord Chancellor, I dare say?"

"No, sir," I said, "I don't think I shall." Really not seeing, on consideration, why I should be.

So Mr. Kenge gave me his arm, and we went round the corner, under a colonnade, and in at a side door. And so we came, along a passage, into a comfortable sort of room, where a young lady and a young gentleman were standing near a great, loud-roaring fire. A screen was interposed between them and it, and they were leaning on the screen, talking.

They both looked up when I came in, and I saw in the young lady, with the fire shining upon her, such a beautiful girl! With such rich golden hair, such soft blue eyes, and such a bright, innocent, trusting face!

"Miss Ada," said Mr. Kenge, "this is Miss Summerson."

She came to meet me with a smile of welcome, and her hand extended, but seemed to change her mind in a moment, and kissed me. In short, she had such a natural, captivating, winning manner, that in a few minutes we were sitting in the window-seat, with the light of the fire upon us, talking together, as free and happy as could be.

What a load off my mind! It was so delightful to know that she could confide in me, and like me! It was so good of her, and so encouraging to me!

The young gentleman was her distant cousin, she told me, and his name Richard Carstone. He was a handsome youth, with an ingenuous face, and a most engaging laugh; and after she had called him up to where we sat, he stood by us, in the light of the fire too, talking gayly, like a light-hearted boy. He was very young; not more than nineteen then, if quite so much, but nearly two years older than she was. They were both orphans, and (what was very unexpected and curious to me) had never met before that day. Our all three coming together for the first time, in such an unusual place, was a thing to talk about; and we talked about it; and the fire, which had left off roaring, winked its red eyes at us—as Richard said—like a drowsy old Chancery lion.

We conversed in a low tone, because a full-dressed gentleman in a bag wig frequently came in and out, and when he did so, we could hear a drawling sound in the distance, which he said

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one one of the counsel in our case addressing Lord Chancellor. He told Mr. Kenge that Chancellor would be up in five minutes; and ently we heard a bustle, and a tread of feet, Mr. Kenge said that the Court had risen, and lordship was in the next room.

he gentleman in the bag wig opened the door ost directly, and requested Mr. Kenge to come Upon that, we all went into the next room; Kenge first, with my darling—it is so natural ie now, that I can't help writing it; and , plainly dressed in black, and sitting in an chair at a table near the fire, was his lord- whose robe, trimmed with beautiful gold was thrown upon another chair. He gave searching look as we entered, but his man- vas both courtly and kind.

ie gentleman in the bag wig laid bundles of s on his lordship's table, and his lordship ly selected one, and turned over the leaves. liss Clare," then said the Lord Chancellor. s Ada Clare?"

. Kenge presented her, and his lordship d her to sit down near him. That he ad- her, and was interested by her, even *I* see in a moment. It touched me, that the of such a beautiful young creature should presented by that dry official place. The High Chancellor, at his best, appeared so substitute for the love and pride of parents.

he Jarndyce in question," said the Lord ellor, still turning over leaves, "is Jarndyce ak House."

rndyce of Bleak House, my lord," said Mr. .

dreary name," said the Lord Chancellor. it not a dreary place at present, my lord," r. Kenge.

id Bleak House," said his lordship, "is

rtfordshire, my lord."

. Jarndyce of Bleak House is not mar- said his lordship.

is not, my lord," said Mr. Kenge.

use.

ing Mr. Richard Carstone is present?" Lord Chancellor, glancing toward him.

ard bowed and stepped forward.

n!" said the Lord Chancellor, turning re leaves.

Jarndyce of Bleak House, my lord," Mr. bserved, in a low voice, "if I may ven- remind your lordship, provides a suitable ion for—"

Mr. Richard Carstone?" I thought (but I quite sure) I heard his lordship say, in an ow voice, and with a smile.

Miss Ada Clare. This is the young lady. nmerson."

rdship gave me an indulgent look, and dged my courtesy very graciously.

Summerson is not related to any party use, I think?"

ny lord."

nge leant over before it was quite said, and whispered. His lordship, with his eyes upon his papers, listened, nodded twice or thrice, turned over more leaves, and did not look toward me again, until we were going away.

Mr. Kenge now retired, and Richard with him, to where I was, near the door, leaving my pet (it is so natural to me that again I can't help it!) sitting near the Lord Chancellor; with whom his lordship spoke a little apart; asking her, as she told me afterward, whether she had well reflected on the proposed arrangement, and if she thought she would be happy under the roof of Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House, and why she thought so? Presently he rose courteously, and released her, and then he spoke for a minute or two with Richard Carstone; not seated, but standing, and altogether with more ease and less ceremony—as if he still knew, though he *was* Lord Chancellor, how to go straight to the candor of a boy.

"Very well!" said his lordship aloud. "I shall make the order. Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House has chosen, so far as I may judge," and this was when he looked at me, "a very good companion for the young lady, and the arrangement altogether seems the best of which the circumstances admit."

He dismissed us pleasantly, and we all went out, very much obliged to him for being so affable and polite; by which he had certainly lost no dignity, but seemed to us to have gained some.

When we got under the colonnade, Mr. Kenge remembered that he must go back for a moment to ask a question; and left us in the fog, with the Lord Chancellor's carriage and servants waiting for him to come out.

"Well!" said Richard Carstone, "*that's* over! And where do we go next, Miss Summerson?"

"Don't you know?" I said.

"Not in the least," said he.

"And don't *you* know, my love?" I asked Ada.

"No!" said she. "Don't you?"

"Not at all!" said I.

We looked at one another, half-laughing at our being like the children in the wood, when a curious little old woman in a squeezed bonnet, and carrying a reticule, came courtesying and smiling up to us, with an air of great ceremony.

"O!" said she. "The wards in Jarndyce! Ve-ry happy, I am sure, to have the honor! It is a good omen for youth, and hope, and beauty, when they find themselves in this place, and don't know what's to come of it."

"Mad!" whispered Richard, not thinking she could hear him.

"Right! Mad, young gentleman," she returned so quickly that he was quite abashed. "I was a ward myself. I was not mad at that time," courtesying low, and smiling between every little sentence. "I had youth, and hope. I believe, beauty. It matters very little now. Neither of the three served, or saved me. I have the honor to attend court regularly. With my documents. I expect a judgment. Shortly. On the Day of Judgment. I have discovered that the sixth seal

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THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

mentioned in the Revelations is the Great Seal. It has been open a long time! Pray accept my blessing."

As Ada was a little frightened, I said, to humor the poor old lady, that we were much obliged to her.

"Ye-es!" she said, mincingly. "I imagine so. And here is Conversation Kenge. With *his* documents. How does your honorable worship do?"

"Quite well, quite well! Now don't be troublesome, that's a good soul!" said Mr. Kenge, leading the way back.

"By no means," said the poor old lady, keeping up with Ada and me. "Any thing but troublesome. I shall confer estates on both—which is not being troublesome, I trust? I expect a judgment. Shortly. On the Day of Judgment. This is a good omen for you. Accept my blessing!"

She stopped at the bottom of the steep, broad flight of stairs; but we looked back as we went up, and she was still there, saying, still with a courtesy and a smile between every little sentence, "Youth. And hope. And beauty. And Chancery. And Conversation Kenge! Ha! Pray accept my blessing!"

CHAPTER IV.—TELESCOPIC PHILANTHROPY.

WE were to pass the night, Mr. Kenge told us when we arrived in his room, at Mrs. Jellyby's; and then he turned to me, and said he took it for granted I knew who Mrs. Jellyby was?

"I really don't, sir," I returned. "Perhaps Mr. Carstone—or Miss Clare—"

But no, they knew nothing whatever about Mrs. Jellyby.

"In-deed! Mrs. Jellyby," said Mr. Kenge, standing with his back to the fire, and casting his eyes over the dusty hearth-rug as if it were Mrs. Jellyby's biography, "is a lady of very remarkable strength of character, who devotes herself entirely to the public. She has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa, with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry—*and* the natives—and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant home population. Mr. Jarndyce, who is desirous to aid in any work that is considered likely to be a good work, and who is much sought after by philanthropists, has

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I believe, a very high opinion of Mrs. Jellyby."

Mr. Kenge, adjusting his cravat, then looked at us.

"And Mr. Jellyby, sir?" suggested Richard.

"Ah! Mr. Jellyby," said Mr. Kenge, "is—a—I don't know that I can describe him to you better than by saying that he is the husband of Mrs. Jellyby."

"A nonentity, sir?" said Richard, with a droll look.

"I don't say that," returned Mr. Kenge, gravely. "I can't say that, indeed, for I know nothing whatever *of* Mr. Jellyby. I never, to my knowledge, had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Jellyby. He may be a very superior man; but he is, so to speak, merged—merged—in the more shining qualities of his wife." Mr. Kenge proceeded to tell us that as the road to Bleak House would have been very long, dark, and tedious, on such an evening, and as we had been traveling already, Mr. Jarndyce had himself proposed this arrangement. A carriage would be at Mrs. Jellyby's to convey us out of town, early in the forenoon of to-morrow.

He then rang a little bell, and the young gentleman came in. Addressing him by the name of Guppy, Mr. Kenge inquired whether Miss Summerson's boxes and the rest of the baggage had been "sent round." Mr. Guppy said yes, they had been sent round, and a coach was waiting to take us round too, as soon as we pleased.

"Then it only remains," said Mr. Kenge, shaking hands with us, "for me to express my lively satisfaction in (good-day, Miss Clare!) the arrangement this day concluded, and my (*good*-by to you, Miss Summerson!) lively hope that it will conduce to the happiness, the (glad to have had the honor of making your acquaintance, Mr. Carstone!) welfare, the advantage in all points of view, of all concerned! Guppy, see the party safely there."

"Where *is* 'there,' Mr. Guppy?" said Richard, as he went down stairs.

"No distance," said Mr. Guppy; "round in Thavies' Inn, you know."

"I can't say I know where it is, for I come from Winchester, and am strange in London."

"Only round the corner," said Mr. Guppy. "We just twist up Chancery-lane, and cut along Holborn, and there we are in four minutes' time, as near as a toucher. This is about a London particular *now*, ain't it, miss?" He seemed quite delighted with it on my account.

"The fog is very dense indeed!" said I.

"Not that it affects you, though, I am sure," said Mr. Guppy, putting up the steps. "On the contrary, it seems to do you good, miss, judging from your appearance.

I knew he meant well in paying me this compliment, so I laughed at myself for blushing at it, when he had shut the door and got upon the box; and we all three laughed, and chatted about our inexperience, and the strangeness of London, until we turned up under an archway, to our destination: a narrow street of high houses, like an oblong cistern to hold the fog. There was a confused little crowd of people, principally children, gathered about the house at which we stopped, which had a tarnished brass plate on the door, with the inscription, JELLYBY.

"Don't be frightened!" said Mr. Guppy, looking in at the coach-window. "One of the young Jellybys been and got his head through the area railings!"

"O poor child," said I, "let me out, if you please!"

"Pray be careful of yourself, miss. The young Jellybys are always up to something," said Mr. Guppy.

I made my way to the poor child, who was one of the dirtiest little unfortunates I ever saw, and found him very hot and frightened, and crying loudly, fixed by the neck between two iron railings, while a milk-man and a beadle, with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavoring to drag him back by the legs, under a general impression that his skull was compressible by those means. As I found (after pacifying him), that he was a little boy, with a naturally large head, I thought that, perhaps, where his head could go, his body could follow, and mentioned that the best mode of extrication might be to push him forward. This was so favorably received by the milk-man and beadle, that he would immediately have been pushed into the area, if I had not held his pinafore, while Richard and Mr. Guppy ran down through the kitchen, to catch him when he should be released. At last he was happily got down without any accident, and then he began to beat Mr. Guppy with a hoop-stick in quite a frantic manner.

Nobody had appeared belonging to the house, except a person in pattens, who had been poking at the child from below with a broom; I don't know with what object, and I don't think she did. I therefore supposed that Mrs. Jellyby was not at home; and was quite surprised when the person appeared in the passage without the pattens, and going up to the back room on the first floor, before Ada and me, announced us as, "Them two young ladies, Missis Jellyby!" We passed several more children on the way up, whom it was difficult to avoid treading on in the dark; and as we came into Mrs. Jellyby's presence, one of the poor little things fell down stairs—down a whole flight (as it sounded to me), with a great noise.

Mrs. Jellyby, whose face reflected none of the uneasiness which we could not help showing in our own faces, as the dear child's head recorded its passage with a bump on every stair—Richard afterward said he counted seven, besides one for the landing—received us with perfect equanimity. She was a pretty, very diminutive, plump woman, of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off. As if—I am quoting Richard again—they could see nothing nearer than Africa!

"I am very glad indeed," said Mrs. Jellyby, in an agreeable voice, "to have the pleasure of

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receiving you. I have a great respect for Mr. Jarndyce; and no one in whom he is interested can be an object of indifference to me."

We expressed our acknowledgments, and sat down behind the door, where there was a lame invalid of a sofa. Mrs. Jellyby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it. The shawl in which she had been loosely muffled, dropped on to her chair when she advanced to us; and as she turned to resume her seat, we could not help noticing that her dress didn't nearly meet up the back, and the open space was railed across with a lattice-work of stay-lace, like a summer-house.

The room, which was strewn with papers and nearly filled by a great writing-table covered with similar litter, was, I must say, not only very untidy, but very dirty. We were obliged to take notice of that with our sense of sight, even while, with our sense of hearing, we followed the poor child who had tumbled down stairs: I think into the back kitchen, where somebody seemed to stifle him.

But what principally struck us was a jaded, and unhealthy-looking, though by no means plain girl, at the writing-table, who sat biting the feather of her pen, and staring at us. I suppose nobody ever was in such a state of ink. And, from her tumbled hair to her pretty feet, which were disfigured with frayed and broken slippers trodden down at heel, she really seemed to have no article of dress upon her, from a pin upward, that was in its proper condition or its right place.

"You find me, my dears," said Mrs. Jellyby, snuffing the two great office candles in tin candlesticks, which made the room taste strongly of hot tallow (the fire had gone out, and there was nothing in the grate but ashes, a bundle of wood, and a poker), "you find me, my dears, as usual, very busy; but that you will excuse. The African project at present employs my whole time. It involves me in correspondence with public bodies, and with private individuals anxious for the welfare of their species all over the country. I am happy to say it is advancing. We hope by this time next year to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred healthy families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger."

As Ada said nothing, but looked at me, I said it must be very gratifying.

"It *is* gratifying," said Mrs. Jellyby. "It involves the devotion of all my energies, such as they are; but that is nothing, so that it succeeds; and I am more confident of success every day. Do you know, Miss Summerson, I almost wonder that *you* never turned your thoughts to Africa?"

This application of the subject was really so unexpected to me, that I was quite at a loss how to receive it. I hinted that the climate—

"The finest climate in the world!" said Mrs. Jellyby.

"Indeed, ma'am?"

"Certainly. With precaution," said Mrs. Jellyby. "You may go into Holborn, without precaution, and be run over. You may go into Holborn with precaution, and never be run over. Just so with Africa."

I said, "No doubt."—I meant as to Holborn.

"If you would like," said Mrs. Jellyby, putting a number of papers toward us, "to look over some remarks on that head, and on the general subject (which have been extensively circulated), while I finish a letter, I am now dictating—to my eldest daughter, who is my amanuensis—"

The girl at the table left off biting her pen, and made a return to our recognition, which was half bashful and half sulky.

"—I shall then have finished for the present," proceeded Mrs. Jellyby, with a sweet smile; "though my work is never done. Where are you, Caddy?"

"'Presents her compliments to Mr. Swallow, and begs—'" said Caddy.

"'—And begs,'" said Mrs. Jellyby, dictating, "'to inform him, in reference to his letter of inquiry on the African project.'—No, Peepy! Not on any account!"

Peepy (so self-named) was the unfortunate child who had fallen down stairs, who now interrupted the correspondence by presenting himself, with a strip of plaster on his forehead, to exhibit his wounded knees, in which Ada and I did not know which to pity most—the bruises or the dirt. Mrs. Jellyby merely added, with the serene composure with which she said every thing, "Go along, you naughty Peepy!" and fixed her fine eyes on Africa again.

However, as she at once proceeded with her dictation, and as I interrupted nothing by doing so, I ventured quietly to stop poor Peepy as he was going out, and to take him up to nurse. He looked very much astonished at it, and at Ada's kissing him; but soon fell fast asleep in my arms, sobbing at longer and longer intervals, until he was quiet. I was so occupied with Peepy that I lost the letter in detail, though I derived such a general impression from it of the momentous importance of Africa, and the utter insignificance of all other places and things, that I felt quite ashamed to have thought so little about it.

"Six o'clock!" said Mrs. Jellyby. "And our dinner hour is nominally (for we dine at all hours) five! Caddy, show Miss Clare and Miss Summerson their rooms. You will like to make some change, perhaps? You will excuse me, I know, being so much occupied. O, that very bad child! Pray put him down, Miss Summerson!"

I begged permission to retain him, truly saying that he was not at all troublesome; and carried him up-stairs and laid him on my bed. Ada and I had two upper rooms, with a door of communication between. They were excessively bare and disorderly, and the curtain to my window was fastened up with a fork.

"You would like some hot water, wouldn't you?" said Mrs. Jellyby, looking round for a jug with a handle to it, but looking in vain.

"If it is not being troublesome," said we.

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"O, it's not the trouble," returned Miss Jellyby; "the question is, if there *is* any."

The evening was so very cold, and the rooms had such a marshy smell, that I must confess it was a little miserable; and Ada was half crying. We soon laughed, however, and were busily unpacking, when Miss Jellyby came back to say, that she was sorry there was no hot water; but they couldn't find the kettle, and the boiler was out of order.

We begged her not to mention it, and made all the haste we could to get down to the fire again. But all the little children had come up to the landing outside, to look at the phenomenon of Peepy lying on my bed; and our attention was distracted by the constant apparition of noses and fingers, in situations of danger between the hinges of the doors. It was impossible to shut the door of either room; for my lock, with no knob to it, looked as if it wanted to be wound up; and though the handle of Ada's went round and round with the greatest smoothness, it was attended with no effect whatever on the door. Therefore I proposed to the children that they should come in and be very good at my table, and I would tell them the story of little Red Riding Hood while I dressed; which they did, and were as quiet as mice, including Peepy, who awoke opportunely before the appearance of the wolf.

When we went down stairs we found a mug, with "A Present from Tunbridge Wells" on it, lighted up in the staircase window with a floating wick; and a young woman, with a swelled face bound up in a flannel bandage, blowing the fire of the drawing-room (now connected by an open door with Mrs. Jellyby's room), and choking dreadfully. It smoked to that degree in short, that we all sat coughing and crying with the windows open for half an hour; during which Mrs. Jellyby, with the same sweetness of temper, directed letters about Africa. Her being so employed was, I must say, a great relief to me; for Richard told us that he had washed his hands in a pie-dish, and that they had found the kettle on his dressing-table; and he made Ada laugh so, that they made me laugh in the most ridiculous manner.

Soon after seven o'clock we went down to dinner; carefully, by Mrs. Jellyby's advice; for the stair-carpets, besides being very deficient in stair-wires, were so torn as to be absolute traps. We had a fine cod-fish, a piece of roast beef, a dish of cutlets, and a pudding; an excellent dinner, if it had had any cooking to speak of, but it was almost raw. The young woman with the flannel bandage waited, and dropped every thing on the table wherever it happened to go, and never moved it again until she put it on the stairs. The person I had seen in pattens (who I suppose to have been the cook), frequently came and skirmished with her at the door, and there appeared to be ill-will between them.

All through dinner; which was long, in consequence of such accidents as the dish of potatoes being mislaid in the coal-skuttle, and the handle of the cork-screw coming off, and striking the young woman in the chin; Mrs. Jellyby preserved the evenness of her disposition. She told us a great deal that was interesting about Borrioboola-Gha and the natives; and received so many letters that Richard, who sat by her, saw four envelopes in the gravy at once. Some of the letters were proceedings of ladies' committees, or resolutions of ladies' meetings, which she read to us; others were applications from people excited in various ways about the cultivation of coffee, and natives; others required answers, and these she sent her eldest daughter from the table three or four times to write. She was full of business, and undoubtedly was, as she had told us, devoted to the cause.

I was a little curious to know who a mild, bald gentleman in spectacles was, who dropped into a vacant chair (there was no top or bottom in particular) after the fish was taken away, and seemed passively to submit himself to Borrioboola-Gha, but not to be actively interested in that settlement. As he never spoke a word, he might have been a native, but for his complexion. It was not until we left the table, and he remained alone with Richard, that the possibility of his being Mr. Jellyby ever entered my head. But he was Mr. Jellyby; and a loquacious young man, called Mr. Quale, with large shining knobs for temples, and his hair all brushed to the back of his head, who came in the evening, and told Ada he was a philanthropist, also informed her that he called the matrimonial alliance of Mrs. Jellyby with Mr. Jellyby the union of mind and matter.

This young man, besides having a great deal to say for himself about Africa, and a project of his for teaching the coffee colonists to teach the natives to turn piano-forte legs and establish an export trade, delighted in drawing Mrs. Jellyby out by saying, "I believe now, Mrs. Jellyby, you have received as many as from one hundred and fifty to two hundred letters respecting Africa in a single day, have you not?" or, "If my memory does not deceive me, Mrs. Jellyby, you once mentioned that you had sent off five thousand circulars from one post-office at one time?"—always repeating Mrs. Jellyby's answer to us, like an interpreter. During the whole evening, Mr. Jellyby sat in a corner with his head against the wall, as if he were subject to low spirits. It seemed that he had several times opened his mouth when alone with Richard, after dinner, as if he had something on his mind; but had always shut it again, to Richard's extreme confusion, without saying any thing.

Mrs. Jellyby, sitting in quite a nest of waste paper, drank coffee all the evening, and dictated at intervals to her eldest daughter. She also held a discussion with Mr. Quale; of which the subject seemed to be—if I understood it—the Brotherhood of Humanity; and gave utterance to some beautiful sentiments. I was not so attentive an auditor as I might have wished to be, however, for Peepy and the other children came flocking about Ada and me in a corner of the

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drawing-room to ask for another story: so we sat down among them, and told them, in whispers, Puss in Boots and I don't know what else, until Mrs. Jellyby, accidentally remembering them, sent them to bed. As Peepy cried for me to take him to bed, I carried him up-stairs; where the young woman with the flannel bandage charged into the midst of the little family like a dragoon, and overturned them into cribs.

After that, I occupied myself in making our room a little tidy, and in coaxing a very cross fire that had been lighted, to burn; which, at last, it did, quite brightly. On my return down stairs, I felt that Mrs. Jellyby looked down upon me rather, for being so frivolous; and I was sorry for it; though, at the same time, I knew that I had no higher pretensions.

It was nearly midnight before we could find an opportunity of going to bed; and even then we left Mrs. Jellyby among her papers drinking coffee, and Miss Jellyby biting the feather of her pen.

"What a strange house!" said Ada, when we got up-stairs. "How curious of my cousin Jarndyce to send us here!"

"My love," said I, "it quite confuses me. I want to understand it, and I can't understand it at all."

"What?" asked Ada, with her pretty smile.

"All this, my dear," said I. "It *must* be very good of Mrs. Jellyby to take such pains about a scheme for the benefit of Natives—and yet—Peepy and the housekeeping!"

Ada laughed; and put her arm about my neck, as I stood looking at the fire; and told me I was a quiet, dear, good creature, and had won her heart. "You are so thoughtful, Esther," she said, "and yet so cheerful! and you do so much, so unpretendingly! You would make a home out of even this house."

My simple darling! She was quite unconscious that she only praised herself, and that it was in the goodness of her own heart that she made so much of me!

"May I ask you a question?" said I, when we had sat before the fire a little while.

"Five hundred," said Ada.

"Your cousin, Mr. Jarndyce. I owe so much to him. Would you mind describing him to me?"

Shaking back her golden hair, Ada turned her eyes upon me with such laughing wonder, that I was full of wonder, too—partly at her beauty, partly at her surprise.

"Esther!" she cried.

"My dear!"

"You want a description of my cousin, Jarndyce?"

"My dear, I never saw him."

"And *I* never saw him!" returned Ada.

Well, to be sure!

No, she had never seen him. Young as she was when her mamma died, she remembered how the tears would come into her eyes when she spoke of him, and of the noble generosity of his character, which she had said was to be trusted above all earthly things; and Ada trusted it. Her cousin, Jarndyce, had written to her a few months ago—"a plain, honest letter," Ada said—proposing the arrangement we were now to enter on, and telling her that, "in time, it might heal some of the wounds made by the miserable Chancery suit." She had replied, gratefully accepting his proposal. Richard had received a similar letter, and had made a similar responce. He *had* seen Mr. Jarndyce once, but only once, five years ago, at Winchester school. He had told Ada, when they were leaning on the screen before the fire where I found them, that he recollected him as "a bluff, rosy fellow." This was the utmost discription Ada could give me.

It set me thinking so, that when Ada was asleep, I still remained before the fire, wondering and wondering about Bleak House, and wondering and wondering that yesterday morning should seem so long ago. I don't know where my thoughts had wandered, when they were recalled by a tap at the door.

I opened it softly, and found Miss Jellyby shivering there, with a broken candle in a broken candlestick in one hand, and an egg-cup in the other.

"Good-night!" she said, very sulkily.

"Good-night!" said I.

"May I come in?" she shortly and unexpectedly asked me, in the same sulky way.

"Certainly," said I. "Don't wake Miss Clare."

She would not sit down, but stood by the fire, dipping her inky middle finger in the egg-cup, which contained vinegar, and smearing it over the ink stains on her face; frowning, the whole time, and looking very gloomy.

"I wish Africa was dead!" she said, on a sudden.

I was going to remonstrate.

"I do!" she said. "Don't talk to me, Miss Summerson. I hate it and detest it. It's a beast!"

I told her she was tired, and I was sorry. I put my hand upon her head, and touched her forehead, and said it was hot now, but would be cool to-morrow. She still stood, pouting and frowning at me; but presently put down her egg-cup, and turned softly toward the bed where Ada lay.

"She is very pretty!" she said, with the same knitted brow, and in the same uncivil manner.

I assented with a smile.

"An orphan. Ain't she?"

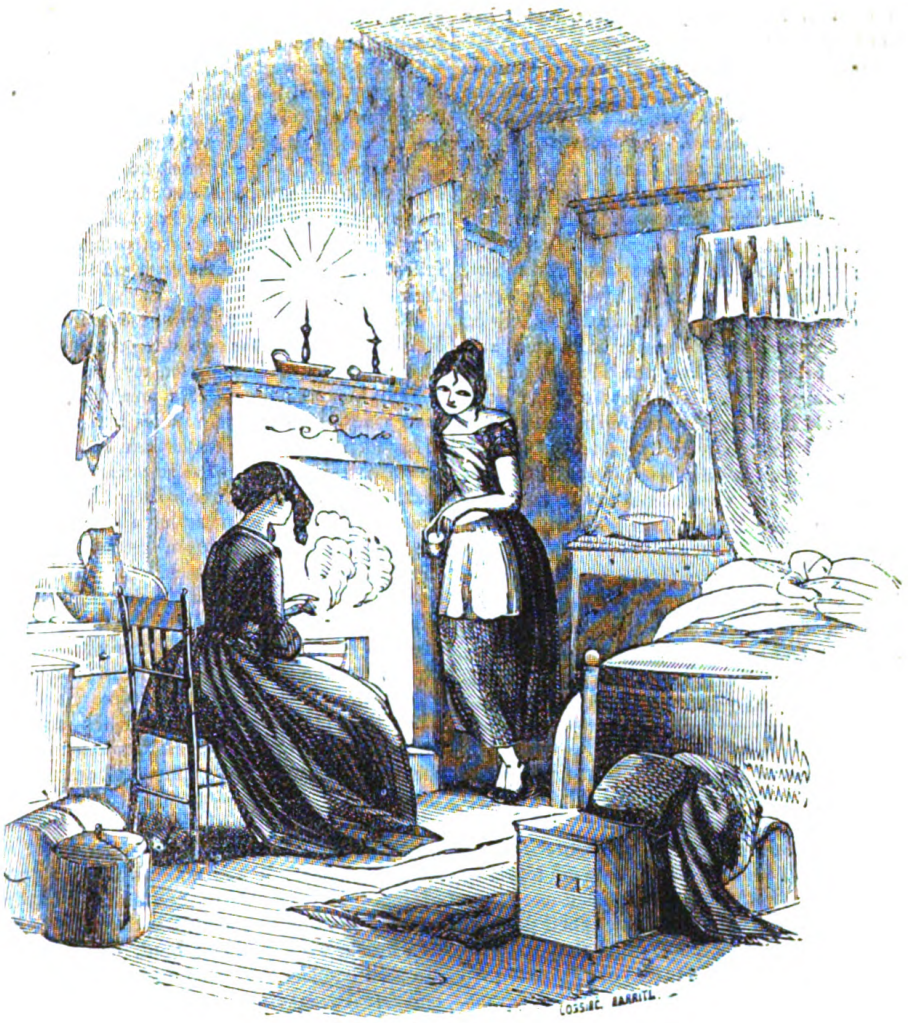
"Yes."

"But knows a quantity, I suppose? Can dance, and play music, and sing? She can talk French, I suppose, and do geography, and globes, and needlework, and every thing?"

"No doubt," said I.

"*I* can't," she returned. "I can't do any thing hardly, except write. I'm always writing for Ma. I wonder you two were not ashamed of yourselves to come in this afternoon, and see me able to do nothing else. It was like your ill-na-

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MISS JELLYBY.

Yet you think yourselves very fine, I dare

uld see that the poor girl was near crying, resumed my chair without speaking, and at her (I hope), as mildly as I felt toward

s disgraceful," she said. "You know it ıe whole house is disgraceful. The chil- re disgraceful. *I'm* disgraceful. Pa's le, and no wonder! Priscilla drinks— ways drinking. It's a great shame, and story, of you, if you say you didn't smell ay. It was as bad as a public-house, at dinner, you know it was!"

lear, I don't know it," said I.

do," she said, very shortly. "You ıy you don't. You do!"

y dear!" said I, "if you won't let me

e speaking now. You know you are. stories, Miss Summerson."

ear," said I, "as long as you won't hear

't want to hear you out."

"O yes, I think you do," said I, "because that would be so very unreasonable. I did not know what you tell me, because the servant did not come near me at dinner; but I don't doubt what you tell me, and I am sorry to hear it."

"You needn't make a merit of that," said she

"No, my dear," said I. "That would be very foolish."

She was still standing by the bed, and now stooped down (but still with the same discontented face) and kissed Ada. That done, she came softly back, and stood by the side of my chair. Her bosom was heaving in a distressful manner that I greatly pitied; but I thought it better not to speak.

"I wish I was dead!" she broke out. "I wish we were all dead. It would be a great deal better for us."

"In a moment afterward, she knelt on the ground at my side, hid her face in my dress, passionately begged my pardon, and wept. I comforted her, and would have raised her, but she cried, No, no; she wanted to stay there!

"You used to teach girls," she said. "If you

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could only have taught me, I could have learned from you! I am so very miserable, and I like you so very much!"

I could not persuade her to sit by me, or to do any thing but move a ragged stool to where she was kneeling, and take that, and still hold my dress in the same manner. By degrees, the poor tired girl fell asleep; and then I contrived to raise her head so that it should rest on my lap, and to cover us both with shawls. The fire went out, and all night long she slumbered thus before the ashy grate. At first I was painfully awake, and vainly tried to lose myself, with my eyes closed, among the scenes of the day. At length, by slow degrees, they became indistinct and mingled. I began to lose the identity of the sleeper resting on me. Now, it was Ada; now, one of my old Reading friends from whom I could not believe I had so recently parted. Now, it was the little mad woman worn out with courtesying and smiling; now, some one in authority at Bleak House. Lastly, it was no one, and I was no one.

The purblind day was feebly struggling with the fog, when I opened my eyes to encounter those of a dirty-faced little spectre fixed upon me. Peepy had scaled his crib, and crept down in his bedgown and cap, and was so cold that his teeth were chattering as if he had cut them all.

HUNTING AN ALLIGATOR.

IN the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halahala at Manilla, in the Island of Luconia, informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations. All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up. He reached the centre of the stream and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encountered the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling where the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank which he could easily have ascended, but, rendered foolhardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree which had fallen partly into the water, and drawing his heavy knife leaned over the tree, and on the approach of his enemy struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assaults and the Indian his blows, until the former exasperated at the resistance, rushed on the man and seizing him by the middle of the body, which was at once inclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake. His friends hastened to the rescue, but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife uplifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, held out as a man would carry a torch. His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after reappearing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

A short time after this event I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen a few days before, with his head and one of his fore-feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motions of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey when it should come within his reach. I may here mention as a curious fact, that the domestic buffalo, which is almost continually in the water, and in the heat of day remains for hours with only his nose above the surface, is never molested by the alligator. All other animals become his victims when they incautiously approach him, and their knowledge of the danger most usually prompts them to resort to shallow places to quench their thirst.

Having heard that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house; it was a tranquil spot and one of singular beauty even in that land. The stream, which a few hundred feet from the lake narrowed to a brook, with its green bank fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated at a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbor. The terror which he had inspired, especially since the death of their companion, had hitherto prevented them from making an effort to get rid of him, but they gladly availed themselves of our preparations, and, with the usual dependence of their character were willing to do whatever example should dictate to them. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets upright across its mouth, three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians with long bamboos felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our

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limits, when a spiral motion of the water under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom toward the nets, which he no sooner touched than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the inclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks; but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and finding that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him. A low spot which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him, and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever came first to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws and gnashing his teeth with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place. It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes; then rapidly plowing up the stream he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake; but the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering the canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above while his body was concealed below. His endeavors to extricate himself lashed the waters into foam mingled with blood, and there seemed no end to his vitality or decrease to his resistance till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, by the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, and giving him the *coup de grace*, left him to gasp out the remnant of his life.

This monster was nearly thirty feet in length and thirteen feet in circumference, and the head alone weighed three hundred pounds. On opening him there were found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds' weight.

THE MOOR'S REVENGE.*

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE POLISH OF MICKIEWICZ

BY EPES SARGENT.

BEFORE Grenada's fated walls,
Encamped in proud array,
And flushed with many a victory,
The Spanish army lay.
Of all Grenada's fortresses
But one defies their might:
On Alphuara's minarets
The crescent still is bright.
Almanzor! King Almanzor!
All vainly you resist:
Your little band is fading fast
Away like morning mist.
A direr foe than ever yet
They met on battle-plain
Assaults life's inmost citadel,
And heaps the ground with slain.

One onset more of Spanish ranks—
(And soon it will be made!)
And Alphuara's towers must reel,
And in the dust be laid.
"And shall the haughty infidel
Pollute this sacred land?"
Almanzor said, as mournfully
He marked his dwindling band.
"Upon our glorious crescent
Shall the Spaniard set his heel?
And is there not one lingering hope?
Can Heaven no aid reveal?

* From THE STANDARD SPEAKER; containing exercises in prose and poetry, for declamation in schools, academies, lyceums, and colleges. Newly translated or compiled from the most celebrated orators, ancient and modern. By EPES SARGENT. In press by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

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Ay, by our holy Prophet,
One ally still remains!
And I will bind him close to me,—
For better death than chains!"

The victors at the banquet sat,
And music lent its cheer,
When suddenly a sentry's voice
Announced a stranger near.
From Alphuara had he come,
With fierce, unwonted speed,
And much would it import to Spain
The news he bore to heed.
"Admit him!" cry the revelers;
And in the pilgrim strode,
And throwing off his mantle loose,
A Moorish habit showed!
"Almanzor! King Almanzor!"
They cried with one acclaim:
"Almanzor!" said the Moslem chief—
"Almanzor is my name.

"To serve your prophet and your king,
Oh, Spaniards! I am here;
Believe, reject me, if you will—
This breast has outlived fear!
No longer in his creed or cause
Almanzor can confide;
For all the Powers above, 'tis clear,
Are fighting on your side!"
"Now, welcome, welcome, gallant Moor!"
The Spanish chieftain said;
"Grenada's last intrenchment now
We speedily shall tread.
Approach, embrace; our waning feast
Your coming shall renew;
And in this cup of foaming wine
We'll drink to yours and you."

Right eagerly, to grasp the hands
Outstretched on every side,
Almanzor rushed, and greeted each,
As bridegroom might his bride;
He glued his fevered lips to theirs—
He kissed them on the cheek,
And breathed on each as if his heart
Would all its passion wreak.
But suddenly his limbs relax,
A flush comes o'er his face,
He reels, as with a pressure faint,
He gives a last embrace;
And livid, purple, grows his skin,
And wild his eyeballs roll,
And some great torture seems to heave
The life-roots of his soul.

"Look, Giaours! miscreants in race,
And infidels in creed!
Look on this pale, distorted face,
And tell me what ye read!
These limbs convulsed, these fiery pangs,
These eyeballs hot and blear—
Ha! know ye not what they portend!
The plague—the plague is here!
And it has sealed you for its own!
Ay! every Judas kiss
I gave shall bring to you anon
An agony like this!

All art is vain; your poisoned blood
All leechcraft will defy;
Like me ye shall in anguish writhe—
Like me in torture die!"

Once more he stepped, their chief to reach
And blast him with his breath;
But sank, as if revenge itself
Were striving hard with death.
And through the group a horrid thrill
His words and aspect woke,
When, with a proud, undaunted mien,
Their chief Alphonzo spoke:
"And deem'st thou, treacherous renegade,
Whatever may befall,
These warriors true, these hearts of proof,
Death ever can appall?
Ay, writhe and toss, no taint of fear
The sight to them can bring;
Their souls are shrived, and Death himself
For them has lost his sting!

"Then let him come as gory War,
With life-wounds deep and red,
Or let him strike as fell Disease
With racking pains instead—
Still in these spirits he shall find
A power that shall defy
All woe and pain that can but make
The mortal body die.
So, brethren, leave this carrion here—
Nay, choke not with thy gall!—
And through our camp a note of cheer
Let every bugle call!
We'll tear yon crescent from its tower
Ere stars are out to-night:
And let Death come—we'll heed him not!—
So forward! to the fight!"

A groan of rage upon his lips,
Almanzor hid his head
Beneath his mantle's ample fold,
And soon was with the dead.
But, roused by those intrepid words,
To death-defying zeal,
The chieftains armed as if they longed
To hear the clash of steel.
The trumpets sounded merrily,
While, dazzlingly arrayed,
On Alphuara's walls they rushed,
And low the crescent laid!
And of the gallant, gallant hearts,
Who thus grim Death defied,
'Mid pestilence and carnage, none
Of plague or battle died!

A TASTE OF FRENCH DUNGEONS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

TOWARD the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without passport, she replied that she had ex-

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posed herself to all these dangers for the purpose of visiting the château where the barbarous Sieur de Fayel had made Gabrielle de Vergy eat the heart of her lover. Such a declaration appeared so ridiculous to those who heard, it that they were compelled to doubt either the sanity or the veracity of the strange being who ventured upon it. They chose to do the latter, and forwarded the stranger to Paris, with a strong escort, as an English spy. Upon her arrival there, she was safely deposited in the Conciergerie.

Public feeling just then ran very high against the English. The countrywoman of Pitt was loaded with ill-usage; and her terrors, expressed in a singular jargon of English mingled with broken French, served but to augment the coarse amusement of her jailers. After exhausting every species of derision and insult upon their prisoner, they ended by throwing her into the dampest and most inconvenient dungeon they could find. The door of this den was not more than four feet high; and the light that dimly revealed the dripping walls and earthen floor, came through a horizontal opening four inches in height by fifteen in width. The sole movables of the place consisted of a rope pallet and a screen.

The bed served for both couch and chair; the screen was intended as a partial barrier between the inhabitant of the dungeon and the curious gaze of the jailers stationed in the adjoining apartment, who could scrutinize at will, through a narrow opening between the cells, the slightest movements of their prisoner.

The stranger recoiled with disgust, and asked whether they had not a less terrible place in which to confine a woman.

"You are very bad to please, madame," replied her brutal jailer, mimicking her defective French. "You are in the palace of Madame Capet."

And shutting behind him the massive door, barricaded with plates of iron and secured by three or four rusty bolts, he left her, to repeat his joke to his companion, and enjoy with them the consternation of Madame *Rosbif*.

Meanwhile the prisoner fell upon her knees, and gazed around her with a species of pious emotion.

"What right have I," she cried, "to complain of being cast into this dungeon, once inhabited by the Queen of France—the beautiful, the noble Marie Antoinette! I sought food for my imagination; I undertook a journey to France to visit the most celebrated sojourns of the most celebrated individuals. Fortune has come to my aid. Here is what is better than the château of the Sieur de Fayel, and the terrible history of the bleeding heart. Never did a grander inspiration overflow my spirits. I will to work."

She drew from her pocket a small roll of paper, that had escaped the scrutiny of the jailers; and, passing her hand across her forehead, approached the horizontal opening, in order to make the most of the little remainder of daylight; then, taking out a pencil, she rapidly covered ten or twelve pages with microscopic characters in close lines. The increasing darkness at length compelled her to pause, and she was refolding the MS. to replace it in her pocket, when a rude hand snatched it from her grasp.

"Ah! ah! Madame Rosbif," cried the jailer, triumphantly, "so you believe yourself at liberty to scribble away here, hatching plots against the Republic, and holding intelligence with the enemies of the nation. *Nous verrons cela!* These papers shall be remitted this very day to Monsieur Tallien, and we will know all about this new attack upon liberty. *Entendez-vouz?* miserable agent of Pitt and Cobourg!"

The same evening Tallien received the stranger's manuscript. Being unacquainted with the English language, he rang for his secretary; but the latter was nowhere at hand, so the puzzled minister took the papers and proceeded to his wife's apartments.

Madame Tallien was just completing her toilet for a fancy ball. Leaning forward in a graceful attitude, she was in the act of twining round her slender ankle the fastenings of a purple buskin. Her Grecian tunic, simply clasped upon the shoulder with diamonds, and her hair, knotted like that of the Polyhymnia of the Louvre, harmonized admirably with the classical contour of her features. Monsieur Tallien, as he gazed upon her, half forgot his errand.

The lady uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Upon what grave errand has monsieur deigned to favor me with a visit at this unaccustomed hour?"

"I have here some papers," replied the minister, "that have been seized upon the person of a female spy, and are said to contain proofs of a dangerous conspiracy. They are written in English; my secretary is absent; and I must ask you to do me the favor to translate them to me."

Madame Tallien took the MS., and looked it over.

"Shall I read aloud?" said she, in an amused tone of voice.

Her husband assented.

"'The wind howls mournfully through the foliage, and the descending rain falls in torrents. The terrors of my prison become every instant more fearful. Phantoms arise on every side, and wave their snowy winding-sheets. Misfortune, with her cold and pitiless hand, weighs heavily on my youthful brow.'

"Thus spoke the lovely prisoner, as she groped with her trembling hands over the humid walls of the dungeon."

"Here is a singular conspiracy, truly," said Madame Tallien, as she finished reading the above. "Let me see the envelope; 'Chapter XII. The Dungeon of the Château.' And the authoress's name. 'Anne Radcliffe.' *Vite, citoyen.* Set this woman at liberty, and bring her to me. Your spy is no other than the great English romance-writer, the celebrated authoress of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho!'"

Tallien now recalled the romantic intention of the stranger's hazardous journey, as confessed

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by herself; perceived the mistake of his agents, and laughed heartily. Going quickly out, he issued orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoner, and desired the messenger to bring her straight to the presence of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Frenchwoman, forgetting her toilet and the ball, paced the apartment with almost childish delight and impatience. She was about to make the acquaintance—in a manner the most piquant and unexpected—of the authoress of those romances which had so often filled her vivid imagination with ideas of apparitions, and prisoners dying of hunger in horrible dungeons. She consulted her watch perpetually, and counted the very seconds. At length there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the court-yard of the hotel. Madame Tallien rushed to the door; it opened, and the two celebrated females stood face to face.

The minister's wife could not avoid recoiling with surprise, and some degree of consternation, before the singular figure that paused in the open doorway; for Mrs. Radcliffe had stopped short, dazzled and bewildered by the lights of the saloon, which wounded eyes accustomed for some hours past to the humid obscurity of a dungeon. The English authoress presented a striking contrast to the radiant being before her. Dry, cold, and angular, her attire necessarily in some degree of disorder from her arrest, forced journey, and imprisonment, her whole aspect had in it something *bizarre* and fantastic, that added to her age at least ten years.

A little recovered from her first surprise, Madame Tallien advanced toward the stranger, gave her a cordial welcome in English, and told her how happy she esteemed herself in having been the means of setting at liberty so celebrated an authoress. The Englishwoman made a polite reply to this compliment, and then they seated themselves before the fire, whose clear flame and vivifying heat were very welcome to the liberated prisoner, and quickly restored an activity of mind that appeared to have been benumbed by the coldness of her dungeon. The ensuing conversation was gay, piquant, full of charm and *abandon*, and was only interrupted by the orders given by Madame Tallien to her *femme de chambre* to send the carriage away, and deny her to all visitors.

Mrs. Radcliffe had traveled much, and related her adventures with grace and originality. Hours flew by unheeded, and the Englishwoman was in the very midst of some bold enterprise of her journey in Switzerland, when the time-piece struck twelve. She turned pale, and a visible shuddering seized her. Then pausing in her tale, she looked wildly and fearfully around, as if following the movements of some invisible being. Madame Tallien, struck with a species of vague terror, dared not address a single word to her visitor. The latter at length abruptly rose, opened the door, and with an imperative gesture ordered some one by the name of Henry to leave the room, after which she appeared to experience a sudden relief.

The lovely Frenchwoman, with the tact of real kindness, appeared not to notice this strange incident, and the new-made friends soon after separated, Madame Tallien herself conducting her guest to the apartment provided for her, where she took leave of her with an affectionate "*au revoir!*"

The following evening Mrs. Radcliffe appeared in her hostess's saloon, as soon as the latter had signified that she was ready to receive her. Calm and composed, habited *a la Française*, the English romancist appeared ten years younger than she had done the evening before, and was even not without a certain degree of beauty. She said not a word on the scene of the preceding evening; was gay, witty, amiable, and took an animated part in the conversation that followed. But as soon as the minute-hand of the time-piece pointed to half-past eleven, her color fled, a shade of pensiveness replaced her former gayety, and a few moments afterward she took her leave of the company.

The same thing happened the next day, and every ensuing evening. Madame Tallien could not avoid a feeling of curiosity, but she had too much politeness to question the stranger confided to her hospitality. In this way a month elapsed, at the end of which time Mrs. Radcliffe could not avoid expressing, one evening when she found herself alone with her new friend, her disappointment at being detained a prisoner in France, without the power of returning to her own country. Upon this Madame Tallien rose, took a paper from a desk, and handed it to the Englishwoman. It was a passport dated from the same evening that Mrs. Radcliffe had been liberated from her dungeon.

"Since you wish to leave your French friends," said her lovely hostess, smiling, "go, ingrate!"

"Oh, no, not ungrateful!" replied the authoress, taking the beautiful hands of her friend, and carrying them to her lips; "but the year is fast waning, and a solemn duty recalls me to my native land. In the church-yard of a poor village near London are two tombs, which I visit each Christmas-day with flowers and prayers. If I return not before then, this will be the first time for five years that they have been neglected. You already know all my other secrets," she continued, lowering her voice; "it is my intention to confide this secret also to your friendly ears." Passing her hand across her brow, the Englishwoman then proceeded to relate a strange and tragic tale, for the particulars of which we have not space in our limited sketch. Suffice it to say, that it had left our authoress subject to a distressing and obstinate spectral illusion. In the reality of this appearance she firmly believed, not having sufficient knowledge of science to attribute her visitation to its true origin—a partial disarrangement of the nervous system. This visitation regularly recurred at midnight, and at once accounted for the singular behavior that had so piqued the benevolent Frenchwoman's curiosity.

Mrs. Radcliffe now returned to London, where

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iortly afterward published "The Italian, or onfessional of the Black Penitents."

: can, in our day, realize to ourselves very)f the effect produced by Anne Radcliffe's ces at the time of their appearance. All)ntemporary critics agree in testifying to immense success, only inferior to that of averley novels in more recent times. Now ppear nothing more than the efflux of a imagination, full of hallucinations and ities, and insufferably tedious to our mod- tes, accustomed to the condensed writing present day. Their unconnected plots 'ertheless not altogether devoid of a cer- rt of interest, and are fraught with pic- ie situations and melodramatic surprises. ing characters therein introduced present ural features. We recognize every where rices of an unbridled fancy, and a pre- vitiation of sense and taste.

Radcliffe died near London, on the 7th y, 1823, at the age of 63. The "New Magazine," for May of that year, an- her decease, and affirms that her death)mpanied by singular visions, which had her ever since a romantic event of her

OVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

? flatterers will tell you, Signorina, that 1 are much improved since then, but I better as you were; not but what I eturn some day what you then so gen- essed upon me."

ed upon you!—I? Signor, you are un- strange mistake."

no; but the female heart is so capri- fickle! You pressed it upon me, I as- I own that I was not loth to accept

d it? Pressed what?"

kiss, my child," said Harley; and d with a serious tenderness, "And I that I hope to return it some day— you, by the side of father and of hus- our native land—the fairest bride on skies of Italy ever smiled! And now, ermit and a soldier for his rude jests, our hand in token of that pardon, to 'Estrange."

who at the first words of this address l, with a vague belief that the stran- t of his mind, sprang forward as it in all the vivid enthusiasm of her na- d the hand held out to her, with both "Harley L'Estrange—the preserver er's life!" she cried, and her eyes on his with such evident gratitude ce, that Harley felt at once confused d. She did not think at that instant of her dreams—she thought but of d saved her father. But, as his eyes sank before her own, and his head, uncovered, bowed over the hand he held, she recognized the likeness to the features on which she had so often gazed. The first bloom of youth was gone, but enough of youth still remained to soften the lapse of years, and to leave to manhood the attractions which charm the eye. Instinctively she withdrew her hands from his clasp, and, in her turn, looked down.

In this pause of embarrassment to both, Riccabocca let himself into the garden by his own latch-key, and, startled to see a man by the side of Violante, sprang forward with an abrupt and angry cry. Harley heard, and turned.

As if restored to courage and self-possession by the sense of her father's presence, Violante again took the hand of the visitor. "Father," she said, simply, "it is he—*he* is come at last." And then, retiring a few steps, she contemplated them both; and her face was radiant with happiness—as if something, long silently missed and looked for, was as silently found, and life had no more a want, nor the heart a void.

BOOK X.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

IT is observed by a very pleasant writer—read nowadays only by the brave, pertinacious few who still struggle hard to rescue from the House of Pluto the souls of departed authors, jostled and chased as those souls are by the noisy footsteps of the living—it is observed by the admirable Charron, that "judgment and wisdom is not only the best, but the happiest portion God Almighty hath distributed among men; for though this distribution be made with a very uneven hand, yet nobody thinks himself stinted or ill-dealt with, but he that hath never so little is contented in *this* respect." *

And, certainly, the present narrative may serve in notable illustration of the remark so daily made by the witty and wise preacher. For whether our friend Riccabocca deduce theories for daily life from the great folio of Machiavel; or that promising young gentleman, Mr. Randal Leslie, interpret the power of knowledge into the art of being too knowing for dull honest folks to cope with him; or acute Dick Avenel push his way up the social ascent with a blow for those before, and a kick for those behind him, after the approved fashion of your strong New Man; or Baron Levy—that cynical impersonation of Gold—compare himself to the Magnetic Rock in the Arabian tale, to which the nails in every ship that approaches the influence of the loadstone fly from the planks, and a shipwreck per day adds its waifs to the Rock: questionless, at least, it is that each of these personages believed that Providence had bestowed on him an elder son's inheritance of wisdom. Nor, were we to glance toward the obscurer paths of life, should we find

ntinued from the March Number.

* Translation of *Charron on Wisdom*. By G. STANHOPE, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury (1729). A translation remarkable for ease, vigor, and (despite that contempt for the strict rules of grammar, which was common enough among writers at the commencement of the last century) for the idiomatic raciness of its English.

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good Parson Dale deem himself worse off than the rest of the world in this precious commodity —as, indeed, he had signally evinced of late in that shrewd guess of his touching Professor Moss; even plain Squire Hazeldean took it for granted that he could teach Audley Egerton a thing or two worth knowing in politics; Mr. Stirn thought that there was no branch of useful lore on which he could not instruct the squire; and Sprott, the tinker, with his bag full of tracts and lucifer matches, regarded the whole framework of modern society, from a rick to a constitution, with the profound disdain of a revolutionary philosopher. Considering that every individual thus brings into the stock of the world so vast a share of intelligence, it can not but excite our wonder to find that Oxenstiern is popularly held to be right when he said, "See, my son, how little wisdom it requires to govern states;"—that is, Men! That so many millions of persons each with a profound assurance that he is possessed of an exalted sagacity, should concur in the ascendency of a few inferior intellects, according to a few stupid, prosy, matter-of-fact rules as old as the hills, is a phenomenon very discreditable to the spirit and energy of the aggregate human species! It creates no surprise that one sensible watch-dog should control the movements of a flock of silly, grass-eating sheep; but that two or three silly, grass-eating sheep should give the law to whole flocks of such mighty sensible watch-dog—*Diavolo!* Dr. Riccabocca, explain *that* if you can! And wonderfully strange it is, that notwithstanding all the march of enlightenment, notwithstanding our progressive discoveries in the laws of nature—our railways, steam engines, animal magnetism, and electro-biology—we have never made any improvement that is generally acknowledged, since Men ceased to be troglodytes and nomads, in the old-fashioned gamut of flats and sharps, which attunes into irregular social jog-trot all the generations that pass from the cradle to the grave; still, "*the desire for something we have not*" impels all the energies that keep us in movement, for good for ill, according to the checks or the directions of each favorite desire.

A friend of mine once said to a *millionaire*, whom he saw forever engaged in making money which he never seemed to have any pleasure in spending, "Pray, Mr. ——, will you answer me one question: You are said to have two millions, and you spend £600 a year. In order to rest and enjoy, what will content you?"

"A little more," answered the *millionaire*. That "little more" is the mainspring of civilization. Nobody ever gets it!

"Philus," saith a Latin writer, "was not so rich as Lælius; Lælius was not so rich as Scipio; Scipio was not so rich as Crassus; and Crassus was not so rich—as he wished to be!" If John Bull were once contented, Manchester might shut up its mills. It is the "little more" that makes a mere trifle of the National Debt!—Long life to it!"

"Still, mend our law-books as we will, one is forced to confess that knaves are often seen in fine linen, and honest men in the most shabby old rags; and still, notwithstanding the exceptions, knavery is a very hazardous game; and honesty, on the whole, by far the best policy. Still, most of the Ten Commandments remain at the core of all the Pandects and Institutes that keep our hands off our neighbors' throats, wives, and pockets; still, every year shows that the Parson's maxim—*quieta non movere*—is as prudent for the health of communities as when Apollo recommended his votaries not to rake up a fever by stirring the Lake Camarina; still people, thank Heaven, decline to reside in parallelograms; and the surest token that we live under a free government is, when we are governed by persons whom we have a full right to imply, by our censure and ridicule, are blockheads compared to ourselves! Stop that delightful privilege, and, by Jove! sir, there is neither pleasure nor honor in being governed at all! You might as well be —a Frenchman.

CHAPTER II.

THE Italian and his friend are closeted together.

"And why have you left your home in —— shire? and why this new change of name?"

"Peschiera is in England."

"I know it."

"And bent on discovering me; and, it is said, of stealing from me my child."

"He has had the assurance to lay wagers that he will win the hand of your heiress. I know that too; and therefore I have come to England—first to baffle his design—for I do not think your fears are exaggerated—and next to learn from you how to follow up a clew which, unless I am too sanguine, may lead to his ruin, and your unconditional restoration. Listen to me. You are aware that, after the skirmish with Peschiera's armed hirelings, sent in search of you, I received a polite message from the Austrian government, requesting me to leave its Italian domains. Now, as I hold it the obvious duty of any foreigner, admitted to the hospitality of a state, to refrain from all participation in its civil disturbances, so I thought my honor assailed at this intimation, and went at once to Vienna to explain to the Minister there (to whom I was personally known), that though I had, as became man to man, aided to protect a refugee, who had taken shelter under my roof, from the infuriated soldiers at the command of his private foe, I had not only not shared in any attempt at revolt, but dissuaded, as far as I could, my Italian friends from their enterprise; and that because, without discussing its merits, I believed, as a military man and a cool spectator, the enterprise could only terminate in fruitless bloodshed. I was enabled to establish my explanation by satisfactory proof; and my acquaintance with the Minister assumed something of the character of friendship. I was then in a position to advocate your cause, and to state your original reluctance to enter into the

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plots of the insurgents. I admitted freely that you had such natural desire for the independence of your native land, that, had the standard of Italy been boldly hoisted by its legitimate chiefs, or at the common uprising of its whole people, you would have been found in the van, amidst the ranks of your countrymen; but I maintained that you would never have shared in a conspiracy frantic in itself, and defiled by the lawless schemes and sordid ambition of its main projectors, had you not been betrayed and decoyed into it by the misrepresentations and domestic treachery of your kinsman—the very man who denounced you. Unfortunately, of this statement I had no proof but your own word. I made, however, so far an impression in your favor, and, it may be, against the traitor, that your property was not confiscated to the State, nor handed over, upon the plea of your civil death, to your kinsman."

"How!—I do not understand. Peschiera has the property?"

"He holds the revenues but of one-half upon pleasure, and they would be withdrawn, could I succeed in establishing the case that exists against him. I was forbidden before to mention this to you; the Minister, not inexcusably, submitted you to the probation of unconditional exile. Your grace might depend upon your own forbearance from farther conspiracies—forgive the word. I need not say I was permitted to return to Lombardy. I found, on my arrival, that—that your unhappy wife had been to my house, and exhibited great despair at hearing of my departure."

Riccabocca knit his dark brows, and breathed hard.

"I did not judge it necessary to acquaint you with this circumstance, nor did it much affect me. I believed in her guilt—and what could now avail her remorse, if remorse she felt? Shortly afterward, I heard that she was no more."

"Yes," muttered Riccabocca, "she died in the same year that I left Italy. It must be a strong reason that can excuse a friend for reminding me even that she once lived!"

"I come at once to that reason," said L'Estrange, gently. "This autumn I was roaming through Switzerland, and, in one of my pedestrian excursions amidst the mountains, I met with an accident, which confined me for some days to a sofa at a little inn in an obscure village. My hostess was an Italian; and, as I had left my servant at a town at some distance, I required her attention till I could write to him to come to me. I was thankful for her cares, and amused by her Italian babble. We became very good friends. She told me she had been servant to a lady of great rank, who had died in Switzerland; and that, being enriched by the generosity of her mistress, she had married a Swiss innkeeper, and his people had become hers. My servant arrived, and my hostess learned my name, which she did not know before. She came into my room greatly agitated. In brief, this woman had been servant to your wife. She had accompanied her to my villa, and known of her anxiety to see me, as your friend. The government had assigned to your wife your palace at Milan, with a competent income. She had refused to accept of either. Failing to see me, she had set off toward England, resolved upon seeing yourself; for the journals had stated that to England you had escaped."

"She dared!—shameless! And see, but a moment before, I had forgotten all but her grave in a foreign soil—and these tears had forgiven her," murmured the Italian.

"Let them forgive her still," said Harley, with all his exquisite sweetness of look and tone. "I resume. On entering Switzerland, your wife's health, which you know was always delicate, gave way. To fatigue and anxiety succeeded fever, and delirium ensued. She had taken with her but this one female attendant—the sole one she could trust—on leaving home. She suspected Peschiera to have bribed her household. In the presence of this woman she raved of her innocence—in accents of terror and aversion, denounced your kinsman—and called on you to vindicate her name and your own."

"Ravings indeed! Poor Paulina!" groaned Riccabocca, covering his face with both hands.

"But in her delirium there were lucid intervals. In one of these she rose, in spite of all her servant could do to restrain her, took from her desk several letters, and reading them over, exclaimed piteously, 'But how to get them to him?—whom to trust? And his friend is gone!' Then an idea seemed suddenly to flash upon her, for she uttered a joyous exclamation, sate down, and wrote long and rapidly; inclosed what she wrote with all the letters, in one packet, which she sealed carefully, and bade her servant carry to the post, with many injunctions to take it with her own hand, and pay the charge on it. 'For, oh!' said she (I repeat the words as my informant told them to me)—'for, oh, this is my sole chance to prove to my husband that, though I have erred, I am not the guilty thing he believes me; the sole chance, too, to redeem my error, and restore, perhaps, to my husband his country, to my child her heritage.' The servant took the letter to the post; and when she returned, her lady was asleep, with a smile upon her face. But from that sleep she woke again delirious, and before the next morning her soul had fled." Here Riccabocca lifted one hand from his face, and grasped Harley's arm, as if mutely beseeching him to pause. The heart of the man struggled hard with his pride and his philosophy; and it was long before Harley could lead him to regard the worldly prospects which this last communication from his wife might open to his ruined fortunes. Not, indeed, till Riccabocca had persuaded himself, and half persuaded Harley (for strong, indeed, was all presumption of guilt against the dead), that his wife's protestations of innocence from all but error had been but ravings.

"Be this as it may," said Harley, "there seems every reason to suppose that the letters inclosed were Peschiera's correspondence, and that,

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if so, these would establish the proof of his influence over your wife, and of his perfidious machinations against yourself. I resolved, before coming hither, to go round by Vienna. There I heard with dismay that Peschiera had not only obtained the imperial sanction to demand your daughter's hand, but had boasted to his profligate circle that he should succeed; and he was actually on his road to England. I saw at once that could this design, by any fraud or artifice, be successful with Violante (for of your consent, I need not say, I did not dream), the discovery of this packet, whatever its contents, would be useless: his end would be secured. I saw also that his success would suffice forever to clear his name; for his success must imply your consent (it would be to disgrace your daughter, to assert that she had married without it), and your consent would be his acquittal. I saw, too, with alarm, that to all means for the accomplishment of his project he would be urged by despair; for his debts are great, and his character nothing but new wealth can support. I knew that he was able, bold, determined, and that he had taken with him a large supply of money, borrowed upon usury;—in a word, I trembled for you both. I have now seen your daughter, and I tremble no more. Accomplished seducer as Peschiera boasts himself, the first look upon her face, so sweet, yet so noble, convinced me that she is proof against a legion of Peschieras. Now, then, return we to this all-important subject—to this packet. It never reached you. Long years have passed since then. Does it exist still? Into whose hands would it have fallen? Try to summon up all your recollections. The servant could not remember the name of the person to whom it was addressed; she only insisted that the name began with a B, that it was directed to England, and that to England she accordingly paid the postage. Whom, then, with a name that begins with B, or (in case the servant's memory here mislead her) whom did you or your wife know, during your visit to England, with sufficient intimacy to make it probable that she would select such a person for her confidante?"

"I can not conceive," said Riccabocca, shaking his head. We came to England shortly after our marriage. Paulina was affected by the climate. She spoke not a word of English, and indeed not even French as might have been expected from her birth, for her father was poor, and thoroughly Italian. She refused all society. I went, it is true, somewhat into the London world—enough to induce me to shrink from the contrast that my second visit as a beggared refugee would have made to the reception I met with on my first—but I formed no intimate friendships. I recall no one whom she could have written to as intimate with me."

"But," persisted Harley, "think again. Was there no lady well acquainted with Italian, and with whom, perhaps, for that very reason, your wife become familiar?"

"Ah, it is true. There was one old lady of retired habits, but who had been much in Italy. Lady—Lady—I remember—Lady Jane Horton."

"Horton—Lady Jane!" exclaimed Harley; "again! thrice in one day—is this wound never to scar over?" Then, noting Riccabocca's look of surprise, he said, "Excuse me, my friend; I listen to you with renewed interest. Lady Jane was a distant relation of my own; she judged me, perhaps, harshly—and I have some painful associations with her name; but she was a woman of many virtues. Your wife knew her?"

"Not, however, intimately—still, better than any one else in London. But Paulina would not have written to her; she knew that Lady Jane had died shortly after her own departure from England. I myself was summoned back to Italy on pressing business; she was too unwell to journey with me as rapidly as I was obliged to travel; indeed, illness detained her several weeks in England. In this interval she might have made acquaintances. Ah, now I see; I guess. You say the name began with B. Paulina, in my absence, engaged a companion; it was at my suggestion—a Mrs. Bertram. This lady accompanied her abroad. Paulina became excessively attached to her, she knew Italian so well. Mrs. Bertram left her on the road, and returned to England, for some private affairs of her own. I forget why or wherefore; if, indeed, I ever asked or learned. Paulina missed her sadly, often talked of her, wondered why she never heard from her. No doubt it was to this Mrs. Bertram that she wrote!"

"And you don't know the lady's friends or address?"

"No."

"Nor who recommended her to your wife?"

"No."

"Probably Lady Jane Horton?"

"It may be so. Very likely."

"I will follow up this track, slight as it is."

"But if Mrs. Bertram received the communication, how comes it that it never reached—O, fool that I am, how should it! I, who guarded so carefully my incognito!"

"True. This your wife could not foresee; she would naturally imagine that your residence in England would be easily discovered. But many years must have passed since your wife lost sight of this Mrs. Bertram, if their acquaintance was made so soon after your marriage; and now it is a long time to retrace—long before even your Violante was born."

"Alas! yes. I lost two fair sons in the interval. Violante was born to me as the child of sorrow."

"And to make sorrow lovely! how beautiful she is!"

The father smiled proudly.

"Where, in the loftiest houses of Europe, find a husband worthy of such a prize?"

"You forget that I am still an exile—she still dowerless. You forget that I am pursued by Peschiera; that I would rather see her a beggar's wife—than—Pah, the very thought maddens me,

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› foul, *Corpo di Bacco!* I have been glad
l her a husband already."
lready! Then that young man spoke
"
hat young man?"
ındal Leslie. How! You know him?"
brief explanation followed. Harley heard
tentive ear, and marked vexation, the par-
ı of Riccabocca's connection and implied
ment with Leslie.
ere is something very suspicious to me in
," said he. "Why should this young
ve so sounded me as to Violante's chance
g a fortune if she married an English-

he? Oh, pooh! excuse him. It was
natural wish to seem ignorant of all
ıe. He did not know enough of my in-
with you to betray my secret."
he knew enough of it—must have known
o have made it right that he should tell
s in England. He does not seem to have
"
-*that* is strange—yet scarcely strange;
ı we last met, his head was full of other
love and marriage. *Basta!* youth will
"
ıas no youth left in him!" exclaimed
ıassionately. "I doubt if he ever had
is one of those men who come into the
h the pulse of a centenarian. You and
all be as old—as he was in long-clothes.
nay laugh; but I am never wrong in
cts. I disliked him at the first—his
nile, his voice, his very footstep. It is
n you to countenance such a marriage:
stroy all chance of your restoration."
· that than infringe my word once

›," exclaimed Harley; "your word is
—it shall not be passed. Nay, never
teously at me. At all events, pause
w more of this young man. If he be
her without a dower, why, then, let
ou your heritage. I should have no
r."
ıy lose me my heritage!"
think the Austrian government would
estates to pass to this English jacka-
erk in a public office? Oh, sage in
are you such a simpleton in action!"
moved by this taunt, Riccabocca
hands, and then stretched them
over the fire.
nd," said he, "the heritage would
ıon—a dowry only goes to the daugh-

have no son."
I am going to have one; my Jemi-
me of it yesterday morning; and it
ıat information that I resolved to
lie. Am I a simpleton now?"
have a son," repeated Harley, look-
ildered; "how do you know it is to

"Physiologists are agreed," said the sage, positively, "that where the husband is much older than the wife, and there has been a long interval without children before she condescends to increase the population of the world—she (that is, it is at least as nine to four)—she brings into the world a male. I consider that point, therefore, as settled, according to the calculations of statistics and the researches of naturalists."

Harley could not help laughing, though he was still angry and disturbed.

"The same man as ever; always the fool of philosophy."

"*Cospetto!*" said Riccabocca, "I am rather the philosopher of fools. And talking of that, shall I present you to my Jemima?"

"Yes; but in turn I must present you to one who remembers with gratitude your kindness, and whom your philosophy, for a wonder, has not ruined. Some time or other you must explain that to me. Excuse me for a moment; I will go for him."

"For him—for whom? In my position I must be cautious; and—"

"I will answer for his faith and discretion. Meanwhile, order dinner, and let me and my friend stay to share it."

"Dinner? *Corpo di Bacco*!—not that Bacchus can help us here. What will Jemima say?"

"Henpecked man, settle that with your connubial tyrant. But dinner it must be."

I leave the reader to imagine the delight of Leonard at seeing once more Riccabocca unchanged, and Violante so improved; and the kind Jemima, too. And their wonder at him and his history, his books and his fame. He narrated his struggles and adventures with a simplicity that removed from a story so personal the character of egotism. But when he came to speak of Helen, he was brief and reserved.

Violante would have questioned more closely; but, to Leonard's relief, Harley interposed.

"You shall see her whom he speaks of, before long, and question her yourself."

With these words, Harley turned the young man's narrative into new directions; and Leonard's words again flowed freely. Thus the evening passed away happily to all save Riccabocca. But the thought of his dead wife rose ever and anon before him; and yet when it did, and became too painful, he crept nearer to Jemima, and looked in her simple face, and pressed her cordial hand. And yet the monster had implied to Harley that his comforter was a fool—so she was, to love so contemptible a slanderer of herself, and her sex.

Violante was in a state of blissful excitement; she could not analyze her own joy. But her conversation was chiefly with Leonard; and the most silent of all was Harley. He sate listening to Leonard's warm, yet unpretending eloquence—that eloquence which flows so naturally from genius, when thoroughly at its ease, and not chilled back on itself by hard unsympathizing hearers—listened, yet more charmed, to the sen-

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timents less profound, yet no less earnest—sentiments so feminine, yet so noble, with which Violante's fresh virgin heart responded to the poet's kindling soul. Those sentiments of hers were so unlike all he heard in the common world—so akin to himself in his gone youth! Occasionally—at some high thought of her own, or some lofty line from Italian song, that she cited with lighted eyes, and in melodious accents—occasionally he reared his knightly head, and his lips quivered, as if he had heard the sound of a trumpet. The inertness of long years was shaken. The Heroic, that lay deep beneath all the humors of his temperament, was reached, appealed to; and stirred within him, rousing up all the bright associations connected with it, and long dormant. When he rose to take leave, surprised at the lateness of the hour, Harley said, in a tone that bespoke the sincerity of the compliment, "I thank you for the happiest hours I have known for years." His eye dwelt on Violante as he spoke. But timidity returned to her with his words—at his look; and it was no longer the inspired muse, but the bashful girl that stood before him.

"And when shall I see you again?" asked Riccabocca disconsolately, following his guest to the door.

"When? Why, of course, to-morrow. Adieu! my friend. No wonder you have borne your exile so patiently—with such a child!"

He took Leonard's arm, and walked with him to the inn where he had left his horse. Leonard spoke of Violante with enthusiasm. Harley was silent.

CHAPTER III.

The next day a somewhat old-fashioned, but exceedingly patrician equipage stopped at Riccabocca's garden-gate. Giacomo, who, from a bedroom window, had caught sight of it winding toward the house, was seized with undefinable terror when he beheld it pause before their walls and heard the shrill summons at the portal. He rushed into his master's presence, and implored him not to stir—not to allow any one to give ingress to the enemies the machine might disgorge. "I have heard," said he, "how a town in Italy—I think it was Bologna—was once taken and given to the sword, by incautiously admitting a wooden horse, full of the troops of Barbarossa, and all manner of bombs and Congreve rockets."

"The story is differently told in Virgil," quoth Riccabocca, peeping out of the window. "Nevertheless, the machine looks very large and suspicious; unloose Pompey!"

"Father," said Violante, coloring, "it is your friend Lord L'Estrange; I hear his voice."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. How can I be mistaken?"

"Go, then, Giacomo; but take Pompey with thee—and give the alarm, if we are deceived."

But Violante was right; and in a few moments Lord L'Estrange was seen walking up the garden, and giving the arm to two ladies.

"Ah," said Riccabocca, composing his dressing-robe round him, "go, my child, and summon Jemima. Man to man; but, for Heaven's, sake woman to woman."

Harley had brought his mother and Helen, in compliment to the ladies of his friend's household.

The proud countess knew that she was in the presence of Adversity, and her salute to Riccabocca was only less respectful than that with which she would have rendered homage to her sovereign. But Riccabocca, always gallant to the sex that he pretended to despise, was not to be outdone in ceremony; and the bow which replied to the courtesy would have edified the rising generation, and delighted such surviving relicts of the old Court breeding as may linger yet amidst the gloomy pomp of the Faubourg St. Germain. These dues paid to etiquette, the countess briefly introduced Helen, as Miss Digby, and seated herself near the exile. In a few moments the two elder personages became quite at home with each other; and really, perhaps, Riccabocca had never, since we have known him, showed to such advantage as by the side of his polished, but somewhat formal visitor. Both had lived so little with our modern, ill-bred age! They took out their manners of a former race, with a sort of pride in airing once more such fine lace and superb brocade. Riccabocca gave truce to the shrewd but homely wisdom of his proverbs—perhaps he remembered that Lord Chesterfield denounces proverbs as vulgar; and gaunt though his figure, and far from elegant though his dressing-robe, there was that about him which spoke undeniably of the *grand seigneur*—of one to whom a Marquis de Dangeau would have offered a *fauteuil* by the side of the Rohans and Montmorencies.

Meanwhile Helen and Harley seated themselves a little apart, and were both silent—the first, from timidity; the second, from abstraction. At length the door opened, and Harley suddenly sprang to his feet—Violante and Jemima entered. Lady Lansmere's eyes first rested on the daughter, and she could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of admiring surprise; but then, when she caught sight of Mrs. Riccabocca's somewhat humble, yet not obsequious mien—looking a little shy, a little homely, yet still thoroughly a gentlewoman (though of your plain rural kind of that genus)—she turned from the daughter, and with the *savoir vivre* of the fine old school, paid her first respects to the wife; respects literally, for her manner implied respect—but it was more kind, simple and cordial than the respect she had shown to Riccabocca; as the sage himself had said, here, "it it was Woman to Woman." And then she took Violante's hand in both hers, and gazed on her as if she could not resist the pleasure of contemplating so much beauty. "My son," she said, softly, and with a half sigh—"my son in vain told me not to be surprised. This is the first time I have ever known reality exceed description!"

Violante's blush here made her still more beautiful; and as the countess returned to Riccabocca she stole gently to Helen's side.

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"Miss Digby, my ward," said Harley, pointedly, observing that his mother had neglected her duty of presenting Helen to the ladies. He then reseated himself, and conversed with Mrs. Riccabocca; but his bright quick eye glanced ever at the two girls. They were about the same age—and youth was all that, to the superficial eye, they seemed to have in common. A greater contrast could not well be conceived; and, what is strange, both gained by it. Violante's brilliant loveliness seemed yet more dazzling, and Helen's fair, gentle face yet more winning. Neither had mixed much with girls of their own age; each took to the other at first sight. Violante, as the less shy, began the conversation.

"You are his ward—Lord L'Estrange's?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you came with him from Italy?"

"No, not exactly. But I have been in Italy for some years."

"Ah! you regret—nay, I am foolish—you return to your native land. But the skies in Italy are so blue—here it seems as if nature wanted colors."

"Lord L'Estrange says that you were very young when you left Italy; you remember it well. He, too, prefers Italy to England."

"He! Impossible!"

"Why impossible, fair skeptic?" cried Harley, interrupting himself in the midst of a speech to Jemima.

Violante had not dreamed that she could be overheard—she was speaking low; but, though visibly embarrassed, she answered distinctly—

"Because in England there is the noblest career for noble minds."

Harley was startled, and replied, with a slight sigh, "At your age I should have said as you do. But this England of ours is so crowded with noble minds, that they only jostle each other, and the career is one cloud of dust."

"So, I have read, seems a battle to the common soldier, but not to the chief."

"You have read good descriptions of battles, I see."

Mrs. Riccabocca, who thought this remark a taunt upon her daughter-in-law's studies, hastened to Violante's relief.

"Her papa made her read the history of Italy; and I believe that is full of battles."

HARLEY.—"All history is, and all women are fond of war and of warriors. I wonder why."

VIOLANTE (turning to Helen, and in a very low voice, resolved that Harley should not hear this time).—"We can guess why—can we not?"

HARLEY (hearing every word, as if it had been spoken in St. Paul's Whispering Gallery.)—"If you can guess, Helen, pray tell me."

HELEN (shaking her pretty head, and answering with a livelier smile than usual.,—"But I am not fond of war and warriors."

HARLEY (to Violante).—"Then I must appeal at once to you, self-convicted Bellona that you are. Is it from the cruelty natural to the female disposition?"

VIOLANTE (with a sweet musical laugh).—"From two propensities still more natural to it."

HARLEY.—"You puzzle me: what can they be?"

VIOLANTE.—"Pity and admiration; we pity the weak, and admire the brave."

Harley inclined his head and was silent.

Lady Lansmere had suspended her conversation with Riccabocca to listen to this dialogue. "Charming!" she cried. "You have explained what has often perplexed me. Ah, Harley, I am glad to see that your satire is foiled; you have no reply to that."

"No; I willingly own myself defeated—too glad to claim the Signorina's pity, since my cavalry sword hangs on the wall, and I can have no longer a professional pretense to her admiration."

He then rose, and glanced toward the window. "But I see a more formidable disputant for my conqueror to encounter is coming into the field—one whose profession it is to substitute some other romance for that of camp and siege."

"Our friend Leonard," said Riccabocca, turning his eye also toward the window. "True; as Quevedo says wittily, 'Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.'"

Here Leonard entered. Harley had sent Lady Lansmere's footman to him with a note, that prepared him to meet Helen. As he came into the room, Harley took him by the hand, and led him to Lady Lansmere.

"The friend of whom I spoke. Welcome him now for my sake, ever after for his own;" and then, scarcely allowing time for the Countess's elegant and gracious response, he drew Leonard toward Helen. "Children," said he, with a touching voice, that thrilled through the hearts of both, "go and seat yourselves yonder, and talk together of the past. Signorina, I invite you to renewed discussion upon the abstruse metaphysical subject you have started; let us see if we can not find gentler sources for pity and admiration than war and warriors." He took Violante aside to the window. "You remember that Leonard, in telling you his history last night, spoke, you thought, rather too briefly of the little girl who had been his companion in the rudest time of his trials. When you would have questioned more, I interrupted you, and said 'You should see her shortly, and question her yourself.' And now what think you of Helen Digby? Hush, speak low. But her ears are not so sharp as mine."

VIOLANTE.—"Ah! that is the fair creature whom Leonard called his child-angel? What a lovely innocent face!—the angel is there still."

HARLEY (pleased both at the praise and with her who gave it).—"You think so, and you are right. Helen is not communicative. But fine natures are like fine poems—a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you, if you read on."

Violante gazed on Leonard and Helen as they sat apart. Leonard was the speaker, Helen the

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listener; and though the former had, in his narrative the night before, been indeed brief as to the episode in his life connected with the orphan, enough had been said to interest Violante in the pathos of their former position toward each other, and in the happiness they must feel in their meeting again—separated for years on the wide sea of life, now both saved from the storm and shipwreck. The tears came into her eyes. "True," she said very softly, "there is more here to move pity and admiration than in—" She paused.

HARLEY.—"Complete the sentence. Are you ashamed to retract? Fie on your pride and obstinacy."

VIOLANTE.—"No; but even here there have been war and heroism—the war of genius with adversity, and heroism in the comforter who shared it and consoled. Ah! wherever pity and admiration are both felt, something nobler than mere sorrow must have gone before: the heroic must exist."

"Helen does not know what the word heroic means," said Harley, rather sadly; "you must teach her."

Is it possible, thought he as he spoke, that a Randal Leslie could have charmed this grand creature? No heroic, surely, in that sleek young place-man. "Your father," he said aloud, and fixing his eyes on her face, "sees much, he tells me, of a young man, about Leonard's age, as to date; but I never estimate the age of men by the parish register; and I should speak of that so-called young man as a contemporary of my great-grandfather;—I mean Mr. Randal Leslie. Do you like him?"

"Like him?" said Violante slowly, and as if sounding her own mind. "Like him—yes."

"Why?" asked Harley, with dry and curt indignation.

"His visits seem to please my dear father. Certainly, I like him."

"Hum. He professes to like you, I suppose?"

Violante laughed, unsuspiciously. She had half a mind to reply, "Is that so strange?" But her respect for Harley stopped her. The words would have seemed to her pert.

"I am told he is clever," resumed Harley.

"O, certainly."

"And he is rather handsome. But I like Leonard's face better."

"Better—that is not the word. Leonard's face is as that of one who has gazed so often upon heaven; and Mr. Leslie's—there is neither sunlight nor starlight reflected there."

"My dear Violante!" exclaimed Harley, overjoyed; and he pressed her hand.

The blood rushed over the girl's cheek and brow; her hand trembled in his. But Harley's familiar exclamation might have come from a father's lips.

At this moment, Helen softly approached them, and looking timidly into her guardian's face, said, "Leonard's mother is with him: he asks me to call and see her. May I?"

"May you! A pretty notion the Signorina must form of your enslaved state of pupilage, when she hears you ask that question. Of course you may."

"Will you take me there?"

Harley looked embarrassed. He thought of the widow's agitation at his name; of that desire to shun him, which Leonard had confessed, and of which he thought he divined the cause. And so divining, he too shrank from such a meeting.

"Another time, then," said he, after a pause.

Helen looked disappointed, but said no more.

Violante was surprised at this ungracious answer. She would have blamed it as unfeeling in another. But all that Harley did, was right in her eyes.

"Can not I go with Miss Digby?" said she, "and my mother will go too. We both know Mrs. Fairfield. We shall be so pleased to see her again."

"So be it," said Harley; "I will wait here with your father till you come back. O, as to my mother, she will excuse the—excuse Madame Riccabocca, and you too. See how charmed she is with *your* father. I must stay to watch over the conjugal interests of *mine*."

But Mrs. Riccabocca had too much good old country breeding to leave the Countess; and Harley was forced himself to appeal to Lady Lansmere. When he had explained the case in point, the Countess rose and said—

"But I will call myself, with Miss Digby."

"No," said Harley, gravely, but in a whisper. "No—I would rather not. I will explain later."

"Then," said the Countess aloud, after a glance of surprise at her son, "I must insist on your performing this visit, my dear Madam, and you, Signorina. In truth, I have something to say confidentially to—"

"To me," interrupted Riccabocca. "Ah, Madame la Comtesse, you restore me to five-and-twenty. Go, quick—O jealous and injured wife; go, both of you, quick; and you, too, Harley."

"Nay," said Lady Lansmere, in the same tone, "Harley must stay, for my design is not at present upon destroying your matrimonial happiness, whatever it may be later. It is a design so innocent that my son will be a partner in it."

Here the Countess put her lips to Harley's ear, and whispered. He received her communication in attentive silence: but when she had done, pressed her hand, and bowed his head, as if in assent to a proposal.

In a few minutes, the three ladies and Leonard were on their road to the neighboring cottage.

Violante, with her usual delicate intuition, thought that Leonard and Helen must have much to say to each other; and ignorant as Leonard himself was, of Helen's engagement to Harley, began already, in the romance natural to her age, to predict for them happy and united days in the future. So she took her step-mother's arm, and left Helen and Leonard to follow.

"I wonder," she said musingly, "how Miss Digby became Lord L'Estrange's ward. I hope she is not very rich, nor very high-born."

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"La, my love," said the good Jemima, "that is not like you; you are not envious of her, poor girl?"

"Envious! Dear mamma, what a word! But don't you think Leonard and Miss Digby seem born for each other? And then the recollections of their childhood—the thoughts of childhood are so deep, and its memories so strangely soft!" The long lashes drooped over Violante's musing eyes as she spoke. "And therefore," she said, after a pause, "therefore, I hoped that Miss Digby might not be very rich, nor very high-born."

"I understand you now, Violante," exclaimed Jemima, her own early passion for match-making instantly returning to her; "for as Leonard, however clever and distinguished, is still the son of Mark Fairfield the carpenter, it would spoil all if Miss Digby was, as you say, rich and high-born. I agree with you—a very pretty match, a very pretty match, indeed. I wish dear Mrs. Dale were here now—she is so clever in settling such matters."

Meanwhile Leonard and Helen walked side by side a few paces in the rear. He had not offered her his arm. They had been silent hitherto since they left Riccabocca's house.

Helen now spoke first. In similar cases it is generally the woman, be she ever so timid, who does speak first. And here Helen was the bolder; for Leonard did not disguise from himself the nature of his feelings, and Helen was engaged to another; and her pure heart was fortified by the trust reposed in it.

"And have you ever heard more of the good Dr. Morgan, who had powders against sorrow, and who meant to be so kind to us—though," she added, coloring, "we did not think so then?"

"He took my child-angel from me," said Leonard, with visible emotion; "and if she had not returned, where and what should I be now? But I have forgiven him. No, I have never met him since."

"And that terrible Mr. Burley?"

"Poor, poor Burley! He, too, is vanished out of my present life. I have made many inquiries after him; all I can hear is that he went abroad, supposed as a correspondent to some journal. I should like so much to see him again, now that perhaps I could help him as he helped me."

"*Helped* you—ah!"

Leonard smiled with a beating heart, as he saw again the dear, prudent, warning look, and involuntary drew closer to Helen. She seemed more restored to him and to her former self.

"Helped me much by his instructions; more, perhaps, by his very faults. You can not guess, Helen—I beg pardon, Miss Digby—but I forgot that we are no longer children; you can not guess how much we men, and, more than all perhaps, we writers, whose task it is to unravel the web of human actions, owe even to our own past errors; and if we learn nothing by the errors of others, we should be dull indeed. We must know where the roads divide, and have marked where they lead to, before we can erect our sign-posts; and books are the sign-posts in human life."

"Books!—And I have not yet read yours And Lord L'Estrange tells me you are famous now. Yet you remember me still—the poor orphan child, whom you first saw weeping at her father's grave, and with whom you burdened your own young life, over-burdened already. No, still call me Helen—you must always be to me—a brother! Lord L'Estrange feels *that;* he said so to me when he told me that we were to meet again. He is so generous, so noble. Brother!" cried Helen, suddenly, and extending her hand, with a sweet but sublime look in her gentle face—"brother, we will never forfeit his esteem; we will both do our best to repay him! Will we not—say so?"

Leonard felt overpowered by contending and unanalyzed emotions. Touched almost to tears by the affectionate address—thrilled by the hand that pressed his own—and yet with a vague fear a consciousness that something more than the words themselves was implied—something that checked all hope. And this word "brother," once so precious and so dear, why did he shrink from it now?—why could he not too say the sweet word "sister?"

"She is above me now and evermore?" he thought, mournfully; and the tones of his voice, when he spoke again, were changed. The appeal to renewed intimacy but made him more distant; and to that appeal itself he made no direct answer; for Mrs. Riccabocca, now turning round, and pointing to the cottage which came in view, with its picturesque gable-ends, cried out,

"But is that your house, Leonard? I never saw any thing so pretty."

"You do not remember it, then," said Leonard to Helen, in accents of melancholy reproach—"there where I saw you last! I doubted whether to keep it exactly as it was, and I said, 'No! the association is not changed because we try to surround it with whatever beauty we can create; the dearer the association, the more the Beautiful becomes to it natural.' Perhaps you don't understand this—perhaps it is only we poor poets who do."

"I understand it," said Helen, gently She looked wistfully at the cottage.

"So changed—I have so often pictured it to myself—never, never like this; yet I loved it, commonplace as it was to my recollection; and the garret, and the tree in the carpenter's yard."

She did not give these thoughts utterance And they now entered the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Fairfield was a proud woman when she received Mrs. Riccabocca and Violante in her grand house; for a grand house to her was that cottage to which her boy Lenny had brought her home. Proud, indeed, ever was Widow Fairfield; but she thought then in her secret heart, that if ever she could receive in the drawing-room of that

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grand house the great Mrs. Hazeldean, who had so lectured her for refusing to live any longer in the humble tenement rented of the Squire, the cup of human bliss would be filled, and she could contentedly die of the pride of it. She did not much notice Helen—her attention was too absorbed by the ladies who renewed their old acquaintance with her, and she carried them all over the house, yea, into the very kitchen; and so, somehow or other, there was a short time when Helen and Leonard found themselves alone. It was in the study. Helen had unconsciously seated herself in Leonard's own chair, and she was gazing with anxious and wistful interest on the scattered papers, looking so disorderly (though, in truth, in that disorder there was method, but method only known to the owner), and at the venerable, well-worn books, in all languages, lying on the floor, on the chairs—any where. I must confess that Helen's first tidy womanlike idea was a great desire to arrange the latter. "Poor Leonard," she thought to herself—"the rest of the house so neat, but no one to take care of his own room and of him!"

As if he divined her thought, Leonard smiled, and said, "It would be a cruel kindness to the spider, if the gentlest hand in the world tried to set its cobweb to rights."

HELEN.—"You were not quite so bad in the old days."

LEONARD.—"Yet even then, you were obliged to take care of the money. I have more books now, and more money. My present housekeeper lets me take care of the books, but she is less indulgent as to the money."

HELEN (archly).—"Are you as absent as ever?"

LEONARD.—"Much more so, I fear. The habit is incorrigible, Miss Digby—"

HELEN.—"Not Miss Digby—sister, if you like."

LEONARD (evading the word that implied so forbidden an affinity).—"Helen, will you grant me a favor? Your eyes and your smile say 'yes.' Will you lay aside, for one minute, your shawl and bonnet? What! can you be surprised that I ask it? Can you not understand that I wish for one minute to think you are at home again under this roof?"

Helen cast down her eyes, and seemed troubled; then she raised them, with a soft angelic candor in their dovelike blue, and as if in shelter from all thoughts of more warm affection, again murmured "*brother*," and did as he asked her.

So there she sate, among the dull books, by his table, near the open window—her fair hair parted on her forehead—looking so good, so calm, so happy! Leonard wondered at his own self-command. His heart yearned to her with such inexpressible love—his lips so longed to murmur, "Ah, as now so could it be forever! Is the home too mean?" But that word "brother" was as a talisman between her and him.

Yet she looked so at home—perhaps so at home she felt!—more certainly than she had yet learned to do in that stiff stately house in which she was soon to have a daughter's rights. Was she suddenly made aware of this—that she so suddenly arose—and with a look of alarm and distress on her face—

"But—we are keeping Lady Lansmere too long," she said, falteringly. "We must go now," and she hastily took up her shawl and bonnet.

Just then Mrs. Fairfield entered with the visitors, and began making excuses for inattention to Miss Digby, whose identity with Leonard's child-angel she had not yet learned.

Helen received these apologies with her usual sweetness. "Nay," she said, "your son and I are such old friends, how could you stand on ceremony with me?"

"Old friends!" Mrs. Fairfield stared amazed, and then surveyed the fair speaker more curiously than she had yet done. "Pretty, nice spoken thing," thought the widow; "as nice spoken as Miss Violante, and humbler-looking-like—though as to dress, I never see any thing so elegant out of a picter."

Helen now appropriated Mrs. Riccabocca's arm; and after a kind leave-taking with the widow, the ladies returned toward Riccabocca's house.

Mrs. Fairfield, however, ran after them with Leonard's hat and gloves, which he had forgotten.

"'Deed, boy," said she, kindly, yet scoldingly, "but there'd be no more fine books, if the Lord had not fixed your head on your shoulders. You would not think it, marm," she added to Mrs. Riccabocca, "but 'sin' he has left you, he's not the 'cute lad he was; very helpless at times, marm!"

Helen could not resist turning round, and looking at Leonard, with a sly smile.

The widow saw the smile, and catching Leonard by the arm, whispered, "But, where before have you seen that pretty young lady? Old friends!"

"Ah, mother," said Leonard, sadly, "it is a long tale; you have heard the beginning, who can guess the end?"—and he escaped. But Helen still leant on the arm of Mrs. Riccabocca, and, in the walk back, it seemed to Leonard as if the winter had resettled in the sky.

Yet he was by the side of Violante, and she spoke to him with such praise of Helen! Alas! it is not always so sweet as folks say, to hear the praises of one we love. Sometimes those praises seem to ask ironically, "And what right hast thou to hope because thou lovest? *All* love *her*."

CHAPTER V.

No sooner had Lady Lansmere found herself alone with Riccabocca and Harley than she laid her hand on the exile's arm, and, addressing him by a title she had not before given him, and from which he appeared to shrink nervously, said: "Harley, in bringing me to visit you, was forced to reveal to me your incognito, for I should have discovered it. You may not remember me, in spite of your gallantry. But I mixed more in the world than I do now, during your first visit to England, and once sate next to you at dinner

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at Carlton House. Nay, no compliments, but listen to me. Harley tells me you have cause for some alarm respecting the designs of an audacious and unprincipled—adventurer, I may call him; for adventurers are of all ranks. Suffer your daughter to come to me, on a visit, as long as you please. With me, at least, she will be safe; and if you, too, and the—"

"Stop, my dear madam," interrupted Riccabocca, with great vivacity; "your kindness overpowers me. I thank you most gratefully for your invitation to my child; but—"

"Nay," in his turn interrupted Harley, "no buts. I was not aware of my mother's intention when she entered this room. But since she whispered it to me, I have reflected on it, and am convinced that it is but a prudent precaution. Your retreat is known to Mr. Leslie—he is known to Peschiera. Grant that no indiscretion of Mr. Leslie's betray the secret; still I have reason to believe that the Count guesses Randal's acquaintance with you. Audley Egerton this morning told me he had gathered that, not from the young man himself, but from questions put to himself by Madame di Negra; and Peschiera might, and would, set spies to track Leslie to every house that he visits—might and would, still more naturally, set spies to track myself. Were this man an Englishman, I should laugh at his machinations; but he is an Italian, and has been a conspirator. What he could do, I know not; but an assassin can penetrate into a camp, and a traitor can creep through closed walls to one's hearth. With my mother, Violante must be safe; that you can not oppose. And why not come yourself?"

Riccabocca had no reply to these arguments, so far as they affected Violante; indeed, they awakened the almost superstitious terror with which he regarded his enemy, and he consented at once that Violante should accept the invitation proffered. But he refused it for himself and Jemima.

"To say truth," said he, simply, "I made a secret vow, on re-entering England, that I would associate with none who knew the rank I had formerly held in my own land. I felt that all my philosophy was needed, to reconcile and habituate myself to my altered circumstances. In order to find in my present existence, however humble, those blessings which make all life noble—dignity and peace—it was necessary for poor, weak human nature, wholly to dismiss the past. It would unsettle me sadly, could I come to your house, renew awhile, in your kindness and respect—nay, in the very atmosphere of your society—the sense of what I have been; and then (should the more than doubtful chance of recall from my exile fail me) to awake, and find myself for the rest of life—what I am. And though, were I alone, I might trust myself perhaps to the danger—yet my wife: she is happy and contented now; would she be so, if you had once spoiled her for the simple position of Dr. Riccabocca's wife? Should I not have to listen to regrets, and hopes, and fears that would prick sharp through my thin cloak of philosophy? Even as it is, since in a moment of weakness I confided my secret to her, I have had 'my rank' thrown at me—with a careless hand, it is true—but it hits hard, nevertheless. No stone hurts like one taken from the ruins of one's own home; and the grander the home, why, the heavier the stone! Protect, dear madam—protect my daughter, since her father doubts his own power to do so. But—ask no more."

Riccabocca was immovable here. And the matter was settled as he decided, it being agreed that Violante should be still styled but the daughter of Dr. Riccabocca.

"And now, one word more," said Harley. "Do not confide to Mr. Leslie these arrangements; do not let him know where Violante is placed—at least, until I authorize such confidence in him. It is sufficient excuse, that it is no use to know unless he called to see her, and his movements, as I said before, may be watched. You can give the same reason to suspend his visits to yourself. Suffer me, meanwhile, to mature my judgment on this young man. In the mean while, also, I think that I shall have means of ascertaining the real nature of Peschiera's schemes. His sister has sought to know me; I will give her the occasion. I have heard some things of her in my last residence abroad, which make me believe that she can not be wholly the Count's tool in any schemes nakedly villainous; that she has some finer qualities in her than I once supposed; and that she can be won from his influence. It is a state of war: we will carry it into the enemy's camp. You will promise me, then, to refrain from all further confidence to Mr. Leslie."

"For the present, yes," said Riccabocca, reluctantly.

"Do not even say that you have seen me, unless he first tell you that I am in England, and wish to learn your residence. I will give him full occasion to do so. Pish! don't hesitate; you know your own proverb—

'Bocca chiusa, ed occhio aperto
Non fece mai nissun deserto.'

'The closed mouth and the open eye,' &c."

"That's very true," said the Doctor, much struck. "Very true. '*In boccha chiusa non c'entrano mosche.*' One can't swallow flies if one keeps one's mouth shut. *Corpo di Bacco!* that's very true, indeed!"

Harley took aside the Italian.

"You see if our hope of discovering the lost packet, or if our belief in the nature of its contents, be too sanguine, still, in a few months it is possible that Peschiera can have no further designs on your daughter—possible that a son may be born to you, and Violante would cease to be in danger, because she would cease to be an heiress. Indeed, it may be well to let Peschiera know this chance; it would, at least, make him delay all his plans while we are tracking the document that may defeat them forever."

"No, no! for heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Riccabocca, pale as ashes. "Not a word to him. I don't mean to impute to him crimes of which

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he may be innocent. But he meant to take my life when I escaped the pursuit of his hirelings in Italy. He did not hesitate, in his avarice, to denounce a kinsman; expose hundreds to the sword, if resisting—to the dungeon, if passive. Did he know that my wife might bear me a son, how can I tell that his designs might not change into others still darker, and more monstrous, than those he now openly parades, though, after all, not more infamous and vile. Would my wife's life be safe? Not more difficult to convey poison into my house, than to steal my child from my hearth. Don't despise me; but when I think of my wife, my daughter, and that man, my mind forsakes me: I am one fear."

"Nay, this apprehension is too exaggerated. We do not live in the age of the Borgias. Could Peschiera resort to the risks of a murder, it is for yourself that you should fear."

"For myself!—I! I!" cried the exile, raising his tall stature to its full height. "Is it not enough degradation to a man who has borne the name of such ancestors, to fear for those he loves! Fear for myself! Is it you who ask if I am a coward?"

He recovered himself, as he felt Harley's penitential and admiring grasp of the hand.

"See," said he, turning to the Countess, with a melancholy smile, "how even one hour of your society destroys the habits of years. Dr. Riccabocca is talking of his ancestors!"

CHAPTER VI.

Violante and Jemima were both greatly surprised, as the reader may suppose, when they heard, on their return, the arrangements already made for the former. The Countess insisted on taking her at once, and Riccabocca briefly said, "Certainly, the sooner the better." Violante was stunned and bewildered. Jemima hastened to make up a little bundle of things necessary, with many a woman's sigh that the poor wardrobe contained so few things befitting. But among the clothes she slipped a purse, containing the savings of months, perhaps of years, and with it a few affectionate lines, begging Violante to ask the Countess to buy her all that was proper for her father's child. There is always something hurried and uncomfortable in the abrupt and unexpected withdrawal of any member from a quiet household. The small party broke into still smaller knots. Violante hung on her father, and listened vaguely to his not very lucid explanations. The Countess approached Leonard, and, according to the usual mode with persons of quality addressing young authors, complimented him highly on the books she had not read, but which her son assured her were so remarkable. She was a little anxious to know how Harley had met with Mr. Oran, whom he called his friend; but she was too high-bred to inquire, or to express any wonder that rank should be friends with genius.

She took it for granted that they had formed their acquaintance abroad.

Harley conversed with Helen.—"You are not sorry that Violante is coming to us? She will be just such a companion for you as I could desire; of your own years too."

Helen (ingenuously).—"It is hard to think I am not younger than she is."

Harley.—"Why, my dear Helen?"

Helen.—"She is so brilliant. She talks so beautifully. And I—"

Harley.—"And you want but the habit of talking, to do justice to your own beautiful thoughts."

Helen looked at him gratefully, but shook her head. It was a common trick of hers, and always when she was praised.

At last the preparations were made—the farewell was said. Violante was in the carriage by Lady Lansmere's side. Slowly moved on the stately equipage with its four horses and trim postillions, heraldic badges on their shoulders, in the style rarely seen in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and now fast vanishing even amidst distant counties.

Riccabocca, Jemima, and Jackeymo continued to gaze after it from the gate.

"She is gone," said Jackeymo, brushing his eyes with his coat sleeve. "But it is a load off one's mind."

"And another load on one's heart," murmured Riccabocca. "Don't cry, Jemima; it may be bad for you, and bad for *him* that is to come. It is astonishing how the humors of the mother may affect the unborn. I should not like to have a son who has a more than usual propensity to tears."

The poor philosopher tried to smile, but it was a bad attempt. He went slowly in and shut himself up with his books. But he could not read His whole mind was unsettled. And though, like all parents, he had been anxious to rid himself of a beloved daughter for life, now that she was gone, but for a while, a string seemed broken in the Music of Home.

CHAPTER VII.

The evening of the same day, as Egerton, who was to entertain a large party at dinner, was changing his dress, Harley walked into his room.

Egerton dismissed his valet by a sign, and continued his toilet.

"Excuse me, my dear Harley, I have only ten minutes to give you. I expect one of the royal dukes, and punctuality is the stern virtue of men of business, and the graceful courtesy of princes."

Harley had usually a jest for his friend's aphorisms; but he had none now. He laid his hand kindly on Egerton's shoulder—"Before I speak of my business, tell me how you are—better?"

"Better—nay, I am always well. Pooh! I may look a little tired—years of toil will tell on the countenance. But that matters little—the period of life has passed with me when one cares how one looks in the glass."

As he spoke, Egerton completed his dress, and came to the hearth, standing there, erect and dignified as usual, still far handsomer than many a

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younger man, and with a form that seemed to have ample vigor to support for many a year the sad and glorious burthen of power.

"So now to your business, Harley."

"In the first place, I want you to present me, at the first opportunity, to Madame di Negra. You say she wished to know me."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, she receives this evening. I did not mean to go; but when my party breaks up—"

"You can call for me at 'The Travelers.' Do!"

"Next—you knew Lady Jane Horton better even than I did, at least in the last year of her life." Harley sighed, and Egerton turned and stirred the fire.

"Pray, did you ever see at her house, or hear her speak of, a Mrs. Bertram?"

"Of whom?" said Egerton, in a hollow voice, his face still turned toward the fire.

"A Mrs. Bertram; but Heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A spasm at the heart—that is all—don't ring—I shall be better presently—go on talking. Mrs. ——; why do you ask?"

"Why? I have hardly time to explain; but I am, as I told you, resolved on righting my old Italian friend, if Heaven will help me, as it ever does help the just when they bestir themselves; and this Mrs. Bertram is mixed up in my friend's affairs."

"His! How is that possible?"

Harley rapidly and succinctly explained. Audley listened attentively, with his eyes fixed on the floor, and still seeming to labor under great difficulty of breathing.

At last he answered, "I remember something of this Mrs.—Mrs.—Bertram. But your inquiries after her would be useless. I think I have heard that she is long since dead; nay, I am sure of it."

"Dead!—that is most unfortunate. But do you know any of her relations or friends? Can you suggest any mode of tracing this packet, if it came to her hands?"

"No."

"And Lady Jane had scarcely any friend that I remember, except my mother, and she knows nothing of this Mrs. Bertram. How unlucky! I think I shall advertise. Yet, no. I could only distinguish this Mrs. Bertram from any other of the same name, by stating with whom she had gone abroad, and that would catch the attention of Peschiera, and set him to counterwork us."

"And what avails it?" said Egerton. "She whom you seek is no more—no more!" He paused, and went on rapidly—"The packet did not arrive in England till years after her death—was no doubt returned to the post-office—is destroyed long ago."

Harley looked very much disappointed. Egerton went on in a sort of set mechanical voice, as if not thinking of what he said, but speaking from the dry practical mode of reasoning which was habitual to him, and by which the man of the world destroys the hopes of an enthusiast. Then starting up at the sound of the first thundering knock at the street door, he said, "Hark! you must excuse me."

"I leave you, my dear Audley. Are you better now?"

"Much, much—quite well. I will call for you—probably between eleven and twelve."

CHAPTER VIII.

If any one could be more surprised at seeing Lord L'Estrange at the house of Madame di Negra that evening than the fair hostess herself, it was Randal Leslie. Something instinctively told him that this visit threatened interference with whatever might be his ultimate projects in regard to Riccabocca and Violante. But Randal Leslie was not one of those who shrink from an intellectual combat. On the contrary, he was too confident of his powers of intrigue, not to take a delight in their exercise. He could not conceive that the indolent Harley could be a match for his own restless activity and dogged perseverance. But in a very few moments fear crept on him. No man of his day could produce a more brilliant effect than Lord L'Estrange, when he deigned to desire it. Without much pretense to that personal beauty which strikes at first sight, he still retained all the charm of countenance, and all the grace of manner which had made him in boyhood the spoiled darling of society. Madame di Negra had collected but a small circle round her, still it was of the *élite* of the great world; not, indeed, those more precise and reserved *dames du château*, whom the lighter and easier of the fair dispensers of fashion ridicule as prudes; but, nevertheless, ladies were there, as unblemished in reputation as high in rank; flirts and coquettes, perhaps—nothing more; in short, "charming women"—the gay butterflies that hover over the stiff parterre. And there were embassadors and ministers, and wits and brilliant debaters, and first-rate dandies (dandies when first-rate, are generally very agreeable men). Among all these various persons, Harley, so long a stranger to the London world, seemed to make himself at home with the ease of an Alcibiades. Many of the less juvenile ladies remembered him, and rushed to claim his acquaintance, with nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. He had ready compliment for each. And few indeed, were there, men or women, for whom Harley L'Estrange had not appropriate attraction. Distinguished reputation as soldier and scholar, for the grave; whim and pleasantry for the gay; novelty for the sated; and for the more vulgar natures, was he not Lord L'Estrange, unmarried, heir to an ancient earldom, and some fifty thousand a year?

Not till he had succeeded in the general effect—which, it must be owned, he did his best to create—did Harley seriously and especially devote himself to his hostess. And then he seated himself by her side; and as if in compliment to both, less pressing admirers insensibly slipped away and edged off.

Frank Hazledean was the last to quit his

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ground behind Madame di Negra's chair; but when he found that the two began to talk in Italian, and he could not understand a word they said, he too—fancying, poor fellow, that he looked foolish, and cursing his Eton education that had neglected, for languages spoken by the dead, of which he had learned little, those still in use among the living, of which he had learned naught—retreated toward Randal, and asked wistfully, "Pray, what age should you say L'Estrange was? He must be devilish old, in spite of his looks. Why, he was at Waterloo!"

"He is young enough to be a terrible rival," answered Randal, with artful truth.

Frank turned pale, and began to meditate dreadful bloodthirsty thoughts, of which hair-triggers and Lord's Cricket-ground formed the staple.

Certainly there was apparent ground for a lover's jealousy. For Harley and Beatrice now conversed in a low tone, and Beatrice seemed agitated, and Harley earnest. Randal himself grew more and more perplexed. Was Lord L'Estrange really enamored of the Marchesa? If so, farewell to all hopes of Frank's marriage with her! Or was he merely playing a part in Riccabocca's interest; pretending to be the lover, in order to obtain an influence over her mind, rule her through her ambition, and secure an ally against her brother? Was this *finesse* compatible with Randal's notions of Harley's character? Was it consistent with that chivalric and soldierly spirit of honor which the frank nobleman affected, to make love to a woman in mere *ruse de guerre?* Could mere friendship for Riccabocca be a sufficient inducement to a man, who, whatever his weaknesses or his errors, seemed to wear on his very forehead a soul above deceit, to stoop to paltry means, even for a worthy end? At this question, a new thought flashed upon Randal—might not Lord L'Estrange have speculated himself upon winning Violante?—would not that account for all the exertions he had made on behalf of her inheritance at the court of Vienna—exertions of which Peschiera and Beatrice had both complained? Those objections which the Austrian government might take to Violante's marriage with some obscure Englishman would probably not exist against a man like Harley L'Estrange, whose family not only belonged to the highest aristocracy of England, but had always supported opinions in vogue among the leading governments of Europe. Harley himself, it is true, had never taken part in politics, but his notions were, no doubt, those of a high-born soldier, who had fought, in alliance with Austria, for the restoration of the Bourbons. And this immense wealth—which Violante might lose if she married one like Randal himself—her marriage with the heir of the Lansmeres might actually tend only to secure. Could Harley, with all his own expectations, be indifferent to such a prize?—and no doubt he had learned Violante's rare beauty in his correspondence with Riccabocca.

Thus considered, it seemed natural to Randal's estimate of human nature, that Harley's more prudish scruples of honor, as regards what is due to women, could not resist a temptation so strong. Mere friendship was not a motive powerful enough to shake them, but ambition was.

While Randal was thus cogitating, Frank thus suffering, and many a whisper, in comment on the evident flirtation between the beautiful hostess and the accomplished guest, reached the ears both of the brooding schemer and the jealous lover, the conversation between the two objects of remark and gossip had taken a new turn. Indeed, Beatrice had made an effort to change it.

"It is long, my lord," said she, still speaking Italian, "since I have heard sentiments like those you address to me; and if I do not feel myself wholly unworthy of them, it is from the pleasure I have felt in reading sentiments equally foreign to the language of the world in which I live." She took a book from the table as she spoke: "Have you seen this work?"

Harley glanced at the title-page. "To be sure I have, and I know the author."

"I envy you that honor. I should so like also to know one who has discovered to me deeps in my own heart which I had never explored."

"Charming Marchesa, if the book has done this, believe me that I have paid you no false compliment—formed no overflattering estimate of your nature; for the charm of the work is but in its simple appeal to good and generous emotions, and it can charm none in whom those emotions exist not!"

"Nay, that can not be true, or why is it so popular?"

"Because good and generous emotions are more common to the human heart than we are aware of till the appeal comes."

"Don't ask me to think that! I have found the world so base."

"Pardon me a rude question; but what do you know of the world?"

Beatrice looked first in surprise at Harley, then glanced round the room with significant irony.

"As I thought; you call this little room 'the world.' Be it so. I will venture to say, that if the people in this room were suddenly converted into an audience before a stage, and you were as consummate in the actor's art as you are in all others that please and command—"

"Well?"

"And were to deliver a speech full of sordid and base sentiments, you would be hissed. But let any other woman, with half your powers, arise and utter sentiments sweet and womanly, or honest and lofty—and applause would flow from every lip, and tears rush to many a worldly eye. The true proof of the inherent nobleness of our common nature is in the sympathy it betrays with what is noble wherever crowds are collected. Never believe the world is base;—if it were so, no society could hold together for a day. But you would know the author of this book? I will bring him to you."

"Do."

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"And now," said Harley, rising, and with his candid winning smile, "do you think we shall ever be friends?"

"You have startled me so, that I can scarcely answer. But why would you be friends with me?"

"Because you need a friend. You have none."

"Strange flatterer!" said Beatrice, smiling, though very sadly; and, looking up, her eye caught Randal's.

"Pooh!" said Harley, "you are too penetrating to believe that you inspire friendship *there*. Ah, do you suppose that, all the while I have been conversing with you, I have not noticed the watchful gaze of Mr. Randal Leslie? What tie can possibly connect you together I know not yet; but I soon shall."

"Indeed! you talk like one of the old Council of Venice. You try hard to make me fear you," said Beatrice, seeking to escape from the graver kind of impression Harley had made on her, by the affectation, partly of coquetry, partly of levity.

"And I," said L'Estrange, calmly, "tell you already, that I fear you no more." He bowed, and passed through the crowd to rejoin Audley, who was seated in a corner, whispering with some of his political colleagues. Before Harley reached the minister, he found himself close to Randal and young Hazeldean.

He bowed to the first, and extended his hand to the last. Randal felt the distinction, and his sullen, bitter pride was deeply galled—a feeling of hate toward Harley passed into his mind. He was pleased to see the cold hesitation with which Frank just touched the hand offered to him. But Randal had not been the only person whose watch upon Beatrice the keen-eyed Harley had noticed. Harley had seen the angry looks of Frank Hazeldean, and divined the cause. So he smiled forgivingly at the slight he had received.

"You are like me, Mr. Hazeldean," said he. "You think something of the heart should go with all courtesy that bespeaks friendship—

"The hand of Douglas is his own."

Here Harley drew aside Randal. "Mr. Leslie, a word with you. If I wished to know the retreat of Dr. Riccabocca, in order to render him a great service, would you confide to me that secret?"

"That woman has let out her suspicions that I know the exile's retreat," thought Randal; and with rare presence of mind, he replied at once:

"My Lord, yonder stands a connection of Dr. Riccabocca's. Mr. Hazeldean is surely the person to whom you should address this inquiry."

"Not so, Mr. Leslie; for I suspect that he can not answer it, and that you can. Well, I will ask something that it seems to me you may grant without hesitation. Should you see Dr. Riccabocca, tell him that I am in England, and so leave it to him to communicate with me or not; but perhaps you have already done so?"

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, bowing low, with pointed formality, "excuse me if I decline either to disclaim or acquiesce in the knowledge you impute to me. If I am acquainted with any secret intrusted to me by Dr. Riccabocca, it is for me to use my own discretion how best to guard it. And for the rest, after the Scotch earl, whose words your lordship has quoted, refused to touch the hand of Marmion, Douglas could scarcly have called him back in order to give him—a message!"

Harley was not prepared for this tone in Mr Egerton's *protégé*, and his own gallant nature was rather pleased than irritated by a haughtiness that at least seemed to bespeak independence of spirit. Nevertheless, L'Estrange's suspicions of Randal were too strong to be easily set aside, and therefore he replied, civilly, but with covert taunt:

"I submit to your rebuke, Mr. Leslie, though I meant not the offense you would ascribe to me. I regret my unlucky quotation yet the more, since the wit of your retort has obliged you to identify yourself with Marmion, who, though a clever and brave fellow, was an uncommonly—tricky one." And so Harley, certainly having the best of it, moved on, and joining Egerton, in a few minutes more both left the room.

"What was L'Estrange saying to you?" asked Frank. "Something about Beatrice, I am sure."

"No; only quoting poetry."

"Then what made you look so angry, my dear fellow? I know it was your kind feeling for me. As you say, he is a formidable rival. But that can't be his own hair. Do you think he wears a *toupet?* I am sure he was praising Beatrice. He is evidently very much smitten with her. But I don't think she is a woman to be caught by *mere* rank and fortune! Do you? Why can't you speak?"

"If you do not get her consent soon, I think she is lost to you," said Randal, slowly; and, before Frank could recover his dismay, glided from the house.

CHAPTER IX.

VIOLANTE'S first evening at the Lansmeres, had seemed happier to her than the first evening, under the same roof, had done to Helen. True that she missed her father much—Jemima somewhat; but she so identified her father's cause with Harley, that she had a sort of vague feeling that it was to promote that cause that she was on this visit to Harley's parents. And the Countess, it must be owned, was more emphatically cordial to her than she had ever yet been to Captain Digby's orphan. But perhaps the real difference in the heart of either girl was this, that Helen felt awe of Lady Lansmere, and Violante felt only love for Lord L'Estrange's mother. Violante, too, was one of those persons whom a reserved and formal person, like the Countess, "can get on with," as the phrase goes. Not so poor little Helen—so shy herself, and so hard to coax into more than gentle monosyllables. And Lady Lansmere's favorite talk was always of Harley. Helen had listened to such talk with respect and interest. Violante listened to it with inquisitive

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eagerness—with blushing delight. The mother's heart noticed the distinction between the two, and no wonder that that heart moved more to Violante than to Helen. Lord Lansmere, too, like most gentlemen of his age, clumped all young ladies together, as a harmless, amiable, but singularly stupid class of the genus Petticoat, meant to look pretty, play the piano, and talk to each other about frocks and sweethearts. Therefore this animated, dazzling creature, with her infinite variety of look and play of mind, took him by surprise, charmed him into attention, and warmed him into gallantry. Helen sat in her quiet corner, at her work, sometimes listening with almost mournful, though certainly unenvious admiration at Violante's vivid, yet ever unconscious eloquence of word and thought—sometimes plunged deep into her own secret meditations. And all the while the work went on the same, under the same noiseless fingers. This was one of Helen's habits that irritated the nerves of Lady Lansmere. She despised young ladies who were fond of work. She did not comprehend how often it is the source of the sweet, womanly mind, not from want of thought, but from the silence and the depth of it. Violante was surprised, and perhaps disappointed, that Harley had left the house before dinner, and did not return all the evening. But Lady Lansmere, in making excuse for his absence, on the plea of engagements, found so good an opportunity to talk of his ways in general—of his rare promise in boyhood—of her regret at the inaction of his maturity—of her hope to see him yet do justice to his natural powers, that Violante almost ceased to miss him.

And when Lady Lansmere conducted her to her room, and, kissing her cheek tenderly, said, "But you are just the person Harley admires—just the person to rouse him from melancholy dreams, of which his wild humors are now but the vain disguise"—Violante crossed her arms on her bosom, and her bright eyes, deepened into tenderness, seemed to ask, "He melancholy—and why?"

On leaving Violante's room, Lady Lansmere paused before the door of Helen's; and, after musing a little while, entered softly.

Helen had dismissed her maid; and, at the moment Lady Lansmere entered, she was kneeling at the foot of the bed, her hands clasped before her face.

Her form, thus seen, looked so youthful and child-like—the attitude itself was so holy and so touching, that the proud and cold expression on Lady Lansmere's face changed. She shaded the light involuntarily, and seated herself in silence, that she might not disturb the act of prayer.

When Helen rose, she was startled to see the Countess seated by the fire; and hastily drew her hand across her eyes. She had been weeping.

Lady Lansmere did not, however, turn to observe those traces of tears, which Helen feared were too visible. The Countess was too absorbed in her own thoughts; and as Helen timidly approached, she said—still with her eyes on the clear low fire—"I beg your pardon, Miss Digby, for my intrusion; but my son has left it to me to prepare Lord Lansmere to learn the offer you have done Harley the honor to accept. I have not yet spoken to my lord; it may be days before I find a fitting occasion to do so; meanwhile, I feel assured that your sense of propriety will make you agree with me that it is due to Lord L'Estrange's father, that strangers should not learn arrangements of such moment in his family, before his own consent be obtained."

Here the Countess came to a full pause; and poor Helen, finding herself called upon for some reply to this chilling speech, stammered out, scarce audibly—

"Certainly, madam, I never dreamed of—"

"That is right, my dear," interrupted Lady Lansmere, rising suddenly, and as if greatly relieved. "I could not doubt your superiority to ordinary girls of your age, with whom these matters are never secret for a moment. Therefore, of course, you will not mention, at present, what has passed between you and Harley, to any of the friends with whom you may correspond."

"I have no correspondents—no friends, Lady Lansmere," said Helen deprecatingly, and trying hard not to cry.

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear; young ladies never should have. Friends, especially friends who correspond, are the worst enemies they can have. Good-night, Miss Digby, I need not add, by the way, that, though we are bound to show all kindness to this young Italian lady, still she is wholly unconnected with our family; and you will be as prudent with her as you would have been with your correspondents—had you had the misfortune to have any."

Lady Lansmere said the last words with a smile, and pressed a reluctant kiss (the stepmother's kiss) on Helen's bended brow. She then left the room, and Helen sate on the seat vacated by the stately, unloving form, and again covered her face with her hands, and again wept. But when she rose at last, and the light fell upon her face, that soft face was sad indeed, but serene—serene, as if with some inward sense of duty—sad, as with the resignation which accepts patience instead of hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PIPE-CLAY AND CLAY PIPES.

I HAVE an eccentric friend, whom I meet occasionally. He can not be said to have an inquiring turn of mind, or usually to busy himself with the science of industrial economy. Babbage is an unknown writer to him; and he has not yet contrived to "get up" any interest in the recent Reports on Her Majesty's Customs. In fact, I should not be surprised if he never opened the interesting volumes in question. He is a man with an active mind, nevertheless; but this activity is expended, as a rule, in eccentric pursuits. He has one confirmed antipathy—he hates a purpose. Since he heard that I had written a paper on the wrongs of factory children, he has treated me with marked coolness

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Yet he is a man with an excellent heart. Let me at once give the key to his character. Most people have one serious object in life, therefore he is opposed to all serious objects. Lately, I met him walking briskly on his way homeward, and I consented to accompany him. Suddenly, he remembered that he must make a call before he entered his chambers.

This call led us out of a great thoroughfare, through two or three narrow and dark streets, to the door of a dingy house. As we paused on the threshold, my companion asked me if I had ever seen a tobacco-pipe manufactory. I expressed my inexperience; and, having been cautioned against sermons on what I was about to see, followed my eccentric friend down a dark passage, which terminated in a very dirty and a very dark warehouse. A few samples of tobacco-pipes lay upon a counter, and one side of the warehouse was skirted with drawers full of "yards of clay" —my eccentric friend's ordinary expression when alluding to his pipes. In a dark corner, a strong man was savagely punching huge blocks of clay with a heavy wooden bar; in another corner lay a huge pile of clay-blocks in the rough state— apparently a heap of dirt, of little use to any body. A mild woman—the wife of the manufacturer—showed us about with a cheerful manner. My friend, who took an evident interest in the processes we witnessed, still contrived to maintain his eccentric habit, by continually expressing his unconcern. As we looked at the skilful action of the workmen's fingers, my friend observed that they played the fiddle well, but added that they could *only* play the fiddle. However, I left him to pursue his eccentric way, and wandered about with unfeigned curiosity.

Turning from the muscular fellow who was beating the rough clay with the wooden bar, and softening it, that it might yield to the pressure of the mould, I suddenly saw a black gaping hole before me, that seemed to be in the agony of swallowing a dense stack of tobacco-pipes; which, I learned, was the pipe-kiln. The pipes were arranged in exact rows, and in vast quantities. I ventured to express my astonishment at the number of pipes in the capacious kiln; upon which the clay-beater paused from his labor, and with a smile that expressed pity for my ignorance declared that there was a mere handful in comparison.

"There are a few still, up there," he added, pointing to the roof of the warehouse.

I followed the direction of his finger, and saw that a roof of tobacco-pipes piled in regular stacks. The number appeared incalculable to the clay-beater contemptuously pronounced insignificant. He informed me that there were "a few more," if I would have the goodness to go up stairs. My eccentric friend declared the trouble was excessive—that our business was with the pipes when they had to be smoked; and not with the people who made them; and, as he remarked (having had a slight pecuniary altercation with the manufacturer), who took particular care to charge a remunerative price for them. But he mounted the stairs, in spite of his objections, and followed me into the room where the battered clay of the beater below was undergoing other processes. Here and there men seemed to be printing off pipes—the action of their arms, and the movement of their presses nearly resembling those of hand-printing. A pale woman sat in the centre of the room with a counter before her, and two or three delicate tools; but we went past her at once to the man who had a mound of soft gray clay before him. He was working briskly. He first seized two lumps of clay, each of the average size of an apple, and having carelessly kneaded them with his fingers, seemed to throw them contemptuously upon the board before him. Then, with the palms of his hand he rolled them sharply out on the board, leaving one end of each lump very thick, and producing, altogether, two clay tadpoles of a large size. These he took up, and placed with others in a row, all pressed and sticking together. The apparent unconcern and indifference with which the entire operation was performed struck us particularly. When we had sufficiently noticed the manufacture of gigantic tadpoles, we crossed the room to an opposite bench where a man was working rapidly. Here we found a confused heap of clay tadpoles, ready to be run through and burnt into seemly pipes.

We watched the operations of the second skilled laborer with intense interest. First, with a weary air he took up a bundle of limp clay tadpoles, and threw them down close beside him. He then took a fine steel rod in his left hand, and seizing a tadpole, drew its long slender tail on to the rod. This operation was so dexterously performed, that the rod never protruded the least to the right or to the left, but was kept, by the fine touch of the right-hand fingers, exactly in the centre of the tube. The spitted tadpole was then laid flat in the lower half of the metal pipe mould; the upper part was pulled down over it, and then pressed. On lifting the mould from the press, the workman quickly cut away the superfluous clay that stood up beyond the bowl, opened the mould, and disclosed, to the undisguised admiration even of my eccentric friend, the graceful flow of his usual "yard of clay." But it was not yet ready for smoking; very far from it.

It was still a damp, leaden gray pipe, with two broad seams of clay projecting from it, throughout its entire length. It was ragged too. On these deficiencies my friend began to offer a few pungent remarks; when the workman interrupted him by pointing toward an industrious woman, who seemed to be in a desperate hurry; yet she was not at all excited. My friend suggested that steam must be circulating in her nimble fingers, instead of blood. She smiled at the pleasantry; and said meekly enough, that it was custom. She was as clumsy as I should be when she began—but long, long days of experience—there, sitting before that board, and cutting incessantly those seams that curl so neatly

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off the rough pipes, give that dexterity, and it is well, perhaps severely, paid for. The workwoman wears a serious, dull face generally. It struck me, as I watched the repetition of her movements, that in their dreadful monotony there must be a deadening influence upon the mind and heart. I even thought that she must find it a relief now and then to break a pipe, or drop one of the glistening steel rods. First, she took up one of the rough pipes, and with a sharp steel instrument, smoothed all the rough clay about the bowl. Then she smoothed the stem with a flat instrument—then she cut the mouthpiece even. Having thus rapidly traveled over the moulder's work, she withdrew the fine steel rod from the tube, blew down the pipe to assure herself that the air passed from the bowl to the mouth-piece, and then carefully added it to a row, placed upon a frame beside her. The finished pipe was hardly deposited in its place before another was in her hands, and in rapid process toward completion.

A roaring fire crackled in the grate, and the heat of the atmosphere was oppressive. Above were more endless rows and galleries of pipes, waiting to be baked, and in a fair way, I thought, of undergoing that process where they lay. I could hear the dull, heavy sounds of the clay-beater's weapon below, and in the rooms the incessant click of the closing moulds. The workmen were proud to show their dexterity, as they well might be. Our friend in the farther corner, as he talked pleasantly to us on various subjects, still carelessly made his clay tadpoles; the woman never paused from her rapid work when she exchanged occasional sentences with a boy who stood near her; and the wife of the manufacturer surveyed the busy scene with sparkling eyes.

I thought once or twice of the damp clay streaming about these workpeople; and of the hard, stern work going on to provide receptacles for lazy men's tobacco. Pipe-clay seemed to force itself every where; about the rafters, on the benches, on the floor, in the walls. My friend's curiosity was soon satisfied: for his anxiety to avoid contact with the raw material of his favorite manufactured article, drove every other consideration from his mind. He vowed that he did not wish to appear in the streets of London in the guise of a miller—that, generally, he preferred a black coat to a piebald one, and that not being a military man, the less pipe-clay he took away in the nap of his clothes, the better. But I had one or two questions to put to the tadpole-maker—not with the view, as my friend stoutly asserted, of writing a sermon, but perhaps with an object sufficiently laudable. I learned that a workman, "keeping to it" twelve hours, can make "four gross and a half" of pipes per day.

My friend was struck with this astonishing fact; and, forthwith, began to prove from this assertion that he ought to have the half-gross he wanted at a very low price indeed. It was only when the workman paused, for the first time, from his work to discuss the beauties of various pipes, that my friend felt himself quite at home in the manufactory. Hereupon, the workman placed a variety of pipes in juxtaposition, and began to talk of their relative excellences and beauties with the tact of an artist. This man was not without a shrewd sense of art; he had his ideal of a tobacco-pipe, as the political dreamer has his ideal of a model state, or a sculptor of his ideal beauty. He had shrewd, unanswerable reasons for a certain roundness in the bowl; his eye wandered critically down the graceful bend of the tube, and his hand tested nicely the finish of the surface. His skill lay, certainly, only in the manufacture of tobacco-pipes; but, still, herein his mind was active, and his taste was cultivated.

"What would become of you if smoking were put down by Act of Parliament?" my friend asked, with a sarcastic air. But the man was a a match even for the practiced eccentricity of my companion.

"Why, sir," said the man, "most likely more snuff would be consumed instead, and I should shut up the kiln, and take to making snuff-boxes."

My friend was silenced; and, as we walked away from the manufactory, down the dark, narrow streets, he allowed, in a whisper, that there was wisdom in the pipemaker's answer. And then he began to make calculations as to how many people flourish in every country on the bad habits and vices of their fellow-citizens. He wove a chain of terrible length, to show how many men were interested in the drunkenness of the country. A man reeled past us in the imbecile, singing stage of the vice. "That man," said my eccentric friend, "has done the state some service to-night. He has been helping to swell the Excise returns; presently, he will create a disturbance; a policeman will gallantly walk him off to the station-house, and be promoted; his hat will be broken, to the great advantage of a hatter; his shirt front will be torn, to the benefit of some poor, lone sempstress; and there, he has broken his yard of clay, to the advantage of the manufactory we have just left. Delirium tremens will come at last; and with it a surgeon; and, with the surgeon, herbs which are now growing under the burning heat of Indian skies." Thus my eccentric friend ran on, and I did not interrupt him; for, in his words, I detected sparks of light that led us merrily forward to our journey's end, where we found half-a-gross of "yards of clay;" "a perfect picture," according to my friend—lying, all white as snow before us, trimmed, I knew, by the serious, nimble-fingered woman we had seen at her work. And she is at it now, still cutting the seams off, and blowing down the tubes!

HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE DOG-RIB INDIANS.*

FEW traces of the stoicism popularly attributed to the red races exist among the Dog ribs; they shrink from pain, show little daring

* From Sir John Richardson's Arctic "Searching Expedition," just published by Harper and Brothers

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express their fears without disguise on all occasions, imaginary or real, shed tears readily, and live in constant dread of enemies, bodied and disembodied. Yet all, young and old, enjoy a joke heartily. They are not a morose people, but, on the contrary, when young and in a situation of security, they are remarkably lively and cheerful. The infirmities of age, which press heavily on the savage, render them querulous. They are fond of dancing, but their dance, which is performed in a circle, is without the least pretensions to grace, and is carried on laboriously with the knees and body half bent and a heavy stamping, having the effect of causing the dancers to appear as if they were desirous of sinking into the ground. It is accompanied by a song resembling a chorus of groans, or pretty nearly the deep sigh of a pavier as he brings his rammer down upon the pavement. They are great mimics, and readily ape the peculiarities of any white man; and many of the young men have caught the tunes of the Canadian voyagers, and hum them correctly.

The Dog-ribs are practical socialists; and, as much of the misery they occasionally experience may be traced to this cause, the study of the working of such a system may be instructive in a community like this, whose members owe their condition in the social scale solely to their personal qualities, and not to inheritance, favor, or the other accidents which complicate the results in civilized life. Custom has established among them a practice universally acted upon—that all may avail themselves of the produce of a hunter's energy and skill; and they do not even leave to him the distribution of his own game. When it is known in the camp that deer have been killed, the old men and women of each family sally forth with their sledges, and, tracing up the hunter's footsteps to the carcasses of the animals he has slain, proceed to divide them among themselves, leaving to the proper owner the ribs, which is all that he can claim to himself of right. He has also the tongue, which he takes care to cut out on killing the deer. It is not in the power of these people to restrain their appetites when they have abundance; and the consequence is, that when the chase is successful, all the community feast and grow fat, however little many of the men—and there are not a few idle ones—may have contributed to the common good. The hunter's wife dries the rib-pieces, after cutting out the bone, in the smoke, or over a fire, to carry to a fort for the purposes of trade; but, unless there is a superabundance, little provision is made by the party for a time of scarcity, which is sure to arrive before long; since the deer, when much hunted, move to some other district. Taught by their frequent sufferings on such occasions, the more active hunters frequently withdraw themselves and their families from the knowledge of the drones of the community, leaving them at some fishing station, where, with proper industry, they may subsist comfortably. A fish diet is not, however, agreeable to the palates of these people for any length of time; and, as soon as rumors of a hunter's success reach them—which they do generally much exaggerated by the way—a longing for the flesh-pots is instantly excited, especially among the old, and a general movement to the hunting-ground ensues. If, on their march, the craving multitude discover a hoard of meat stored up by any of the hunting parties, it is devoured on the spot; but they are not always so fortunate. Before they reach the scene of anticipated abundance, the deer may have gone off, followed by the hunters, with uncertain hopes of overtaking them, and nothing remains for the hungry throng, including the old and the lame, but to retrace their steps, with the prospect of many of them perishing by the way, should their stock of food have been quite exhausted. Such occurrences are by no means rare; they came several times under our immediate notice during our winter residence at Fort Confidence, and similar facts are recorded by Mr. Simpson of the same tribe. This gentleman expresses his opinion that the charge made against this nation, of abandoning their infirm aged people and children, had its origin in the *sauve qui peut* cry raised during a forced retreat from some one of these most injudicious excursions; and I am inclined fully to agree with him; for I witnessed several unquestionable instances of tenderness and affection shown by children to their parents, and of compliance with their whims, much to their own personal inconvenience. The grief they show on the loss of a parent, is often great and of long continuance, and it is the custom, both for men and women, to lament the death of relations for years, by nightly wailings.

Hospitality is not a virtue which is conspicuous among the Dog-ribs, who differ in this respect from the Eythinyuwuk, in whose encampments a stranger meets a welcome and a proffer of food. It is not customary, however, for the Dog-rib to receive the traveler who enters his tent with the same show of kindness. If he is hungry, and meat hangs up, he may help himself without eliciting a remark, for the 'Tinné hold it to be mean to say much about a piece of meat; or he may exert his patience until some cookery goes on, and then join in the meal; and should there be venison at hand, he will not have long to wait, for every now and then some one is prompted to hang a kettle on the fire, or to place a joint or steak to roast before it.

Of the peculiarities of their religious belief I could gain no certain information. The interpreters to whom I applied for assistance disliked the task, and invariably replied, "As for these savages, they know nothing; they are ignorant people." The majority of the nation recognize a "Great Spirit," at least by name, but some doubt his existence, assigning, as a reason for their atheism, their miserable condition; or they say, "If there be such a being, he dwells on the lands of the white people, where so many useful and valuable articles are produced." With respect to evil spirits, their name in the Dog-rib

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country is legion. The 'Tinnè recognize them in the Bear, Wolf, and Wolverene, in the woods, waters, and desert places; often hear them howling in the winds, or moaning by the graves of the dead. Their dread of these disembodied beings, of whom they spoke to us under the general name of "enemies," is such that few of the hunters will sleep out alone. They never make any offerings to the Great Spirit, or pay him an act of adoration; but they deprecate the wrath of an evil being by prayer, and the sacrifice of some article, generally of little value, perhaps simply by scattering a handful of deer hair or a few feathers.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

IN Congress, during the past month, there has been copious discussion of a great variety of subjects, but no important action upon any. The influence of the approaching Presidential election makes itself felt upon the debates of Congress, coloring every speech and often superseding every other subject. Memorials have been presented in favor of authorizing another Arctic expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, for which Mr. Henry Grinnell again tenders the use of his ships—asking only that the government will send a small steamer with them and men for officers and sailors. Commander Wilkes has also addressed Congress on the subject; proposing a very large Expedition—sufficient indeed to establish a permanent settlement in the Arctic regions, from which the search may be prosecuted. Nothing has been done with regard to either.——Governor Kossuth has addressed to Congress a letter of thanks for the reception given him, which was presented in the Senate on the 17th of February, and gave rise to a long debate on the proposition to print it: it was ordered to be printed by 21 votes to 20 against it. ——In the Senate a bill has been reported by Commitee to establish a branch mint in the city of New York, on condition that the city donate land for a site and the State exempt it from taxation.——A good deal of the attention of the Senate has been devoted to a debate upon the Public Land policy of the country, the question coming up on a bill granting large tracts of land to Iowa to aid in the construction of certain railroads. Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, spoke in favor of ceding all the public lands to the States in which they lie, mainly on the ground that the exemption of those lands from State taxation had created in those States an equitable title to them. On the 24th of February Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, spoke in favor of the same policy, basing his argument in its support upon the same facts. Mr. Underwood offered an amendment to the effect of distributing among the seventeen States in which there are no public lands, fifteen millions of acres. He spoke in defense of it at length. No vote has been taken upon the subject.——Further debate has been had upon the resolutions on the subject of non-intervention. On the 26th of February, Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, spoke against the policy of intermeddling at all in the affairs of foreign nations. He represented intervention in foreigns affairs as the habitual policy of European monarchies, which Washington had resisted; and he urged the duty and necessity of adhering strictly to the ground of neutrality which was adopted during the early history of this country. The subject was then postponed until the 9th of March, when Mr. Seward of New York, spoke upon it. He urged the absolute independence of every State, and the duty of all States to recognize and respect it. He entered upon a historical review of the connection of Hungary and Austria to show that Hungary was fully entitled to this right, and that it had been grossly violated when her freedom and constitution were destroyed by the armed intervention of Russia. He then urged that the United States, although recognizing the existing rule in Hungary from motives of political necessity, can not be indifferent to such usurpation, and may lawfully protest against it, and especially against any new intervention should it be intended by Russia. He referred to the diplomatic history of the United States to show that this principle has always been recognized and practiced by them, and insisted that there was no reason why it should now be abandoned. Upon the conclusion of his speech the subject was postponed for a week.——A debate of personal rather than general interest occurred in the Senate on the 27th and 28th of February, between Mr. Rhett of South Carolina and Mr. Clemens of Alabama. The former read a very long paper which he had prepared to expose the political inconsistencies of Mr. Clemens, and in which he used strong language in characterizing his course. Mr. Clemens replied with passionate warmth and with increased vituperation Their speeches have no general interest or importance.——In the *House of Representatives* discussion, although it has comprehended various subjects, has grown mainly out of bills to appropriate public lands to certain railroads in Missouri and Illinois. They have been debated with a good deal of warmth, and almost every speaker has connected with them the discussion of the Presidential question. In the course of the debate a letter from Gen. William O. Butler, addressed to a personal friend, was read, in which he declares his entire assent and approval of the Compromise Measures of 1850. On the 1st of March, Mr. Fitch of Iowa offered a resolution deprecating all further agitation of the questions growing out of these measures as useless and dangerous: and a vote was taken on a motion to suspend the rules so as to allow its introduction: there were ayes 119, nays 74. As two-thirds were required to pass it, the motion failed.——On the 20th of February a message was received from the President, transmitting, in reply to a resolution of the House, copies of the correspondence between the officers of the Mississippi and the Government concerning Kossuth. It was quite voluminous, embracing letters from other American functionaries as well as naval officers. They show on the part of all of them a strong distrust of Kossuth's plans and great dissatisfaction at the marks of respect paid to him at the various ports on the Mediterranean, at which the Mississippi touched His returning thanks to the people at Marseilles who cheered him, is especially censured.

The month has been marked by several literary discourses of more than common interest. At the anniversary meeting of the New York Historica'

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Society, held on the 23d of February, Hon. Daniel Webster read an elaborate paper upon the dignity and importance of History, and making sundry detailed criticisms upon the historical writings of ancient and modern historians. He dwelt somewhat minutely upon all the great writers of Greece and Rome, and passed more hastily over those of England. He sketched the early history of the United States, dwelling especially upon the proceedings of the first Congress after the Constitution, and pronouncing a high eulogy upon the great men to whose hands the legislation of that important era was intrusted. He closed by alluding to the dangers which had recently menaced the Union and the Constitution, and declared himself ready to co-operate with those of every party who would rally in their defense. The discourse was heard with marked attention by an immense and intelligent audience.——On the evening of the 27th, a very large meeting was held in New York to testify regard for the memory of the late J. Fenimore Cooper. The occasion was distinguished by the attendance, as presiding officer, of Mr. Webster, and by the presence of a great number of distinguished literary gentlemen. Mr. Webster made a brief address, expressing his cordial interest in the occasion, and the high respect which he entertained for the writings of Cooper, as being pre-eminent for their thorough American feeling and high moral tone, as well as great intellectual ability. William Cullen Bryant delivered a commemorative address, rehearsing Mr. Cooper's life, and making passing criticisms upon his successive works.—— On the evening of March 8th, Archbishop Hughes read a Lecture on the Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States, the leading purpose of which was to show that in this country no religious denomination has any claim to supremacy—that it is neither Protestant nor Catholic—but that the Constitution prohibits all legislation upon the subject, and that all stand upon precisely the same level.—— A Whig State Convention was held in Kentucky, at Frankfort, on the 24th of February. Hon. Chilton Allan presided. A series of resolutions was adopted, pronouncing in favor of the Compromise measures of 1850, and of the course pursued by the President of the United States in securing the execution of the laws. They also declared in favor of public appropriations for internal improvements, against granting the public lands to the States in which they lie, and in favor of maintaining strict neutrality in the affairs of all foreign nations. The Convention declared its willingness to abide by the nomination of a Whig National Convention, but presented President Fillmore to the consideration of that body, as a "statesman of such approved prudence, experience, firmness, and wisdom as to unite the entire Whig vote of Kentucky."——A large public meeting was held in New York, on the 5th of March, of those in favor of the nomination of Mr. Webster for the Presidency, subject to the decision of a National Whig Convention. Mr. George Griswold presided. An address was adopted rehearsing the public history of Mr. Webster, and referring to his services to the country in the various public offices which he has held.——A Whig State Convention in Indiana adopted resolutions nominating General Scott for the Presidency.——Washington's birth-day was celebrated at the National Capital by a banquet, got up mainly by members of Congress. Senator Stockton presided, and speeches were made by several gentlemen—mainly directed against the policy of intermeddling to any degree or for any purpose in the affairs of foreign nations. Mr Clay, whose illness prevented his attendance, wrote a letter, saying that the serious efforts made to subvert the policy of neutrality established by Washington, called for energetic measures of resistance. The attempts made to induce this country to plunge, by perilous proceedings and insensible degrees, in the wars of Europe, rendered it proper to recall attention to his principles by celebrating his birth-day.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 2d of February. Col. JOHN B. WELLER (Democrat) has been elected United States Senator in place of Col. Frémont. He was once candidate for Governor of Ohio and more recently chief of the Mexican Boundary Commission.——Governor Bigler has sent to the Legislature a special message, concerning the financial affairs of the State, in which he urges upon the Legislature the early adoption of measures to relieve the burden of the State's liabilities, and exhibits the amount of her indebtedness. According to the Controller's report, $1,000,000 still stands against the State from the expenses of last year's military expeditions. The aggregate indebtedness, civil and military, of the State, on the 31st December was $2,242,339 74.——There had been no further disturbances from the Indians, though further precautions against them had been taken by sending troops into their neighborhood.——Hon. T. B. King has published a letter recommending the relinquishment of the public lands to actual settlers, and the confirmation by Congress of the rules established by the miners themselves, defining the rights of those who may be employed in the collection of gold, or who may invest capital in machinery for the purpose of working the vein mines.——Intelligence from the mining districts continues to be encouraging. The quartz mining companies are generally doing well, though from defects in machinery some failures have occurred. New discoveries continue to be made.

From OREGON our advices are to Jan. 24. The Legislature and Judiciary disagree about the seat of government, part of the members meeting in the place fixed by judicial decision, and others refusing to concur in the decision and meeting elsewhere. The dispute has been transferred to the people, by the adjournment of the Assembly on the 21st of Jan. It is canvassed with great warmth and earnestness. ——Some doubts having arisen as to the true boundary line between Oregon and California, the Surveyor-general has been directed to make the necessary observations to determine it.

In the Territory of NEW MEXICO, from which we have news to Jan. 31st, fresh Indian outrages have occurred. An escort of United States troops, consisting of a sergeant and four men, was proceeding southward when they were attacked by a band of Apaches in ambush, and four of the party were killed; the other succeeded in making his escape. Four murders were perpetrated also near Polvodera in the early part of January, and soon after the Indians attacked a party of nine persons of whom they killed five. The scene of these outrages is the desert region called the Jornada, lying on the route from Santa Fé to Chihuahua. The daring nature of the attacks of the several tribes of Indians had created great alarm throughout the country. A body of troops had been sent out to punish the Indians for these murders, but returned without success.—— Movements are in progress in Santa Fé to work the gold placers known to exist in that vicinity. The chief difficulty has hitherto arisen from the want of water for washing the dus : this is now to be remedied by digging wells. A gold hunting company of forty men has left Santa Fé for a thorough explora-

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tion of the Gila region: they expected to find others on the way to join them, so as to swell their number to a hundred and fifty which would be sufficient for self-defense.

From UTAH the last California mail brought news that the Mormons at the Great Salt Lake city had published a declaration of independence, announcing their determination to set up a republic for themselves—that they had put the United States' authorities at defiance—that all the United States' officers had left, and the people were preparing to resist all authority, by fortifying their settlements. The delegate in Congress from Utah, Mr. John W. Bernhisel, published a card on the 1st of March, pronouncing the report untrue, so far as the latest intelligence from home which had reached him enabled him to give an opinion. He said he thought the rumor was merely an exaggerated statement of difficulties previously known. On the other hand, another gentleman who left California on the 16th of December, expresses the belief that the accounts are true. He says that the news was by no means unexpected to the people of Oregon and California, as they had long been aware of their hostile and ambitious designs. For decisive intelligence we shall be obliged to wait for another arrival.

From NORTHERN MEXICO we have news of a renewed repulse of Carvajal, whom our last Record left on the Rio Grande, recruiting his forces. General Avalos fortified Matamoras against an expected attack, which had created great alarm among the inhabitants. On the 20th of February Carvajal attacked Camargo with a force of over 500 men, but he was repulsed with decided loss. He succeeded in escaping to the American side of the Rio Grande. Of his whole force it is stated that only 84 were Mexicans.

From SOUTH AMERICA we have intelligence of a later date. In *Venezuela*, from which we have news to the 1st of February, Congress opened on the 25th of January. The Message of President Monagas announces a great improvement in the financial condition of the country. All the obligations on account of the public service have been met—the expenses of the wars of 1848 and 1849 have been partially liquidated—the interest on the domestic debt, which has not been satisfied since 1847, has been paid, and the installments on the foreign debt, which have been neglected for some years, have been promptly remitted to London—thus improving the national credit abroad.——From the *La Plata* we have intelligence of an engagement, about the 1st of January, between the forces of Rosas and Urquiza, which is said to have resulted in the victory of the former, and in the desertion to his standard of five thousand of Urquiza's troops. It is not easy to say how much of this is reliable.——Political offenders in *Chili* have been for some years banished to the Straits of Magellan. An insurrection took place among them lately, in which they killed the governor, seized the garrison, and declared themselves independent of Chili. It is said that they have also seized two or three American vessels.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The political events of the month in England have been of striking interest and importance. The expulsion of Lord Palmerston from the Cabinet, mainly for offenses against etiquette—the meeting of Parliament, and the subsequent defeat and retirement of the Russell Ministry, with the reinstatement of a Protectionist Cabinet, are certainly events of more consequence than are usually crowded into a single month.

Parliament met on the 3d of February, and was opened in person by the Queen. Her speech announced that she continued to maintain the most friendly relations with Foreign Powers. She had reason to believe that the treaty between Germany and Denmark, concluded at Berlin year before last, will soon be fully executed. Although tranquillity has prevailed throughout the greater part of Ireland, certain parts of the counties of Armagh, Monaghan, and Louth have been marked by the commission of outrages of the most serious description. Bills have been prepared founded upon the reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, which are commended to deliberate attention. The act of 1848 suspending the previous act which conferred representative institutions on New Zealand, expires early next year; and no reason exists for its renewal. The large reductions of taxes which have taken place of late years have not been attended with a proportionate diminution of national income. The revenue of the past year has been fully adequate to the demands of the public service, while the reduction of taxation has tended greatly to the relief and comfort of the people. The Queen states that it appears to her that "this is a fitting time for calmly considering whether it may not be advisable to make such amendments in the act of the late reign, relating to the Representation of the Commons in Parliament, as may be deemed calculated to carry into more complete effect the principles upon which that law is founded." She had "the fullest confidence that, in any such consideration, Parliament would firmly adhere to the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured."

Previous to the meeting of Parliament, the public was taken completely by surprise by the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the Ministry, and the appointment of Earl Granville as his successor. In the House of Commons explanations took place on the first day of the session. The reply to the Queen's speech was moved by Sir Richard Bulkeley; but, before the question was taken, Sir Benjamin Hall called upon the Premier for explanations of the disruption of the Ministry. Lord John Russell immediately entered upon the subject, and after declaring his former confidence in Lord Palmerston's management of Foreign Affairs, and stating that in 1835, and again in 1845 and 1846 he had strongly recommended him for that department, went on to state his conception of the position of the Foreign Secretary toward the Crown and the Prime Minister. He believed it to be the duty of the Minister to give to the Crown the most full and frank details of every measure, and either to obey the instructions he may receive, or resign. It "did so happen," he said, "that in 1850 precise terms were laid down in a communication from the Queen to Lord Palmerston—in which Her Majesty required, first, that Lord Palmerston should distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her Royal sanction; and, secondly, that having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. The Queen further expected to be kept informed of what passes between the Foreign Secretary and the Foreign Ministers, before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse—to receive the foreign dispatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted

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with their contents before they must be sent off."—In reply to this communication, Lord Palmerston said he would not fail to attend to the directions which it contained.—As for the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell said he considered him, in fact, responsible for the business of the department. At a meeting of the Cabinet, on the 3d of November, Lord John expressed his opinion on the situation of Europe, which he deemed very critical. There was a prospect of seeing social democracy, or absolute power triumphant on the Continent; and in either case the position of England would be very critical. He thought it necessary, therefore, for England to preserve a strict neutrality, and to exercise the utmost vigilance to prevent any cause of offense being given. Yet very soon after that, Lord Palmerston received a deputation, and listened to addresses containing expressions in the highest degree offensive to sovereigns in alliance with England. Still Lord John said he was willing to take the responsibility for all this, as he thought the Secretary had merely committed an error.—The next cause of difference occurred immediately after the usurpation of Louis Napoleon on the 2d of December. The next day a cabinet meeting was held, at which a request was presented from Lord Normanby, the English Minister at Paris, that he might be furnished with instructions as to the continuance of diplomatic relations with the new Government. In conformity with the decision then made, Lord Palmerston, on the 5th, instructed him to make no change in his relations with the French government. On the 6th, Lord Normanby wrote saying that he had called on M. Turgot, the French Minister, and informed him of this decision, to which M. Turgot replied that it was of less consequence as he had two days since heard from M. Walewski, the French Minister in London, that Lord Palmerston had expressed to him his entire approbation of the act of the President, and his conviction that he could not have acted otherwise than he had done. On seeing this dispatch, Lord John asked Lord Palmerston for an explanation, but got no answer. On the 13th of December, he received a letter from the Queen, requesting an explanation; but Lord Palmerston maintained the same disdainful silence. On the 17th, he received another dispatch from Lord Normanby to Lord Palmerston, complaining that Lord Palmerston should use one language in his instructions to him and another to the French Minister in London, and that while enjoining him not to express any opinion of French politics, he should himself have expressed a very decided judgment. Such a course, he added, subjected him to misrepresentation and suspicion. Lord Palmerston, in reply to this, stated that Lord Normanby's instructions related only to his conduct, and not to opinions: but that if he wished to know Lord Palmerston's opinion concerning French affairs, it was, that "such a state of antagonism had arisen between the President and the Assembly, that it was becoming every day more clear that their coexistence could not be of long duration; and it seemed to him better for the interests of France, and through them for the interests of the rest of Europe, that the power of the President should prevail, inasmuch as the continuance of his authority might afford a prospect of the maintenance of social order in France, whereas the divisions of opinions and parties in the Assembly appeared to betoken that their victory over the President would be the starting-point for disastrous civil strife." Lord John Russell said that this dispatch contained no satisfactory explanation of Lord Palmerston's course; that the merits of the French government had now nothing to do with the case: but that the real question was, whether the Secretary of State was entitled of his own authority, to write a dispatch, as the organ of the Government, in which his colleagues had never concurred, and to which the Queen had never given her sanction. He thought, therefore, that he could not without degrading the Crown, advise her Majesty longer to retain Lord Palmerston in the Foreign department, and he had accordingly advised her to request his resignation, which she had done. In continuing his remarks Lord John expressed his belief that the President of France had acted under a belief that the course he had taken was the one best calculated to insure the welfare of his country; and proceeded to censure the course of the English press toward Louis Napoleon, as calculated to excite the animosity of the French nation, and perhaps to involve the two countries in war. Lord Palmerston replied in a very moderate tone, substantially admitting the truth of Lord John's statements, though denying the justice of his inferences. He repelled the intimation that he had abandoned the principles he had always maintained—that he had become the advocate of absolute power, or in favor of the abolition of Constitutional governments. He concurred in what Lord John had said of the relations that ought to exist between the Foreign Secretary and the Crown, and said he had done nothing inconsistent with them. In regard to the deputation he had received, he admitted that he had been surprised into a false position. His delay in answering the letters of Lord John Russell had been entirely owing to the great pressure of business; and his expressions of opinion concerning Louis Napoleon were unofficial and in conversation. Other members of the cabinet had expressed the same opinions, and under circumstances quite as objectionable, certainly, as those under which his own conversation was held. Lord Palmerston rehearsed the outlines of the policy he had pursued in managing the foreign relations of Great Britain, and concluded by saying that, on quitting office, he left the character and reputation of England unsullied, and standing high among the nations of the world.——In the House of Lords the debates following the reading of the Queen's speech, had greater incidental than direct interest. The Earl of Derby took occasion to speak in very strong terms of what he termed "the injudicious and unjustifiable language of a large portion of the English press upon the French government." He insisted that it was the duty of the press to maintain the same tone of moderation in discussing public affairs which is required of public men; and he styled it worse than folly for the press in one breath to provoke a French invasion, and in the next to proclaim the unpreparedness of the English people to meet it. He was followed by Earl Grey, who expressed his hearty concurrence in what he had said of the press, as did also Lord Brougham. The London journals, and among them pre-eminently the *Times* and the *Examiner*, have taken up the challenge thus thrown down, and have vindicated the press from the censures of the Lords in some of the ablest writing of the day.

On the 9th, Lord John Russell introduced his new Reform Bill. Its provisions may be very briefly stated. The £10 franchise was to be reduced to £5; the £50 county franchise gives way to one of £20; that of copyholders and long leaseholders is to be reduced from £10 to £5; and a new class of voters is to be created out of those who, resident in either county or borough, pay direct taxes to the amount of

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40 shillings. In 67 boroughs additions are proposed to the electoral boundaries; the property qualification is to be abolished, and the oaths of members to be put in such a form as to create no invidious distinctions. A member taking office under the crown vacates his seat; but if he merely changes it, he may retain his representative capacity. The Premier made a speech upon the subject, over an hour in length, and remarkably free from feeling of any sort. The main objections urged to the bill are that it does not concede the ballot, that it does not remedy the evils of unequal representation, and that the changes it does make in the existing law are of very little importance. Notice has been given of an intention to move amendments to the bill which would remedy these defects.——On the 19th, Lord Naas proposed a resolution severely censuring the Earl of Clarendon's employment of the *World* newspaper to support the government, as being "of a nature to weaken the authority of the executive, and to reflect discredit on the administration of public affairs." The Earl was defended warmly by Lords Russell and Palmerston, both of whom urged that, irregular as the proceeding might have been, it was of trifling consequence compared with his lordship's eminent services to the country. The resolution was rejected 229 to 137.——On the 16th, Lord John Russell introduced a bill for the establishment of a local militia force. He gave a sketch of the recent history of the military organization of England, and set forth the reasons which, in his judgment, rendered it important that some more effectual provision should be made for the defense of the country against possible hostilities. The general provisions of the bill were that persons of the age of 20 and 21 years should be subject to being balloted for as militia men—that one-fifth of the whole number should be chosen—and that they should be drilled for 14 or 28 days each year. The entire force thus raised, he thought, would be about 70,000 the first year, 100,000 the second, and 130,000 after that; the forces could not be taken out of their own counties, without their consent, except in case of invasion or danger. The subject was very slightly discussed at that time, but came up again on the 20th, when Lord John Russell again spoke in support of the bill. Lord Palmerston expressed his entire concurrence in the principle of the bill, but moved as an amendment, to strike out the word *local* from the title, in order to make the title correspond with the character of the bill itself. Lord John Russell said he could not understand the object of such a motion, and that he should oppose it. After some further debate the amendment was put and carried, ayes 136, noes 125, showing a majority against the Ministry of 11. Lord John Russell expressed great surprise at the vote, and said that he should hold office no longer. The resignation of the Ministry under such circumstances created a good deal of surprise. In the course of three or four days a new cabinet was formed under the leadership of the Earl of Derby—late Lord Stanley—which is thoroughly Protectionist in its sentiments. The Earl is Prime Minister; Mr. Disraeli is Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader in the House of Commons; Mr. G. F. Young is Vice President of the Board of Trade; Duke of Northumberland, first Lord of the Admiralty; Lord John Manners, Commissioner of Woods and Forests; Sir F. Thesiger, Attorney General; Earl of Eglintoun, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Duke of Montrose, Lord Steward; Lord Stanley, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is supposed that the new Ministry will break ground at once against the corn-law policy established by Sir Robert Peel, hostility to which is the only bond of union among its members; and the universal belief is that the new administration will fail to be sustained by the country on that question.

One of the earliest topics to which the attention of the Earl of Granville, Lord Palmerston's immediate successor, was called, was the degree of protection which England should afford to political refugees from other countries. In reply to representations on this subject from the Austrian Government, Earl Granville, in a dispatch dated January 13, spoke of the right of asylum which England always had granted, and could never refuse to political refugees; and added that the English government would, nevertheless, consider any intrigues, carried on there against governments with which they were at peace, as a breach of hospitality, and would not fail to watch the conduct of suspected refugees, and to prevent them from abusing the privileges afforded them by English laws. Prince Schwarzenberg, in reply, expressed satisfaction at the tenor of these assurances, but said, that until the words of the English government were followed by deeds, it would be necessary for Austria to take measures of precaution and protection against the dangers which the ceaseless machinations of foreign refugees on English soil created. The Imperial government would be especially rigid in regard to English travelers, and would, moreover, reserve the right of taking into consideration ulterior measures, if, unhappily, the need of them should still make itself felt.——A terrible disaster from floods occurred in the north of England on the 5th of February. Several of the factories of the town of Holmfrith, near Huddersfield, were supplied with water by large reservoirs, in which an immense body of water had been accumulated. Owing to the heavy rains one of the largest of them broke its banks, and the water poured through the town, sweeping houses away in its path and causing an immense loss of life and property. Over one hundred persons were drowned. Very great injury had been sustained by other towns in that vicinity. In the south of Ireland also, especially in the counties of Limerick and Clare, much property and some lives have been lost by the swelling of the smaller streams.——The dispatches of Earl Grey recalling Sir Harry Smith from the government of the Cape, have been published: they show that his incompetence for the post has been the real cause of his removal, and that the policy of the government is to prosecute the war with increased vigor, so as to reduce the Kaffirs and Hottentots to unconditional submission.——We mentioned in our Record for March, the repulse of the English slave squadron while attempting to ascend the river, to the town of Lagos, on the coast of Africa, contrary to the commands of the chief. Later advices report the renewal of the attempt, and the overthrow of the chief's authority, though at a very heavy cost on the part of the English. The town of Lagos has long been the stronghold of the slave trade on that part of the coast, and the English have directed their efforts toward the suppression of the traffic there. The chief of the town named Kosoko, was actively engaged in the trade himself, in connection with Portugese and Brazilian dealers. He had obtained power by expelling a rival named Akitoye, who sought aid against him in an alliance with the English. When Kosoko, therefore, refused permission to the English to bring their armed boats to Lagos, the commander of the squadron concerted an attack upon the town, with the adherents of the expelled chief. The town was defended with a good deal of skil and bravery, and the assault upon it lasted three days, at the end of which time it was

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found to have been deserted. The English lost 16 killed and 64 wounded. It is said that the destruction of this town will do much toward the suppression of the slave trade.——A new expedition in search of Sir John Franklin has been resolved upon by the British Government, and Sir Edward Belcher has been appointed to the command. He will leave England about the middle of April, with the four ships which composed Captain Austin's late expedition. His attention will first be directed to Beechey Island, where Sir John is known to have passed the winter of 1845–6. The great object of this new expedition is to examine the upper part of Wellington Strait as far as possible beyond Captain Penny's northwest advance.

FRANCE.

Political affairs in France remain substantially unchanged. The law organizing the Legislative body has been published. The Legislature is to consist of 261 deputies, elected by the people, in the proportion of one for every 35,000 electors in the first instance, with one more deputy for every 25,000 beyond that number. Algeria and the Colonies are not to be represented. All electors are eligible except public functionaries. Every Frenchman of the age of twenty-one, who has not forfeited his civil rights, has the vote.——We mentioned in our last Record the protest of the testamentary executors of Louis Philippe against the decree of confiscation, issued by the President. The Princes of Orleans—the Duke de Nemours, and the Prince de Joinville—have addressed a letter of thanks to the executors, in which they resent with becoming indignation the insults heaped upon the memory of their father, which they say are "especially odious when brought forward by a man who on two different occasions received proofs of the magnanimity of King Louis Philippe, and whose family never received any thing from him but benefits." To the honor of the country which they had always loyally served and would ever love, they say, "these disgraceful decrees, and their still more disgraceful preambles, have not dared to appear except under the *régime* of a state of siege, and after the suppression of all the guaranties which protected the liberties of the nation." The Duchess of Orleans has also addressed the following brief and indignant protest to the President:—"Monsieur—As I do not acknowledge your right to plunder my family, neither do I acknowledge your right to assign to me a dotation in the name of France. I refuse the dowry.—HELENA D'ORLEANS."——The new Ministry of Police has been organized by decree. The Minister is to have attached to his office three directors-general, who are to appoint inspector-general, special inspectors, and commissaries of police in the departments. Prominent among the duties of all of these officials are those of watching and reporting every attempt to influence public opinion against the government, keeping a close eye on the press and on publications of every sort—upon theatres, prisons, schools, and political and commercial associations. They are all to be under the immediate direction and control of the Minister of Police. The organization spreads a complete network of precaution over every form of public opinion in France.——Louis Napoleon gave a magnificent entertainment to a large number of the English nobility at Paris, on the 1st of February, at the Elysée—the whole party numbering 44. It is stated that after the dinner was over, he took occasion to complain of the attacks upon him in the English press, and to say that he should be obliged to exclude them from France. He also spoke of the rumors that he intended to invade England as absurd. ——Jerome Bonaparte is appointed President of the Senate, with the *petit* Luxembourg as his official residence in Paris, the Palace of Meudon for his country-seat, and a salary of 150,000 francs, besides 800,000 francs for entertaining, a year.——It is stated that Madame George Sand recently had an interview with the President, and made very strong representations to him of the sufferings of the peasantry in the rural districts from the immense number of arrests that had been made of suspected persons, and urgently requesting him to grant a general amnesty. The President is said to have expressed great interest in the subject, but to have declined any compliance with the request.——The decree for the regulation of the press has been promulgated. It is almost needless to say that it destroys every semblance of freedom of the press, and makes it a mere subservient tool in the hands of the Government. It consists of four chapters, and the following are their provisions: (1.) No journal can be published without first obtaining permission of the Government; nor can any foreign journal be admitted into France except by the same permission: and any person bringing into France an unauthorized paper will be liable to a year's imprisonment and to a fine of 5000 francs. Every publisher must deposit caution-money, from 15,000 to 50,000 francs, before he can issue a paper, under heavy penalties. (2.) Stamp duties are imposed upon all journals whether published in France, or introduced from other countries; and the authorities are enjoined to seize all publications violating these regulations. (3.) Every violation of the article of the Constitution which prohibits Legislative reports, is punishable by fine of from 1000 to 5000 francs. The publication of false news subjects to a fine, and if it be of a tendency to disturb the public peace, imprisonment is added. No account of the proceedings of the Senate or Council of State, and no report of trials for press offenses, can be published; and in all affairs, civil, correctional, or criminal, the courts may forbid the publication of their proceedings. Every editor is bound to publish official documents, relations, and rectifications which may be addressed to him by any public authority; if he fail to do so, he may be fined and his journal seized. No one can carry on the bookseller's trade, or issue or sell engravings, medals, or prints of any kind, without obtaining permission of the authorities, and becoming subject to the same restrictions as are imposed upon journals. (4.) With regard to existing journals, three months are allowed for them to deposit the caution money required, and to conform to the other provisions of the new law.——The President, by decree, has abolished all fête days except the birth-day of the Emperor, on the ground that their celebration recalls the remembrance of civil discord; and that the only one observed should be that which best tends to unite all minds in the common sentiment of national glory. ——The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* reports that a correspondence of general interest has taken place between the governments of France and Russia. It is said that the Czar wrote to his minister in Paris, expressing dissatisfaction at the adoption by the President of the emblems of the Empire, stating that he saw in all these movements the preliminaries of the re-establishment of the Imperial era. While he approved of the *coup d'état* which had put an end to republicanism in France, he could only regard Louis Napoleon as the temporary chief, and could not approve any attempt to give another and more important character to his authority. It is said that Louis Napoleon replied to this note, when it was read to him, by complaining that his intentions had

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been misunderstood and misrepresented;—that, in re-establishing the emblems of the Empire, and in reverting to the constitution of the year VIII., he only meant to establish a strong authority in his hands; that the recollections of the Empire constituted his strength, and invested him with popularity among the masses; that there was nothing astonishing in the fact of his seeking in the institutions of the Empire what was certain to re-establish authority in France; that he had no intention of re-establishing the Empire, or of making himself Emperor; that he did not want either, for the accomplishment of the mission to which he had been called; that his title of President sufficed for him; that he had no reason to trouble himself about an Imperial dynasty which has no existence; and that there was no reason for the Emperor Nicholas troubling himself about it.

The relations of France to Belgium are assuming a character of considerable interest and importance. The fact that most of the exiled Frenchmen found refuge in Belgium, excited the fears of the government that they would thence exert a dangerous influence upon French affairs. Strong representations were therefore made to the Belgian authorities, who have adopted every possible means of satisfying the French government, by suppressing distrusted journals, exercising strict vigilance over refugees, and ordering many of them out of the country, or away from Brussels. It is also stated that the Duke of Bassano, the new French envoy to the Belgian court, has been authorized to demand from that government the removal of the monumental lion erected by the British government to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, and to demolish the other trophies. The rumors of hostile designs on the part of Louis Napoleon, have led to the publication of an official denial in the *Moniteur*. That article states that the French government has addressed no demands whatever to foreign powers, excepting Belgium, where it was necessary, in order to prevent a system of incessant aggression. It has not armed a single soldier, neither has it done any thing to awaken the least susceptibility in its neighbors. All the views of the power in France are bent upon interior improvements. "It will not depart from its calm demeanor, except on the day when an attack shall have been made on the national honor and dignity." The London *Morning Chronicle* states, as a fact of considerable historical interest, that, as early as 1849, Louis Napoleon distinctly solicited General Changarnier to join with him in such a usurpation as he has since achieved, offering to make him Constable of France, with a million of francs a year and the palace of the Elysée for a residence; and that he was met by a peremptory refusal.

SPAIN.

An attempt to assassinate the Queen of Spain was made by a priest named Martin Marino, on the 2d of February. The Queen was proceeding along the principal gallery of her palace toward the grand staircase, intending to go out upon a fête occasion, for which splendid preparations had been made, when she was approached by the priest, who kneeled to present a memorial. Her Majesty reached out her hand to take it, when he suddenly drew a dirk and made a stab at her side. Her arm, however, partially averted the blow, though she was severely wounded. She leaned against the wall, and one of her aids came up just in time to prevent a second blow. The assassin was arrested and confessed the crime—saying that his object was to render a service to humanity; and denying that he had any accomplices. He was tried on the 3d, and sentenced to death by strangulation. On the 7th, he was executed by the *garote vil*. He conducted himself with the most brutal indifference, refusing any of the usual offices of religion, and abusing all who came near him. The Queen suffered considerably from the wound, but was convalescent at the last accounts. Several arrests had been made, of persons suspected of having been concerned as accomplices with him, but no evidence was found to implicate any.

CENTRAL AND EASTERN EUROPE.

No events of special importance have occurred in any of the continental nations. All the governments seem to be more or less agitated by rumors of differences with England and France, and their policy is somewhat affected by them. The suspicion of hostile intentions on the part of Louis Napoleon toward Belgium has enlisted a good deal of suspicion, and letters from Brussels, dated the 19th February, state positively that a convention had been entered into, by which Russia agrees to furnish 100,000 men for the defense of that territory in case it should be invaded or seriously menaced by France. Prussia has also promised similar assistance, and the Prince de Ligne is said to be now in Berlin for the purpose of arranging the details. These important statements, however, do not seem to be made on authority sufficient to command full credit.

In AUSTRIA, it is said, that Prince Schwartzenberg is preparing a general statement of the views of Austria concerning the state of Europe, and an indication of the line of policy which she will pursue. The mediation of Austria between Sardinia and the Pope has also been proposed, and amicable relations are again to be established between the Sardinian and Austrian governments. A new treaty has been concluded, by which Austria is to supply Russia annually with large quantities of salt.

In SWITZERLAND the only movements of importance relate to the demand made by the French government that the Council should promise hereafter to expel any fugitive who might be designated as dangerous. The Federal Government, while firmly refusing to enter into any such engagement, avowed its readiness to take all proper and necessary precautions against the sojourn of political refugees in Switzerland becoming a source of disquietude to neighboring states. An official report on the subject states that in June last there were but 235 political refugees in the Swiss states, and that they were all under the strict *surveillance* of the police. Those who had taken any active steps likely to compromise the interests of other states, had been promptly expelled. There was a great deal of public interest manifested throughout Switzerland concerning the relations between their country and France, and considerable apprehension prevailed that their rights and liberties might not always be rigidly respected.

The government of the Duchy of HOLSTEIN was formally transferred by the Commissaries of Prussia and Austria to the Commissary of Denmark, Count Reventlow-Criminil, on the 8th of February, in an official conference held at Kiel.

In both GREECE and TURKEY there have been changes of Ministry. In the former country the change has no general importance. In Turkey, it is significant of reaction. Reschid Pacha, the most liberal and enlightened minister ever placed at the head of affairs in the Ottoman empire, has been dismissed, and is succeeded by Raaf Pacha, a man upward of eighty years of age, who was prime minister in 1838. The negotiation in regard to the Holy Sepulchre has been abandoned, and the French minister was to leave Constantinople forthwith.

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Editor's Table.

SCIENCE, it has been said, is essentially unpoetical. It must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that it not unfrequently furnishes some of our choicest similes. Homer had, indeed, long ago compared thought to the lightning; but how much more definite, and, on this account, more effective, is the kindred simile drawn from the discovery of the modern electric telegraph. And yet, is there not here something more than simile? Is not the communication from soul to soul literally, as well as figuratively *tele-graphic*, that is, *far-writing*, or *writing from afar?* We hope to interest our readers by a brief examination of the query we have started.

An identity might, perhaps, be shown in the very medium of communication, so far as the process has a material medium. There is no difficulty, and no danger, in admitting that the electric fluid may be the agent in the cerebral and organic transmission, as well as in the galvanic battery. But it is mainly in the process itself that we may trace the striking correspondence between the two modes of intelligence. The primary element of all thought is a spiritual *emotion*. The end of all communication, mediate or immediate, is to produce the same emotion or feeling in another soul. To this every other step is subordinate. Even thought is not so much an end, in itself, as is the spiritual feeling, or exercise of soul corresponding to it. This spiritual emotion, then, must first be brought under the form of a conception, or an objective picture, without which it can not be distinctly read and understood, even by the soul in which it first exists, much less communicated to another. So far the process is strikingly the same with that adopted in the telegraphic dispatch. The soul, by its own spiritual energy, first turns the emotion or feeling into a thought. It translates the thought from the abstract to the concrete, from the intuitional to the conceptive. It brings it down into the soul's chamber of imagery, and imprints it on the brain. In other words, the message is reduced to writing and given to the clerk at the station-house, who translates it into telegraphic signals. The more immediate transmitting power is now set in operation. An influence is imparted from the brain to the nerves (or wires) of the vocal organs. It is continued to the lungs, and sets in motion a current of air. This impinges on the outward atmosphere, and is carried on through successive undulations until it reaches the other station for which it was designed. It enters the office-chamber of the ear, communicates with the other cerebral battery, and then writes off from the auditory nerve or wire, the signals which, by the other logical and linguistic faculty, or the clerk at the second station, are translated into the pictorial symbols understood by all, and thus written on the second brain. The spiritual inhabitant to whom it is directed, again translates it, in a reverse order, from the verbal to the conceptive, from the conceptive to the emotional—the intuition is spiritually *seen*—the emotion is *felt*—and thus the circuit is completed.

This is substantially the process every time we hold intercourse by means of speech. The operation is ever imperfect in all, and more imperfect in some than in others. We make mistakes in translating our own intuitions and emotions. We make still greater mistakes in taking off from the wires, and in re-translating the conceptual language which brings to us the feelings and intuitions of others. But there is no other way. The author of our spiritual and material constitution hath literally *shut us up* to this, and we can not get out of the limits within which He has confined our intercourse with other spirits. Clairvoyance boasts of having broken through them, or over them; but clairvoyance is yet a fact to be established. Even, too, if it has any claims upon our belief, it will doubtless be found, in the end, to be only a stenographic shortening of some of the steps, without being, in reality, any more an *immediate* action of mind upon mind than the ordinary process.

Spirit can only communicate with spirit through outward symbols, and by more or less steps, all of which may be regarded as *outward* to the most interior effect. By long familiarity this circuitous chain assumes to us the appearance of directness. But in truth we never see each other; we never hear each other; if by the terms be meant our very *self*—our very spiritual form, our very spiritual voice. Even to our human soul may be accommodated without irreverence the language which Paul applies to the Deity. Even of us it may be said, although in a far lower sense, "*Our invisible things are only understood by the things that are done*," even our temporal power and humanity. Each soul is *shut up* in an isolation as perfect, in one sense, as that which separates the far distant worlds in the universe. Had there been round each one of us a wall of adamant a thousand feet in thickness, with only the smallest capillary apertures through which to carry the wires of telegraphic signals, we could not, as to the essential action of the spirit, be more secluded than we are at present. We say the essential, or first action of the soul—for doubtless there may be various degrees of difficulty or facility in the modes of mediate communication. But in this more spiritual sense each one of us exists by himself. We live apart in utter loneliness. The seclusion of each spirit knows no infraction. Its perfect solitude has never been invaded by any foreign intrusion.

To one who deeply reflects on the fact to which we have been calling attention, the first feeling, and a just feeling too, might be one of pride. The dignity of our nature would seem enhanced by such a constitution. Each man's "mind is his kingdom," in which he may be as autocratic as he wills. It makes even the lowest in the scale of humanity such an absolute sovereign within his own spiritual boundaries, so perfectly secure, if he please, against all foreign intervention. It sets in so striking a light what in its physical and etymological, rather than its moral sense, may be styled the *holiness—the wholeness, hale-ness*, or *separate integrity* of each man's essential being. It is in this point of view, too, that to every hale mind the pretensions of clairvoyance must appear so inexpressibly revolting. We allude to its assumption of having the power of committing what, for the want of a better name, we can only characterize as spiritual burglary—in other words, of breaking into our spiritual house, and taking its seat in the very shrine of the interior consciousness. What can be more degrading to our human nature than to admit that any other human power, or human will, can at any time, and from any motive, even for purposes of the most frivolous amusement, actually enter this inner sanctuary, turning the immortal spirit into a paltry show-house, and rudely invading, or pretending to invade, the soul's essential glory, its sacred and unapproachable individuality?

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There is, however, another aspect of the thought in which it may give rise to a very different, if not an opposite emotion. There may be, too, at times, a feeling of the deepest melancholy called out by that other consideration of our spiritual solitude, of our being so utterly alone upon the earth—a feeling which has never been set forth with so much power and, at the same time, truthful simplicity, as in the touching language of inspiration—"*The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not with its joy.*" And then, again, although we would in general shrink from it as a painful ordeal, there are periods when we long for a more searching communion with other spirits than can ever be expected from the most intimate methods of mediate intercourse. There are periods when we are irresistibly drawn out to say—O that some other soul were acquainted with us as we think we are acquainted with ourselves, not only with our fancied virtues and our mere real sins, as they appear imperfectly manifested by misinterpreted signals from within, but with our very soul itself. Yes, there is sadness in the thought that we are so unknown, even to those who would be thought to know us best—unknown alike in that which makes us better as in that which makes us worse than we seem;—for we are all better, and we are all worse than we appear to our fellow-men.

And here, we think, may be found an argument for the existence of Deity, built on stronger and more assuring ground than is furnished by any of the ordinary positions of natural theology. It is an argument derived from one of the most interior wants of our moral constitution. There is no doubt that in our fallen state a feeling of pain—at times of intense pain—may connect itself in our minds with the recognition of the Divine idea; but there is also an element of happiness, and, if cherished, of the highest and most serious happiness, in the thought that there is One Great Soul that does penetrate into our most interior spirituality. There is one Soul that is ever as intimately present with us as our own consciousness—that holds communion with us, and with whom we may hold communion, in a manner impossible for any other. There is One that thinks our thoughts, and feels our feelings, even as we think them, and as we feel them, although, along with this, in another manner, too, of its own, that transcends our thinking "even as the heavens are high above the earth," and is as far removed from all the imperfections of our own spiritual exercises. There may seem an inconsistency in this apparent mingling of the finite and the infinite in the Divine Nature, but it is the belief of both which unlocks for us the meaning of the Scriptures, and sheds light over every page of revelation and of providence. There is a higher Soul that pervades our spiritual entity, not as an impersonal or pantheistic abstraction, but as the most distinctly personal of all personalities—not as a mere Law of nature, but as a Father "who careth for us," as a Guardian "who numbereth the very hairs of our heads," as a Judge who taketh note of every thought, and gives importance to all our forgotten sins, while He is, at the same time, present with, and caring for every other individual soul in the universe. As in some previous musings of our Editorial Table, we might have adverted to the Divine physical power as the ever-present dynamical entity in the seeming vacuities of space, and binding together the isolated material worlds, so here we may regard the Higher Spiritual Presence as the true bond of union among all those isolated souls that fill the spiritual universe. Thus viewed, the fact of such communion would be the highest truth in philosophy, as a belief in the reality of its possible consciousness would be the highest article of faith.

HISTORY IS PHILOSOPHY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE. The thought has been deemed so profound as to give rise to some discussion respecting its origin. As a definition, however, the maxim is liable to serious objection. It presents, rather, the uses, or the chief use, of history, than the essential idea. The individual memory may also be said to be *philosophy teaching by example;* but then it becomes only another name for that experience which is but the application of remembered facts to the guidance of the future life. So history may be called THE WORLD'S MEMORY—the memory of a race—of a nation—of a collective humanity.

It is in vain, then, for us to say what facts, in themselves, *ought* to constitute history. The matter is settled. It is not what any philosophy, or any theology, or any science of history may deem *worthy* of remembrance, but what has actually been thus remembered, or is now so entering into the common mind as to form the ground of memory in the future. The parallelism in this respect between the individual and this national, or common mind, is striking and complete. The true history of each man is not so much what he has done, as what he has thought and felt. The thought is the *form* of the feeling, and the act merely the outward testimony by which both are revealed. It is not, therefore, every act, or *doing*, which enters into his history—not even those which have formed the greater part of his constant daily exercise—but simply such as for any reason have made the deepest impression on the inner man, and which, therefore, stand out in the records of his memory when all else has perished. What this chronicles is the man's veritable history. However important other parts of his conduct may appear externally, this is his true spiritual life. It is the record, the imperishable record of that which has reached and stirred the depths of his soul, while other acts, and other events, have had their lodgment only in the outward un-emotional existence.

Such memory, or such history, may not be what it ought to have been; it may not be the measure of accountability. All that we insist upon is the fact, that, whether right or wrong, it is the true history of the individual, because it is his real life. But then there are degrees of memory. It is not always, in all its parts, either present to the mind, or capable of recall at will. Still, what has once in this manner truly *affected* his soul, has by this become a part of it, and can, therefore, never be lost. Like some old historical record it may be laid aside for a season, but sooner or later must it come forth, and claim its place as belonging to that individual personality into which it enters as a constituent and inseparable portion.

The parallel may be traced to almost any extent. Like the memory of our earliest years, so is the dawning history of a young world or nation, except so far as positive revelation has shed its light upon it. Both are *mythical*. In other words, facts are remembered, not as they are in themselves, but as seen through the magnifying and coloring influence of the emotional medium with which they are ever afterward associated. Like stars observed through a densely refracting atmosphere, they stand apart, each in its own seclusion, and hence they loom upon the vision without any of those mutually connecting associations that belong to our subsequent thinking. There is, too, in both cases, the same chronicler—the pure re

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membrance, a *tradition* unaided by any of those outward helps that are afterward employed. At a later period more regular annals succeed this mythic handing down of isolated facts. The state has its formal remembrancer, its συγγραφεύς, or historical *arranger* of events in a *connected* story, and in their mutual relations. Corresponding to this, then, arises in the individual that orderly habit of thinking which produces associations, having a similar effect in causing a stricter union between the outer and inner relations of the soul.

Again, there are times when the man gets to himself what may be called an *artificial* memory. He would change the natural flow of thought, and determine what he *will* remember, and what he *ought* to remember—forgetting that before he can effectually do this he must be changed himself in the innermost springs of his being. He studies mnemonics. He manufactures new laws of association. But this effort ever fails in the end. Nature will have her way. The old course of memory will return; and with it the spiritual history of the man will go on as before.

So, too, the state or nation may have its artificial periods, and its systems of political mnemonics. The mythical, the epic, the heroic, and not only these, but the later, yet not less thrilling chronicles of stirring events that carried with them the whole heart of the national humanity, give way to statistics, and documents of trade, or tables of revenue, or in a word, to what are deemed the more important records of *political economy*. Here, too, there may be an attempt to change the course of nature, and make that to be history which never can be such, except at the expense of some of those attributes, which, although liable to great and dangerous perversions, are still the noblest parts of our humanity.

Such artificial records of history may be highly useful in their connection with the interests of particular classes and occupations. The time also may come in which they may gather around them an antiquarian value, blending with some of the more universal emotions of our common nature. But aside from this, although they may furnish rich materials for other departments of useful knowledge, they are not history, simply because they lack that catholic element, by which alone they enter into the common memory, and thus become a part of the common national mind.

Some say the world has heretofore been all wrong in the matter. History has been but a record of wars, of tumultuous national movements, of theological dogmas, of religious and political excitements. It has been but the biography of monarchs and royal families, or a narrative of popular commotions as connected with them. It has presented us only with names of isolated pre-eminence. The time has now come when we "must change all that." The daily pursuits of the masses, and all the statistics of ordinary life—these ought to have been history, and good writers will henceforth make them so, not only for our times, but for the periods that are past. "The history of the world," it has been said, "is yet to be written." But, alas! for these plausible and philanthropic reforms, there are two serious obstacles in the way. In the first place, the records of such matters as they would make the grounds of history are too scanty and uncertain, because they never have had that catholic interest which would give them an abiding place in the common national memory. In the second place, it will be equally difficult to secure for them such lodgment in the universal thinking of the present age, or of ages yet to come. Not that the world will always continue the same, or that there will not be ever new matters of genuine historical interest. The course of things and thinking may greatly change. Wars may cease. Monarchy may expire. Even democracies may become obsolete. Such changes may be for the better or the worse. Faith may go out. Those religious dogmas and discussions, which politicians and political economists have regarded as such useless and troublesome intruders into the province of history, may lose their hold upon the mind. Still our essential position remains unchanged. It will not be what the masses severally *do*, but what *moves* the masses, not their *several* occupations and pursuits, but what has a deep and moving interest for the common national soul, that will constitute history. The wars of the White and Red Roses were the true history of England for that period, because they were the only subjects that could be said to occupy all minds alike. It was not because the chronicler forgot the masses, and thought only of the great, but because he wrote for the masses, and for the masses not only of his own time, but of times to come.

Events may have more or less of a personal connection with monarchs, but it would not follow from this that the history which records them is a history alone of kings and statesmen. It is only so far as they and their acts were the representatives of the national heart, and the national thought, that they came down in the national memory, and the national records. The separate ordinary pursuits of men may, in one sense, occupy more of our ordinary thinking, but the other or historic interest we recognize as being of a higher, a more exciting, and even a more absorbing kind, because belonging to us, and felt by us in common with multitudes of other souls. The mechanic or farmer may consult books of a professional or statistical nature, but *as history* they will be ever unreadable. Even in the workshop and in the field, although the habitual current of his thoughts may be upon what would seem to him the nearest, and therefore the more important concerns of life, these other elements of history will yet have the greater charm, and occupy a higher place both in his feelings and his intelligence.

It is what he thinks *with others* that constitutes the higher life of his being. Hence the tendency of the popular mind, in all ages, to be absorbed in the recital of deeds most remote from the daily associations of ordinary life. Hence the popularity of the rhapsodist, the minstrel, the chronicler, and, in our own age, of the Magazine and the Newspaper. Hence, too, in the more free and popular governments of modern times, the universal devotion to what is called *politics*. Why is the farmer more excited by an election than by the sale of his wheat? Most false as well as unphilosophical is the view which would ascribe this to any calculating patriotism, to any utilitarian vigilance, or to what is commonly called an *enlightened self-interest*. The mechanic thinks more of politics than of his trade; for the same reason that led his ancestor to the crusade or the tournament. Instead of being the offspring of utilitarian views, this *public spirit* is often most blindly destructive of the *private* interest, and most directly opposed to all the teachings of that political economy which recognizes its own utilities as alone the true and rational ends of human action. In a much higher sense, too, is all this true, when a religious element enters into the common or catholic feeling.

To illustrate the view we have endeavored to present, let us select some particular date—say the 5th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand

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seven hundred and seventy. What was the history of our own country for that day? What the masses were doing would be the answer which some of the new school would promptly make. But even could this be ascertained it would not be history. On that day the three millions of our land were engaged in the various avocations connected with their ordinary life and ordinary interests. On that day, too, there was a particular, and, perhaps, ascertainable state of agriculture, of the mechanic arts, of education, &c., such as might furnish the ground of a most valuable statistical essay. There were also, doubtless, thousands of striking incidents every where transpiring. But none of these constituted the then history of our country. This was all taking place in one narrow street of one single city, away off in one remote corner of our land. A quarrel had arisen between a few foreign soldiers and a collection of exasperated citizens, in the course of which some few of the latter were slain. In this event was centred, for the time, the whole history of the English colonies in North America, and of what afterward became the great American nation. Among all the acts and states, and influences of that day, this alone was history, because it alone, whether right or not, entered into the universal national memory. It was *thought* by all, *felt* by all, and therefore became, for the time in which it was so thought and felt, the one common history of all. Again—on the 19th day of April, 1775, the one fact which afterward formed the common thought and the common memory, was the battle of Lexington. On the 4th of July, 1776, it was the Declaration of American Independence. On the 23d day of September, 1780, there might have been seen, in a secluded valley of the Hudson, three rustic militia men busily examining the dress of a British officer. One of them is in the act of taking a piece of paper from the prisoner's boot. This, in a most emphatic sense, was American history for that day; may we not say the history of Europe also, and of the world. And so in other departments. A single man is standing before a company of statesmen and ecclesiastics. It is Luther before the Diet of Worms. This is the one common thought which represents that momentous period in the records of the Church. The subject tempts us with further illustrations, but we call to mind that our Drawer and Easy Chair are waiting impatiently for the delivery of their contents. It is time, therefore, to exchange the prosings of the Editor's Table for their more varied, and, as we trust the reader will judge, more attractive materials.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR *now*, when we write, stands morally as far off from what will be *now* to our readers, when this sheet comes before them, as though the interval measured half the circumference of the Ecliptic, instead of being bounded between these dull March days and the bright April morning, when our Magazine will be lying by many an open window from Maine to Georgia. Our Easy Chair chit-chat must take its coloring from our *now*, and not from that of our readers.

THE town has just woke up from its wintry carnival of sleighs and bells, and wears much the aspect of a reveler who is paying the penalty for too free over-night potations. Broadway no longer flows along like a stream of molten silver, but resembles nothing so much as the mud-river of Styx—"darker far than perse" of the great Florentine; and instead of the fairy-like sleighs of the month gone by, is traversed only by the lumbering omnibuses, scattering far and wide the inky fluid. To cross the street dry-shod is not to be thought of, save at one or two points where philanthropic tradesmen, mindful of the public good—and their own—have subsidized a troop of sweepers to clear a passage in front of their doors. We accept the favor with all gratitude, and do not inquire too closely into the stories of silver goblets, presented by grateful ladies to these public benefactors. Under such circumstances all lighter matters of gossip are things of the past—and of the future, let us hope.

INTO the current of graver talk several pebbles have been thrown, which have rippled its surface into circlets wider than usual. The meeting in commemoration of COOPER was a worthy tribute to the memory of one who has shed honor upon his country by adding new forms of beauty to the intellectual wealth of the world. It was singularly graceful and appropriate that the funeral discourse of the greatest American Novelist, should have been pronounced by the greatest American Poet—and should we say the greatest living poet who speaks the tongue of Milton and Shakspeare, who would dare to place another name in competition for the honor with that of BRYANT?

PUBLIC "LECTURES," or the "Lyceum," as one of the lecturing notabilities not very felicitously denominates the institution, had begun to assume a somewhat mythical character in the estimation of townsmen, as relics of ages long gone by, of which man's memory—the Metropolitan man's, that is—takes no note. We have indeed had rumors from the "Athens of America," and other far-away places, that Lectures had not fallen into utter desuetude: but we were, on the whole, inclined to put little faith in the reports. During the last few weeks, however, the matter has again forced its way into the town talk. The "Tabernacle" weekly opens its ponderous jaws, for the delivery of the "People's Lectures," where, for the not very alarming sum of one shilling—with a deduction in cases where a gentleman is accompanied by more ladies than one—a person may listen for an hour to the mystic elocution and seer-like deliverances of EMERSON, or may hear KANE depict the dreamy remembrances of those Hyperborean regions where sunrise and sunset are by no means those every-day occurrences that they are in more equatorial regions. To us, as we sit in our Easy Chair, it seems as though this system of cheap popular public lectures were capable of almost indefinite expansion. Why should not SILLIMAN or GUYOT address three thousand instead of three hundred hearers? Why should they not unswathe the world from its swaddling-clothes before an audience which would fill our largest halls? Why should not ORVILLE DEWEY discourse on the great problems of Human Destiny and Progress before an assemblage which should people the cavernous depths of the "Tabernacle," as well as before the audience, relatively small, though doubtless fit, assembled before the frescoes of the Church of the Messiah? We throw these suggestions out lightly, by way of hint: a graver consideration of them would belong rather to our Table than to our Easy Chair discourses.

As a sort of pendant to the nine-days' talk of the

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Forrest divorce case, we notice the unanimous verdict of approval which has been accorded to the exemplary damages awarded in the case of a savage and cowardly assault committed by one of the principals in that scandalous affair. Though no pecuniary award can make reparation to the person who has suffered the infliction of brutal personal outrage, yet as long as there are ruffians whose only susceptible point is the pocket-nerve, we are glad to see the actual cautery applied to that sensitive point.

If things continue much longer in their present downward course, it will be necessary for any man who hopes to gain acceptance in respectable society to have it distinctly noted on his cards and letters of introduction, that he is not a Member of either House of Congress. The last month has been signalized at Washington by several exhibitions of Congressional scurrility, which in no other city in the Union would have been tolerated beyond the limits of the lowest dens of infamy. In one of these affairs, the summit of impudence was crowned by one of the interlocutors, who, after giving and receiving the most abusive epithets, excused himself from having recourse to the duello, that *ultima ratio*—of fools—on the plea that he was a member of a Christian church; which plea was magnanimously accepted by his no less chivalrous compeer in abuse. It would be no easy task to decide which was the most disreputable, the "satisfaction" evaded, or the means of its evasion.

This is not the place to discuss the stringent "Maine Liquor Law," which is proposed for adoption in the Empire State; but we can not avoid chronicling the almost sublime assumption of one of its opponents, who challenged its advocates to name any man of lofty genius who was not a "toddy-drinker." As this side of the measure seems sadly in want of both speakers and arguments, we consider ourselves entitled to the gratitude of the opponents of the law, for insinuating to them that the defense of punch by Fielding's hero, that it was "a good wholesome liquor, nowhere spoken against in Scripture," is capable of almost indefinite extension and application.

A somewhat characteristic reminiscence of John Newland Maffitt has been lying for a long while in our mind; and we can not do better than accord to it the honors of paper and ink. It happened years ago, when that eccentric preacher was in the height of his reputation; when he was, or at least thought he was in earnest; before the balance of his mind had been destroyed by adulation, conceit, vanity, and something worse.

During these days, in one of his journeyings, he came to a place on the Mississippi—perhaps its name was not *Woodville*, but that shall be its designation for the occasion. Now, Woodville was the most notoriously corrupt place on the whole river; it was the sink into which all the filth of the surrounding country was poured; it was shunned like a pest-house, and abandoned to thieves, gamblers, desperadoes, and robbers.

Maffitt determined to labor in this uninviting field. He commenced preaching, and soon gathered an audience; for preaching was something new there; and besides, Maffitt's silvery tones and strange flashes of eloquence would at that time attract an audience any where. Those who knew the man only in his later years know nothing of him.

Day after day he preached, but all to no purpose. He portrayed the bliss of heaven—its purity and peace—in his most rapt and glowing manner. It was the last place which could have any charms for his Woodville audience.

He portrayed the strife and turmoil of the world of woe. Apart from its physical torments—and they felt a sort of wild pride in defying these—they rather liked the picture. At all events, it was much more to their taste than was his description of heaven.

So it went on, day after day. Not a sigh of penitence; not a wet eye; not a single occupant of the anxious seat. His labors were fruitless.

Finally, he determined upon a change of tactics. He spoke of the decay of Woodville; how it was falling behind every other town on the river—"Oh!" said he, "might but the Angel of Mercy be sent forth from before the Great White Throne, commissioned to proclaim to all the region round that there was a revival in Woodville, and what a change there would be! The people would flock here from every quarter; the hum of business would be heard in your streets; the steamers, whose bright wheels now go flashing past your wharf, would stay in their fleet career; these dense forests, which now lour around, would be hewn down and piled up for food for these vast leviathans; and thus a golden tide would pour in upon you; and Woodville would become the wealthiest, the most beautiful, and the happiest place on the banks of the great Father of Waters!"

A chord had been touched in the hitherto insensible hearts of the Woodvillers. Thought, emotion, feeling, were aroused; and soon the strange electric sympathy of mind with mind was excited. The emotion spread and increased; the anxious seats were thronged; and a powerful, and to all appearance genuine revival of religion ensued. The character of Woodville was entirely changed; and from that time it has continued to be one of the most moral, quiet, thriving, and prosperous of all the minor towns upon the Mississippi.

Turning our eye Paris-ward, our first emotion is one of sorrow—for their sakes and our own—at the present sad fate of our French brethren of the quill. The bayonet has pitted itself against the pen, and has come off victor—for the time being. The most immediate sufferers are doubtless political writers, who must stretch their lucubrations upon the Procrustean bed furnished by the Prince-President. But the sparkling *feuilletonists* who blow up such brilliant bubbles of romance from the prosaic soap-and-water of every-day life, can not escape. How can Fancy have free play when the Fate-like shears of the *Censure* or the mace of the new press-law are suspended over its head? Besides, the lynx-eye of despotism may detect a covert political allusion in the most finely-wrought romance of domestic life. The delicate touches by which the *feuilletonist* sought to depict the fate of the deserted girl whose body was fished up from the Seine, may be thought to bear too strongly upon the fate of poor Liberté, betrayed and deserted by her quondam adorer, the Nephew of his Uncle; in which case, the writer would find himself forced to repent of his pathos behind the gratings of a cell, while his publisher's pocket would suffer the forfeiture of the 'caution-money.' Parisian gossip can not, under such circumstances, furnish us any thing very lively, but must content itself with chronicling the brilliant but tiresome receptions of the Elysée.

An occasional claw is however protruded through the velvet paws upon which French society creeps along so daintily in these critical days, showing that the propensity to scratch is not extinct, though for the present, as far as the President and his doings

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are concerned, "I dare not waits upon I would" in the cat-like Parisian salon life.

THE subject of gossip most thoroughly French in its character, which has of late days passed current, is one of which the final scene was Genoa, and the prominent actor unfortunately an American. We touch upon the leading points of this as they pass current from lip to lip.

Our readers have no great cause of regret if they have never before heard of, or have entirely forgotten, a certain so-called "Chevalier" WYKOFF, who, a few years since, gained an unenviable notoriety, in certain circles in this country, as the personal attendant of the famous *danseuse*, FANNY ELSSLER. Since that time the Chevalier has occasionally shown his head above water in connection with Politics, Literature, Fashion, and Frolic.

In due course of years the Chevalier grew older if not wiser, and became anxious to assume the responsibilities of a wife—provided that she was possessed of a fortune. It chanced that, about these times, a lady whom he had known for many years, without having experienced any touches of the tender passion, was left an orphan with a large fortune. The sympathizing Chevalier was prompt with his condolences at her irreparable loss, and soon established himself in the character of confidential friend.

The lady decides to visit the Continent to recruit her shattered health. The Chevalier—sympathizing friend that he is—is at once convinced that there is for him no place like the Continent.

Having watched the pear till he supposed it fully ripe, the ex-squire to the *danseuse* proposed to shake the tree. One evening he announced that he must depart on the morrow, and handed the lady a formidable document, which he requested her to read, and to advise him in respect to its contents.

The document proved to be a letter to another lady, a friend of both parties, announcing a deliberate intention of offering his fine person, though somewhat the worse for wear, to the lady who was reading the letter addressed to her friend. This proposal in the third person met with little favor, and the Chevalier received a decided negative in the second person.

The Chevalier, however, saw too many solid charms in the object of his passion to yield the point so easily. The lady returns to London, and lo! there is the Chevalier. She flees to Paris, and thither he hies. She hurries to Switzerland, and one morning as she looks out of the Hospice of St. Bernard, she is greeted with the Chevalier's most finished bow of recognition. She walks by the Lake of Geneva, and her shadow floats upon its waters by the side of that of her indefatigable adorer. He watches his opportunity and seizes her hand, muttering low words of love and adoration; and as a company of pleasure-seekers to whom they are known approaches, he raises his voice so as to be heard, and declares that he will not release the hand until he receives a promise of its future ownership. Bewildered and confused, the lady whispers a "Yes," and is for the moment set at liberty. No sooner is she fairly rid of him than she retracts her promise, and forbids her adorer the house.

She again flies to the Continent to avoid him. He follows upon her track, bribes couriers and servants all along her route, and finally manages at Genoa to get her into a house which he declares to be full of his dependents. He locks the door, and declares that marry him she must and shall. She refuses, and makes an outcry. He seizes her and tries to *soothe* her with chloroform. Once more she is frightened into a consent.

But the Chevalier is now determined to make assurance doubly sure; and demands a written agreement to marry him, under penalty of the forfeiture of half her fortune, in case of refusal. To this the lady consents: and the ardent admirer leaves the room to order a carriage to convey her to her hotel. She seizes the opportunity to make her escape.

On the day following, the adventurous Chevalier involuntarily makes the acquaintance of the Intendant of Police, and finds that his "bold stroke for a wife" is like to entail upon him certain disagreeable consequences in the shape of abundant opportunity for reflection, while a compulsory guest of the public authorities of Genoa.

Ought not the Chevalier WYKOFF to have been a Frenchman?

Editor's Drawer.

THE following anecdote of a legal gentleman of Missouri, was compiled many years ago from a newspaper of that State. There is a racy freshness about it that is quite delightful:

Being once opposed to Mr. S——, then lately a member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon some point of disagreement between them:

"Here my brother S—— and I differ materially. Now this, after all, is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither, perhaps, can perceive any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings.

"Now, let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a man should come into this court-room, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head" (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large "chuckle-head" of his opponent) "is *a squash!* I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it was *a head*. Now, here would be difference—doubtless an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doom's-day, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects just as *empty* and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for if it was *not* a head, it at least occupied the *place* of one: it stood where a head *ought* to be!"

All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his admirable sketches of Dutch character, describes an old worthy, with a long eel-skin queue, a sort of covering that was "a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair." This was in "other times;" and here is a "Tail" of that remote period:

"A Tale I'll tell of "other times,"
Because I'm in the mind:
You may have seen the tale before,
I've seen it oft behind.

"There's no detraction in this tale,
Nor any vile attack,
Or slander when 'tis told, although
It goes behind one's back.

"Impartial auditors it had,
Who ne'er began to rail,

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Because there always was an ear
For both sides of the tale.

"But oh, alas! I have forgot,
I am not in the queue;
The tale has just dropped from my head,
As it was wont to do!"

A CLERGYMAN in one of our New England villages once preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended.

"Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it *was* a good sermon, but he *stole* it!"

This was told to the preacher. He resented it, at once, and called upon his parishioner to retract what he had said.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract any thing I may have said, for I usually weigh my words before I speak them. But in this instance I will retract. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find, however, that I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it had been taken, I found it there, word for word!"

The angry clergyman "left the presence," with an apparent consciousness that he had made very little by his "motion."

WE gave in a late "Drawer" some rather frightful statistics concerning snuff-takers and tobacco-chewers: we have now "the honor to present" some curious characteristics of the kinds of *materiel* which have regaled the nostrils of so many persons who were "up to snuff."

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick, Ireland. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil.

Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called "Black-Yard," and, preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity, which soon became widely known as "Black-Yard Snuff;" a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word, "Blackguard."

Lundy Foot, making his customers pay liberally through the nose for one of the most "distinguished" kinds of snuffs in the world, soon raised the price of his production, took a larger house in the city of Dublin, and was often heard to say,

"I made a very handsome fortune by being, as I supposed, utterly ruined!"

SOMEBODY has described Laughter as "a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man," and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. One may say, with Titus, that we have "lost a day," if it shall have passed without laughing. "An inch of laugh is worth an ell of moan in any state of the market," says one of the old English "Fathers." Pilgrims at the shrine of Mecca consider laughter so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces.

"Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his sick bed; "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh!"

After all, if laughter be genuine, and consequently a means of innocent enjoyment, *can* it be inept?

TAYLOR, an English author, relates in his "Records," that having restored to sight a boy who had been born blind, the lad was perpetually amusing himself with a hand-glass, calling his own reflection his "little man," and inquiring why he could make it do every thing he did, *except to shut its eyes*. A French lover, making a present of a mirror to his mistress, sent with it the following lines:

"This mirror *my* object of love will unfold,
Whensoe'er your regard it allures;
Oh, would, when I'm gazing, that I might behold
On its surface the object of *yours!*"

This is very delicate and pretty; but the following old epigram, on the same subject, is in even a much finer strain:

"When I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date;
My being and my stay dependent still
Not on my own, but on another's will:
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two?"

IT is a little singular, but it is true, that scarcely any native writer has succeeded better in giving what is termed the true "Yankee dialect," than a foreigner, an Englishman, Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, "Sam Slick." Hear him describe a pretty, heartless bar-maid, whom he met at the "Liner's Hotel, in Liverpool:"

"What a tall, well-made, handsome piece of furniture she is, ain't she, though? Look at her hair—ain't it neat? And her clothes fit so well, and her cap is so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good-natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She's a whole team and a horse to spare, that's a fact. I go and call for three or four more glasses than I want, every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She always says,

"'What will you be pleased to have, sir!'

"'Something,' says I, 'that I can't have,' looking at her pretty mouth—about the wickedest.

"Well, she laughs, for she knows well enough what I mean; and she says,

"'Pr'aps you'll have a glass of bitters, sir,' and off she goes to get it.

"Well, this goes on three or four times a day; every time the identical same tune, only with variations. It wasn't a great while afore I was there agin.

"'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' said she agin, laughin'.

"'Something I can't git,' says I, a-laughin' too, and lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney.

"'You can't tell that till you try,' says she; 'but you can have your bitters at any rate;' and she goes agin and draws a glass, and gives it to me.

"Now she's seen *you* before, and knows you very well. Just you go to her and seg how nicely she'll curtshy, how pretty she'll smile, and how lady-like she'll say,

"'How do you do, sir? I hope you are quite well, sir? Have you just arrived? Here, chambermaid, show this gentleman up to Number Two Hundred. Sorry, sir, we are so full, but to-morrow we will move you into a better room. Thomas, take up

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this gentleman's luggage.' And then she'd curtshy agin, and smile so handsome!

"Don't that look well, now? Do you want any thing better than that? If you do, you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a little: don't be in such an almighty, everlastin' hurry. Think afore you speak. Go there, agin, see her a-smilin' once more. and look clust. It's only skin-deep; just on the surface, like a cat's-paw on the water; it's nothin' but a rimple like, and no more. Then look cluster still, and you'll discarn the color of it. You laugh at the 'color' of a smile, but do you *watch*, and you'll *see* it.

"Look, *now;* don't you see the color of the shiling there? It's white, and cold, and silvery: *it's a boughten smile*, and a boughten smile, like an artificial flower, hain't got no sweetness into it. It's like whipt cream; open your mouth wide; take it all in, and shut your lips down tight, and it ain't nothin'. It's only a mouthful of moonshine, a'ter all."

Sam goes on to say that a smile can easily be counterfeited; but that the eye, rightly regarded, can not deceive.

"Square, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by Natur. It runs strait from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast it can't be compared to nothin' but 'iled lightning. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into the car, and offs, like wink, to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand, as bright as an argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off.

"Look to *the eye*, Square: if there ain't no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that hitch: there ain't no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. Smiles can be put on and off, like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like lights and shades in natur; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so you're enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil: *but the eye never*.

"But, Square, there's all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; a true eye and a false eye; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a manœuvring eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye; a squintin' eye, and the evil-eye; and more'n all, the dear little lovin' eye. They must all be studied to be larnt; but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye."

An American writer, somewhat more distinguished as a philosopher and psychologist than Mr. Slick, contends that the "practiced eye" may often deceive the most acute observer, but that there is something in the play of the lines about the mouth, the shades of emotion developed by the least change in the expression of the lips, that defies the strictest self-control. We leave both theories with the reader.

THAT was a pleasant story, told of an English wit, of very pleasant memory, who was no mean proficient in "turning the tables" upon an opponent, when he found himself losing. On one occasion he was rapidly losing ground in a literary discussion, when the opposite party exclaimed:

"My good friend, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine; you are only an *every-day* man."

"Well, and you are a *week* one," replied the other; who instantly jumped upon the back of a horse-laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror.

WE know not the author of the following lines, nor how, or at what time, they came to find a place in the "Drawer;" but there is no reader who will not pronounce them very touching and beautiful:

I am not old—I can not be old,
  Though three-score years and ten
Have wasted away like a tale that is told,
  The lives of other men
I am not old—though friends and foes
  Alike have gone to their graves;
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
  As a rock in the midst of the waves
I am not old—I can not be old,
  Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
  Call me not old to-day!
For early memories round me throng,
  Of times, and manners, and men;
As I look behind on my journey so long,
  Of three-score miles and ten.
I look behind and am once more young,
  Buoyant, and brave, and bold;
And *my heart* can sing, as of yore it sung,
  Before they called me old.
I do not see her—the old wife there—
  Shriveled, and haggard, and gray;
But I look on her blooming, soft, and fair,
  As she was on her wedding-day.
I do not see you, daughters and sons,
  In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once
  My fond little children then.
And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
  Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he,
  The bright-eyed little wight!
'Tis not long since—it can not be long,
  My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
  But now I am feeble and bent.
A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
  A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
  My heart is full of youth.
Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
  And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, tho' it seem to grow old,
  Is the heart forever young!
Forever young—though life's old age,
  Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, *the heart* is a heritage,
  That keeps the old man young!

THAT is a good story told of an empty coxcomb, who, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to the celebrated caustic Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head.

"No wonder," said the doctor, rather pettishly; "you always go out without any thing in it!"

We have heard somewhere of another of the same stamp, who imagined himself to be a poet, and who said to "Nat. Lee," whose insane verse was much in vogue at the time:

"It is not easy to write like a madman, as you do."

"No," was the reply; "but it is very easy to write like *a fool*, as *you* do!"

There was some "method" in the "madness" that dictated that cutting rejoinder, at any rate

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"I was once a sea-faring man," said an old New York ship-master one day, to a friend in "The Swamp," "and my first voyage was to the East Indies. To keep me from mischief, the mate used to set me picking oakum, or ripping up an old sail for 'parceling,' as it was called. While engaged one day at this last employment, it occurred to me that a small piece of the sail would answer an admirable

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purpose in mending my duck over-trowsers, as they were beginning to be rather tender in certain places, owing, perhaps, to my sitting down so much. I soon appropriated a small piece, but was detected by the mate while 'stowing it away.'

"He took it from me, and while he was lecturing me, the captain, a noble fellow, with a human heart in his bosom, came on deck, when the whole matter was laid before him.

"'A——,' said he, 'always *ask* for what you want; if it is *denied* to you, then steal it, if you think proper.'

"I remembered his advice; and in a short time afterward had another piece of canvas snugly 'stowed away.' I carried it forward, and gave it to my 'chummy,' an old 'salt,' who had the charge of my wardrobe (which consisted of six pairs of duck-trowsers, the same number of red-flannel shirts, a Scotch woolen cap, and a fine-tooth comb), and performed my mending.

"The next day I went on deck with a clean pair of trowsers on, neatly patched. As I was going forward the captain hailed me:

"'You took that piece of canvas, sir!'

"'Yes, captain,' I replied, 'I *did*. You yourself told me to ask, and if I was refused, to do the *other thing*. I was refused, and *did* do the 'other thing.''

"'Well,' rejoined the captain, 'I have no great objection to your having the canvas, but let me tell you that you will never make a sailor if you carry your flying-jib over the stern!'

"My 'chummy,' sewing from the inside, had 'seated' my trowsers with a piece of canvas marked F. JIB!'"

THERE used to be quite popular, many years ago, a species of letter-writing in poetry, in accomplishing which much ingenuity was tasked and much labor expended. The ensuing lines are a good example of this kind of composition by comic writers who are not sufficiently advanced in joking to get "out of their *letters*." The lines were addressed to Miss Ma Vee, who had a pet jay,-of which she was very fond:

"Your jay is fond, which well I know,
He does S A to prove;
And he can talk, I grant, but O!
He can not talk of love.

"Believe me, M A, when I say,
I dote to that X S,
I N V even that pet J,
Which U sometimes caress.

"Though many other girls I know,
And they are fair, I C,
Yet U X L them all, and so
I love but M A V.

"M A, my love can ne'er D K,
Except when I shall die;
And if your heart *must* say me nay,
Just write and tell me Y!"

The following "*Welsh Card of Invitation*" is a striking example of the avoidance of pronouns: "Mr. Walter Morton, and Mrs. Walter Morton, Miss Sandys's compliments to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, Miss Sandys request the favor of the company of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), to dinner on Monday next. Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys, beg to inform Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), that Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys can accommodate Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), with beds, if remaining through the night is agreeable to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Morton, Mrs. Walter Morton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect!"

This is an exact copy of an authentic note of invitation to a dinner-party. In point of roundabout-ativeness, it is on a par with the long legal papers which used to be served upon pecuniary delinquents.

IF you would enjoy a bit of most natural and felicitous description, read the following by that classical and witty writer—no longer, with sorrow be it spoken, of this world—the author of "The American in Paris." The passage has been in the "Drawer" for many years:

"There is a variety of little trades and industries which derive their chief means of life from the wants and luxuries of the street; I mean trades that are unknown in any other country than Paris. You will see an individual moving about at all hours of the night, silent and active, and seizing the smallest bit of paper in the dark, where you can see nothing; and with a hook in the end of a stick, picking it up, and pitching it with amazing dexterity into a basket tied to his left shoulder; with a cat-like walk, being every where and nowhere at the same time, stirring up the rubbish of every nook and gutter of the street, under your very nose. This is the 'Chiffonier.' He is a very important individual. He is in matter what Pythagoras was in mind; and his transformations are scarcely less curious than those of the Samian sage. The beau, by his pains, peruses once again his worn-out dicky or cravat, of a morning, in the 'Magazin des Modes;' while the politician has his linen breeches reproduced in the 'Journal des Debats;' and many a fine lady pours out her soul upon a *billet-doux* that was once a dish-cloth. The 'chiffonier' stands at the head of the little trades, and is looked up to with envy by the others. He has two coats, and on holidays wears a chain and quizzing-glass. He rises, too, like the Paris gentry, when the chickens roost, and when the lark cheers the morning, goes to bed.

"All the city is divided into districts, and let out to these 'chiffoniers' by the hour; to one from ten to eleven, and from eleven to twelve to another, and so on through the night; so that several get a living and consideration from the same district. This individual does justice to the literary compositions of the day. He crams into his bag indiscriminately the last vaudeville, the last sermon of the Archbishop, and the last essay of the Academy.

"Just below the 'chiffonier' is the 'Gratteur.' This artist scratches the livelong day between the stones of the pavement for old nails from horses' shoes, and other bits of iron; always in hope of a bit of silver, and even perhaps a bit of gold; more happy in his hope than a hundred others in the possession. He has a store, or 'magazin,' in the Faubourgs, where he deposits his ferruginous treasure. His wife keeps this store, and is a '*Marchande de Fer*.' He maintains a family, like another man; one or two of his sons he brings up to scratch for a living, and the other he sends to college; and he has a lot

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'in perpetuity' in Père la Chaise. His rank, however, is inferior to that of the 'chiffonier,' who will not give him his daughter in marriage, and he don't ask him to his *soirées*."

A SAD and "harrowing" event (after the manner of "the horrid" poetical school), is recorded in the subjoined wild "Fragment:"

"His eye was stern and wild; his cheek
Was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tightened lip a smile
Of fearful meaning lay:

"He mused awhile, but not in doubt;
No trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady, solemn pause
Of resolute despair!

"Once more he looked upon the scroll,
Once more its words he read;
Then calmly, with unflinching hand,
Its folds before him spread.

"I saw him bare his throat, and seize
The blue, cold-gleaming steel,
And grimly try the temper'd edge
He was so soon to feel!

"A sickness crept upon my heart,
And dizzy swam my head:
I could not stir, I could not cry,
I felt benumbed and dead!

"Black icy horrors struck me dumb,
And froze my senses o'er:
I closed my eyes in utter fear,
And strove to think no more!

. . . . . .

"Again I looked: a fearful change
Across his face had passed;
He seemed to rave:—on cheek and lip
A flaky foam was cast.

"He raised on high the glittering blade;
Then first I found a tongue:
'Hold! madman! stay the frantic deed!
I cried, and forth I sprung:

"He heard me, but he heeded not:
One glance around he gave:
And ere I could arrest his hand,
He had—BEGUN TO SHAVE!"

We can recall some half-dozen specimens of this style of writing; one, at least, of which, from an erratic American poet, must be familiar to the general reader.

Literary Notices.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The subject of these volumes has left a reputation for strength and brilliancy of intellect which, we imagine, will hardly be justified hereafter by the perusal of her writings. No one, however, can read this touching tribute to her memory without perceiving that she was a remarkable woman. It at once explains the secret of her success, and of her want of general recognition. From her early childhood, she displayed a wonderful precocity of genius. This was stimulated by constant mental inebriation, produced by the excitements of an ambitious and ill-judged education. Her girlish studies were devoted to subjects which demanded the mature experience of a masculine intellect. Deprived of the frolic delights of childhood, a woman in cultivation while young in years, goaded to the wildest intensity of effort by the urgency of an exacting parent, and attaining an extraordinary mental development at the expense of her physical nature, she must, of course, soon have become the object of marked attention and wonder—a prodigy to her friends, and a mystery to herself. Thus she was early placed in a false position. She grew up self-involved, her diseased mind preying on itself, and the consciousness of her personal importance assumed a gigantic magnitude, which threatened to overshadow all healthy manifestations of character. In this condition, she was accustomed to claim more than she could give—more than others were content to grant. The loftiness of her self-esteem was the measure of her lavish disdain. Hence, with the exception of those with whom chance had made her intimate, she was more formidable than attractive to the circle of her acquaintance; her presence in society called forth aversion or terror; as she dispensed the scathing splendors of her Jove-like lightnings, rather than the sweet refreshments of womanhood. But beneath this social despotism, were concealed a genuine kindliness of nature, a large sympathizing heart, a singular power of entering into the condition of others, and a weird magnetic charm which drew to her closest intimacy the most opposite characters. She was, moreover, generous and noble to an uncommon degree, in all the more sacred relations of life; with a high sense of duty; never shrinking from sacrifices; a wise and faithful counselor where her confidence was invoked; absolutely free from every trait of petty or sordid passion; the very soul of honor; and with a sense of justice that seemed to ally her with Eternal Truth.—In these volumes, she is left in a great measure to speak for herself. Her letters and private journals present a transparent record of her character. The editorial portion, by R. W. Emerson, James F. Clarke, and W. H. Channing, is executed with beautiful candor. The most truthful simplicity graces and fortifies their statements. With no other aim than to exhibit an honest portraiture of their friend, they have in no case, that we can discover, allowed their private feelings to gain the mastery over their sterner judgments.—Her residence in Italy reveals her heroism, devotion, and womanly tenderness, in a light that would almost induce the belief, on the part of those who had met her only in the antagonisms of society, that she had changed her identity. A profound, mysterious pathos hovers around her Italian experience, preparing the reader for the tragic close of a life, which was itself a tragedy. The description of her last hours presents a scene of desolation, before which grief can only bow in mute tears.

Charity and its Fruits, by JONATHAN EDWARDS, edited by TRYON EDWARDS. A new work from the pen of the illustrious Northampton pastor can not fail to be welcome to the admirers of his profound and original genius. Combining a rare acuteness of metaphysical speculation, with a glowing fervor of religious sentiment, Edwards has called forth the most expressive eulogiums from the philosophers of the old world, while his name is still "familiar as a household word" in the primitive homes of New England. His character presented a striking union of intellectual vigor with earnest piety. The childlike simplicity of his tastes was blended with the refined subtlety of a mediæval schoolman. The apostle of disinterested love, his soul was inspired and thrilled with contemplating the glories of redemption, and the triumphs of grace over the ruins of humanity

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The Lectures contained in this volume are devoted to his favorite theme. They illustrate the principle of love as the foundation of the Christian character, and the expression of reconciliation with the Lord. In the high standard of duty which they present, in their deep and comprehensive views of human nature, and in the force and sweetness of their style, they compare favorably with the standard productions of their author, and are certainly not surpassed by any religious treatise of modern times.

The manuscripts from which these lectures have been prepared were nearly ready for the press, as left by the writer. They were afterward placed in the charge of Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Bellamy, and are now for the first time given to the public by the present editor. He justly deserves the gratitude of the religious world for this valuable gift. (Published by R. Carter and Brothers).

Harper and Brothers have issued a neat octavo edition of Sir JOHN RICHARDSON'S *Arctic Searching Expedition*, comprising a copious journal of a boat-voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of Sir John Franklin—a variety of interesting details concerning the savages of that region—and an elaborate treatise on the physical geography of North America. Sir John Richardson left Liverpool in March, 1848, and after landing in New York, proceeded at once to the Saut Ste. Marie, where he arrived about the last of April. Starting in a few days from the Saut, he reached the mouth of the River Winnipeg on the 29th of May, and arrived at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, June 13—a distance of nearly 3000 miles from New York. His various adventures on the overland route to Fort Confidence, in 66 degrees of north latitude, where the winter residence of the party was established, are related with great minuteness, presenting a lively picture of the manners of the Indians, and the physical phenomena of the icy North. The history of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, and the present state of the search for that intrepid navigator, is briefly recorded. With the prevailing interest in every thing connected with Arctic discovery, this volume is a most seasonable publication, and will be read with avidity by our intelligent countrymen.

The Future Wealth of America, by FRANCIS BONYNGE, is a volume of curious interest, describing the physical resources of the United States, and the commercial and agricultural advantages of introducing several new branches of cultivation. Among the products enumerated by the author as adapted to the soil and climate of this country are tea, coffee, and indigo, the date, the orange, the peach fruit, and the guava. The work, though written in an enthusiastic spirit, is filled with practical details, and presents a variety of useful suggestions in regard to the conditions of national prosperity. Mr. Bonynge is familiarly acquainted with the culture of tropical products, having resided for fourteen years in India and China. His book is well-deserving the attention of the American public.

The Twenty-second Part of COPLAND'S *Dictionary of Practical Medicine* is published by Harper and Brothers, reaching to the eight hundredth page of the third volume of the work, and to the commencement of the letter S. For laymen who have occasion to refer to a medical work, this Dictionary forms a valuable book of reference, and may be consulted with convenience and profit. Its merits are too well known to the profession to demand comment.

A Reel in the Bottle, for Jack in the Doldrums, by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. Modern allegory is a dangerous species of composition. The taste of the age demands clearness, brevity, point; it prefers practical facts to mystic symbols; and, above all, rejects artificial tamperings with Oriental imagery. Imitations of the venerable simplicity of the Bible are always offensive to a correct mind; and scarcely less so is the ancient form of allegory disguised in fashionable trappings. The volume now put forth by Mr. Cheever forms no exception to these remarks. He has met with but indifferent success, in an attempt where a perfect triumph would have brought little credit. The frequent sacrifices of nature and good taste, which his plan demands, illustrate his ingenuity at the expense of his judgment. He reminds us of John Bunyan, whom he takes for his model, only by contrast. We should as soon expect a modern Hamlet from Bulwer as a second Pilgrim's Progress from the present author. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

The Head of the Family, by the gifted author of "The Ogilvies," forms the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh number of Harper's "Library of Select Novels." It is distinguished for the absorbing interest of its plot, the refinement and beauty of its characterizations, and its frequent scenes of tenderness and pathos.

NEANDER'S *Practical Exposition of the Epistle of James* has been translated by Mrs. H. C. CONANT, and published by Lewis Colby. We have before spoken of the success of Mrs. Conant, as the translator of Neander. She has accomplished her present task with equal felicity. Biblical students are greatly in her debt for introducing them to the acquaintance of such a profound and sympathizing interpreter of Holy Writ. Neander wisely avoids metaphysical subtleties. Nor is he a barren, verbal critic. He brings a sound, robust common sense to the exposition of his subject, seeking to detect the living spirit of the writer, and to reproduce it with genuine vitality. A new glow breathes over the sacred page under his cordial, feeling comments, and we seem to be brought into the most intimate communion with the inspired writer. It is no small praise to say of the translator, that she has transferred this lifesome spirit, to a great degree, into her own production.

Redfield has published a spirited translation of ARSENE HOUSSAYE'S work on the *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century* in France. A more characteristic portraiture of that egotistic and voluptuous age is not to be found in any language. It places us in the midst of the frivolous court, where the love of pleasure had triumphed over natural sentiment, where religion was lost in hypocrisy, and earnestness of character laughed out of countenance by shameless adventurers. The brilliancy of coloring in these volumes does not disguise the infamy of the persons whom it celebrates. They are displayed in all their detestable heartlessness, and present a wholesome warning to the reader by the hideous ugliness of their example.

BON GAULTIER'S *Book of Ballads*. These clever parodies and satires, whose cool audacity and mischievous love of fun have secured them a favorite place in the English magazines, have been republished in a neat edition by Redfield. Our too thin-skinned compatriots may find something to provoke their ire in the American Ballads, but the sly malice of these effusions generally finds an antidote in their absurdity. For the rest, Bon Gaultier may be called, in Yankee parlance, "a right smart chap," excelling in a species of literature which the highest genius rarely attempts.

We have a new edition of WALKER'S *Rhyming*

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Dictionary from Lindsay and Blakiston—a welcome aid, no doubt, to scribblers in pursuit of rhymes under difficulties. We hope it will not have the effect to stimulate the crop of bad poetry, which of late has been such a nuisance to honest readers.

Miss Mitford, in her *Literary Recollections* gives some specimens of poetical charades by Mr. Praed, the most successful composer of lyrical *jeux d'esprit* of this kind. In the review of her work by the *Athenæum*, the two following charades are quoted, the latter of which, Miss Mitford says, is still a mystery to her, and proposes a solution to her readers:

I.

"Come from my *First*, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought,
So; forward and farewell!

"Toll ye my *Second*! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast.
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So,—take him to his rest!

"Call ye my *Whole*, ay, call,
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

II.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,—
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My *First* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* furnishes the following poetical solution of the two charades in one:

"No more we hear the sentry's heavy tramp
Around the precincts of the drowsy *camp*;
All now is hush'd in calm and sweet repose,
And peaceful is the lovely evening's close;
Save when the village chimes the hours forth-tell,
Or parting souls demand the passing *bell*.
Would I could grasp a *Campbell's* lyric pen!
I then might justice do to 'arms and men,'
And sing the well-fought field of Agincourt,
Where, hand to hand, mix'd in the bloody sport,
The hosts of France, vain of superior might,
By English valor were o'erthrown in fight,
And bade to fame and fortune long *Good Night!*"

Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh have in preparation, translations of the following works: viz.—Dr. Julius Muller's great work on the *Doctrine of Sin*, translated under the superintendence of the author.—Professor Muston's *Israel of the Alps*, the latest and most complete History of the Waldenses, translated with the concurrence of the author.—Dorner on the *Person of Christ*, translated by the Rev. Mr. Kingsford, one of the Chaplains to the Hon. East India Company.—Bengel's *Gnomon of the New Testament*, translated by the Rev. Peter Holmes, of the Plymouth Royal Grammar School.

Mr. Bohn announces the following important Works as about to appear shortly: Kirby and Kidd's *Bridgewater Treatises.—Coin-Collector's Hand-Book*, by H. N. Humphreys, with numerous engravings of Ancient Coins.—*Greek Anthology; or Select Epigrams of the Greek Classic Poets*, literally translated into Prose, with occasional parallels in verse by English Poets.—Oersted's *Soul in Nature*, and other works, translated from the Danish, with Life of the Author.—*Rome in the 19th Century;* with Maps and Diagrams.—Kugler's *Historical Manual of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, Ancient and Modern.*

The election of the Greek Professsor in the University of Edinburgh was fixed for the 2d of March. The number of candidates in the field was very large, but it was thought that many would retire before the day of election. The principal struggle was supposed to be between Dr. William Smith, of New College, London, the learned author of the Classical Dictionaries; Dr. Price, late of Rugby, the friend of Dr. Arnold; Professor Macdowall, of Queen's College, Belfast; and Professor Blackie, of Aberdeen. The emoluments of the chair are upward of 800*l.*, and the college duties extend only over about half the year, during the winter session from November to May.

Professor Robinson, our townsman, whose proposed expedition to Palestine we lately announced, was at Berlin, at the latest accounts, and expects to be at Beyrout on the 1st of March. He intends to occupy most of his time in visiting the more remote districts of the country, and those villages off the usual routes, which are least known to travelers. Toward the completion of the topography and geography of Palestine, we may expect many new facts to be thus obtained. One of the American missionaries in Syria, the Rev. Eli Smith, and Mr. William Dickson, of Edinburgh, are to join Professor Robinson at Beyrout, and accompany him in the journey. The identification of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, about which there has been much dispute lately, is one object to which special attention will be given. Dr. Robinson was in London, on his route to the Continent, and attended the meetings of the Geographical and other Societies.

The wife of Professor Robinson has recently published a protest in the London *Athenæum* against a garbled English edition of her work on the Colonization of New England. Mrs. Robinson says, "A work appeared in London last summer with the following title: 'Talvi's History of the Colonization of America,' edited by William Hazlitt, in two volumes. It seems proper to state that the original work was written under favorable circumstances *in German*, and published in Germany. It treated only of the colonization of *New England*:—and that only stood on its title-page. The above English publication therefore, is a mere translation—and it was made without the consent or knowledge of the author. The very title is a misnomer; all references to authorities are omitted; and the whole work teems with errors, not only of the press, but also of translation—the latter such as could have been made by no person well acquainted with the German and English tongues. For the work in this form, there-

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fore, the author can be in no sense whatever responsible."

A late number of the *London Leader* in a review of HERMAN MELVILLE'S *Moby Dick, or the Whale*, says, "Want of originality has long been the just and standing reproach to American literature; the best of its writers were but second-hand Englishmen. Of late some have given evidence of originality; not *absolute* originality, but such genuine outcoming of the American intellect as can be safely called national. Edgar Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Herman Melville are assuredly no British offshoots; nor is Emerson—the *German* American that he is! The observer of this commencement of an American literature, properly so called, will notice as significant that these writers have a wild and mystic love of the super-sensual, peculiarly their own. To move a horror skillfully, with something of the earnest faith in the Unseen, and with weird imagery to shape these phantasms so vividly that the most incredulous mind is hushed, absorbed—to do this no European pen has apparently any longer the power—to do this American literature is without a rival. What *romance* writer can be named with HAWTHORNE? Who knows the horrors of the seas like HERMAN MELVILLE?"

A bill has been introduced by the Lord Advocate for abolishing tests in the Scottish universities for all professional chairs but those of the theological faculties. At present every professor, before induction, is required by law to sign the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the other formularies of the Scottish Established Kirk. In many cases the signature is not actually required, or it is given as a mere matter of form. Many of the most distinguished professors in Scotland do not belong to the Established Church of that country.

Count DE MONTALEMBERT'S formal reception as a Member of the Académie Française took place on the 5th of February; and as an event of literary and political importance, excited extraordinary sensation. The *salle* of the Academy was thronged to excess by the *élite* of Parisian society, and hundreds who had obtained tickets were unable to secure admission. As usual on such occasions, the Count delivered an harangue, the text of which was the merits, real or supposed, of the deceased member to whose chair he succeeded—but the burden of which was an exposition of the Count's opinions on things political, and things in general. As usual, also, one of the Academicians replied by a complimentary discourse to the new member, and it so chanced that the respondent was no less a personage than M. Guizot. These two distinguished men are what the French call "eagles of eloquence," and under any circumstance the liveliest interest would have been felt to see the two noble birds take an oratorical flight; but on this occasion it was immensely increased, by the fact that they are recognized chiefs of two different creeds in religion, the Catholic and the Protestant; of two hostile political parties, that of absolutism, and that of liberty; and of two contending schools in philosophy—one, which imposes authority on the mind of man, the other, which maintains his right to free examination.

CAVAIGNAC is stated to be employing the leisure of his voluntary exile in writing his own memoirs. This may be one of the mere rumors which float idly about in an age of interrupted sequence and disturbed action · but should it prove true, the public may hope for a curious and exciting narrative from the hero of June. Godfrey Cavaignac, his brother, was one of the wittiest and sternest of republican writers under Louis Philippe—and his own avowed opinions were the cause of much suspicion to the government, though his brilliant exploits in Algiers rendered it impossible to keep him down. Of course, however, the chief interest of his memoirs would centre in the pages devoted to his share in events subsequent to 1848.

A letter-writer from Paris to a London journal, presents some sound comments on the recent infamous law for the suppression of the freedom of the press: "President Bonaparte has this day promulgated his long-expected law on the press. It is of unexampled harshness and oppression. Old Draco himself, if living in these days, would not have made it so atrociously severe. It ruins newspaper and periodical proprietors; it strips editors, and writers, and reporters of the means of obtaining their bread by their honest industry; it altogether annihilates the political press. And not content with this, it prohibits the entrance into France of *foreign* political journals and periodicals, without the special authorization of the government.

"A few months ago the number of daily political newspapers in Paris exceeded thirty; it now does not amount to ten, and of these ten some are certain to disappear in the course of a short time. It is a very moderate computation to suppose that each one of the twenty and odd suppressed journals gave regular employment at good salaries to ten literary men, as editors, contributors, reporters, correspondents, or critics, and that each one afforded occasional employment to at least the same number of feuilletonistes. Here, then, we have upward of twice two hundred men, who, as regards intelligence, are of the *élite* of society, suddenly deprived of 'the means whereby they lived,' without any fault of their own. What is to become of them? What of their helpless wives and families? Few of them have any aptitude for any other calling, and even if they had, what chance have they, in this overstocked world, of finding vacant places? The contemplation of their misery must wring every heart, and the more so as, from a certain *fierté* they all possess, they feel it with peculiar bitterness. But, after all, they are but a small portion of the unfortunates who are ruined by the ruining of the press: there are the compositors, who must exceed two thousand in number; there are the news-venders, who must amount to hundreds there are the distributors, and the publishers, and the clerks, and all the various dependents of a journal, who must amount to hundreds more—all, like Othello, now exclaiming, 'My occupation's gone.' And then paper-makers and type-founders must surely find work slacker and wages lower, now that the newspapers are dead. And then, again, the cafés and the reading-rooms—a very legion—can they do the same amount of business when they have no newspapers to offer? I wonder whether the French Dictator has ever thought of the wide-spread misery he has occasioned, and is causing, by his enmity to the press. It may be doubted—else, perhaps, he would never, from motives of personal or political convenience, have annihilated such an important branch of human industry, which gave bread to tens of thousands. It is a fine thing to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it as a giant."

The German papers say that DR. MEINHOLD, the author of the *Amber Witch*, has left among his papers an unfinished manuscript, entitled "Hagar and the

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Reformation"—which, they add, is now in an editor's hands, and will be shortly given to the public.

LAMARTINE's new periodical, the *Civilisateur*, is receiving fair support. The subscriptions are coming in rapidly, and the first number will appear shortly.

The Mysteries of the People, by EUGENE SUE, is announced to be completed immediately. The sale of this eccentric novel, to say no more, has been prodigious. Eugene Sue is in Switzerland.

Dr. NEUMAN, Professor of History in the University of Munich, has completed his long-promised *History of the English Empire in Asia*. It is on the eve of publication.

Herr HARTLEBEN, the publisher at Pesth and Vienna, whose meritorious efforts to familiarize his countrymen with the best works of English literature, has just published a translation of Mr. DICKENS's *Child's History of England*. A German edition of Mr. WARBURTON's *Darien* is preparing for publication.

The German letter addressed to the Countess HAHN-HAHN on her two works—*From Babylon to Jerusalem*, and *In Jerusalem*—in Germany generally ascribed to Dr. NITZSCH, of Berlin, has been translated and published by Mr. Parker. It is very clever, and will probably amuse and interest the readers of that lady's former novels. The restless longing after new sensations, and the logicless action of a vain and ambitious mind, have seldom been analyzed so well or satirized so keenly as in *Babylon* and *Jerusalem*. A sharp preface from the translator also adds to the reader's zest.

GUTZKOW, the German critic and novelist, has just published a collected edition of his works in thirteen volumes, to which he is about to add a fourteenth volume, containing the memoirs of his earlier years. His gigantic novel, the *Knights of the Spirit*, has reached a second edition.

An English newspaper, *The Rhenish Times*, is about to be published at Neuwied, on the Rhine. This new organ, which has not many chances of success, is to be devoted to polite literature, politics, &c., from the contributions of a number of "eminent English authors," now residents of Neuwied and its environs.

The Austrian government, in order to secure the improvement of Hebrew works of devotion for its own subjects, has authorized the establishment of a special printing press at Goritz, in Illyria; and it calculates that it will henceforth be able to supply the vast demand which exists in the East. Heretofore the Jews of Eastern Europe, of Asia, and of Northern Africa, have obtained their religious books principally from Amsterdam or Leghorn.

"Of the language and literature of Hungary," says the *Literary Gazette*, "little is known in England. No European nation has excited so much political interest, with so little intellectual communion, or literary intercourse with other nations. By deeds, very little by words, has Hungary gained the sympathy and respect of the Anglo-Saxon freemen on both sides of the Atlantic. Few Englishmen have ever heard of the names of Garay, and Petöfi, and Kisfaludy, and Vörösmartz, whose lyric strains stir the hearts of the Magyars. The literature of so noble a people can not remain longer neglected in England. Besides the political importance which the country will yet assume, there is beauty and originality in the language itself deserving study. Of all European tongues, it has most of the Oriental spirit and form in its idioms. We are glad to find that an elementary work, entitled 'The Hungarian Language; its Structure and Rules, with Exercises and a Vocabulary,' is in the press, by Sigismund Wékey, late aid-de-camp to Kossuth. Both in Great Britain and America, we have little doubt, the book will be popular."

The Edinburgh papers record the death, upon the 14th, at the early age of forty-four, of ROBERT BLACKWOOD, Esq., the head of the firm of eminent publishers of that name. For the last two years the state of Mr. Blackwood's health compelled his withdrawal from a business which, for the previous fifteen years, he had conducted with admirable energy, sagacity, and success. In the discharge of the difficult duties which devolved upon him, from his position with reference to the literary men of the day, Robert Blackwood uniformly displayed the same strong practical sense for which his father, the founder of the Magazine, was distinguished. He was respected and beloved for his simple and manly qualities by all who had the happiness to know him. His judgments were independent, clear, and decided; his attachments strong and sincere, and by many his name will be long and warmly remembered as that of a stanch and cordial friend.

The friends and admirers of the late LORENZ OKEN one of the most eminent anatomists and natural philosophers of modern Europe, have set on foot a subscription for a monument to his memory. Oken's writings have been widely read in Europe and in America—and have, we believe, been translated into French, Italian, and Scandinavian, as well as into English. The character of the monument can not be determined until the probable amount of the subscription shall have been ascertained—but it is expected to take the form of a bust or a statue, to be set up in the Platz at Jena.

Baron D'OHSON died recently at Stockholm, aged 73. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and President of the Royal Society of Literature in that city. He was one of the most eminent Oriental scholars of the day, and author, among other things, of an important work on the peoples of Caucasus, and of a valuable history of Chinese Tartary. He was born at Constantinople, of Armenian parents, but was educated at Paris. He became secretary to Bernadotte, accompanied him to Sweden, and subsequently fulfilled several diplomatic missions to Paris, London, &c.

Turin journals announce the death of SERANGELI, an artist of celebrity. He was born at Rome, in 1770, and became a pupil of the celebrated David. At an early age he distinguished himself by a painting in one of the annual exhibitions at Paris, and commissions of importance were given to him by the government. His principal works are: *Eurydice dying in the arms of Orpheus; Orpheus soliciting her release from the King of Hell; Sophocles pleading against his Sons;* a *Christ Crucified;* and the *Interview of the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit*. Of late years he confined himself principally to portrait-painting, and his skill as an historical painter declined in consequence.

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GOING TO COVER.

Voice in the Distance.—"Now, then, Smith—Come along!"

Smith.—"Oh, it's all very well to say, Come along! when he won't move a step, and I'm afraid he's [illegible]

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OLD GENT.—"You see, my Dear, that the Earth turns on its own Axis, and makes one Revolution round the Sun each Year.

YOUNG REVOLVER.—"Then, Pa, does France turn on its own Axis when it makes its Revolutions?"

OLD GENT.—"No, my Dear, it turns on its Bayonets. However, that's not a Question in Astronomy."

THOUGHTS ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

(Selected from a Course of Lectures by PROFESSOR PUNCH.)

THE PRESIDENT has been elected for ten years. By the time this period has closed, it will be found that not only the term of the President's power, but the prosperity of France will be Decade (*Decayed*).

"ELECTION," according to the Dictionaries, is a synonym for "*Choice*." But in Louis Napoleon's new Political Dictionary we find the significant addendum :—"'*Hobson's*' *understood*."

THE two parties in France, who are the one in favor of a King and the other in favor of a Commonwealth, are easily distinguished by the denominations of Monarchists and Republicans; but there is some difficulty in finding a denomination for those in favor of an Empire, unless we adopt that of *Empirics*.

THE PRESIDENT is said to be a firm believer in the *Thompsonian practice* of medicine. This is probable, from the fact that he has treated the Insurgents with *Cayenne*.

IN honor of the vote for Louis Napoleon "the Tower of Notre Dame was decorated with hangings." Considering the origin of the present government, which is based on so many *shootings*, a very appropriate decoration is by means of *hanging*.

THE French trees of Liberty have been cut down and the wood given to the poor for fuel. The only liberty which the French have is—to warm themselves.

THE French have long been well instructed in Deportment; the President is now giving them lessons in Deportation.

FRANCE is still quiet; she is taking her little *Nap*.



EARLY PUBLICATION OF A LIBERAL PAPER IN PARIS.—*Time*—Four A.M.

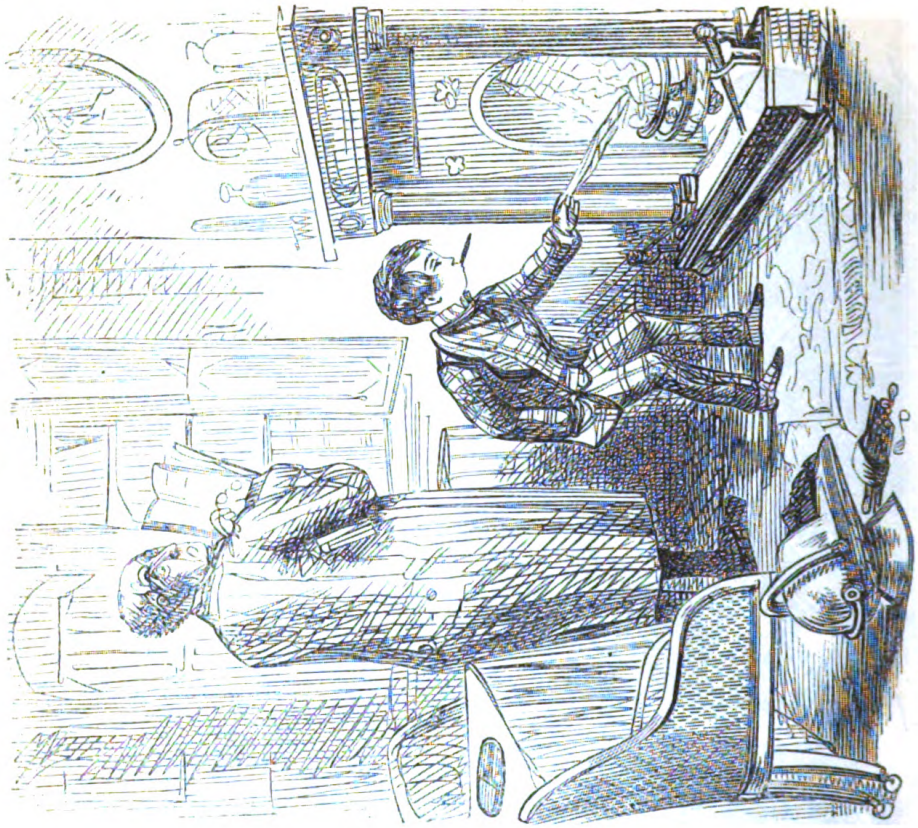
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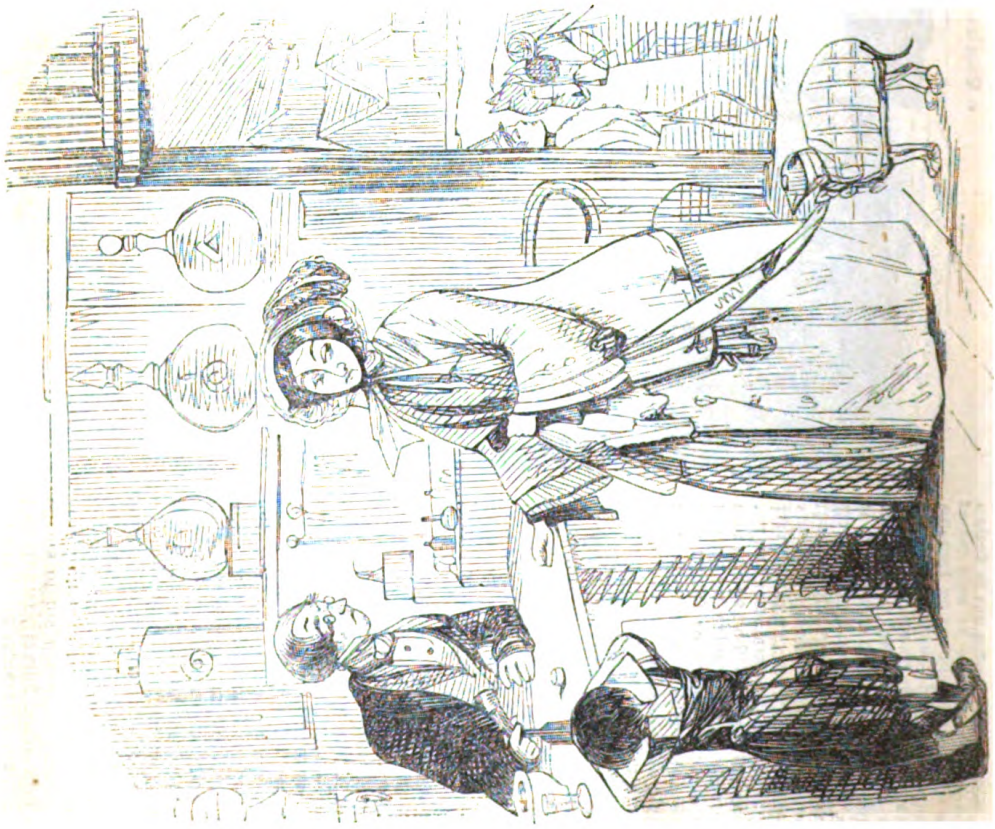
SCENE FROM THE "PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS."
(*Suggested by* HOGARTH'S *Rake's Progress.*)

THIS plate represents the "PRINCE PRESIDENT" taking possession of the effects of his deceased Uncle. From an old chest he has rummaged out the Imperial globe, crown, eagle, and collar. The Code Napoleon, a pair of military boots—too large to fit the new owner—and a bayonet, make up the remainder of the contents of the chest. The sceptre is surmounted by an expanded hand, the thumb of which comes in suspicious proximity to the nose of a bust of the Uncle. From an open closet the Imperial eagle, reduced to the last state of emaciation, is looking out. In the fireplace is the Imperial chair, to which an old hag, who might pass for the Avenging Nemesis, is setting fire, probably with the wood of the Trees of Liberty. Sundry hoards, left by the former occupant of the house, have been discovered, from which the young heir's ghostly attendant is helping himself. The new tailor, Monsieur GENDARME, is in the act of measuring the President for a suit of "Imperial purple, first quality." Mademoiselle LIBERTE, accompanied by her mother, Madame FRANCE, comes to demand the fulfillment of the promises he has made her, and has brought the wedding-ring; but he refuses to fulfill his solemnly-sworn engagement; and offers money to the mother, who rejects it with an expression of countenance that brooks no good to the gay deceiver. "The characters in this picture," says Herr SAUERTEIG, "are admirably developed: the stupid brutality of the heir, the grief and shame of the poor deceived LIBERTE, the anger of FRANCE, which, it is clear, will not be satisfied with words, the greed and avarice of the peculating priest, and the business-like air of the tailor—perfectly indifferent whether he fits his patron with an imperial robe or a convict's blouse—are worthy of the highest admiration."

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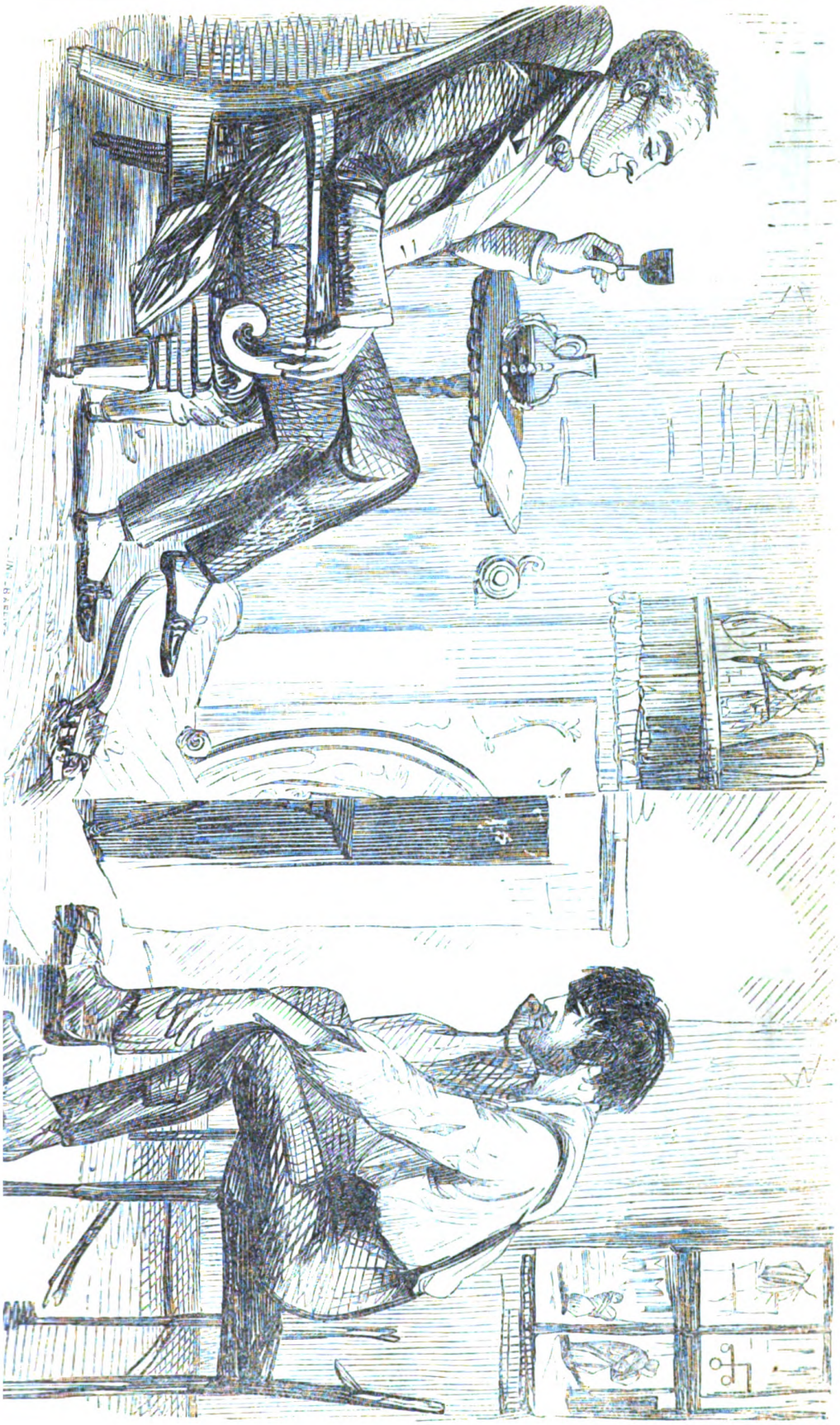


MASTER TOM.—"Have a Weed, Gran'pa?"
GRAN'PA.—"A what, Sir?"
MASTER TOM.—"A Weed'—A Cigar, you know."
GRAN'PA.—"Certainly not, Sir. I never smoked in my life."
MASTER TOM.—"Ah, then I wouldn't advise you to begin."

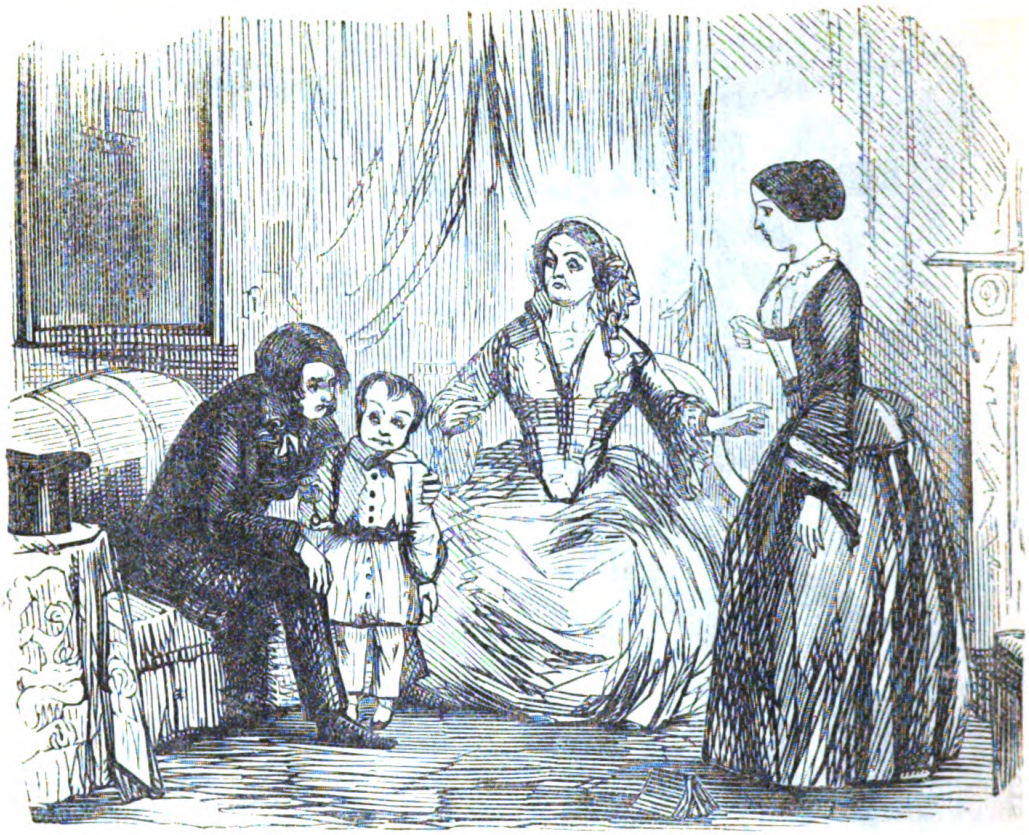


LADY.—"I have called Mr. Smith to say that my darling Dog (!) has taken all his Mixture, but he ought to be better."

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MR. ——.—"So, your Name is Charley, is it? Now, Charley doesn't know who I am?"
SHARP LITTLE BOY.—"Oh yes! but I do, though."
MR. ——.—"Well, who am I?"
SHARP LITTLE BOY.—"Why, you're the Gentleman who kissed Sister Sophy in the Library, the other night, when you thought no one was there."



"I say, Cook, will you ask the Policeman, could he step up—there's a Row in the next street."

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.

I.

Keeping her accounts in preference to an Album.

II.

Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.

III.

Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.

IV.

Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a day.

V.

Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."

VI.

Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.

VII.

Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

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Spring Fashions.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DRAWING-ROOM AND BALL COSTUMES.

THE sunny days of April, after our long, cold winter, are peculiarly inviting to promenaders, who have been housed for four months. Fashion, always on the alert to please, and as prompt in her ministrations, as the breath of spring to the buds, is unfolding her beauties in the world of mode, and, within another month will bring forth her creations in full bloom. In the mean while, new costumes for the drawing room and the saloon are not wanting. We present our readers this month with a report of in-door costumes only, but hope to give them something acceptable in our next, concerning dresses for the carriage and the promenade. The fabrics and colors suitable for March yet prevail, with few changes.

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The figure on the right (Fig. 1) in our first illustration exhibits a FULL DRESS TOILET, at once rich, chaste, and elegant. It is particularly adapted to youthful matrons, or ladies who may have doubled their teens without being caught in the noose of Hymen. The head-dress is very elegant. The parting of the hair in the middle of the forehead is very short, and the whole front hair is arranged in small curls, short in front, and gradually lengthening toward the sides. A band of pearls goes all round the head above the curls, and is brought round behind to hold the back hair.

Dress of antique watered silk, open all the way down from top of body. The body is cut so as to form lappets and has no seam at the waist; the lappet, quite smooth, goes round behind. The skirt is put on and gathered just under the edge of the lappet. The trimming of this dress is silk net in puffed *bouillonnés*. There is some round the body, on the sleeves, and all down the fore parts of the body and the dress. The *bouillons* on the top of the body and sleeves are confined by pearl loops. A rich brooch of pearls and diamonds, conceals the junction of the *bouillés* at the top of the body on the breast. The *bouillonnés* of the edges of fore part are confined by pearl cords, and at every other *bouillon*, the strings of pearls are double and go from one edge to the other. The body leaving open a space of two or three inches at the waist, just shows the bottom of an under-body of white satin. The under-skirt is satin, embroidered to represent an apron, with very rich pattern worked in white silk and with the crochet. Two rows of Alençon lace decorate each sleeve; a little white chemisette reaches beyond the body. The silk crochet embroidery may be replaced by one executed in silver, &c.

FIG. 2.—BALL COSTUME.—The season for balls is about closing, yet we give another illustration of a very elegant style: Hair in puffed bands; wreath of roses, laid so as to follow the curve of the bands, forming a point in front, and meeting behind in the back hair. Dress, white satin, covered with embroidered silk-net, and ornamented with bouquets of roses. The body is close, plain, and straight at top, and cut in three pieces in front; the point is long, the silk-net of sprigged pattern is laid even on the body, and follows its cut. The satin skirt has hollow plaits, and the net one is placed over it, so as to puff a good deal, without following the same plaits as those in the satin skirt. The effect of this black silk-net with black flowers over white satin, is very striking. In the front of the skirt, and from left to right, ten or eleven bouquets of moss roses and rose-buds are scattered at random, and this is a most appropriate occasion to apply Boileau's verse, in which he says, that "fine disorder is the effect of art." The short sleeves are puffed a little, and are trimmed with *engageantes* of scolloped-edged black blonde.

FIG. 3 represents a portion of an elegant DRESS-TOILET. Over the head is seen the upper part of a rich *sortie de bal* of white silk, trimmed with broad white galloon, watered, rather more than three inches wide. This galloon is sewed on flat about an inch from the edge. A galloon of an inch and a half begins at the waist, and comes, marking the shape of the breast, to pass over the shoulder, and form a round at the back. The galloon serves as an ornament, and it is below that the body of the garment assumes the fullness for fluting. A double trimming of white worsted gimp, embroidered with white jet, forms a pelerine. The upper one is raised, like a *fanchon*, to cover the top of the head, without muffling the neck and chin. The bottom is also trimmed with a deep



FIG. 3.—DRESS TOILET.

gimp, gathered, in sewing on. The dress is yellow *moire antique*, figured with a lampas pattern, reaching to the top. In the front, at the middle, by an effect of white satin, obtained in the manufacture, the imitation of a beautiful white ribbon is interwoven in the figured part, beginning at the waist, diverging on either side as it descends, and running round the bottom of the skirt. This admirable dress has received the name of *Victoria*.



FIG. 4.—FANCY COSTUME.

We denominate FIG. 4 a FANCY COSTUME for a little girl, because it has not been in vogue for the last three-fourths of a century. It represents the costume of a girl at about the time of our Revolution.

It was the dress, not only of children, but of girls "in their teens." It must be admitted, we think, that Fashion has not grown wise by age. In elegant simplicity this costume is far in advance of the flaunting exhibitions of finery, which little girls of our day often display. We recommend it to our Bloomer friends, as a practical historical evidence that their notions are not "new-fangled," but have the consecration of age, and the sanction of the generation when our good Washington flirted with the gay belles of Virginia.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIV.—MAY, 1852.—Vol. IV.

RODOLPHUS.—A FRANCONIA STORY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER III.

I. ANTONIO.

THE person who came in so suddenly to help the boys extinguish the fire under the corn-barn, on the night of the robbery, was Antonio, or Beechnut, as the boys more commonly called him. In order to explain how he came to be there, we must go back a little in our narrative, and change the scene of it to Mrs. Henry's house at Franconia, where Antonio lived.

One morning about a week before the robbery, Phonny, Mrs. Henry's son, and his cousin Malleville, who was at that time making a visit at his mother's, were out upon the back platform at play, when they saw Antonio walking toward the barn.

"Children," said Antonio, "we are going into the field to get a great stone out of the ground. You may go with us if you like."

"Well;" said Phonny, "come, Malleville, let us go."

So the children followed Antonio to the barn. There was a man there, one of Mrs. Henry's workmen, called James, who was getting out the oxen. James drove the oxen into the shed, and there attached them to a certain vehicle called a drag. This drag was formed of two planks placed side by side, with small pieces nailed along the sides and at the ends. The drag was shaped at the front so as to turn up a little, in order that it might not catch in the ground when drawn along. There was a hole in the front part of the drag for the end of a chain to be passed through, to draw the drag by. The end of the chain was fastened by a wooden pin called a *fid*, which was passed through the hook or one of the links, and this prevented the chain from being drawn back through the hole again.

While James was attaching the oxen to the drag, Antonio was putting such tools and implements upon it as would be required for the work. He put on an iron bar, an ax, a saw, a shovel, and two spare chains.

"Now, children," said he, "jump on."

So Phonny and Malleville jumped on, and Antonio with them. Antonio stood in the middle of the drag, while Phonny and Malleville took their places on each side of him, and held on by his arms. James then started the oxen along, and thus they went into the field.

"And now, Beechnut," said Malleville, "I wish you would sing me the little song that Agnes sung when she was dancing on the ice that summer night."

Phonny laughed aloud at this. "Oh, Malleville!" said he; "there could not be any ice on a summer night."

"Yes, there could," said Malleville, in a very positive tone, "and there was. Beechnut told me so."

"Oh, that was only one of Beechnut's stories," said Phonny, "made up to amuse you."

"Well, I don't care," said Malleville, "I want to hear the song again."

Beechnut had told Malleville a story about the fairy Agnes whom he found dancing upon a fountain one summer night in the woods, having previously frozen over the surface of the water with a little silver wand. He had often sung this song to Malleville, and now she wished to hear it again. The words of the song, as Beechnut sang them, were as follows:

Peep! peep! chippeda dee.
Playing in the moonlight, nobody to see.
The boys and girls have gone away,
They've had their playtime in the day
And now the night is left for me:
Peep! peep! chippeda dee.

The music was as follows:



When Beechnut had sung the song Malleville said, "Again." She was accustomed to say "again," when she wished to hear Beechnut go on with his singing, and as she usually liked to hear such songs a great many times, Beechnut always continued to sing them, over and over, as long as she said "again."

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Thus Malleville kept him singing Agnes's song in this instance all the way toward the field.

At length Malleville ceased to say "again," on account of her attention being attracted to a bridge which she saw before them, and which it was obvious they were going to cross. It had only logs on the sides of it for railing. Beyond the bridge the road lay along the margin of a wood. The stone which James and Antonio were going to get out, was just beyond the bridge, and almost in the road. When the oxen got opposite to the stone, James stopped them, and Antonio and the children got off the drag



THE DRAG RIDE.

It was only a small part of the stone that appeared above the ground. James took the shovel and began to dig around the place, so as to bring the stone more fully to view, while Antonio went into the wood to cut a small tree, in order to make a lever of the stem of it. Phonny took the saw —first asking Antonio's permission to take it— and climbed up into a large tree near the margin of the wood, where he began to saw off a dead branch which was growing there, and which may be seen in the picture. Malleville, in the mean time, sat down upon a square stone which was lying by the road-side near the wood, and occupied herself sometimes in watching the operation of digging out the stone, sometimes in looking up at Phonny, and sometimes in singing the song which Antonio had sung to her on the way.

Presently Antonio, having obtained his lever, came out into the road with it, and laid it down by the drag. He looked at the drag in doing this, and observed that one of the side-pieces had started up, and that it ought to be nailed down again. He looked up into the tree where Phonny was sawing, and said:

"Phonny!"

"What!" said Phonny.

"Look up over your head," said Antonio.

Phonny looked up.

"Do you see that short branch just above you?"

"This!" said Phonny, putting his hand upon it.

"Yes," said Antonio.

"Yes," said Phonny, "I see it."

"Hang your saw on it," said Antonio.

Phonny did so.

"Now, come down from the tree," said Antonio.

Phonny climbed down as fast as he could, and came to Beechnut.

"Take all the things out of your pocket and put them down on the drag."

Phonny began to take the things out. First came a pocket handkerchief. Then a knife handle without any blades. Then a fishing line. Then two old coins and a dark red pebble stone. This exhausted one pocket.— From the other came a small glass prism, three acorns, and at last two long nails.

"Ah, that is what I want," said Antonio, taking up the nails. "I thought you had two nails in your pocket, for I remembered that I gave you two yesterday. Will you give them back to me again?"

"Yes," said Phonny.

"Now, put the things back in your pocket. I admire a boy that obeys orders, without stopping to ask why. He waits till the end, and then he *sees* why. Now, you can go back to your saw."

But instead of going back to his saw, Phonny seemed just at that instant to get a glimpse of something which attracted his attention along the road beyond the bridge, for as soon as he had put his goods and chattels back in his pockets, he paused a moment, looking in that direction, and then he set out to run as fast as he could over the bridge. Antonio looked, and saw that there was a girl coming along, and that Phonny was running to meet her.

Antonio wondered who it could be.

It proved to be Ellen Linn. When Malleville saw that it was Ellen, she ran to meet her. She asked her why she did not bring Annie with her

"I did," said Ellen; "she is at the house. She was tired after walking so far, and so I left her there."

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"I am glad that she has come," said Malleville, "*let* us go and see her."

"Not just yet," said Ellen. "I will go with you pretty soon."

The fact was that Ellen had come to see Antonio about Rodolphus, and now she did not know exactly how she should manage to have any conversation with him alone; and she did not wish to talk before James and all the rest about the misconduct of her brother. As soon as Antonio saw her, he went to meet her, and walked with her up to the place where they were at work, to show her the great stone that they were digging out. Ellen looked at it a few minutes and asked some questions about it, but her thoughts were *after* all upon her brother, and not upon the stone. Presently she went to the place where Malleville had been sitting, and sat down there. She thought, perhaps, that Antonio would come there, and that then she could speak to him.

Phonny climbed up into the tree again, partly to finish his sawing, and partly to let Ellen Linn see how well he could work in such a high place. While he was there, Antonio went to the place where Ellen Linn was sitting, and asked her if she had heard from Rodolphus lately.

"Yes," said Ellen, "and that is the very thing that I came to see you about. I want to talk with you about Rodolphus."

Ellen said this in a low and desponding voice, and Antonio knew that she wished to speak to him alone.

"We can not talk very well here," said Antonio, "will it do if I come and see you about it *to-night*?"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking up joyfully. "Only I am sorry to put you to that trouble."

"I will come," said Antonio. "I shall get there about half-past eight."

Pretty soon after this, Ellen Linn went back to the house, and after a time she and Annie went home. About a quarter past eight that evening, she went out into the yard and down to the gate to watch for Antonio. At length she saw him coming. When he reached the house, Ellen walked with him to the great tree in the middle of the yard, and they both sat down on the bench by the side of it, while Annie was running about in the great circular walk, drawing her cart. Here Antonio and Ellen had a long conversation about Rodolphus. Ellen said that she had heard very unfavorable accounts of him. She had learned that he had got into bad company in the town where he now lived, as he had done at home, and that she was afraid that he was fast going to ruin. She did not know what could be done, but she thought that perhaps Antonio might go there and see him, and find out how the case really was, and perhaps do something to save her brother.

"I will go, at any rate," said Antonio, "and see if any thing can be done. Perhaps," he continued, "Mr. Kerber has found that he is a troublesome boy and may be willing to give him up, and then we can get him another place. However, at all events, I will go and see."

"When can you go?" asked Ellen.

"I can go next Saturday, most conveniently," said Antonio. "Besides if I go on Saturday I can stay till Monday, and that will give me all of Sunday to see Rodolphus, when he will of course be at leisure."

So it was arranged that Antonio was to go on Saturday. Ellen requested him to manage his expedition as privately as possible, for she did not wish to have her brother's misconduct made known more than was absolutely necessary. Antonio told her that nobody but Mrs. Henry should know where he was going, and that he would not even tell her what he was going for.

That evening Antonio obtained leave of Mrs. Henry to go to the town where Mr. Kerber lived, on Saturday, and to be gone until Monday. He told Mrs. Henry that the business on which he was going, was private, and that it concerned other persons, and that on their account, if she had confidence enough in him to trust him, he should like to be allowed to go without explaining what the business was. Mrs. Henry said that she had perfect confidence in him, and that she did not wish him to explain the nature of the business. She surmised, however, that it was something relating to Rodolphus, for she knew about his character and history, and she recollected Ellen's calling at her house to inquire for Antonio that morning.

When the Saturday arrived, Antonio began about ten o'clock to prepare for his journey. He had decided to set out on foot. He thought that he should get along very comfortably and well without a horse, as he supposed it would be easy for him to make bargains with the teamsters and travelers that would overtake him on the road, to carry him a considerable part of the way. He could have taken a horse as well as not from Mr. Henry's, but as he was to remain in the place where he was going over Sunday, he concluded that the expense of keeping the horse there, if he were to take one, would be more than he would have to pay to the travelers and teamsters for carrying him along the road.

He told James that he was going away, and that he was not to be back again until Monday. He did not, however, tell him where he was going. When he was all ready to set out, he went to his chest and took some money out of his till—as much as he thought that he should need—and then went into the parlor to tell Mrs. Henry that he was going.

"Are you all ready, and have you got every thing that you want?" asked Mrs. Henry.

Antonio said that he had every thing.

"Well, good-by then, said Mrs. Henry. "I wish you a pleasant journey; and if you find that any thing occurs so that you think it best to stay longer than Monday, you can do so."

Antonio thanked Mrs. Henry, bade her good-by, and went away.

Antonio stopped at Mrs. Linn's as he passed through the village. He had promised Ellen that he would call there on his way, to get a let-

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ter which she was going to send. and had told her at what time he should probably come. He found Ellen waiting for him at the gate. She had a small parcel in her hand. When Antonio came to the gate she showed him the parcel, and asked him if he could carry such a large one.

"It is not large at all," said Antonio; "I can carry it just as well as not."

"It is my little Bible," said she, "and the letter is inside. It is the Bible that my aunt gave me; but I thought she would be willing that I should give it to Rodolphus, if she knew—"

Here Ellen stopped, without finishing her sentence, and walked away toward the house. Antonio looked after her a moment, and then went away without saying another word.

It was twelve o'clock before he was fairly set out on his journey. He walked on for about two hours, meeting with various objects of interest in the way, but without finding any traveler going the same way, to help him on his journey. At last he came to a place where there were two girls standing by a well before a farm-house. Antonio, being tired and thirsty, went up to the well to get a drink.



THE WELL.

"How far is it from here to Franconia?" said Antonio to the girls.

They looked at him as if surprised, but at first they did not answer.

"Do you know?" said Antonio, speaking again.

"Haven't you just come from Franconia?" said one of the girls.

"Yes," said Antonio.

"Then I should think that you would know yourself," said she.

"No," said Antonio, "I don't know. I have been walking about two hours; but I don't know how far it is."

"I believe it is about five miles," said the youngest girl.

"Then I have come two miles and a half an hour," said Antonio. It is twenty miles more that I have got to go."

Then he made a calculation in his mind, and found that if he should have to walk all the way, he should not reach the end of his journey till about eleven o'clock, allowing one hour to stop for supper and rest.

Antonio thanked the girls for his drink of water and then went on.

Pretty soon he saw a large wagon in the road before him. He walked on fast until he overtook it. He made a bargain with the wagoner to carry him as far as the wagon was going on his road, which was about ten miles. This ride rested him very much, but it did not help him forward at all in respect to time, for the wagon did not travel any faster than he would have walked.

At length the wagon came to the place where it was to turn off from Antonio's road; so Antonio paid the man the price which had been agreed upon, and then took to the road again as a pedestrian.

He walked on about an hour, and then he began to be pretty tired. He concluded that he would stop and rest and get some supper at the very next tavern. It was now about half-past seven, and he was yet, as he calculated, nearly eight miles from the end of his journey. Just then he heard the sound of wheels behind him, and, on looking round, he saw a light wagon coming, drawn by a single horse, and with but one man in the wagon. The wagon was coming on pretty rapidly, but Antonio determined to stop it as it passed; so he stood at one side of the road, and held up his hand as a signal, when the wagon came near.

The man stopped. On inquiry Antonio found that he was going directly to the town where Rodolphus lived. Antonio asked the man what he would ask to carry him there.

"What may I call your name?" said the man.

"My name is Antonio."

"And my name is Antony," said the man. "Antony. It is a remarkable coincidence that our names should be so near alike. Get in here with me and ride on to the tavern, we will see if we can make a trade."

Antonio found Antony a very amusing and agreeable companion. In the end it was agreed that they should stop at the tavern and have some supper, and that Antonio should pay for the supper for both himself and Antony, and in consideration of that, he was to be carried in the wagon to the end of his journey.

During the supper and afterward, while riding along the road, Antony was quite inquisitive to learn all about Antonio, and especially to ascertain what was the cause of his taking that journey. But Antonio resisted all these attempts, and would give no information whatever in respect to his business.

They reached the end of their journey about half-past nine o'clock. Antonio was set down at the tavern, which has already been spoken of as situated at the head of the lane leading to the corn-barn, where Rodolphus and the other boys

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had made their rendezvous. Immediately after being shown to his room, which it happened was a chamber on the side of the house which was toward the lane, Antonio came down stairs and went out. His plan was to proceed directly to Mr. Kerber's house, hoping to be able to see Rodolphus that evening. He was afraid before he left the tavern that it might be too late, and that he should find they had all gone to bed at Mr. Kerber's. He thought, however, that he could tell whether the family were still up, by the light which he would in that case see at the windows; and he concluded that if the house should appear dark, he would not knock at the door, but go back to the tavern, and wait till the next morning.

The house *was* dark, and so Antonio, after standing and looking at it a few moments with a disappointed air, went back to the tavern. He went in at the door, and went up to his room. It happened that no one saw him go into the tavern this time, for as there was a very bright moon, and it shone directly into his chamber-window, he thought that he should not need a lamp to go to bed by, so he went directly up stairs to his room.

It was now about ten o'clock. Antonio sat down by his window and looked out. It was a beautiful evening, and he sat some time enjoying the scene. At length he heard suppressed voices, and looking down he saw three boys come stealing along round the corner of a fence and enter a lane. He saw the light of a lantern, too, for he was up so high that he could look down into it, as it were. He was convinced at once from these indications that there was something going on that was wrong.

He listened attentively, and thought that he could recognize Rodolphus's voice, and he was at once filled with apprehension and anxiety. He immediately took his cap, and went softly down stairs, and out at the door, and then going round into the lane, he followed the boys down toward the corn-barn. When they had all got safely in, underneath the building, he crept up softly to the place, and looking through a small crack in the boards he saw and heard all that was going on; he overheard the conversation between the boys about the box, saw them take away the straw, dig the hole, and bury it, and then had just time to step round the corner of the barn, and conceal himself, when the boys came out to see if the way was clear for them to go home. The next moment the light from the burning straw broke out, and Antonio, without stopping to think, ran instinctively in among the boys to help them to put out the fire.

Of course when the boys fled he was left there alone, and he soon found that it would be impossible for him to extinguish the fire. It spread so rapidly over the straw and among the boxes, that it was very plain all his efforts to arrest the progress of it would be unavailing. In the mean time he began to hear the cry of "fire." The people of the tavern had been the first to see the light, and were running to the spot down the lane. It suddenly occurred to Antonio that if he were found there at the fire he should be obliged to explain how he came there, and by so doing to expose Rodolphus as a thief and a burglar.* When Antonio thought how broken-hearted Ellen would be to have her brother sent to prison for such crimes, he could not endure the thought of being the means of his detection. He immediately determined therefore to run away, and leave the people to find out how the fire originated as they best could.

All these thoughts passed through Antonio's mind in an instant, and he sprang out from under the corn-barn as soon as he heard the men coming, and ran off toward the fields. The men saw him, and they concluded immediately that he was an incendiary who had set the building on fire, and accordingly the first two that came to the spot instead of stopping to put out the fire, determined to pursue the fugitive. Antonio ran to a place where there was a gap in a wall, and, leaping over, he crouched down, and ran along on the outer side of the wall. The men followed him. Antonio made for a haystack which was near, and after going round to the further side of the haystack, he ran on toward a wood, keeping the haystack between himself and the men, in hopes that he should thus be concealed from their view. As soon as he got into the wood he ran into a little thicket, and creeping into the darkest place that he could find, he lay down there to await the result.

The men came up to the place out of breath with running. They looked about in the wood for some time, and Antonio began to think that they would not find him. But he was mistaken. One of the men at length found him, and pulled him out roughly by the arms.

They took hold of him, one on one side and the other on the other, and led him back toward the fire. The building was by this time all in flames, and though many men had assembled they made no effort to extinguish the fire. It was obvious, in fact, that all such efforts would have been unavailing. Then, besides, as the building stood by itself, there was no danger to any other property, in letting it burn. The men gathered round Antonio, wondering who he could be, but he would not answer any questions. He was there an utter stranger to them all—a prisoner, seized almost in the very act of setting the building on fire, and yet he stood before them with such an open, fearless, honest look, that no one knew what to think or to say in respect to him.

In the mean time the flames rolled fearfully into the air, sending up columns of sparks, and illuminating all the objects around in the most brilliant manner. Groups of boys stood here and there, their faces brightened with the reflection of the fire, and their arms held up before their eyes to shield them from the dazzling light. A little further back were companies of women and children, beaming out beautifully from the sur-

* The crime of breaking into a building in such a way is called burglary, and it is punished very severely among all civilized nations.

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rounding darkness, and a gilded vane on the village spire appeared relieved against the sky, as if it were a great blazing meteor at rest among



THE CONFLAGRATION.

the stars. At length the fire went down. The people gradually dispersed. The men who had charge of Antonio took him to the tavern, locked him up in a room there, and stationed one of their number to keep guard at the door till morning

II. ANTONIO A PRISONER.

During the night, Antonio had time to reflect upon the situation in which he was placed, and to consider what it was best for him to do. He decided that the first thing to be done, was to write to Mrs. Henry, and inform her what had happened. He determined also not to reveal any thing against Rodolphus, unless he should find that he was required by law to do so—at least until he could have time to consider whether something could not yet be done to save him from the utter ruin which would follow from his being convicted of burglary and sent to the state prison.

In the morning, an officer came with a regular warrant for arresting Antonio, on the charge of setting the corn-barn on fire. A warrant is a paper signed by a justice or judge, authorizing the officer to seize a prisoner, and to bring him before a magistrate, for what is called an examination. If, on the examination, the magistrate sees that the prisoner is clearly innocent, he releases him, and that is the end of the matter. If, however, he finds that there is reason to suspect that he may be guilty, he orders the officer to keep him in the jail till the time comes for the court to meet and try his case.

Sometimes, when the offense is not very serious, they release the prisoner *on bail*, as it is called, during the time that intervenes between his examination and his trial. That is, they give him up to his friends, on condition that his friends agree that he shall certainly appear at the time of trial—covenanting that if he does not appear they will pay a large sum of money. The money that is to be forfeited, if he fails to appear, varies in different cases, and is fixed by the judge in each particular case. This money is called the *bail*. If the prisoner has a bad character, and his friends generally believe that he is guilty, he can not get bail, for his friends are afraid that if they give bail for him, and so let him have his liberty, he will run away before the time comes for his trial, and then they will lose the money. When, for this or any other reason, a prisoner can not get bail, he has to go to prison, and stay there till his trial comes on. On the other hand, if the prisoner has a good character, and if his friends have confidence in him, they give bail, and thus he is left at liberty until his trial comes on.

At the examination of a prisoner, which takes place usually very soon after he is first arrested, he is allowed to say any thing that he pleases to say, in explanation of the suspicious circumstances under which he was taken. He is, however, not required to say any thing unless he chooses. The reason of this is, that no one is required to furnish any proof against himself, when he is charged with crime. If he can say any thing which will operate in his favor, he is allowed to do it, and what he says is written down, and is produced on his trial, to be used for or against him according to the circumstances of the case.

When the officer came in, in the morning, to arrest Antonio, he told him he was to go at eleven o'clock the next morning before the magistrate to be examined. Antonio asked the officer whether he could be allowed, in the mean time, to write a letter to his friends in Franconia.

"Yes," said the officer, "only I must see what you write."

So they brought Antonio a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink. He sat down to a table and wrote as follows:

"Hiburgh, July 10.

"To Mrs. Henry;

"There was a fire here last night which burnt up an old corn-barn, and I have been taken up for it, by the officers. They think that I set the corn-barn on fire, but I did not do it. I suppose, though, that I shall have to be tried, and I expect that I must go to prison until the trial comes

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on, unless Mr. Keep could come down here and make some arrangement for me. You may depend that I did not set the corn-barn on fire.

"Yours with much respect,

"A. BIANCHINETTE."

The officer read this letter when it was finished, and then asked Antonio whether it should be put into the post-office. Antonio inquired how much it would cost to send a boy with it on purpose. The officer told him what he thought it would cost, and then Antonio took out the money that he had in his pocket to see if he had enough. He found that he had more than enough, and so the officer sent a special messenger with the letter.

"And now," said the officer, "you must go with me to my house. I am going to keep you there until the examination to-morrow."

So Antonio took his cap and went down stairs with the officer. He found quite a number of men and boys at the door, waiting to see him come. These people followed him along through the street, as he walked toward the officer's house, some running before, to look him in the face, and some running behind, and calling him incendiary and other hard names. Antonio took no notice of them, but walked quietly along, talking with the officer.

When he got opposite to the lane, he looked down toward the place where the corn-barn had stood. He found that it had been burnt to the ground. The ruins were still smoking, and several men and boys were standing around the place—some looking idly on, and some poking up the smouldering fires.

There was something in Antonio's frank and honest air, and in the intelligence and good sense which he manifested in his conversation, which interested the officer in his favor. He told his wife when he got home, that Antonio was the most honest looking rogue that he ever had the custody of. It shows, however, he added, how little we can trust to appearances. I once had a man in my keeping, who looked as innocent and simple-minded as Dorinda there, but he turned out to be one of the most cunning counterfeiters in the state.

Dorinda was the officer's little girl.

There was a room in the officer's house, which was made very strong, and used for the temporary keeping of prisoners. They put Antonio into this room and locked him in.

The officer, however, told him when he went away, that he would bring him some breakfast pretty soon; and this he did in about half an hour. Antonio ate his breakfast with an excellent appetite.

After breakfast he moved his chair up to a small window, which had been made in one side of the room. The window had a sash on the inside, and great iron bars without. Antonio opened the sash and looked out through the iron bars. He saw a pleasant green yard, and a little girl playing there upon the grass.

"What is your name?" said Antonio.

The little girl started at hearing this voice, ran back a little way, and then stood looking at Antonio with her hands behind her.

"Bring me that piece of paper," said Antonio, "that lies there on the grass, and I will make you a picture."

The girl stood still a moment as if much astonished, and then advancing timidly, she picked up the paper and brought it to Antonio's window, which was very near the ground, and held it up. Antonio reached his arm out between the bars of the grating and took the paper in.



THE BARRED WINDOW.

Although the window was not high, it seemed to be with some difficulty that Antonio could reach the paper as Dorinda held it up. But this was partly because Dorinda was afraid, and did not dare to come too near.

Antonio took a pencil out of his pocket, and putting the paper down upon the window sill, he began to draw. Dorinda stood still upon the ground outside, watching him. Antonio made a picture of a very grave and matronly-looking cat, lying upon a stone step and watching two kittens that were playing upon the grass before her. There was a bare-headed boy near, who seemed to be putting a mitten upon his hand. Underneath Antonio wrote the words—

"This is the picture of a cat,
Looking at some kittens;
Also a boy without a hat,
Putting on his mittens."

When the work was finished, Antonio threw the paper out the window, and Dorinda who had

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been all the time looking on with a very serious



ANTONIO'S PICTURE.

expression of countenance, took it up, and began to look at the drawing. She could not read, so she only looked at the picture. After examining it for some minutes, without, however, at all relaxing the extreme gravity of her countenance, she ran off to show the paper to her mother.

Presently she came back again. By this time Antonio had made another drawing. It was the representation of his own window, as it would appear on the outside, with iron bars forming a grating, and himself looking through between them. Underneath he wrote,

"Pity the poor prisoner, and bring him some books to read."

Dorinda took this picture too, when Antonio threw it out to her, and ran in with it to her mother. Presently she came out with two books in her hand. She came under the window and held them up timidly to Antonio, and Antonio took them in.

By the help of these books and some other indulgences that the officer allowed him, Antonio got through the day very comfortably and well.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, the officer came to take his prisoner to the justice, for examination. The officer led Antonio along the street till he came to a lawyer's office. There were several men and boys about the door. These persons eyed Antonio very closely when he went in. On entering the office, Antonio was brought up in front of a table which stood in the middle of the room. A young man was sitting at the table with paper, and pen, and ink before him. He was the clerk. The justice himself sat in an arm-chair near the window.

The men and boys from the outside came in immediately after Antonio, and stood in the office, near the door, to hear the examination.

When all was ready, the justice commenced by saying to Antonio,

"What is your name?" young man.

"Antonio Bianchinette," said Antonio.

"Where do you live?" asked the justice.

"In Franconia," said Antonio.

"You are aware, I suppose," said the justice, "that you are charged with having set fire to the building which was burned night before last, and you are brought here for a preliminary examination. You can do just as you please about giving any explanation of the circumstances of the case, or answering any questions that I put to you. If you make any statements or answer any questions, what you say will be put down, and will be used either for, or against you, as the case may be, on your trial.

Antonio said in reply, that he did not wish to make any statements, or to answer any questions in relation to the fire.

"There is one thing, however," he added, "that I wish to say, and that is, that there is something buried in the ground, under the place where the building stood, that ought to be dug up, and if you will take me to the place I will show you where to dig."

"What is it that is buried there?" said the justice.

"I would rather not answer that question," said Antonio.

The justice paused a moment to consider what to do. He had heard of the robbery that had been committed on Saturday night, for Mr. Kerber, on going into his office on Monday morning, had found the back door unhasped, and his desk broken open, and the news of the robbery had spread all over the village. People wondered whether there could be any connection between the robbery and the fire, though nothing had been said to Antonio about it.

After thinking a moment about Antonio's proposal, the justice concluded to accede to it. The officer accordingly sent a man to get a spade and directed him to come with it to the ruins of the corn-barn. Another man went to tell Mr. Kerber that the boy who had been taken up for setting the barn on fire, had said that there was something buried there, and that perhaps it might prove to be his money-box. So Mr. Kerber determined to go and see.

In a short time quite a large party were assembled around the ruins. Antonio directed them where to dig. The men pulled away the blackened timbers and brands which were lying over the spot, and began to dig into the ground. In a few minutes they struck something hard with the spade, and setting the spade down beneath it so as to pry it out, they found that it was indeed Mr. Kerber's box.

The men gathered eagerly around to examine the box. Mr. Kerber shook it and found that the money was safe inside. He took out his key, but he could not get it into the key-hole, for the key-hole had got filled with earth. He turned the box down upon its side and knocked it upon something hard, and so got the earth out, and then he found that the key would go in. He unlocked the box, and to his great joy found that all was safe.

Antonio would not make any explanation, except that he did not suppose that any thing else was buried there, and that consequently it would do no good to dig any more. He said, more-

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over, that he expected some of his friends would come from Franconia before night to see about his case, and so the justice gave him up to the care of the officer again, until his friends should come. The officer accordingly took his prisoner away again, and Mr. Kerber carried his money-box home.

Mr. Keep arrived that day about noon. He immediately had an interview with Antonio. After some little general conversation, Antonio said that he would rather not make any explanations of the circumstances under which he was arrested at present, even to Mr. Keep, unless Mr. Keep requested it.

"I tell you truly, sir," said he, "that I am entirely innocent; but I can not state what I know, without breaking a poor girl's heart who once saved my life, and I can not do it."

Mr. Keep was silent a few minutes when Antonio said this. He recollected Rodolphus and Ellen his sister, and recalled to mind the story of Ellen and the snow-shoes, which he had heard at the time. He immediately understood the whole case.

"I am not surprised that you feel as you do," said he, "but when a crime is committed and we are called upon to testify as a witness, we are bound to state what we know, without regard to our private feelings."

"Yes, sir," said Antonio, "but I am not called upon as a witness. I am charged with committing the crime myself, and the justice said that I was at liberty to answer or not, as I chose."

Mr. Keep was silent for a moment. He seemed to be reflecting upon what Rodolphus had said.

"By taking the course that you propose," he added, at length, "you run a great risk of being condemned yourself for the crime."

"Why, no, sir," said Antonio; "I can't be condemned unless they *prove* that I did it; and as I really did not do it, I don't think that they can prove that I did."

Mr. Keep smiled.

"Well suppose that you do as you propose," said Mr. Keep, "and allow yourself to take the place of the one who is really guilty, what good will it do him? You will only leave him to commit more crimes."

"I hope not, sir," said Antonio. "I should try to get him away from here to some new place. I think that he has been led away. He has got into bad company."

"Well," said Mr. Keep, after a short pause, "the plan may succeed, but you run a great risk in taking such a course. I think that there is great danger that you would be condemned and sent to the state prison."

"Well," said Beechnut, "I should not mind that very much. There is no great harm in going to prison, if you are only innocent. I have been shut up here one day already, and I had a good time."

Mr. Keep said finally that the subject required time for consideration, and that in the mean time he would make arrangements for giving bail for Antonio. This he did, and then he and Antonio went together back to Franconia.

III. THE TRIAL.

The time arrived for Antonio's trial very soon. At the appointed day he and Mr. Keep went together to the town where the court was to be held.

Mr. Keep delivered Antonio to the officer again, and the officer led him into a little room adjoining the court room and left him there under the custody of a subordinate officer. At length his case was called, and the officer came forward and conducted him into the court room.

When Antonio entered the room he looked around to see how it was arranged. At one end there was a platform, with a curtained window behind it, and a long desk in front. Behind the desk there sat an elderly gentleman whom Antonio supposed was the judge. He sat in a large arm-chair. There was another arm-chair upon the platform, but there was nobody sitting in it. Antonio thought that probably it was for another judge, and that he would come in by-and-by, but he did not come.



THE COURT ROOM.

In front of the judge's desk and a little lower down, there was another desk, with a great many books and bundles of papers upon it. There was a man seated at this desk with his back to the judge's desk. This man was writing. He was the clerk of the court.

In front of the clerk's desk, and toward the middle of the room was a pretty large table with

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lawyers sitting around it. The lawyers had green bags with papers in them.

On each side of the room there were two long seats facing toward the middle of the room. These seats were for the juries. Each seat was long enough for six men, making twelve in all on each side. Between the juries' seats and the judge's platform, there was, on each side, a stand for the witnesses. The witnesses' stands were placed in this position, so that all could hear the testimony which the witnesses should give.

On the back side of the room there were several seats for spectators. In front of the spectator's seats there were two chairs. The officer led Antonio to one of these chairs and gave him a seat there. The officer himself took his seat in the other chair. He had a long slender pole in his hand, which was his badge of office.

The first thing to be done was for the clerk to read the accusation. The accusation to be made against a prisoner is always written out in full, and is called an indictment. The indictment against Antonio was handed to the clerk and he read it. It charged Antonio with breaking into and robbing Mr. Kerber's office, and then setting fire to the barn.

After the indictment had been read, the judge, looking to Antonio, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," said Antonio.

The arrangements were then made for the trial. The jury were appointed, and they took their places in the jury seats which were on the right hand side of the court room. Some jurymen belonging to another jury were sitting in the seats on the left hand, but they had now nothing to do but to listen, like the other spectators.

There is a sort of public lawyer in every county, appointed for the purpose, whose business it is to attend to the trial of any person accused of crime in his county. He is called the county attorney. It is his duty to collect the evidence against the prisoner, and to see that it is properly presented to the court and jury, and to prove that the prisoner is guilty, if he can. The prisoner, on the other hand has another lawyer, whose duty it is to collect all the evidence in his favor, and to try to prove him innocent. The trial is always commenced by adducing first the evidences of the prisoner's guilt.

Accordingly, when the jury were ready, the judge called upon the county attorney to proceed.

He rose, and spoke as follows:

"May it please your Honor."

Here the county attorney bowed to the judge.

"And you, gentlemen of the jury."

Here he bowed to the jury.

"I am very sorry to have to appear against so young, and, I may add, so innocent-looking a person as the prisoner before you, on a charge of so serious a nature as burglary. But I have no choice. However much we may regret that a person so young should become so depraved as to commit such crimes, our duty to the community requires that we should proceed firmly and decidedly to the exposure and punishment of them. I shall proceed to lay before you the evidence that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of the crime charged against him. It will be the duty of his counsel, on the other hand, to prove his innocence, if he can. I shall be very glad, and I have no doubt that you will be, to find that he can succeed in doing this. I fear, however, that it will be out of his power.

"I shall prove to you, gentlemen of the jury, by the witnesses that I shall bring forward, that the prisoner left his home in a very mysterious manner on the Saturday when the robbery was committed. That he came to Hiburgh, and arrived here about nine o'clock. That he then went to his room, as if to go to bed, and immediately afterward went out in a secret manner. About half-past ten the corn-barn was found to be on fire; and on the people repairing to the spot, found the prisoner there alone. He fled, and was pursued. He was taken, and at length finding that he was detected, and terrified, perhaps, at the consequences of what he had done, he gave information of the place where the money which had been taken was concealed.

"These circumstances all point to the prisoner as the guilty party, or at least as one of the guilty parties concerned in the robbery. As to the fire, we lay no particular stress upon that, for it may have been accidental. We think it probable that it was so. The charge which we make against the prisoner is the robbery, and we are willing to consider the fire as an accident, providentially occurring as a means of bring the iniquity to light."

The county attorney then began to call in his witnesses. The first witness was James.

James said that Antonio was well known to him; that he came originally from Canada; that he had lived for some time at Mrs. Henry's; and that on the Saturday in question he said that he was going to Hiburgh; but would not give him, James, any explanation of the business that called him there.

The next witness was Antony, the man who had brought Antonio in his wagon the last part of his journey.

Antony testified that he overtook the prisoner on the road, and that he brought him forward in his wagon. The prisoner, he said, seemed very anxious to get into town before nine o'clock; but he was very careful not to say any thing about the business which called him there. There was something very mysterious about him, Antony said, and he thought so at the time.

The next witness was the tavern-keeper.

The tavern-keeper testified that Antonio came to his house a little past nine; that he seemed in a hurry to go to his room, that the tavern-keeper showed him the room and left him there; but that on going up a few minutes afterward to ask him what time he would have breakfast, he found that he was not there. That about an hour afterward he saw a light, and running out he found that the corn-barn was on fire. He cried "fire," and with another man ran to the corn-barn, and there saw

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some one running away. He and the other man pursued the fugitive, and finally caught him, and found that it was the prisoner—the same young man that had come to his house as a traveler an hour before.

The next witness was Mr. Kerber.

Mr. Kerber testified that he left his office safe, with his money in the money-box, in the desk, on Saturday night, about half-past eight. That on the Monday morning following he found that the office had been broken into, the desk opened, and the money-box carried away. That he was present at the prisoner's examination before the justice, and that the prisoner then and there said that there was something buried under where the corn-barn had stood, and that the company all proceeded to the place, and dug into the ground where the prisoner directed them to dig, and that there they found the money-box.

The minutes of Antonio's examination before the justice were also read, in which he declined to give any explanation of the case.

The county attorney then said that his evidence was closed.

The judge then called upon Mr. Keep to bring forward whatever evidence he had to offer in the prisoner's favor. Mr. Keep had only two witnesses, and they could only testify to Antonio's general good character. They were Franconia men, who said that they had known Antonio a long time, that he had always borne an irreproachable character, and that they did not believe him capable of committing such a crime.

After the evidence was thus all in, Mr. Keep made a speech in defense of his client. He admitted, he said, that the case was a very extraordinary one. There was a mystery about it which was not explained. Still he said it was not really *proved*, either that Antonio stole the money or that he set fire to the barn. Many suppositions might be made to account for the facts, without implicating Antonio as really guilty.

The county attorney then made his speech. It was, of course, against Antonio. He said that the appearances were all against the prisoner, and that if he were really innocent, it would be easy for him to explain the case. His refusal to do this, and his showing where the money was hid, ought to be considered as completing the proofs of guilt, furnished by the other circumstances of the affair.

The judge then told the jury that it was their duty to decide whether it had been *proved* that Antonio was guilty.

"You have heard all the evidence," said he, "and you must decide. If you are perfectly satisfied that the prisoner is guilty, then you must condemn him. If you are satisfied that he is innocent, then of course you must acquit him. And if you are uncertain whether he is innocent or guilty, then you must acquit him too; for no one is to be condemned, unless it is proved positively that he is guilty."

The jury were then conducted out by an officer of the court, to a small room adjoining, where they were to deliberate on the case. In about fifteen minutes they returned. The judge then called upon the prisoner to rise. Antonio rose and looked toward the judge. The jury were standing in their places, looking toward the judge, too.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "are you agreed upon the verdict?"

The foreman of the jury said,

"We are agreed."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge again, "what say you? is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

There was general smile of satisfaction about the room at hearing this decision. The clerk wrote down the verdict in the record. The judge directed the prisoner to be discharged, and then called for the case which came next on the docket.*

Antonio went out with Mr. Keep and got into a wagon which Mr. Keep had provided all ready for him at the door. They set out, counsel and client, on their return to Franconia.

Mr. Keep was of course very much relieved at the result of the trial; for though he was himself perfectly satisfied of his client's innocence, still the circumstances were very strong against him, and there was, in fact, nothing but his good character in his favor. He had been very much afraid, therefore, that Antonio would be condemned, for the jury are bound to decide according to the evidence that is placed before them.

"You have got off very well, so far," said Mr. Keep. "Having been accused as an accomplice in the crime, it was your privilege to be silent. Should you, however, hereafter be called upon as a witness, you will have to give your testimony."

"Why must I?" asked Antonio.

"Your duty to your country requires it," said Mr. Keep.

"Then," said Antonio, "I suppose I must, and I will."

IV. ANOTHER TRIAL.

Rodolphus and his two confederates in crime were in a state of great anxiety and apprehension, during the period which intervened between the committing of the crime and the trial of Antonio. Antonio did not attempt to hold any communication with Rodolphus during this interval, for fear that by so doing he might awaken in people's minds some suspicion of the truth. He had, however, a secret plan of doing something to save Rodolphus from ruin, so soon as the excitement, which had been occasioned by the robbery and the fire, should have passed by. All his plans however were defeated by an unexpected train of occurrences, which took place a day or two after his acquittal, and which changed suddenly the whole aspect of the affair.

One night very soon after Antonio's trial, Rodolphus, after he had gone to bed and was just falling asleep, was awakened by a loud knocking at his door.

* The docket is the list of causes.

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"Rodolphus!" said a harsh voice, outside, "Rodolphus! get up and let us in."



THE ARREST

Rodolphus was dreadfully terrified. He was always terrified by any unexpected sight or sound, as the guilty usually are. He got up and opened the door. Mr. Kerber and another man came in.

"You are my prisoner," said the stranger. "You must put on your clothes and come with me."

Rodolphus was in great distress and trepidation. He however put on his clothes. He did not dare to ask what he was arrested for. He knew too well. The officer informed him that he was arrested on a charge of being concerned in the robbery of Mr. Kerber, but that he need not say any thing about it unless he chose to do so. Rodolphus was so terrified and distressed that he did not know what to say or do. So the officer led him away, pale and trembling, to his house, and locked him up in the same room where Antonio had been confined. There was a little bed in one corner of the room. Rodolphus went and sat down upon it, and sobbed and wept in anguish and despair.

In a day or two his friends in Franconia heard of his arrest, and Mr. Keep went down to see him. Mr. Keep came as Rodolphus's counsel and friend—in order to confer with him and to defend him on his trial; but Rodolphus considered him as banded with all the rest of the world against him, and either could not, or would not answer any of the friendly questions which Mr. Keep proposed to him; but sat crying all the time while Mr. Keep was there, and making himself very miserable. Mr. Keep saw at once that he was guilty, and despaired of being able to do any thing to save him.

There was nobody to give bail for Rodolphus, and so it was necessary to keep him in close confinement until the time for his trial arrived. In consideration, however, of his tender years, it was decided not to take him to the jail, but to keep him at the house of the officer, in the strong room where he was put when he was first arrested.

The room itself was a very comfortable one, but Rodolphus spent his time in it very unhappily. The people treated him very kindly, but nothing gave him any peace or comfort. They brought him books, but he could not read well enough to take any pleasure in them. Sometimes he would go to the window and look out upon the green yard, but it only made him more miserable to see the grass and the flowers, and the trees waving in the wind, and the birds flying about at liberty. Sometimes he saw Dorinda there playing with her kitten, and singing little songs; but this sight made him more unhappy than all the rest.

Rodolphus's mother came down to to see him once, with Antonio. Antonio drove down with her in a wagon. The visit, however, did not give either Rodolphus or his mother any pleasure. They spoke scarcely a word to each other, while she staid. When she got into the wagon to go home, Antonio, seeing how much she was distressed, tried to comfort her by saying, that she must not be so troubled; he hoped, he said, that Rodolphus would yet turn out to be a good boy. There had been a great many cases, where boys had been led away when young, by bad company, to do what was very wrong, who were afterward sorry for it, and changed their courses and behaved well. This conversation seemed to make Mrs. Linn feel somewhat more composed, but she was still very unhappy.

At length the time for the trial drew near. Rodolphus felt great solicitude and anxiety as the time approached. He did not know what evidence there was against him, for no one had been allowed to talk with him on the subject of the crime. Even Mr. Keep, his lawyer, did not know what the evidence was, for it is always customary in such cases, for each party to keep the evidence which they have to offer, as much as possible concealed. Antonio had, however, received a summons to appear as a witness, and Mr. Keep told him that if they insisted on examining him, he would be bound to answer all the questions which they put to him, honestly and truly, whatever his private feelings might be.

When the day arrived, Rodolphus was taken by the officer to the court room, and placed in the same chair where Antonio had sat. Antonio had looked around upon the proceedings with so frank and honest an expression of countenance, and with such an unconcerned air, that every one had been impressed with a belief of his innocence. Rodolphus, on the other hand, sat still, pale, and trembling, and he manifested in his whole air and demeanor every indication of conscious guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were all much the same as they had been in the case of An-

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tonio. When these had been gone through, the judge called upon the county attorney to proceed. After a short opening speech he said, that his first witness was Mr. Kerber. Mr. Kerber was called, and took his place upon the stand.

Mr. Kerber first gave an account of the robbery, describing the situation of his office and of the two doors leading to it, and of the desk in the corner, and narrating all the circumstances relating to the appearance of his office on the Monday morning, and the discovery of the strong box under the ruins of the corn-barn. He then proceeded as follows:

"For a time I considered it certain that Antonio, the one who was first suspected, was the one really guilty, and made no effort or inquiry in any other direction until he was tried. I was convinced then that he was innocent, and immediately began to consider what I should do to find out the robber. I examined the hole again which had been bored into the door, and the marks of the tools by which the desk had been broken open. I thought that I might, perhaps, possibly find the tools that fitted these places somewhere about town, and that if I should, I might, possibly, in that way, get some clew to the robbers. So I borrowed the bits and the chisels of several of my neighbors, but I could not find any that would fit.

"At last I happened to think of some old tools that I had in a back room, and on comparing them I found two that fitted exactly. There was a bit which just fitted the hole, and there were some fibres of the wood which had been caught upon the edge of the bit, where it was dull, that looked fresh and compared well with the color of the wood of the door. There was a large chisel, too, that fitted exactly to the impressions made upon the wood of the desk, in prying it open.

"I could see, too, that some of these tools had recently been moved, by the dust having been disturbed around them. There were marks and tracks, too, in the dust, upon a bench, where some boy had evidently climbed up to get the tools. I tried one of Rodolphus's shoes to these tracks, and found that it fitted exactly."

While Mr. Kerber was making these statements, Rodolphus hung his head, and looked utterly confounded.

"Just about the time," continued Mr. Kerber, "that I made these discoveries, a person came to me and informed me—"

"Stop," interrupted Mr. Keep. "You are not to state what any other person informed you. You are only to state what you know personally, yourself."

Mr. Kerber was silent.

The county attorney, who knew well that this was the rule in all trials, said that he had nothing more to ask that witness then, but that he would withdraw him for a time. He then called Antonio. Antonio took his place upon the stand.

After the oath was administered as usual, the county attorney began to question Antonio as follows:

"Were you in Hiburgh on the night of this robbery?"

"I was," said Antonio.

"At what time did you arrive there?" asked the attorney.

"I believe it was a little past nine," said Antonio.

"Were you at the corn-barn when it took fire?"

"I was," said Antonio.

"State now to the jury what it was that led you to go there."

Antonio recollected that what first attracted his attention and led him to go out, was seeing Rodolphus and the other boys going by with their lantern, and hearing their suppressed voices; and he perceived that if he went any further in his testimony he should prove Rodolphus to be guilty; so he stopped, and after a moment's pause, he turned to the judge, and asked whether he could not be excused from giving any more testimony.

"On what ground do you wish to be excused?" said the judge.

"Why, what I should say," said Antonio, "might go against the boy, and I don't wish to say any thing against him."

"You can not be excused," said the judge, shaking his head. It is very often painful to give testimony against persons accused of crime, but it is a duty which must be performed."

"But there is a special reason," said Antonio, "in this case."

"What is the reason?" said the judge.

Antonio hesitated. At length he said timidly,

"His sister saved my life."

Here there was a pause. The preferring such a request, to be excused from testifying, and for such a reason, is a very uncommon occurrence in a court. The judge, the jury, the lawyers, and all the spectators looked at Antonio, who stood upon the witness's stand all the time, turning his face toward the judge, awaiting his decision.

After a pause the judge said,

"Your unwillingness to do any thing to injure the brother of a girl who saved your life, does you honor, and I would gladly excuse you if I could, but it is not in my power. The ends of justice require that you should give your testimony, whatever the consequences may be."

"What would be done," asked Antonio, "if I should refuse to do so?"

"Then you would be sent to prison yourself," said the judge, "for contempt of court."

"And suppose I am willing to go to prison," said Antonio, "rather than testify against Ellen's brother; can I do so?"

The judge looked a little perplexed. What answer he would have given to this question we do not know, for he was prevented from answering it, by the county attorney, who here rose and said,

"May it please your honor, I will withdraw this witness for the present. I shall be glad to get along without his testimony, if possible, and perhaps I can."

Antonio then left the stand, very much relieved. Rodolphus wondered who would be called next. His heart sank within him, when

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he saw an officer who had gone out a moment before, come in and lead *Gilpin* to the witness-stand.

It is customary in almost all countries, whenever a crime is committed, and it is not possible to ascertain who committed it by any ordinary proofs, to allow any one of the accomplices who is disposed to do so, to come forward and inform against the rest, and then to exempt him from punishment in consideration of his so doing. It seems very base for one person to lead another into sin, or even to join him in it, and then to assist in bringing his accomplice to punishment, in order to escape it himself. But they who combine to commit crimes, must be expected to be base. Gilpin was so. There seemed to be nothing noble or generous in his nature. As soon as he found out that Rodolphus was suspected, he feared that Rodolphus would confess, and then that he should himself be seized. Accordingly, he went immediately to Mr. Kerber, and told him that he knew all about the robbery, and that he would tell all about it, if they would agree that he should not come to any harm.

This arrangement was finally made. They, however, seized Gilpin, and shut him up, so as to secure him for a witness, and he had been in prison ever since Rodolphus's arrest, though Rodolphus knew nothing about it. Christopher had run away the moment he heard of Rodolphus's arrest, and nothing had since been heard of him. Gilpin was now brought forward to give his testimony.

There was a great contrast in his appearance, as he came upon the stand, from that of Antonio. He looked guilty and ashamed, and he did not dare to turn his eyes toward Rodolphus at all. He could not go forward himself and tell a connected story, but he made all his statements in answer to questions put to him by the county attorney. He, however, in the end, told all. He explained how Rodolphus had first cut a hole in the partition, and then he narrated the conversation which the boys had held together behind the wall. He told about the tools, and the dark lantern, and the breaking in; also about going to the corn-barn, burying the box, and then of the accidental setting of the straw on fire, and of Antonio's suddenly coming in among them. In a word, the whole affair was brought completely to light. Mr. Keep questioned Gilpin afterward very closely, to see if he would contradict himself, and so prove that the story which he was telling, was not true; but he did not contradict himself, and finally he went away.

There were no witnesses to be offered in favor of Rodolphus, and very little to be said in his defense. When, at length, the trial was concluded, the jury conferred together a little in their seats, and then brought in a verdict of guilty.

The next day Rodolphus was sentenced to ten days' solitary confinement in the jail, and after that, to one year of hard labor in the state prison.

V. THE FLIGHT.

Two or three days after Rodolphus's trial, Ellen, who had done every thing she could to cheer and comfort her mother in her sorrow, told her one morning that she desired togo and see her uncle Randon that day.

"Is it about Rodolphus?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mother," said Ellen.

"Well, you may go," said her mother; "but I don't think that any thing will do any good now."

After all her morning duties had been performed, about the house, Ellen put on her bonnet, and taking Annie by the hand, in order that she might lead her to school, she set out on the way to her uncle's. She left Annie at school as she passed through the village, and she arrived at her uncle's about ten o'clock.

Her uncle had been married again. His present wife was a very strong and healthy woman, who was almost all the time busily engaged about the farm work, but she was very fond of Ellen, and always glad to see her at the farm When Ellen arrived at the farm, on this occasion, she went in at the porch door as usual. There was no one in the great room. She passed through into the back entry. From the back entry she went into the back room—the room where in old times she used to shut up her kitten.

This room was now used as a dairy. There was a long row of milk-pans in it, upon a bench. Mrs. Randon was there. She seemed very glad to see Ellen, and asked her to walk into the house.

Ellen said that she came to see her uncle. So her aunt went with her out into the yard where her uncle was at work; he was mending a harrow

"Well, Ellen," said her uncle, "I am very glad to see you. But I am sorry to hear about poor Rodolphus."

"Yes," said Ellen, "but I have thought of one more plan. It's of no use to keep him from going to the state prison, even if we could, unless we can get a good place for him. Now what I wish is, that if we can get him free, you would let him come and live here with you. Perhaps you could make him a good boy."

Mr. Randon leaned upon the handle of his broad ax, and seemed to be at a loss what to say He looked toward his wife.

"Yes," said she, "let him come. I should like to have him come very much. *We* can make him a good boy."

"Well," said Mr. Randon.

"Well!" said Ellen. Her eyes brightened up as she said this, and she turned to go away Mr. and Mrs. Randon attempted to stop her, but she said that she could not stay then, and so she went away.

"She can not *get* him free," said Mr. Randon

"I don't know," said his wife. "Perhaps she may. Such a girl as she can do a great deal when she tries."

Ellen went then as fast as she could go, to Mrs. Henry's. She found Antonio in the garden

"Antonio," said she, "my uncle Randon says that he will take Rodolphus and let him live there with him, on the farm, if we can only get him out of prison."

"But we can't get him out of prison," said

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o. "It is too late now, he has been con-
l and sentenced."
it the governor can pardon him," said El-

in he?" said Antonio.
es," said Ellen.
in he?" repeated Antonio. "Then I'll go
e if he *will*."
days after this Antonio was on his way
town where the governor lived. He met
arious adventures on his way, and he felt
olicitude and doubt about the result of the
y. At last he arrived at the place.
was directed to a large and handsome
which stood in the centre of the principal
of the village, enveloped in trees and shrub-
There was a beautiful yard, with a great
ading to it, on one side of the house.
onio looked up this yard and saw an elderly
nan there, just getting into a chaise. A
who seemed to be his hired man was hold-
e horse. The gentlemen stopped, with
t upon the step of the chaise, when he saw
io coming, and looked toward him



THE GOVERNOR.

this Governor Dummer?" said Antonio,
came up.
es," said the gentleman, "that is what
all me."
wanted to see you about some business,"
ntonio, "but you are going away."
governor looked at Antonio a moment.
eing pleased with his appearance, he said,
es, I am going away, but not far. Get
ie chaise with me, and we can talk as we

he governor got into the chaise.
onio followed him; the hired man let go
horse's head, and Antonio and the govern-
e together out of the yard.
onio was quite afraid at first, to find him-
ddenly shut up so closely with a governor.
owever, soon recovered his self-possession,
egan to give an account of Rodolphus'
case. The governor listened very attentively to all he had to say. Then he asked Antonio a great many questions, some about Rodolphus' mother and sister, and also about Antonio himself. Finally he asked what it was proposed to do with Rodolphus, in case he should be pardoned and set at liberty. Antonio said that he was to go to his uncle's, which was an excellent place, and where he hoped that he would learn to be a good boy.

The governor seemed very much interested in the whole story. He, however, said that he could not, at that time, come to any conclusion in respect to the affair; he must make some further inquiries. He must see the record of the trial, and the other documentary evidence connected with the case. He would attend to it immediately, he said, and write to Mr. Keep in respect to the result.

About a week after this, Mr. Keep sent for Antonio to come and see him. Antonio went.

"Well, Antonio," said Mr. Keep, as Antonio entered his office, "Rodolphus is pardoned. I should like to have you ask Mrs. Henry if she will let you go to-morrow, and bring him home. If she says that you may go, call here on your way, and I will give you some money to pay the expenses of the journey."

Early the next morning, Antonio called at Mr. Keep's office, on his way after Rodolphus. Mr. Keep gave him some money. Antonio received it, for he thought it would not be proper to decline it. He had, however, plenty of his own. He had already put in his pocket six half dollars which he had taken from his chest that morning. Mr. Keep gave him a bank bill. He put this bill into his waistcoat pocket and pinned it in.

He then proceeded on his journey. In due time he arrived at the place where Rodolphus was imprisoned. The pardon had already arrived, and the jailer was ready to deliver up Rodolphus to his friends. He told Antonio that he was very glad that he had come to take the boy away. He did not like, he said, to lock up children.

Antonio took Rodolphus in his wagon, and they drove away. It was late in the afternoon when they set out, but though Antonio did not expect to get to Franconia that night, he was anxious to proceed as far as he could. He intended to stop that night at a tavern in a large town, and get home, if possible, the next day. They arrived at the tavern safely. They took supper; and after supper, being tired, they went to bed. Antonio had done all that he could to make Rodolphus feel at his ease and happy, during the day, having said nothing at all to him about his bad conduct. He had talked to him about his uncle, and about his going there to live, and other pleasant subjects. Still Rodolphus

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seemed silent and sober, and after supper he seemed glad to go to bed.

The two boys slept in two rooms which opened into each other. Antonio proposed to have the door open, between these rooms, but Rodolphus seemed to wish to have it shut. Antonio made no objection to this, but at last, when he was ready to go to bed, he opened the door a little to say good-night to Rodolphus. Rodolphus, he saw, when he opened the door, was sitting at a little table, writing upon a piece of paper, with a pencil. Antonio bade him good-night and shut the door again.

"I hope he is writing to his mother," said Antonio to himself, "to confess his faults and promise to be a good boy."

The next morning Antonio rose pretty early, but he moved softly about the room, so as not to disturb Rodolphus, who he supposed was asleep, as his room was still. Antonio went down and ordered breakfast, and attended to his horses, and by-and-by he came up again to see if Rodolphus had got up. He listened at the door, and all was still. He then opened the door gently and looked in. There was nobody there, and to Antonio's great surprise, the bed was smooth and full, as if had not been disturbed.

Antonio went in. He saw a paper lying on the table with his own name on the outside of it. He took this paper up, and found that it was in Rodolphus's handwriting. It was half in written, and half in printed characters, and very badly spelled. The substance of it was this.

"ANTONIO,

"I am sorry to go off and leave you, but I must. I should be glad to go and live at my uncle's, but I can't. Don't try to find out where I have gone. Give my love to my mother and to Ellen. I had not any money, and so I had to take your half dollars out of your pocket. If I ever can, I shall pay you.

"RODOLPHUS.

"P.S. It's no use in me trying to be a good boy."

Antonio made diligent inquiry for Rodolphus, in the town where he disappeared, and in all the surrounding region, but no trace of the fugitive could be found. He finally gave up the search and went mournfully home.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

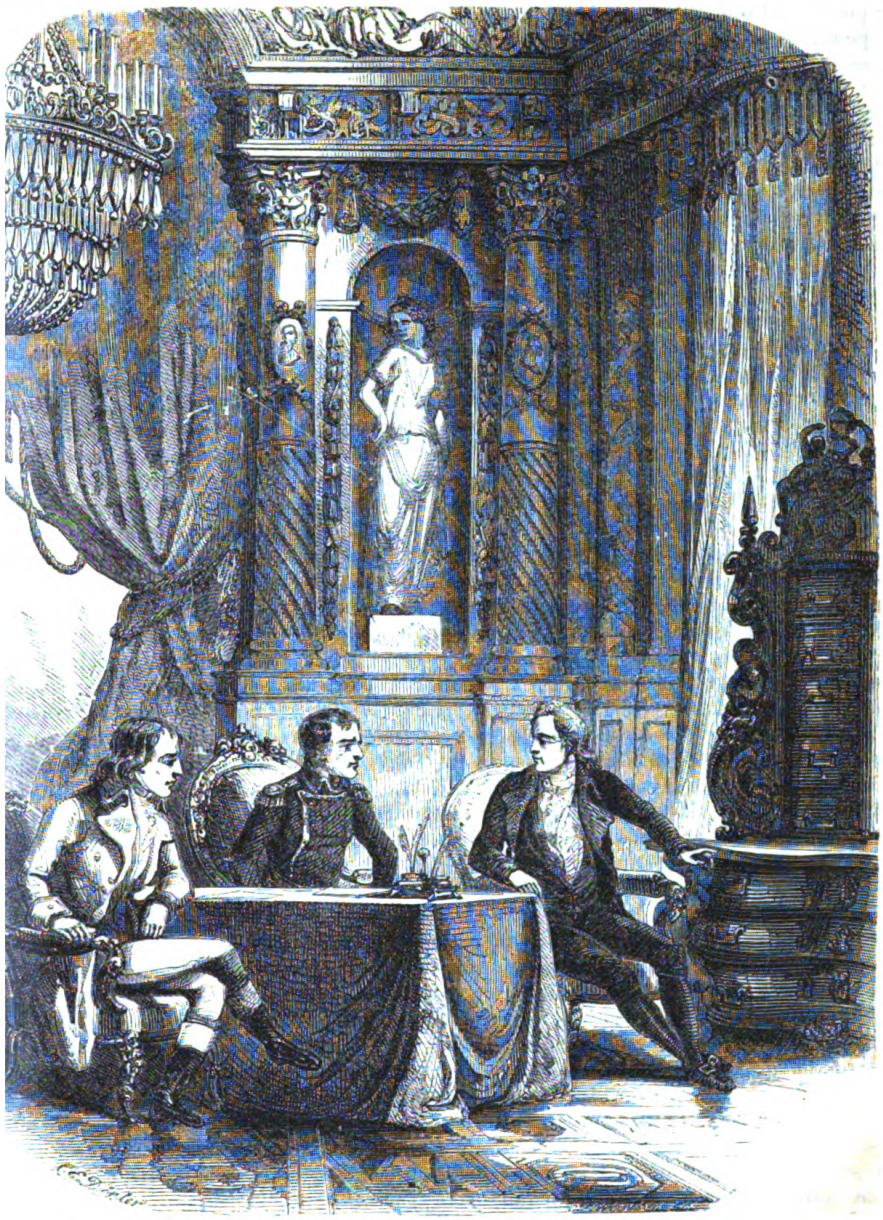
BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE CONSULAR THRONE.

FRANCE had tried republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence nor virtue among the people, sufficient to enable them to govern themselves. During long ages of oppression they had sunk into an abyss, from whence they could not rise, in a day, to the dignity of freemen. Not one in thirty of the population of France could either read or write. Religion and all its restraints, were scouted as fanaticism. Few had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, of the duty of the minority good-naturedly to yield to the majority. It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States. Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of a State been chosen by the majority of a single vote. And the minority, in such circumstances, have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections, the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good-natured acquiescence all over the land. The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success. The French seemed to have attained no conception of the sanctity of the decisions of the ballot-box. Government was but a series of revolutions. Physical power alone was recognized. The strongest grasped the helm, and, with the guillotine, confiscation, and exile, endeavored hopelessly to cripple their adversaries. Ten years of such anarchy had wearied the nation. It was in vain to protract the experiment. France longed for repose. Napoleon was the only one capable of giving her repose. The nation called upon him, in the loudest tones which could be uttered, to assume the reins of government, and to restore the dominion of security and order. We can hardly call that man an usurper who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take. We may say that he was ambitious, that he loved power, that glory was his idol. But if his ambition led him to exalt his country; if the power he loved was the power of elevating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect, and to comfort; if the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known, let us not catalogue his name with the sensualists and the despots, who have reared thrones of self-aggrandizement and self-indulgence upon the degradation of the people. We must compare Napoleon with the leaders of armies, the founders of dynasties, and with those who, in the midst of popular commotions, have ascended thrones. When we institute such a comparison, Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington.

The next morning after the overthrow of the Directory, the three consuls, Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, met in the palace of the Luxembourg. Sieyes was a veteran diplomatist, whose gray hairs entitled him, as he supposed, to the moral supremacy over his colleagues. He thought that Napoleon would be satisfied with the command of the armies, while he would be left to manage the affairs of state. There was one arm-chair in the room. Napoleon very coolly assumed it. Sieyes, much annoyed, rather petulantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, who shall take the chair?" "Bonaparte surely," said Ducos; "he already has it. He is the only man who can save us." "Very well, gentlemen," said Napoleon, promptly, "let us proceed to business." Sieyes was staggered. But resistance to a will so imperious, and an arm so strong, was useless

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THE CONSULS AND THE GOLD.

s loved gold. Napoleon loved only glory. u see," inquired Sieyes, pointing to a cabinet in the room, "that pretty piece ture?" Napoleon, whose poetic sensi- vere easily aroused, looked at it with in- ancying it to be some relic of the disen- monarchs of France. Sieyes continued: reveal to you a little secret. We Direct- cting that we might go out of office in which would be a very unbecoming id aside, from the treasury, a sum to t exigence. There are nearly two hun- usand dollars in that chest. As there ore Directors, the money belongs to us." n now began to understand matters. It difficult for one who had proudly reject- ns, to look with contempt upon thou-

sands. "Gentlemen," said he, very coolly, "should this transaction come to my knowl- edge. I shall insist that the whole sum be re funded to the public treasury. But should I not hear of it, and I know nothing of it as yet, you, being two old Directors, can divide the money between you. But you must make haste. To- morrow it may be too late." They took the hint, and divided the spoil; Sieyes taking the lion's share. Ducos complained to Napoleon of the extortion of his colleague. "Settle the business between yourselves," said Napoleon, "and be quiet. Should the matter come to my ears, you will inevitably lose the whole."

This transaction, of course, gave Napoleon a supremacy which neither of his colleagues could ever again question. The law which decreed

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the provisional consulship, conferred upon them the power, in connection with the two legislative bodies, of twenty-five members each, of preparing a new Constitution to be submitted to the people. The genius of Napoleon, his energy, his boundless information, and his instinctive insight into the complexities of all subjects were so conspicuous in this first interview, that his colleagues were overwhelmed. That evening Sieyes went to sup with some stern republicans, his intimate friends. "Gentlemen," said he, "the republic is no more. It died to-day. I have this day conversed with a man who is not only a great general, but who is himself capable of every thing, and who knows every thing. He wants no counselors, no asssistance Politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The republic is finished." "But," one replied, "if he becomes a tyrant, we must call to our aid the dagger of Brutus." "Alas! my friends," Sieyes rejoined, "we should then fall into the hands of the Bourbons, which would be still worse."

Napoleon now devoted himself with Herculean energies, to the re-organization of the government, and to the general administration of the affairs of the empire. He worked day and night. He appeared insensible to exhaustion or weariness. Every subject was apparently alike familiar to his mind; banking, police regulations, diplomacy, the army, the navy, every thing which could pertain to the welfare of France was, grasped by his all-comprehensive intellect.

The Directory had tyrannically seized, as hostages, any relatives of the emigrants upon whom they could lay their hands. Wives, mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, children, were imprisoned and held responsible, with their lives, for the conduct of their emigrant relatives. Napoleon immediately abolished this iniquitous edict, and released the prisoners. Couriers, without delay, were dispatched all over France to throw open the prison doors to these unfortunate captives.

Napoleon even went himself to the Temple, where many of these innocent victims were imprisoned, that he might, with his own hand break their fetters On Napoleon's return from this visit to the prison he exclaimed, "What fools these Directors were! To what a state have they brought our public institutions. The prisoners are in a shocking condition. I questioned them, as well as the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. When in the prison I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith, I made them show me his apartments. If he had not escaped I should have taken Acre. There are too many painful associations connected with that prison: I shall have it pulled down one day or other. I ordered the jailer's books to be brought, and finding the list of the hostages, immediately liberated them. I told them that an unjust law had placed them under restraint, and that it was my first duty to restore them to liberty."

The priests had been mercilessly persecuted. They could only escape imprisonment by taking an oath which many considered hostile to their religious vows. Large numbers of them were immured in dungeons. Others, in dismay and poverty, had fled, and were wandering fugitives in other lands. Napoleon redressed their wrongs, and spread over them the shield of his powerful protection. The captives were liberated, and the exiles invited to return. The principle was immediately established that the rights of conscience were to be respected. By this one act, twenty thousand grief-stricken exiles were restored to France, proclaiming through city and village the clemency of the First Consul. In the rural districts of France, where the sentiment of veneration for Christianity still lingered, the priests were received with the warmest welcome. And in the hut of the peasant the name of Napoleon was breathed with prayers and tears of gratitude.

Some French emigrants, furnished with arms by England, were returning to France, to join the royalists in La Vendee, in extending the ravages of civil war. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Calais, and they were all made prisoners. As they were taken with arms in their hands, to fight against their country, rigorous laws doomed them, as traitors, to the guillotine. Napoleon interposed to save them. Magnanimously he asserted—"No matter what their intentions were. They were driven on our soil by the tempest. They are shipwrecked men. As such they are entitled to the laws of hospitality. Their persons must be held inviolable." Unharmed they were all permitted to re-embark and leave France Among these emigrants were many men of illustrious name. These acts of generosity on the part of Napoleon did much to disarm their hostility, and many of them became subsequently firm supporters of his power.

The Revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, and prohibited the observance of the Sabbath. To efface, if possible, all traces of that sacred day, they had appointed every tenth day, for cessation from labor and festivity. A heavy fine was inflicted upon any one who should close his shop on the Sabbath, or manifest any reverence for the discarded institution. Napoleon, who had already resolved to reinstate Christianity in paganized France, but who found it necessary to move with the utmost caution, ordered that no man should be molested for his religious principles or practices. This step excited hostility. Paris was filled with unbelief. Generals, statesmen, philosophers, scouted the idea of religion. They remonstrated. Napoleon was firm. The mass of the common people were with him, and he triumphed over aristocractic infidelity.

With singular tact he selected the most skillful and efficient men to fill all the infinitely varied departments of state. "I want more head," said he, "and less tongue." Every one was kept

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NAPOLEON IN THE TEMPLE.

Every one was under the constant vigi- of his eagle eye. He appeared to have an ctive acquaintance with every branch of ation, and with the whole science of gov- ent. Three times a week the minister of e appeared before him, and past corrup- was dragged to light and abolished. The ry was bankrupt. Napoleon immediately nished it. The army was starving, and al- in a state of mutiny. Napoleon addressed em a few of his glowing words of encour- ent and sympathy, and the emaciate soldiers ir rags, enthusiastically rallied again around colors, and in a few days, from all parts of ce, baggage wagons were trundling toward , laden with clothing and provisions. The was dilapidated and blockaded. At the of Napoleon in every port of France the d of the ship hammer was heard, and a armament was prepared to convey succor s comrades in Egypt. Such vigor mortal never exhibited before. All France felt an diate impulse. At the same time in which leon was accomplishing all these duties, nnumerable others, any one of which would engrossed the whole energies of any com- man, he was almost daily meeting his col- ues and the two committees to discuss the Constitution.

eyes was greatly alarmed at the generosity me of Napoleon's acts. "The emigrants," he, "will return in crowds. The royalists again raise their heads, and the republicans be massacred." His imagination was so excited with apprehensions of conspiracies and assassinations, that he once awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning, to inform him of a fearful conspiracy, which had just been discovered by the police. Napoleon quietly listened to his story, and then, raising his head from his pillow, inquired, "Have they corrupted our guard?" "No!" Sieyes replied. "Then go to bed," said Napoleon, "and let them alone. It will be time enough to be alarmed, when our six hundred men are attacked." Napoleon was so powerful, that he could afford to be generous. His magnanimity was his most effectual safeguard.

In less than six weeks, the new Constitution was ready to be presented to the nation for their acceptance. In the original draft, drawn up by Sieyes, the supreme power was to be vested in a Grand Elector, to be chosen for life, to possess a revenue of one million of dollars, and to reside in the utmost possible magnificence in the palaces of Versailles. He was to be a mock king, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, but without its power. This was the office which Sieyes hoped would satisfy the ambition of Napoleon. Napoleon exploded it as with a bomb-shell. "Can you conceive," he exclaimed, "that a man of the least talent or honor, would humble himself to accept an office, the duties of which are merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year?" The Grand Elector was annihilated. The following was the Constitution adopted. The sovereign power was to be invested in Napoleon as First Consul. Two subordinate consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, were to be his counselors,

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with deliberative voices only. The Consuls proposed laws to a body called the Tribunate, who thoroughly discussed them, and either rejected, or, if they approved, recommended the law to a third body, called the Legislature. The Legislature heard the report in silence, having no deliberative voice. Three were appointed from the Tribunate to present the arguments in favor of the law, and three those against it. Without further debate, the Legislature, as judges, voted. The Senate also was a silent body. It received the law from the Legislature, and approved or condemned. Here were the forms of an ample supply of checks and balances. Every act proposed by Napoleon, must be sanctioned by the Tribunate, the Legislature, and the Senate before it could become a law.

"The Constitution," said Sieyes, "is a pyramid of which the people is the base." Every male in France 21 years of age, paying a tax, was a voter. They amounted to about 5,000,000. In their primary assemblies, they chose 500,000 delegates. These delegates, from their own number, chose 50,000. These latter, from themselves, chose 5000. These 5000 were the Notables, or the eligible to office. From them, thus elected by the people, all the offices were to be filled. The Constitution declared Napoleon to be First Consul for ten years, with an annual salary of $100,000. Cambaceres and Lebrun were his associate Consuls, with a salary of $60,000. These three, with Sieyes and Ducos, were to choose, from the Notables, the Senate, to consist of eighty members. They were elected for life, and received a salary of $5000. The Senate chose three hundred members, from the Notables, to compose the Legislature, with a salary of $2000, and one hundred members to compose the Tribunate, with an annual salary of $3000 each.

Such, in brief, was the Constitution under which Napoleon commenced his reign. Under a man of ordinary vigor this would have been a popular and a free government. With Napoleon it was in effect an unlimited monarchy. The energy of his mind was so tremendous that he acquired immediately the control of all these bodies. The plans he proposed were either so plainly conducive to the public welfare, or he had such an extraordinary faculty of convincing Tribunes, Legislators, and Senators that they were so, that these bodies almost invariably voted in perfect accordance with his will. It was Napoleon's unquestioned aim to aggrandize France. For the accomplishment of that purpose he was ready to make any conceivable personal sacrifice. In that accomplishment was to consist all his glory. No money could bribe him. No enticements of sensual indulgence could divert his energies from that single aim. His capacious intellect seemed to grasp intuitively every thing which could affect the welfare of France. He gathered around him, as agents for the execution of his plans, the most brilliant intellects of Europe, and yet they all took the attitude of children in his presence. With a body which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a mind whose energies never were exhausted, he consecrated himself to the majestic enterprise, by day and by night, and with an untiring energy which amazed and bewildered his contemporaries, and which still excites the wonder of the world. No one thought of resisting his will. His subordinates sought only to anticipate his wishes. Hence no machinery of government, which human ingenuity could devise, could seriously embarrass the free scope of his energies. His associates often expressed themselves as entirely overawed by the majesty of his intellect. They came from his presence giving utterance to the most profound admiration of the justice and the rapidity of his perceptions. "We are pressed," said they, "into a very whirlwind of urgency; but it is all for the good of France."

The Constitution was now presented to the whole people, for their acceptance or rejection. A more free and unbiased expression of public opinion could not possibly have been obtained. The result is unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. There were 3,011,007 votes cast in favor of the Constitution, and but 1562 in the negative. By such unanimity, unprecedented in the history of the world, was Napoleon elected First Consul of France. Those who reject the dogma of the divine right of kings, who believe in the sacred authority of the voice of the people, will, in this act, surely recognize the legitimacy of Napoleon's elevation. A better title to the supreme power no ruler upon earth could ever show. With Americans it can not be a serious question who had the best title to the throne, Louis Capet, from the accident of birth, or Napoleon Bonaparte, from the unanimous vote of the people. Napoleon may have abused the power which was thus placed in his hands. Whether he did so or not, the impartial history of his career will record. But it is singularly disingenuous to call this an usurpation. It was a nation's voice. "I did not usurp the crown," said Napoleon, proudly and justly. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." It is not strange that the French people should have decided as they did. Where is the man now, in either hemisphere, who would not have preferred the government of Napoleon to any other dominion which was then possible in France?

From the comparatively modest palace of the Luxembourg, Napoleon and Josephine now removed to take up their residence in the more magnificent apartments of the Tuileries. Those saloons of royalty which had been sacked and defiled by the mob of Paris, were thoroughly repaired. The red cap of Jacobinism had been daubed upon the walls of the apartments of state, and a tri-colored cockade had been painted upon the military hat of Louis XIV. "Wash those out," said Napoleon. "I will have no such abominations." The palace was furnished with more than its former splendor. Statues of illustrious men of all lands embellished the vacant niches. Those gorgeous saloons, where kings

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and queens for so many ages had reveled, were now adorned, with outvying splendor, for the residence of the people's chosen ruler.

Louis was the king of the nobles, placed by the nobles upon the throne. He consulted for their interests. All the avenues of wealth and honor were open for them alone. The people were merely slaves, living in ignorance, poverty, obscurity, that the king and the nobles might dwell in voluptuousness. Napoleon was the ruler of the *people*. He was one of their own number. He was elevated to power by their choice. He spread out an unobstructed arena for the play of their energies. He opened before them the highways to fame and fortune. The only aristocracy which he favored was the aristocracy of intellect and industry. No privileged classes were tolerated. Every man was equal in the eye of the law. All appealed to the same tribunals, and received impartial justice. The taxes were proportioned to property. The feudal claims of the landed proprietors were abolished. And there was no situation in the state, to which the humblest citizen might not aspire. They called Napoleon First Consul. They cared not much what he was called, so long as he was the supreme ruler of their own choice. They were proud of having their ruler more exalted, more magnificent, more powerful than the kings of the nobles. Hence the secret of their readiness to acquiesce in any plans which might minister to the grandeur of their own Napoleon. His glory was their glory. And never were they better pleased than when they saw him eclipse in splendor the proudest sovereigns upon the surrounding thrones.

One evening Napoleon, with his gray surtout buttoned up closely around him, went out with Bourrienne, incognito, and sauntered along the Rue St. Honore, making small purchases in the shops, and conversing freely with the people about the First Consul and his acts. "Well, citizen," said Napoleon, in one of the shops, "what do they say of Bonaparte?" The shopkeeper spoke of him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration. "Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "we must watch him. I hope that it will not be found that we have merely changed one tyrant for another—the Directory for Bonaparte." The shop-keeper was so indignant at this irreverent intimation, that he showered upon Napoleon such a volley of abuse, as to compel him to escape precipitately into the street, greatly amused and delighted with the adventure.

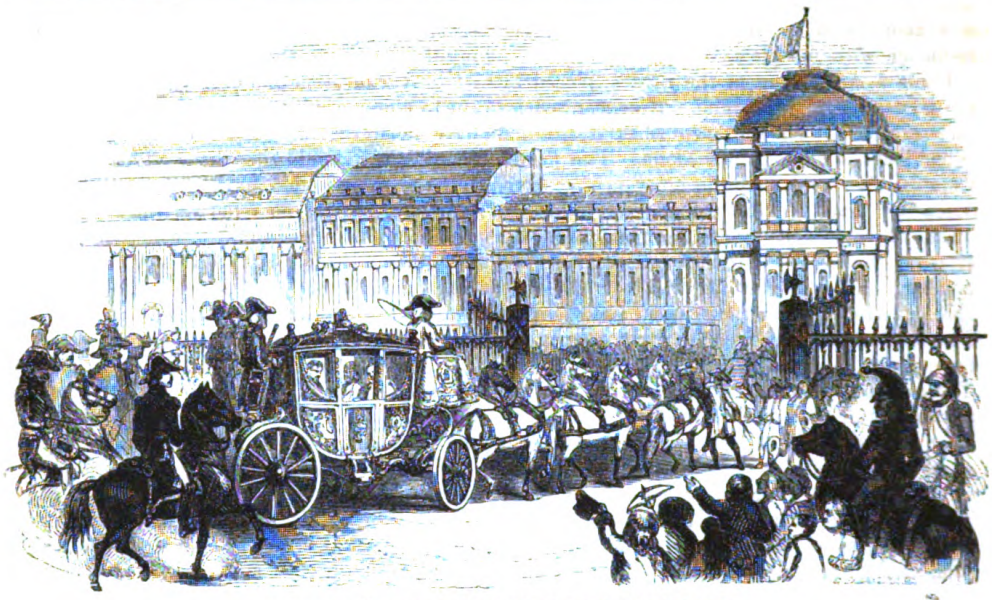
It was on the morning of the 19th of February, 1800, when all Paris was in commotion to witness the most gratifying spectacle of the people's sovereign taking possession of the palace of the ancient kings. The brilliance of Napoleon's character and renown had already thrown his colleagues into the shade. They were powerless. No one thought of them. Sieyes foresaw this inevitable result, and, with very commendable self-respect, refused to accept the office of Second Consul. A few interviews with Napoleon had taught him that no one could share power with a will so lofty and commanding. Napoleon says, "Sieyes had fallen into a mistake respecting the nature of these Consuls. He was fearful of mortification and of having the First Consul to contend with at every step. This would have been the case had all the Consuls been equal. We should then have all been enemies. But the Constitution having made them subordinate, there was no room for the struggles of obstinacy." Indeed there was no room for such a conflict. Utter powerlessness can not contend with omnipotence. The subordinate Consuls could only *give advice when Napoleon asked it*. He was not likely to trouble them.

The royal apartments in the Tuileries were prepared for the First Consul. The more modest saloons in the Pavilion of Flora were assigned to the two other Consuls. Cambaceres, however, was so fully conscious of the real position which he occupied, that he declined entering the palace of the kings. He said to his colleague, Lebrun, "It is an error that we should be lodged in the Tuileries. It suits neither you nor me. For my part, I will not go. General Bonaparte will soon want to lodge there by himself. Then we shall be suffered to retire. It is better not to go at all."

The morning of Napoleon's removal to the Tuileries, he slept later than usual. When Bourrienne entered his chamber at seven o'clock, Napoleon was soundly asleep. On awaking he said, "Well, Bourrienne, we shall at length sleep at the Tuileries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to make a show of yourself. You may go in your own way. But as for me, I must go in a procession. This I dislike. But we must have a display. It gratifies the people. The Directory was too simple; it therefore enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in its place. But in a great city, in a palace, it is necessary that the chief of a state should draw attention upon himself by all possible means. But we must move with caution. Josephine will see the review from the apartments of Consul Lebrun."

Napoleon entered a magnificent carriage, seated between his two colleagues, who appeared but as his attendants or body-guard. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful white horses, a present to Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria, immediately after the treaty of Campo Formio. A gorgeous train of officers, accompanied by six thousand picked troops, in the richest splendor of military display, composed the cortège. Twenty thousand soldiers, with all the concomitants of martial pomp, in double files, lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. A throng which could not be numbered, from the city and from the country, filled the garden, the streets, the avenues, the balconies, the house-tops, and ebbed and flowed in surging billows far back into the Elysian Fields. They had collected to exult in introducing the idol of the army and of the nation—the people's king—into the palace from which they had expelled the ancient monarchs of France. The

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NAPOLEON'S ENTRANCE INTO THE TUILERIES.

moment the state carriage appeared, the heavens seemed rent with the unanimous shout, "Long live the First Consul." As soon as Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great stair, ascending to the palace, he left the other Consuls, and, mounting his horse, passed in review the magnificent array of troops drawn up before him. Murat was on his right; Lannes on his left. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff of war-worn veterans, whose scarred and sun-burnt visages told of many a toilsome and bloody campaign. There were three brigades, which appeared with the banners which had passed through the terrific conflicts of Lodi, Rivoli, and Arcola. They were black with powder, and torn into shreds by shot. Napoleon instantly uncovered his head, and, with profound reverence, saluted these monuments of military valor. An universal burst of enthusiasm greeted the well-timed and graceful act. Napoleon then returned to the Tuileries, ascended to the audience-chamber, and took his station in the centre of the room. All eyes were fixed upon him. The two associate Consuls were entirely forgotten, or, rather, they were reduced to the rank of pages, following in his train, and gracing his triumph.

The suite of rooms appropriated to Josephine, consisted of two magnificent saloons, with private apartments adjoining. In the evening a vast assemblage of brilliant guests were gathered in those regal halls. When Josephine entered the gorgeously illumined apartments, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, and dressed with that admirable taste which she ever displayed, a murmur of admiration rose from the whole assembly. The festivities of the evening were protracted until nearly the dawn of the ensuing morning. When the guests had all retired, Napoleon, with his hands folded behind him, paced to and fro through the spacious halls, apparently absorbed in profound and melancholy thought; and then, as if half soliloquizing, said to his secretary, Bourrienne, "Here we are in the Tuileries. We must take good care to remain here. Who has not inhabited this palace? It has been the abode of robbers; of members of the Convention. There is your brother's house, from which, eight years ago, we saw the good Louis XVI. besieged in the Tuileries and carried off into captivity. But you need not fear a repetition of that scene. Let them attempt it with me if they dare."

The next morning Napoleon said to Bourrienne. "See what it is to have the mind set upon a thing. It is not two years since we resolved to take possession of the Tuileries. Do you think that we have managed affairs badly since that time. In fact, I am well satisfied. Yesterday's affair went off well. Do you imagine that all those people who came to pay their court to me were sincere? Most certainly they were not. But the joy of the *people* was real. The people know what is right. Besides, consult the great thermometer of public opinion, the public funds. On the 17th Brumaire they were at 11—the 20th, 16—to-day, 21. In this state of things, I can allow the Jacobins to chatter. But they must not talk too loud."

With consummate tact, Napoleon selected the ablest men of the empire to occupy the most important departments in the state. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, having received his appointment, said to Napoleon, "You have confided to me the administration of foreign affairs. I will justify your confidence But I deem it my duty at once to declare, that I will consult with you alone. That France may be well governed, there must be unity of action. The First Consul must retain the direction of every thing, the home, foreign, and police departments, and those of war and the marine. The Second Consul is an able lawyer. I would advise that he have the direction of legal affairs. Let the Third

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Consul govern the finances. This will occupy and amuse them. Thus you, having at your disposal the vital powers of government, will be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France." Napoleon listened in silence. Having taken leave of his minister, he said to his secretary, "Talleyrand has detected my views. He is a man of excellent sense. He advises just what I intend to do. They walk with speed who walk alone." Some one had objected to the appointment of Talleyrand, saying, "He is a weathercock." "Be it so," said Napoleon, "he is the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities."

"Carnot," objected another, "is a republican." "Republican or not," Napoleon replied, "he is the last Frenchman who will wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivaled talents in the war department, while he is willing to place them at our command."

"Fouché," objected one, "is a compound of falsehood and duplicity." "Fouché alone," Napoleon rejoined, "is able to conduct the ministry of the police. He alone has a knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We can not create men. We must take such as we find. It is easier to modify, by circumstances, the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place."

M. Abriel, a peer of France, was recommended as Minister of Justice. "I do not know you, citizen Abriel," said Napoleon, as he presented him his diploma of office, "but I am informed that you are the most upright man in the magistracy. It is on that account that I have named you Minister of Justice."

One of Napoleon's first acts was to abolish the annual festival celebrating the bloody death of Louis XVI. He declared it to be a barbarous ceremony, and unworthy of a humane people. "Louis was a tyrant," said Sieyes. "Nay, nay," Napoleon promptly replied, "Louis was no tyrant. Had he been a tyrant, I should this day have been a captain of engineers, and you, Monsieur L'Abbé, would have been saying mass."

The Directory had resorted to the iniquitous procedure of forced loans to replenish the bankrupt treasury. Napoleon immediately rejected the tyrannical system. He assembled seventy of the most wealthy capitalists of Paris, in his closet at the Tuileries. Frankly he laid before them the principles of the new government, and the claims it had on the confidence of the public. The appeal was irresistible. The merchants and bankers, overjoyed at the prospect of just and stable laws, by acclamation voted an immediate loan of two millions of dollars. Though this made provision but for a few days, it was very timely aid. He then established an equitable tax upon property, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the state. The people paid the tax without a murmur.

Napoleon entertained profound aversion for the men who had been engaged in the sanguinary scenes of the revolution, particularly for the regicides. He always spoke with horror of those men of blood, whom he called the assassins of Louis. He deplored the necessity of employing any of them. Cambaceres was a member of the Convention which had condemned the king to the guillotine. Though he voted against the sentence of death, he had advocated his arrest. "Remember," said Napoleon one day to Cambaceres, at the same time playfully pinching his ear, "that I had nothing to do with that atrocious business. But your case, my dear Cambaceres, is clear. If the Bourbons ever return, you must be hanged." Cambaceres did not enjoy such pleasantry. His smile was ghastly. Upon the reorganization of the Supreme Court of France, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I do not take any decided steps against the regicides. But I will show what I think of them. Target, the president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. I will replace him by Tronchet, who so nobly discharged that perilous duty. They may say what they choose. My mind is made up."

The enthusiasm of the army was immediately revived by the attention which the First Consul devoted to its interests. He presented beautiful sabres to those soldiers who had highly distinguished themselves. One hundred were thus conferred. A sergeant of grenadiers had obtained permission to write to the First Consul, expressing his thanks. Napoleon, with his own hand, replied, "I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You had no occasion to remind me of your gallant behavior. You are the most courageous grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benezeti. You have received one of the hundred sabres which I have distributed, and all agree that none deserve it better. I wish much to see you again. The Minister of War sends you an order to come to Paris." This letter was widely circulated in the army, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch. The First Consul, the most illustrious general of France, the great Napoleon, calls a sergeant of grenadiers "my brave comrade." This sympathy for the people was ever a prominent trait in Napoleon's character.

The following anecdote will illustrate his views upon this subject; or, rather, a part of his views. All men have varying moods of mind, which seem to be antagonistic to each other. Napoleon was conversing with O'Meara respecting the English naval service.

"During the winter," said O'Meara, "the seamen are better off at sea than the officers."

"Why so?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because," was the reply, "they have the advantage of the galley-fire, where they can warm and dry themselves."

"And why can not the officers do the same?"

"It would not be exactly decorous," O'Meara replied, "for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men."

"Ah, this aristocratic pride!" exclaimed Napoleon "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go

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to the lines in the bivouacs; sit down with the humblest soldier, and converse freely with him. You are the most aristocratic nation in the world. I always prided myself on being the man of the people. I sprung from the populace myself. Whenever a man had merit I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had. To the aristocracy you pay every kind of attention. Nothing can be too good for them. The people you treat precisely as if they were slaves. Can any thing be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send your boats on shore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the populace, if they can not prove themselves *gentlemen*, are hurried on board your ships. And yet you have the impudence to cry out against the conscription in France. It wounds your pride, because it fell *upon all ranks*. You are shocked that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country, just as if he were one of the common people—that he should be compelled to expose his body like a vile plebeian. Yet God made all men alike. One day the people will avenge themselves. That conscription, which so offended your aristocratic pride, was conducted scrupulously according to the principles of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it. The conscription did not, like your press-gang, crush a particular class, because they were poor. It was the most just, because the most equal, mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the world."

When a prisoner on board the Northumberland, in his passage to St. Helena, all the common sailors, though English, became most enthusiastically attached to Napoleon. Some one alluded to this fact. "Yes," said Napoleon, "I believe that they were my friends. I used to go among them; speak to them kindly, and ask familiar questions. My freedom in this respect quite astonished them, as it was so different from that which they had been accustomed to receive from their own officers. You English are great aristocrats. You keep a wide distance between yourselves and the people."

It was observed in reply, "On board a man-of-war it is necessary to keep the seamen at a great distance, in order to maintain a proper respect for the officers."

"I do not think," Napoleon rejoined, "that it is necessary to keep up so much reserve as you practice. When the officers do not eat or drink, or make too many freedoms with the seamen, I see no necessity for any greater distinctions. Nature formed all men equal. It was always my custom to go freely among the soldiers and the common people, to converse with them, ask them little histories, and speak kindly to them. This I found to be of the greatest benefit to me. On the contrary, the generals and officers I kept at a great distance."

Notwithstanding these protestations of freedom from aristocratic pride, which were unquestionably sincere, and in their intended application strictly true, it is also evident that Napoleon was by no means insensible to the mysterious fascination of illustrious rank. It is a sentiment implanted in the human heart, which never has been, and never can be eradicated. Just at this time Murat sought Napoleon's sister Caroline for his bride. "Murat! Murat!" said Napoleon, thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "*He is the son of an innkeeper. In the elevated rank to which I have attained I can not mix my blood with his.*" For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then continued, "Besides, there is no hurry. I shall see by-and-by." A friend of the young cavalry officer urged the strong attachment of the two for each other. He also plead Murat's devotion to Napoleon, his brilliant courage, and the signal service he had rendered at the battle of Aboukir. "Yes," Napoleon replied, with animation, "Murat was superb at Aboukir. Well, for my part, all things considered, I am satisfied. Murat suits my sister. And, then, they can not say that I am aristocratic, that I seek grand alliances. Had I given my sister to a noble, all you Jacobins would have cried out for a counter-revolution. Since that matter is settled we must hasten the business. We have no time to lose. If I go to Italy I wish to take Murat with me. We must strike a decisive blow, there. Come to-morrow." Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast power, and the millions which had been at his disposal, his private purse was still so empty, that he could present his sister Caroline with but six thousand dollars as her marriage portion. Feeling the necessity of making some present in accordance with his exalted rank, he took a magnificent diamond necklace, belonging to Josephine, as the bridal gift. Josephine most gracefully submitted to this spoliation of her jewelry.

As Napoleon became more familiar with the heights of power to which he had attained, all these plebeian scruples vanished. He sought to ally his family with the proudest thrones of Europe; and, repelling from his bosom the faithful wife of his early years, he was proud of commingling his own blood with that of a daughter of the Cæsars.

In the midst of these events, the news arrived in France of the death of Washington. Napoleon immediately issued the following order of the day to the army:—"Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the free men of both hemispheres; and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the standards and banners of the Republic."

In reference to the course he pursued at this time, Napoleon subsequently remarked, "Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and of the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If knowledge

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should ever be dangerous to the multitude, it can can only be when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge will inspire them with the spirit to defend themselves. My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction, are to elevate generations yet unborn. Thus, during my reign, crimes were constantly diminishing. On the contrary, with our neighbors in England, they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.*

"Look at the United States," he continued, "where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously. Every one is happy and contented. And this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interest of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion—above all, what increase of crime, would ensue. When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington. I should have had little merit in so being. I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and invasion from without, he could by no possibility have been what he was in America. Indeed it would have been folly to have attempted it. It would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, and in the midst of kings, yielding or subdued, that I could take my place. Then, and then only, could I successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness and wisdom."

"I think," said La Fayette, at the time of the revolution which placed Louis Phillipe upon the throne of France, "that the Constitution of the United States is the best which has ever existed. But France is not prepared for such a government. We need a throne surrounded by republican institutions."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to reorganize in the Tuileries the splendors of a court. The French people were like children who needed to be amused, and Napoleon took good care to provide amusement for them. His ante-chambers were filled with chamberlains, pages, and esquires. Servants, in brilliant liveries, loitered in the halls and on the staircases. Magnificent entertainments were provided, at which Josephine presided with surpassing grace and elegance. Balls, operas, and theatres, began to be crowded with splendor and fashion, and the gay Parisians were delighted. Napoleon personally took no interest whatever in these things. All his energies were engrossed in the accomplishment of magnificent enterprises for the elevation of France. "While they are discussing these changes," said he, "they will cease to talk nonsense about my politics, and that is what I want. Let them amuse themselves. Let them dance. But let them not thrust their heads into the councils of government. Commerce will revive under the increasing expenditure of the capital. I am not afraid of the Jacobins. I never was so much applauded as at the last parade. It is ridiculous to say that nothing is right but what is new. We have had enough of such novelties. I would rather have the balls of the opera than the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason."*

While Napoleon was thus engaged in reconstructing society in France, organizing the army, strengthening the navy, and conducting the diplomacy of Europe, he was maturing and executing the most magnificent plans of internal improvements. In early life he had conceived a passion for architectural grandeur, which had been strengthened and chastened by his residence among the time-honored monuments of Italy and Egypt. With inconceivable activity of mind, he planned those vast works of utility and of beauty in Paris, and all over the empire, which will forever remain the memorials of his well-directed energies, and which will throw a lustre over his reign which never can be sullied. He erected the beautiful quay on the banks of the Seine, in front of the Tuileries. He swept away the buildings which deformed the Place Carrousel, and united the Louvre and the Tuileries, forming a magnificent square between those splendid edifices. He commenced the construction of a fourth side for the great square opposite the picture gallery. It was a vast and a noble undertaking; but it was interrupted by those fierce wars, which the allied kings of Europe waged against him. The Bridge of Arts was commenced. The convents of the Feuillans and Capucines, which had been filled with victims during the revolution, were torn down, and the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, now one of the chief ornaments of Paris, was thrown open. Canals, bridges, turnpike-roads, all over the empire, were springing into existence. One single mind inspired the nation.

The most inveterate opponents of Napoleon are constrained to the admission that it is impos-

* This fact is corroborated by authentic documents. France in 1801, the second year of Napoleon's consulship, with 34,000,000 of inhabitants, condemned to death 882. England, with but sixteen millions, executed the same year 3,400. In the year 1811, after Napoleon had reigned ten years, France, with a population of 42,000,000, condemned but 392. England, with 17,000,000, condemned 6,400.—*See Situation of England, by M. Montveran*

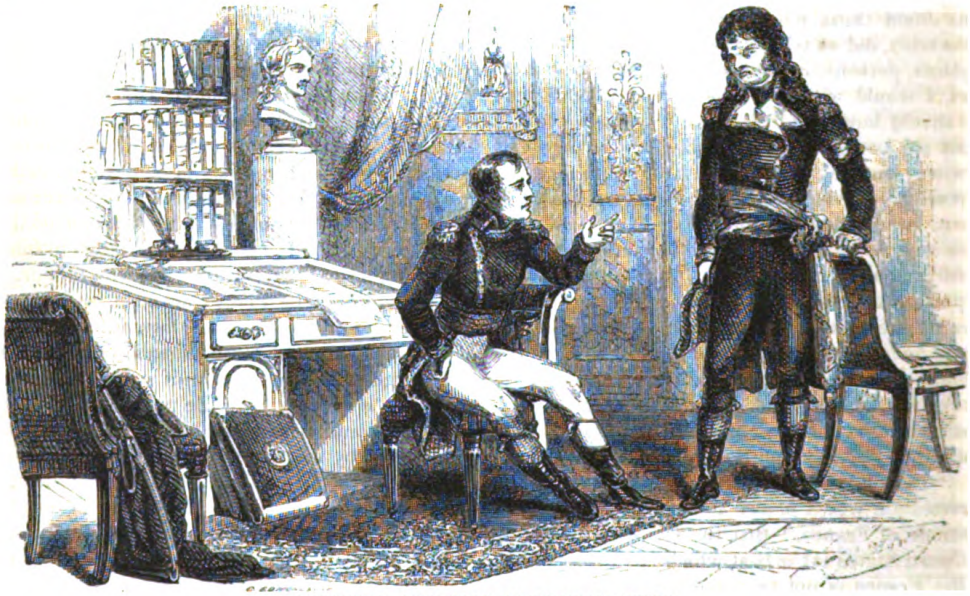
* During the revolution, a beautiful opera girl, of licentious character, was conveyed in most imposing ceremonial to the church of Notre Dame. There she was elevated upon an altar, and presented to the thronged assemblage as the Goddess of Reason. "Mortals!" said Chaumette, "cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created. There is no God. Henceforth worship none but Reason. Here I offer you its noblest and purest image. Worship only such divinities as this." The whole assemblage bowed in adoration, and then retired to indulge in scenes which the pen refuses to record

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sible to refuse the praise of consummate prudence and skill to these, and indeed to all the arrangements he adopted in this great crisis of his history. "We are creating a new era," said he. "Of the past we must forget the bad, and remember only the good."

In one of the largest and most populous provinces of France, that of La Vendee, many thousand royalists had collected, and were carrying on a most desperate civil war. England, with her ships, was continually sending to them money, ammunition, and arms, and landing among them regiments of emigrant troops formed in London. They had raised an army of sixty thousand men. All the efforts of the Directory to quell the insurrection had been unavailing. The most awful atrocities had disgraced this civil conflict. As soon as Napoleon was firmly seated in his consular chair, he sent an invitation for the chiefs of these royalist forces in La Vendee to visit him in Paris, assuring them of a safe return. They all accepted the invitation. Napoleon met them in his audience-chamber with the utmost kindness and frankness. He assured them that it was his only object to rescue France from the ruin into which it had fallen; to bring peace and happiness to his distracted country. With that laconic logic which he had ever at command, he said, "Are you fighting in self-defense? You have no longer cause to fight. I will not molest you. I will protect you in all your rights. Have you taken arms to revive the reign of the ancient kings? You see the all but unanimous decision of the nation. Is it honorable for so decided a minority to attempt, by force of arms, to dictate laws to the majority?"

Napoleon's arguments were as influential as his battalions. They yielded at once, not merely their swords but their hearts' homage One alone, George Cadoudal, a sullen, gigantic savage, who preferred banditti marauding above the blessings of peace, refused to yield. Napoleon had a private interview with him. The guard at the door were extremely alarmed lest the semi-barbarian should assassinate the First Consul. Napoleon appealed to his patriotism, his humanity, but all in vain. Cadoudal demanded his passports and left Paris. "Why did I not," he afterward often said, as he looked at his brawny, hairy, Samson-like arms, "strangle that man when I had him in my power?" He went to London, where he engaged in many conspiracies for the assassination of Napoleon, and was finally taken in France, and shot.



NAPOLEON AND THE VENDEEAN CHIEF.

Civil war was now at an end, and with most singular unanimity all France was rejoicing in the reign of the First Consul. Napoleon loved not war. He wished to build up, not to tear down. He desired the glory of being the benefactor and not the scourge of his fellow-men. Every conflict in which he had thus far been engaged was strictly a war of self-defense. The expedition to Egypt can not be considered an exception, for that enterprise was undertaken as the only means of repelling the assaults of the most determined and powerful enemy France has ever known. Napoleon was now strong. All France was united in him. With unobstructed power he could wield all her resources, and guide all her armies. Under these circumstances most signally did he show his love of peace, by adopting the very characteristic measure of writing directly to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, proposing reconciliation. It was noble in the highest degree for him to do so Pride would have said, "They commenced the conflict; they shall be the first to ask for peace" To the King of England he wrote,

"Called, Sire, by the wishes of the French nation, to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I judge it well, on entering my office, to address myself directly to your Majesty. Must

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which for the four last years has devas-
world, be eternal? Are there no means
ig to an understanding? How can the
t enlightened nations of Europe, strong-
dy and more powerful than their safety
independence requires, sacrifice to ideas
glory the well-being of commerce, inter-
perity, and the repose of families! How
t they do not feel peace to be the first of
ies as the first of glories! These senti-
an not be strangers to the heart of your
, who governs a free people with the sole
endering it happy.

ır Majesty will perceive only, in this
, the sincerity of my desire to contribute
usly, for a second time, to the general
ion, by this prompt advance, perfectly con-
and disembarrassed of those forms, which,
necessary to disguise the dependence
states, reveal, when adopted by strong
nly the wish of mutual deception. France
gland by the misuse of their powers, may
a long period, retard, to the misery of all
their exhaustion. But I venture to say
fate of the civilized world is connected
termination of a war, which has set the
world in flames."

his magnanimous application for peace,
g of England did not judge it proper to
ny personal answer. Lord Grenville re-
a letter full of most bitter recriminations.
France was exasperated by the insulting
ion that if France really desired peace,
est and most natural pledge of its reality
manence, would be the restoration of that
rinces which, for so many centuries main-
he French nation in prosperity at home, and
ation and respect abroad. Such an event
it once remove, and will at any time remove
acles in the way of negotiation or peace."
was, indeed, an irritating response to
on's pacific appeal. He, however, with
ignity and moderation, replied through his
r, M. Talleyrand, in the following terms:
far from having provoked the war, France,
ne commencement of the revolution, sol-
proclaimed her love of peace, her disincli-
for conquests, and her respect for the in-
ence of all governments. And it is not
oubted, that occupied at that time entirely
er own internal affairs, she would have
taking any part in those of Europe, and
have remained faithful to her declarations.
t from an opposite disposition, as soon as
nch revolution had broken out, almost all
entered into a league for its destruction.
ggression was real long before it was pub-
nternal resistance was excited; the ene-
f the revolution were favorably received,
xtravagant declamations were supported,
nch nation was insulted in the person of
nts, and England particularly set this ex-
by the dismissal of the minister of the Re-

Finally, France was attacked in her in-
lence, her honor, and her safety, long be-
ar was declared.

"It is to these projects of dismemberment, subjection, and dissolution, that France has a right to impute the evils which she has suffered, and those which have afflicted Europe. Assailed on all sides, the Republic could not but equally extend the efforts of her defense. And it is only for the maintenance of her own independence, that she has called into requisition her own strength and the courage of her citizens. If in the midst of the critical circumstances which the revolution and the war have brought on, France has not always shown as much moderation as the nation has shown courage, it must be imputed to the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic majesty are in unison with those of the French Republic, for the re-establishment of peace, why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, should not attention be directed to the means of terminating it. It can not be doubted that his Britannic Majesty must recognize the right of nations to choose their form of government, since it is from this right that he holds his crown. But the First Consul can not comprehend how, after admitting this fundamental principle, upon which rests the existence of political societies, his Majesty could annex insinuations, which tend to an interference with the internal affairs of the Republic. Such interference is no less injurious to the French nation and its government, than it would be to England and his Majesty, if an invitation were held out, in form of a return to that republican form of government which England adopted about the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne that family whom their birth had placed there, and whom a revolution had compelled to descend from it."

There was no possibility of parrying these home thrusts. Lord Grenville consequently entirely lost his temper. Replying in a note even more angry and bitter than the first, he declared that England was fighting for the security of all governments against French Jacobinism, and that hostilities would be immediately urged on anew without any relaxation. Napoleon was not at all disappointed or disheartened at the result of this correspondence. He earnestly desired peace. But he was not afraid of war. Conscious of the principle, "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," he was happy in the conviction that the sympathies of impartial men in all nations would be with him. He knew that the arrogant tone assumed by England, would unite France as one man, in determined and undying resistance. "The answer," said he, "filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes! yes! war to the death."

The throne of the King of England, the opulence of her bishops, and the enormous estates of her nobles were perhaps dependent upon the issue of this conflict. The demolition of all exclusive privileges, and the establishment of perfect equality of rights among all classes of men

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in France, must have shaken the throne, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy of England, with earthquake power. The government of England was mainly in the hands of the king, the bishops, and the lords. Their all was at stake. In a temptation so sore, frail human nature must not be too severely censured. For nearly ten years, the princes of France had been wandering houseless fugitives over Europe. The nobles of France, ejected from their castles, with their estates confiscated, were beggars in all lands. Bishops who had been wrapped in ermine, and who had rolled in chariots of splendor, were glad to warm their shivering limbs by the fire of the peasant, and to satiate their hunger with his black bread. To king, and bishop, and noble, in England, this was a fearful warning. It seemed to be necessary for their salvation to prevent all friendly intercourse between England and France, to hold up the principles of the French Revolution to execration, and above all, to excite, if possible, the detestation of the people of England, against Napoleon, the child and the champion of popular rights. Napoleon was the great foe to be feared, for with his resplendent genius he was enthroning himself in the hearts of the *people* of all lands.

But no impartial man, in either hemisphere, can question that the *right* was with Napoleon. It was not the duty of the thirty millions of France to ask permission of the fifteen millions of England to modify their government. The kings of Europe, led by England, had combined to force with the bayonet, upon France, a rejected and an execrated dynasty. The inexperienced Republic, distracted and impoverished by these terrific blows, was fast falling to ruin. The people invested Napoleon with almost dictatorial powers for their rescue. It was their only hope. Napoleon, though conscious of strength, in the name of bleeding humanity, plead for peace. His advances were met with contumely and scorn, and the trumpet notes of defiant hosts rang from the Thames to the Danube. The ports of France were blockaded by England's invincible fleet, demolishing the feeble navy of the Republic, and bombarding her cities. An army of three hundred thousand men pressed upon the frontiers of France, threatening a triumphant march to her capital, there to compel, by bayonet and bomb-shell, the French people to receive a Bourbon for their king. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to defend his country. Most nobly he did it.

The correspondence with the British government, which redounds so much to the honor of Napoleon, vastly multiplied his friends among the masses of the people in England, and roused in parliament, a very formidable opposition to the measures of government. This opposition was headed by Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. They did not adopt the atrocious maxim, "Our country—right or wrong," but rather the ennobling principle "Our country—when in the wrong, we will try to put her right." Never, in the history of the world, has there been a more spirited or a more eloquent opposition than this question elicited. Fox, the rival of Pitt, and the profound admirer of Napoleon, was the most prominent leader of this opposition. Napoleon, with his laconic and graphic eloquence, thus describes the antagonistic English statesmen. "In Fox, the heart warmed the genius. In Pitt the genius withered the heart."

"You ask," the opposition exclaimed, "who was the aggressor? What matters that? You say it was France. France says it was England. The party you accuse of being the aggressor is the first to offer to lay down arms. Shall interminable war continue merely to settle a question of history? You say it is useless to treat with France. Yet you treated with the Directory. Prussia and Spain have treated with the Republic, and have found no cause for complaint. You speak of the crimes of France. And yet your ally, Naples, commits crimes more atrocious, without the excuse of popular excitement. You speak of ambition. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria, have divided Poland. Austria grasps the provinces of Italy. You yourself take possession of India, of part of the Spanish, and of all the Dutch colonies. Who shall say that one is more guilty than another in this strife of avarice. If you ever intend to treat with the French Republic, there can be no more favorable moment than the present."

By way of commentary upon the suggestion that France must re-enthrone the Bourbons, a letter was published, either real or pretended, from the heir of the exiled house of Stuart, demanding from George the Third, the throne of his ancestors. There was no possible way of parrying this home thrust. George the Third, by his own admission, was an usurper, seated upon the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The opposition enjoyed exceedingly the confusion produced, in the enemies' ranks, by this well-directed shot.

The government replied, "Peace with Republican France endangers all the monarchies of Europe. The First Consul is but carrying out, with tremendous energy, the principles of the revolution—the supremacy of the people. Peace with France is but a cessation of resistance to wrong. France still retains the sentiments which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was democratic. She is democratic. She declares war against kings. She continues to seek their destruction."

There was much force in these declarations. It is true that Napoleon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a democrat. He was not in favor of placing the government in the hands of the great mass of the people. He made no disguise of his conviction that in France the people had neither the intelligence nor the virtue essential to the support of a wise and stable republic. Distinctly he avowed that in his judgment the experiment of a republic had utterly failed, that France must return to monarchy. The great mass of the people were also satisfied of this

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necessity. "The French generally," said Napoleon, "do not ask for *liberty*. They only seek *equality*."

But France no longer wished for an aristocratic king, who would confer wealth, splendor, and power exclusively upon his nobles. The old feudal throne was still hated with implacable hatred. France demanded a popular throne; a king for the people, one who would consult the interests of the masses, who would throw open to all alike the avenues of influence and honor and opulence. Such a monarch was Napoleon. The people adored him. He is *our* emperor, they shouted with enthusiasm. We will make him greater than all the kings of all the nobles. His palaces shall be more sumptuous, his retinue more magnificent, his glory more dazzling; for our daughters may enter his court as maids of honor, and our sons may go in and out at the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, the marshals of France. Lord Grenville was right in saying that Napoleon was but carrying out the principles of the revolution—equality of privileges—the supremacy of popular rights. But the despots of Europe were as hostile to such a king as to a republic.

On the same day in which Napoleon's pacific letter was sent to the King of England, another, of the same character, was dispatched to the Emperor of Austria. It was conceived in the following terms:

"Having returned to Europe, after an absence of eighteen months, I find a war kindled between the French Republic and your Majesty. The French nation has called me to the occupation of the First Magistracy. A stranger to every feeling of vain-glory, the first of my wishes is to stop the effusion of blood which is about to flow. Every thing leads me to foresee that, in the next campaign, numerous armies, ably conducted, will treble the number of the victims, who have already fallen since the resumption of hostilities. The well-known character of your Majesty, leaves me no doubt as to the secret wishes of your heart. If those wishes only are listened to, I perceive the possibility of reconciling the interests of the two nations.

"In the relations which I have formerly entertained with your Majesty, you have shown me some personal regard. I beg you, therefore, to see in this overture, which I have made to you, the desire to respond to that regard, and to convince your Majesty, more and more, of the very distinguished consideration which I feel toward you."

Austria replied, in courteous terms, that she could take no steps in favor of peace without consulting her ally England. Thus all Napoleon's efforts to arrest the desolations of war failed. The result had been anticipated. He was well aware of the unrelenting hostility with which the banded kings of Europe contemplated the overthrow of a feudal throne, and of the mortal antipathy with which they regarded the thought of receiving a democratic king into their aristocratic brotherhood. Nothing now remained for Napoleon but to prepare to meet his foes. The allies, conscious of the genius of that great captain who had filled the world with the renown of his victories, exerted themselves to the utmost to raise such forces, and to assail Napoleon with numbers so overwhelming, and in quarters so varied as to insure his bewilderment and ruin. The Archduke Charles, of Austria, who was practically acquainted with the energy of Napoleon, urged peace. But England and Austria were both confident that France, exhausted in men and money, could not hold out for another campaign.

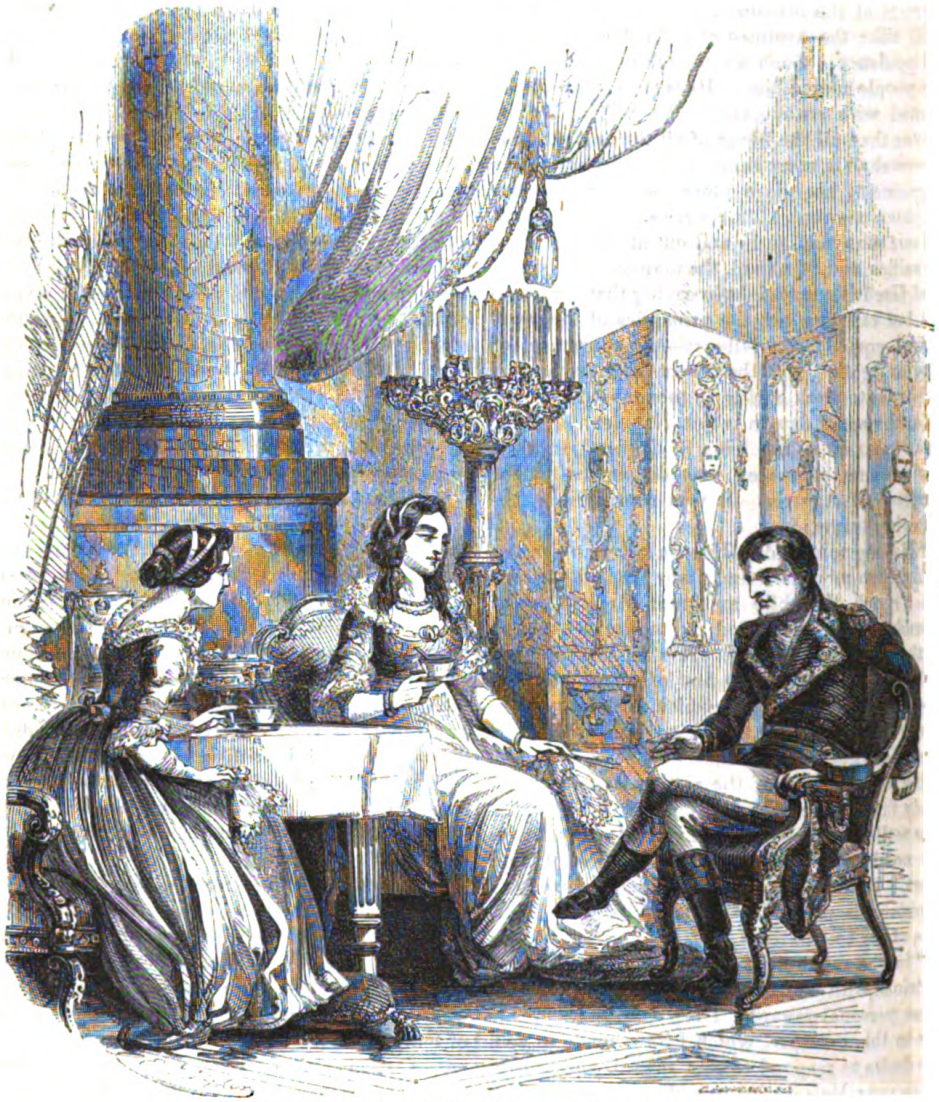
The Bourbons now made an attempt to bribe Napoleon to replace them upon their lost throne. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., wrote to him from London, "For a long time, general, you must have known the esteem in which I hold you. If you doubt my gratitude, mark your own place. Point out the situation you wish for your friends. The victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, can never prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing the most precious moments. We could secure the happiness of France. I say we, for I require Bonaparte for such an attempt, and he could not achieve it without me. Europe observes you. Glory awaits you. I am impatient to restore peace to my people."

Napoleon did not imitate the example of the King of England and pass this letter over to his minister. Courteously and kindly, with his own hand he replied. "I have received your letter. I thank you for the obliging expressions it contains respecting myself. You should renounce all hopes of returning to France. You could not return but over the corpses of 100,000 Frenchmen. Sacrifice your interest to the happiness and repose of your country. History will duly appreciate your conduct, in so doing. I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family, and shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with every thing which can restore the tranquillity of your retreat."

Benedict Arnold attempted to bring the American Revolution to a close by surrendering the United States to their rejected king. It was not in Napoleon's line of ambition to imitate his example. The Bourbons, finding the direct proffer of reward unavailing, then tried the effect of female blandishments. The fascinating Duchess of Guiche, a lady of great beauty and talent, was dispatched a secret emissary to the court of the First Consul, to employ all the arts of eloquence, address, and the most voluptuous loveliness, in gaining an influence over Napoleon. Josephine, who had suffered so much during the Revolution, and whose associations had been with the aristocracy of France, was a royalist. She trembled for the safety of her husband, and was very anxious that he should do whatever in honor might be done, to restore the Bourbons. In every possible way she befriended the royalists, and had secured, all over Europe, their cordial esteem. The Duchess of Guiche easily got access to Josephine. Artfully she said, one morning at the breakfast-table, "A few days ago I

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was with the Count of Provence in London. Some one asked him what he intended to do for Napoleon, in the event of his restoring the Bourbons. He replied, 'I would immediately make him Constable of France, and every thing else which he might choose. And we would raise on the Carrousel, a magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons.'" Soon after breakfast Napoleon entered. Josephine most eagerly repeated the words to him. "And did you not reply," said Napoleon, "that the corpse of the First Consul would be made the pedestal of the column." The fascinating duchess was still present. She immediately assailed Napoleon with all her artillery of beauty, smiles, and flattery. The voluptuous



NAPOLEON AND THE DUCHESS OF GUICHE.

freedom of her manners, and the charms of the bewitching emissary, alarmed the jealousy of Josephine. Napoleon, however, was impervious to the assault. That night the duchess received orders to quit Paris; and in the morning, in the charge of the police, she was on her way toward the frontier.

It has often been said that Napoleon made overtures to the Bourbons for the cession of their rights to the throne. In reference to this assertion Napoleon says, "How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them, that of the sovereignty of the people; how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which were proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable, too ridiculous. It would have ruined me forever in public opinion. The fact is that neither directly nor indirectly, at home or abroad, did I ever do any thing of the kind."

The report probably originated in the following facts. Friendly relations were at one time existing between Prussia and France. The Prussian government inquired if Napoleon would take umbrage if the Bourbon princes were al-

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lowed to remain in the Prussian territory. Napoleon replied that he had no objections to that arrangement. Emboldened by the prompt consent, it was then asked if the French government would be willing to furnish them with an annual allowance for their support. Napoleon replied that it should be done most cheerfully, provided Prussia would be responsible for the princes remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigues to disturb the peace of France.

A few evenings after this last attempt of Louis XVIII. to regain the throne, Napoleon was one evening walking with Bourrienne in the gardens of his favorite retreat at Malmaison. He was in fine spirits, for all things were moving on very prosperously.



NAPOLEON AND BOURRIENNE.

"Has my wife," said he to Bourrienne, "been speaking to you of the Bourbons?"

"No, general!" Bourrienne replied.

"But, when you converse with her," Napoleon added, "you lean a little to her opinions. Tell me now, why do you desire the return of the Bourbons? You have no interest in their return; nothing to expect from them. You can never be any thing with them. You have no chance but to remain all your life in an inferior situation. Have you ever seen a man rise under kings by merit alone?"

"General," replied Bourrienne, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I have never received any favor under the Bourbons; neither have I the vanity to suppose I should ever rise, under them, to any conspicuous station. But I look at the interests of France. I believe that you will hold your power as long as you live. But you have no children, and it is pretty certain that you will never have any by Josephine. What are we to do when you are gone? What is to become of France? You have often said that your brothers were not—"

Here Napoleon interrupted him, exclaiming:

"Ah! as to that you are right. If I do not live thirty years to finish my work, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You will then have a violent contest among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think that he has a right to take my place."

"Well, general," said Bourrienne, "why do you not endeavor to remedy those evils which you foresee?"

"Do you suppose," Napoleon replied, "that I have never thought of that? But weigh well the difficulties which are in my way. In case of a restoration, what is to become of the men who were conspicuous in the revolution? What is to become of the confiscated estates and the national domain, which have been sold and sold again? What is to become of all the changes which have been effected in the last twelve years?"

"But, general," said Bourrienne, "need I recall to your attention, that Louis XVIII. in his letter to you guarantees the contrary of all which you apprehend? Are you not in a situation to impose any conditions you may think fit?"

"Depend upon it," Napoleon replied, "the Bourbons will think that they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. No sensible man will trust them. My mind is made up. Let us say no more upon the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to mind my affairs."

Pithily Bourrienne adds, "The women knitted. I wrote at my desk. Napoleon made himself Emperor. The empire has fallen to pieces. Napoleon is dead at St. Helena. The Bourbons have been restored."

The boundless popularity which Napoleon acquired, was that which follows great achievements, not that which is ingloriously sought for by pampering to the vices and yielding to the prejudices of the populace. Napoleon was never a demagogue. His administration was in accordance with his avowed principles. "A sovereign," said he, "must serve his people with dignity, and not make it his chief study to please them. The best mode of winning their love is to secure their welfare. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sovereign to flatter his subjects. If they do not afterward obtain every thing which they want, they become irritated, and fancy that promises have been broken. If they are then resisted, their hatred increases in proportion as they consider themselves deceived. A sovereign's first duty is unquestionably to conform with the wishes of his people. But what the people say is scarce-

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ly ever what they wish. Their desires and their wants can not be learned from their own mouths, so well as they are to be read in the heart of their prince."

Again he said in memorable words, which must not be forgotten in forming a just estimate of his character, "The system of government must be adapted to the spirit of the nation. France required a strong government. France was in the same state as Rome when a dictator was declared necessary for the salvation of the republic. Successions of coalitions against the existence of the Republic, had been formed by English gold among all the most powerful nations of Europe. To resist successfully it was essential that all the energies of the country should be at the disposal of the chief. I never conquered unless in my own defense. Europe never ceased to make war against France and her principles. It was necessary for us to conquer, that we might not be conquered. Between the parties which agitated France I was like a rider seated on an unruly horse, who always wants to swerve either to the right or the left. To lead him to keep a straight course, he is obliged to make him feel the bridle. The government of a country, just emerging from revolution, menaced by foreign enemies and agitated by the intrigues of domestic traitors, must necessarily be energetic. In quieter times my dictatorship would have terminated, and I should have commenced my constitutional reign. Even, as it was, with a coalition always existing against me, either secret or public, there was more equality in France, than in any other country in Europe. One of my grand objects was to render education accessible to every body. I caused every institution to be formed upon a plan which offered instruction to the public either gratis, or at a rate so moderate as not to be beyond the means of the peasant. The museums were thrown open to the whole people. The French populace would have become the best educated in the world. All my efforts were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation, instead of brutifying them by ignorance and superstition. The English people, who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament, with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as that of Philippi was to those of Rome. It has precipitated Europe into the hands of despots, banded together for the oppression of mankind."

Though Napoleon felt deeply the sanctity of law, and the necessity of securing the inflexible enforcement of its penalties, he was never more highly gratified than when he was enabled, by the exercise of the pardoning power, to rescue the condemned. Says Bourrienne, whose testimony will not be questioned, "When the imperious necessities of his political situation, to which, in fact, he sacrificed every thing, did not interpose, the saving of life afforded him the highest satisfaction. He would even have thanked those, to whom he rendered such a service, for the gratification they had thus afforded him." A French emigrant, M. Defeu, had been taken, with arms in his hands, fighting against France. The crime was treason; the penalty death. He was connected with some of the most honorable families in France. A very earnest petition was presented to Napoleon for his pardon. "There is no room for mercy here," Napoleon sternly replied. "A man who fights against his country is a child who would kill his mother." The affecting condition of his family was urged, and the beneficial effects upon the community of such an act of clemency. Napoleon paused for a moment, and then said, "Write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" The laconic reprieve was instantly written, signed by Napoleon, and dispatched to Sens, where the unfortunate man was imprisoned. The next morning, the moment Bourrienne entered the First Consul's apartment, Napoleon said to him, "I do not like to do my work by halves. Write to Sens, 'The First Consul desires that M. Defeu be immediately liberated.' He may repay the deed with ingratitude. But we can not help that—so much the worse for him. In all such cases, Bourrienne, never hesitate to speak to me. When I refuse it will only be because I can not do otherwise."

In Napoleon's disposition firmness and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended. The following anecdote illustrates the inflexibility of his sense of justice. A wealthy nobleman, thirty years of age, had married a young girl of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage. The friends of the young lady, without any regard to her feelings, dragged her to the altar. She cherished no affection for her husband. He became jealous of her, and, without the slightest proof of her criminality, murdered her. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Connected by birth with the first families in France, and rallying around him the interest of the most influential of friends, great exertions were made to obtain from the First Consul a pardon. To the petitioners, pleading in his behalf, Napoleon replied:

"Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of his fortune for the vile purpose of bribing the affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love but of vanity. He has committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honor, for his wife had not injured it. No! he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to consider themselves elevated above the reach of the law. They imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has committed a crime for which there are no extenuating circumstances. He must suffer the punishment to which he is justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence would put in jeopardy the life of every married woman. As the law positively protects the outraged husband, so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce,

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UNAVAILING INTERCESSION OF JOSEPHINE.

by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process."

Josephine whose tender feelings at times controlled her judgment was urgent in her intercession. Many of the relatives of the wretched man were among her most intimate friends. "This," said she, "is the first favor I have asked since your attainment of the supreme power. Surely you will not deny me!"

"I can not," said Napoleon, "grant your request. And when it is known, Josephine, that even your persuasions could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose."

England, Austria, and Russia, together with many other of the minor powers of monarchical Europe, were now combined against France. The Emperor Paul of Russia had furnished a large army to co-operate with the allies in their assault upon the Republic. Ten thousand of the Russians had been taken prisoners. But in the recent disasters which had overwhelmed the arms of France, many thousand French prisoners were in the hands of the allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange. The Austrian government refused, because it selfishly wished to exchange for Austrians only. The English government also refused, assigning the reason that it was contrary to their principles to exchange for prisoners taken from other nations. "What," exclaimed Napoleon to the Court of St. James, "do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies, who were fighting in your ranks, and under your own commander, the Duke of York?" With Vienna he also expostulated, in tones of generous warmth, "Do you refuse to restore to their country those men to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners, whom they have taken? Such injustice excites my indignation." Then yielding to those impulses, so characteristic of his generous nature, he exclaimed, "I will restore them to the Czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men." Whatever Napoleon undertook he performed magnificently. The Russian officers immediately received their swords. The captive troops, ten thousand in number, were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were all furnished with a complete suit of new clothing in the uniform of their own regiments, and thoroughly armed with weapons of the very best of French manufacture. The officers were authorized to organize them into battalions and regiments. And thus triumphantly these battalions of armed men were returned into the bosom of the ranks of the multitudinous hosts, rushing down upon France. It is gratifying to record that magnanimity so extraordinary passed not away unappreciated.

The Emperor Paul was so disgusted with the selfishness of Austria and England, and was so struck with admiration in view of this unparalleled generosity of Napoleon, that he immediately abandoned the alliance. He attached himself to Napoleon with that enthusiasm of constitutional ardor which characterized the eccentric monarch. In a letter to the First Consul, written with his own hand, he said, "Citizen First Consul!—I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted toward him. I write to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government."

Russia was thus detached from the alliance, and sending a minister to Paris, recognized the new government. Napoleon now sent an embassador to Prussia to establish, if possible, friendly relations with that power. Duroc, the only one whom Napoleon ever admitted to his intimate friendship, was selected for this mission, in con-

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sequence of his graceful address, his polished education, and his varied accomplishments.—Frederick William was a great admirer of military genius. Duroc, who had been in the campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, could interest him with the recital of many heroic enterprises. The first interview of Duroc with the Prussian monarch was entirely private, and lasted two hours. The next day Duroc was invited to dine with the king, and the Prussian court immediately recognized the consular government.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast exaltation, he preserved personally the same simple tastes and habits, the same untiring devotion to the details of business, and the same friendships as when he was merely a general of the Republic. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed with scrupulous neatness, during which time the morning journals were read to him. He then entered his cabinet, where he read letters, and wrote or dictated answers until ten. He then breakfasted with Josephine and Hortense, usually some of his aids and one or two literary or scientific friends being invited. At the close of this frugal meal, he attended the meetings of the Council, or paid visits of ceremony or business to some of the public offices. At five o'clock he returned to dinner, on ordinary occasions not allowing himself more than fifteen minutes at the table. He then retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he received the visits of ministers, and of the most distinguished persons of the metropolis.

In the oganization of his court Napoleon was unalterably determined to suppress that licentiousness of manners, which for ages had disgraced the palaces of the French monarchs, and which, since the overthrow of Christianity, had swept like a flood of pollution over all France. He was very severe upon those females, often of the highest rank, who endeavored to attract attention by freedom of dress or behavior. It was expected that men and their wives should appear in society together—a thing hitherto unprecedented, and contrary to all ideas of fashionable life. The court had hitherto taken the lead in profligacy, and the nation had followed. Napoleon thought that by enforcing purity of morals in the palace, he could draw back the nation to more decorum of manners. "Immorality," said he, "is, beyond a doubt, the worst of all faults in a sovereign; because he introduces it as a fashion among his subjects, by whom it is practiced for the sake of pleasing him. It strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge."

On one occasion a courtier, very high in rank and office, one of the imperial chamberlains, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. She was extremely beautiful, and though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity, was one of the most artful of the daughters of Eve. She joined the imperial parties on all occasions, and wherever she went threw herself in the way of Napoleon. Her soft and languishing eyes were riveted upon him. She sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, while, at the same time, she constantly placed herself in situations to attract his notice. Sometimes she would stand, for a long time, apparently lost in reverie, gazing and sighing before the portraits of Napoleon. Her father-in-law affected displeasure at her conduct, and complained of the unfortunate but resistless passion which she had imbibed. Her husband, who was infamously in the intrigue, regarded the matter with the most philosophic indifference. The mother-in-law also made herself busy to help the matter along, saying that, after all, it was hard to blame her for loving Napoleon. For some time Napoleon paid no attention to the intrigue, and appeared not to notice it. At length the affair became a subject of court gossip, and it was necessary that it should be noticed.

One evening, at the close of a sitting of the Council of State, at which Napoleon had presided, conducting Cambaceres into the recess of one of the windows, he said, "Madame B—— is rendering herself quite intolerable to me. The conduct of her relations is still more odious. The father-in-law is an infamous man, her husband a mean-spirited wretch, and her mother a vile intriguing woman, by whose arts, however, I am not to be duped. The abandoned female, who unreservedly puts up her virtue to sale, is preferable to the hypocrite who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. I wish you to call on my chamberlain, and inform him that I dispense with his services for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court for six years. And make known to the affectionate married couple, that, to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's excellent qualities, I give them leave to spend six months in Naples, six months in Vienna, and six months in any other part of Germany."

On another occasion a lieutenant-colonel sent a petition to Napoleon, soliciting promotion. In accordance with the corruptions of those paganized times, he added, "I have two *beautiful daughters*, who will be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of the good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father." Napoleon was indignant at this atrocious proposal. He said, "I know not what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment." Napoleon made inquiries respecting this officer, and found that he had been one of the assassins during the reign of terror, and an intimate friend of Robespierre. He immediately dismissed him from service. He found that the daughters were amiable and interesting young ladies, totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. That they might not suffer the penalty of their father's baseness, he settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city.

Napoleon effectually enthroned himself in the hearts of the common people of France. They be-

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lie-ed him to be their friend and advocate. They still cherish the same belief. At this hour there is no ruler, enthroned or entombed, who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France now cherish the memory of their emperor. Napoleon stands alone in that glory. He has no rival.

THE BEDOUEEN, MOHAMMAD ALEE, AND THE BAZAARS.*

AMONG THE BEDOUEEN.

THE pleasant tales of Sultans' pilgrimages are only the mirage of memory.

The poor and pious Muslim, which is not the title of Caliphs, when he undertakes a long desert journey, does not carry nine hundred camels for his wardrobe, but he carries his grave-linen with him. Stricken by fatigue, or privation, or disease, when his companions can not tarry for his recovery or death, he performs the ablution with sand, and digging a trench in the ground, wraps himself in his grave-clothes, and covering his body with sand, lies alone in the desert to die, trusting that the wind will complete his burial.

In the Arabs around you, you will mark a kindred sobriety. Their eyes are luminous and lambent, but it is a melancholy light. They do not laugh. They move with easy dignity, and their habitual expression is musing and introverted, as that of men whose minds are stored with the solemn imagery of the desert.

You will understand that your own party of Arabs is not of the genuine desert breed. They are dwellers in cities, not dwellers in tents. They are mongrel, like the population of a seaport. They pass from Palestine to Egypt with caravans of produce, like coast-traders, and are not pure Bedoueen. But they do not dishonor their ancestry. When a true Bedoueen passes upon his solitary camel, and with a low-spoken salaam, looks abstractedly and incuriously upon the procession of great American Moguls, it is easy to see that his expression is the same as that of the men around you, but intensified by the desert.

Burckhardt says that all Orientals, and especially the Arabs, are little sensible of the beauty of nature. But the Bedoueen is mild and peaceable. He seems to you a dreamy savage. There is a softness and languor, almost an effeminacy of impression, the seal of the sun's child. He does not eat flesh—or rarely. He loves the white camel with a passion. He fights for defense, or for necessity; and the children of the Shereefs, or descendants of the Prophet, are sent into the desert to be made heroes. They remain there eight or ten years, rarely visiting their families.

The simple landscape of the desert is the symbol of the Bedoueen's character; and he has little knowledge of more than his eye beholds. In some of the interior provinces of China, there is no name for the ocean, and when in the time of Shekh Daheir, a party of Bedoueen came to Acre upon the sea, they asked what was that desert of water.

A Bedoueen after a foray upon a caravan, discovered among his booty several bags of fine pearls. He thought them dourra, a kind of grain. But as they did not soften in boiling, he was about throwing them disdainfully away, when a Gaza trader offered him a red tarboosh in exchange, which he delightedly accepted.

Without love of natural scenery, he listens forever to the fascinating romances of the poets, for beautiful expressions naturally clothe the simple and beautiful images he every where beholds. The palms, the fountains, the gazelles, the stars, and sun, and moon, the horse, and camel—these are the large illustration and suggestion of his poetry.

Sitting around the evening fire and watching its flickering with moveless melancholy, his heart thrills at the prowess of El-Gundubah, although he shall never be a hero, and he rejoices when Kattalet-esh-Shugan says to Gundubah, "Come let us marry forthwith," although he shall never behold her beauty, nor tread the stately palaces.

He loves the moon which shows him the way over the desert that the sun would not let him take by day, and the moon looking into his eyes, sees her own melancholy there. In the pauses of the story by the fire, while the sympathetic spirits of the desert sigh in the rustling wind, he says to his fellow, "Also in all true poems there should be palm-trees and running water."

For him in the lonely desert the best genius of Arabia has carefully recorded upon parchment its romantic visions, for him Haroun El Rashid lived his romantic life, for him the angel spoke to Mohammad in the cave, and God received the Prophet into the seventh heaven.

Some early morning a cry rings through the group of black square tents. He springs from his dreams of green gardens and flowing waters, and stands sternly against the hostile tribe which has surprised his own. The remorseless morning secretes in desert silence the clash of swords, the ring of musketry, the battle-cry. At sunset the black square tents are gone, the desolation of silence fills the air that was musical with the recited loves of Zul-Himmeh, and the light sand drifts in the evening wind over the corpse of a Bedoueen.

—So the grim Genius of the desert touches every stop of romance and of life in you as you traverse his realm and meditate his children. Yet warm and fascinating as is his breath, it does not warp your loyalty to your native West, and to the time in which you were born. Springing from your hard bed upon the desert, and with wild morning enthusiasm pushing aside the door of your tent, and stepping out to stand among the stars, you hail the desert and hate the city, and glancing toward the tent of the Armenian Khadra, you shout aloud to astonished MacWhirter,

"I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race."

But as the day draws forward, and you see the same forms and the same life that Abraham saw,

* From "The Howadji in Syria," by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author of "Nile Notes" Just published by Harper and Brothers

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and know that Joseph leading Mary into Egypt might pass you to-day, nor be aware of more than a single sunset since he passed before, then you feel that this germ, changeless at home, is only developed elsewhere—that the boundless desert freedom is only a resultless romance.

The sun sets and the camp is pitched. The shadows are grateful to your eye, as the dry air to your lungs. But as you sit quietly in the tent-door, watching the Armenian camp and the camels, your cheeks pales suddenly as you remember Abraham, and that "he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day." Saving yourself, what of the scene is changed since then! The desert, the camels, the tents, the turbaned Arabs, they were what Abraham saw when "he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo! three men stood by him."

You are contemporary with the eldest history. Your companions are the dusky figures of vaguest tradition. The "long result of Time," is not for you. In that moment you have lost your birthright. You are Ishmael's brother. You have your morning's wish. A child of the desert, not for you are Art, and Poetry, and Science, and the glowing roll of History shrivels away.

The dream passes as the day dies, and to the same stars which heard your morning shout of desert praise, you whisper as you close the tent-door at evening,

"Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay."

MOHAMMAD ALEE.

I do not wonder that Mohammad Alee burned to be master of Syria, and struck so bravely for it.

His career was necessarily but a brilliant bubble, and his success purely personal. That career was passed before the West fairly understood it. It was easier for the Jews to believe good from Nazareth than for us to credit genius in Egypt, and we should as soon have dreamed of old mummied Cheops throned upon the great pyramid and ruling the Pharaohs' realm anew, as of a modern king there, of kingliness unsurpassed in the century, except by Napoleon, working at every disadvantage, yet achieving incredible results.

He was the son of a fisherman—made his way by military skill—recognized the inherent instability of the Mameluke government then absolute in Egypt, and which was only a witless tyranny, sure to fall before ambitious sense and skill. He propitiated the Sublime Porte, whose Viceroy in Egypt was only a puppet of state, practically imprisoned by the Mamelukes in the citadel—and he gained brilliant victories in the Hedjaz, over the Wahabys, infidel and schismatic Muslim.

In 1811, he accomplished the famous massacre of the Mamelukes in the court of the citadel, of which Horace Vernet has painted so characteristic a picture, and for which Mohammad Alee has been much execrated.

But in Turkish politics, humanity is only a question of degree. With Mohammad Alee and the Mamelukes it was diamond cut diamond. They were a congregation of pestilent vapors, a nest of hoary-headed tyrants, whom it was a satisfaction to Humanity and Decency to smoke out and suffocate in any way. Mohammad Alee had doubtless little enough rose-water in his policy to satisfy the grimmest Carlyle. The leader of sanguinary Albanians and imbruted Egyptians against wild Arab hordes is not likely to be of a delicate stomach.

But he was clear-eyed and large-minded. He had the genius of a statesman rather than the shrewdness of a general, although as a soldier he was singularly brave and successful. Of all his acts the massacre of the Mamelukes was perhaps the least bloody, because, by crushing the few heads he had won the victory. A sudden and well-advised bloodshed is often sure to issue in a peace which saves greater misery. It was Cromwell's rule and it was Napoleon's—it was also Mohammad Alee's, and the results usually proved its wisdom.

Moreover, in the matter of this massacre, the balance of sympathy is restored by the fact that only a short time previous to the Mamelukes' Banquet of Death in the citadel, they had arranged Mohammad Alee's assassination upon his leaving Suez. By superior cunning he ascertained the details of this pleasant plan, and publicly ordered his departure for the following morning, but privately departed upon a swift-trotting dromedary in the evening. There was great consequent frustration of plan and confusion of soul among the Mamelukes, who had thought, in this ingenious manner, to cut the knot of difficulty, and they were only too glad to hurry with smooth faces to the Pacha's festival—too much in a hurry, indeed, to reflect upon his superior cunning and to be afraid of it. They lost the game. They were the diamond cut, and evidently deserve no melodious tear.

Mohammad Alee thus sat as securely in his seat as a Turkish Pacha can ever hope to sit. He assisted the Porte in the Greek troubles, perpetrating other massacres there; and afterward, when Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, rebelled against "the Shadow," Mohammad Alee was sent to subdue him. He did so, and then interceded with the Porte for Abdallah's safety.

Meanwhile, Mohammad Alee had ascertained his force, and was already sure of the genius to direct it. He had turned the streams of French and English skill into the agriculture, manufactures, and military discipline of Egypt. His great aim for years had been to make Egypt independent—to revive the ancient richness of the Nile valley, and to take a place for Egypt among the markets of the world. He accomplished this so far, that, restoring to the plain of Thebes the indigo which was once famous there, he poured into the European market so much and so good indigo that the market was sensibly affected. His internal policy was wrong, but we can not here consider it.

Watching and waiting, in the midst of this internal prosperity and foreign success and amazement, while Egyptian youth were thronging to the Parisian Universities, and the Parisian youth looked to Egypt as the career of fame and for-

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une—as the young Spaniards of a certain period ooked to the diamond-dusted Americas—in the nidst of all the web Mohammad Alee sat nursing iis ambition and biding his time.

Across the intervening desert, Syria wooed iim to take her for his slave. Who was there o make him afraid? Leaning on Lebanon, and aving her beautiful feet in the sea, she fascina- ed him with love. He should taste boundless way. Eastward lay Bagdad and Persia, thrones f Caliphs who once sat in his seat—why should ot he sit in theirs? Then with softer whispers he pointed to the Golden Horn and the Bospho- us, and looked what she dared not speak.

I do not wonder that he was enchanted. I do ot wonder that he burned to be master of the uperb slave that lay so lovely and fair in the un, dreaming, as now we see her dream, under ie vines and olives. His peer, Napoleon Bona- arte, against whom, in Egypt, his maiden sword 'as fleshed, whom he loved to name and to hear iat they were born in the same year, had thus een from Elba the gorgeous Fata-Morgana of 'uropean empire. How could Mohammad Alee effect, that sallying forth to grasp it, that peer ad bitten the dust! That fate deterred the acha, as the experience of others always deters irselves—as a blade of grass stays the wind. hall not you and I, my reader, swim to our eros, though a thousand Leanders never came shore!

It was this Syria through which we plod, this illiant morning, that seduced Mohammad Alee. A land of glorious resources and without a opulation. Here grow wheat, rye, barley, beans id the cotton plant. Oats are rare; but Pales- ie produces sesame and dourra, a kind of pulse ce lentils. Baalbec grows maize. Sugar and ce are not unknown at Beyrout. Lebanon is reathed with vines. Indigo flourishes without iltivation on the banks of the Jordan. The ruses cultivate the white mulberry. Gaza has ites like those of Mecca, and pomegranates as ie as those of Algiers. Figs and bananas make e gardens of Antioch tropical. From Aleppo me pistachio-nuts. The almond, the olive and e orange thrive in the kindly air; and Damas- s revels in twenty kinds of apricot, with all the st fruits of France.

Many of the inhabitants pass us, and we can e what they are. They are repulsive in ap- arance, the dregs of refuse races. They look ean and treacherous, and would offer small re- istance to determination and skill. Mohammad ee had little fear of the Syrians.

He could not resist the song of the Siren; d suddenly "the Eastern Question" agitated litical Europe, and the diplomatic genius of e three greatest states—England, France and ussia—was abruptly challenged by the alarm- g aspect of the Syrian war, which threatened, th a leader despising the political stagnation d military imbecility of the vast realm of "the adow of God on Earth," to issue in a new pire.

Mohammad Alee having subdued Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and saved his life and throne by intercession with the Porte, was surprised that Abdallah harbored all fugitives from Egypt. He observed that, following his own example, Ab- dallah was introducing the European discipline into his army, and was enticing into his service many young officers who had been Europeanly instructed at his own expense. He expostulated with Abdallah, and appealed to the Porte. The Sublime Porte, like other political Sublimities, hesitated, meditated—

> "Then idly twirled his golden chain,
> And smiling, put the question by."

Mohammad Alee, with expectant eyes fixed upon Syria, sat silent, his hand trembling with eagerness and ready to grasp the splendid prize. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces" of a new oriental empire rose, possible in the light of hope.

His army was carefully disciplined. The fame of its tried officers had been won upon the battle- fields of the Empire. He had a fleet and all the resources of the latest military and marine science. Over all, he had his son Ibrahim, al- ready proved in Arabia and Greece, of a military genius peculiarly Oriental, swift and stern, rude in thought, but irresistible in action—the slave of his father's ambition, the iron right-hand of his will. Internal prosperity and external pres- tige sealed Mohammad Alee's hope and determin- ation.

Against him was arrayed the worldly magnifi- cence of the Ottoman Porte. But the bannered Muslim lance that had thundered at the gates of Constantinople, and entering, had planted itself upon the earliest Christian church, and flapped barbaric defiance at civilization, was rusty and worm-eaten. Its crimson drapery fluttering, rent, upon an idle wind, would be inevitably shivered by the first rough blow of modern steel.

And the great Powers!—

Their action was, of course, doubtful. There was a chance of opposition, a probability of in- terference. But the grandeur of the stroke was its safety. From the universal chaos what new combinations might not be educed!

No sooner, therefore, had the Porte "put the question by," than Mohammad Alee proceeded to answer it. The Egyptian army, headed by Ibrahim Pacha, advanced into Syria, and sat down before Acre. Cherishing the old grudge against Abdallah, the Porte, now that a decided part had been taken, smiled faintly in approval. But the conduct of the war betrayed resources of ability and means which kindled terrible suspicions. The firman came from Stamboul, commanding the Pacha of Egypt to withdraw into his own province. He declined, and was declared a rebel.

The bridge thus fell behind him, and only vic- tory or death lay before.

For six months Ibrahim Pacha lay before Acre, and on the 27th May, 1832, he entered by bloody assault the city which Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus had conquered before him, and from which Napoleon Bonaparte had retired foiled. The Syrian war began.

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The victorious army advanced, triumphing. The Syrian cities fell before it. The stream of conquest swept northward, overflowing Damascus as it passed. The war was no longer a quarrel of two Pachas, it was a question of life or death for the Turkish Empire. Vainly the Sultan's choicest generals struggled to stem the torrent. The proud walls along the Golden Horn trembled, lest their pride should be for the third time humbled, and this time, as the last, from the Asian shore.

Northern and Western Europe stared amazed at the wonderful spectacle, listening across the hushed Mediterranean to the clang of arms resounding in the effete East, as the appalled Romans heard the gusty roar of the battle of the Huns high over them, and invisible in the air.

Surely it was only the interference of the three Powers that saved the Sultan's throne. That alone deprived us of the pageant of another oriental military romance, so rapid in inception, so entire in execution, that we should have better comprehended those sudden, barbaric descents of the middle ages, which changed in a moment the political aspect of the invaded land:—in a moment, because the mighty appearance of life and power was but a mummy, which a blow would pulverize.

One man, however strong and skillful, could not withstand the force of Europe, and Mohammad Alee retired, baffled, before the leaders of the political Trinity that a few years before had dethroned Napoleon.

The crisis of his life was passed, and unfavorably for his hopes and aims. At the age of sixty-five he relinquished the struggle with Fate, and still one of the great men of a century, rich in great men, with no hope before him, and none behind—for since kingly genius is not hereditary, your divine right is a disastrous fiction—he sank slowly away into dotage.

Before the end, however, both he and his son Ibrahim showed themselves to the Europeans who had watched with such astonished interest the culmination and decay of their power. Ibrahim Pacha, with his fangs removed, shook his harmless rattle, for the last time in the world's hearing, at a dinner given him by young Englishmen, at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, and the wreck of Mohammad Alee, driveling and dozing, took a hand at whist with young Americans in a hotel at Naples.

Father and son returned to Egypt and died there. A vast mosque of alabaster, commenced by Mohammad Alee, and now finished, crowns Cairo, "the delight of the imagination." He wished to be buried there; but he lies without the city walls, in that suburb of tombs, upon the cracked sides of one of which a Persian poet has written—"Each crevice of this ancient edifice is a half-opened mouth, that laughs at the fleeting pomp of royal abodes."

All the winds that blow upon Cairo, laugh that mocking laughter, and in any thoughtful mood, as you listen to them and look over the city, you will mark the two alabaster minarets of Mohammad Alee's mosque, shafts of snow in the rich blue air, if you will, but yet pointing upward.

Leaning on Lebanon, and laving her beautiful feet in the sea, the superb slave he burned to possess, still dreams in the sun. We look from the tent door and see her sleeping, and the remembrance of this last, momentary interest which disturbed the slumber, reminds us that it will one day be broken. So fair is the prize, that, knowing all others desire her as ardently, no single hand feels strong enough to grasp it, and the conflict of many ambitions secures her peace.

Yet it is clear that nerve and skill could do what they have done, and so spare is the population, so imbecile the government, and so rich the soil, that a few thousand determined men could march unresisted through Syria, and possess the fair and fertile land.

BAZAARS.

Christians and Saracens agree in reprobating the black hat. But the Damascenes declare open war against it. In 1432, Bertrandon de la Brocquière entered the city with a "broad beaver hat," which was incontinently knocked off his head. Naturally his first movement was "to lift my fist," but wisdom held his hand, and he desisted, content to revenge himself by the questionable inference that it was "a wicked race."

But if it be "wicked" to malign the black hat, who shall be justified?

This was only a gentle illustration of the bitter hatred of Christians and all infidels, cherished by the Damascenes, who are the most orthodox of Muslim. Indeed, it is only within twenty years that an accredited English representative could reside in Damascus, and he maintains an imposing state. At present, some hundred European tourists visit the city yearly, and the devout faithful find reasons for toleration in infidel gold, which they never found in argument.

Here, too, as every where in Syria, Ibrahim Pacha has been our ally. He permitted infidels to ride horses through the streets. "O, Allah!" exclaimed the religious Damascenes, who are termed by the Turks *Shami-Shoumi*, cursed rascals. "Your Highness suffers Christians to sit as high as the faithful."

"No, my friends," responded Ibrahim, "you shall ride dromedaries, which will put you much above them."

We went into the bazaars to encounter these enemies of the black hat, and *ex-officio* riders of dromedaries. We had a glimpse of their beauty as we entered the city. But Eastern life is delightful in detail. It is a mosaic to be closely studied.

You enter, and the murmurous silence blends pleasantly with the luminous dimness of the place. The matting overhead, torn and hanging in strips along which, gilding them in passing, the sun slides into the interior, is a heavy tapestry. The scene is a perpetual fair, not precisely like Greenwich Fair, or that of the American Institute, but such as you frequent in Arabian stories.

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Bedoueen glide spectrally along, with wild, ing eyes, like startled deer. Insane Dervishes l Santons meditate the propriety of braining infidel Howadji. Shekhs from distant Asia, npous Effendi from Constantinople, Bagdad lers, cunning-eyed Armenian merchants meet l mingle, and many of our old friends, the zzly-bearded, red-eyed fire-worshipers, somnotly curled among their goods, eye us, through smoke they emit, as perfect specimens of the per sacrifice they owe their Deity. All strange ns jostle and crowd in passing, except those ich are familiar; and children more beautiful n any in the East, play in the living mazes of crowd.

Shopping goes actively on. The merchant hout uncrossing his legs, exhibits his silks l coarse cottons to the long draped and vailed ires that group picturesquely about his niche. ur eye seizes the bright effect of all the gay ds as you saunter on. Here a merchant lays his chibouque and drinks, from a carved glass, set liquorice water, cooled with snow from anon. Here one closes his niche and shuf- off to the mosque, followed by his boy-slave h the chibouque. Here another rises, and rs, and falls, kissing the floor, and muttering noon prayer. Every where there is intense languid life.

The bazaars are separated into kinds. That he jewelers is inclosed, and you see the Jews, rthy and keen-eyed servants of Mammon, ily at work. Precious stones miserably set, l handfuls of pearls, opals, and turquoises are etly presented to your inspection. There is eagerness of traffic. A boy tranquilly hands a ring, and another, when you have looked he first. You say "*la*," no, and he retires. Or you pause over a clumsy silver ring, with Arabic inscription upon the flint set in it. lden Sleeve ascertains that it is the cipher Hafiz. You reflect that it is silver, which is orthodox metal, the Prophet having forbidden d. You place it upon your finger, with the ne upon the inside, for so the Prophet wore upon the fore-finger, that he might avoid entation. It is a quaint, characteristic, oriental net-ring. Hafiz is a common name, it is probly that of the jeweler who owns the ring. But a have other associations with the name, and you remember the Persian poet, you suffer it remain upon your finger, and pay the jeweler ew piastres. You do not dream that it is enanted. You do not know that you have bought a-ed-deen's lamp, and as a rub of that evoked nipotent spirits, so a glance at your ring, when mascus has become a dream, will restore you ain to the dim bazaar, and the soft eyes of the ldren that watch you curiously as you hesitate, l to the sweet inspiration of Syria.

You pass on into the quarter where the pats are made, inlaid with pearl, such as you narked upon the feet of the kohl-eyebrowed aris. Into the shoemakers, where the brillit leathers justify better poetry than Hans ch's interminable rhymes, though here is only their music, not their moral. You climb crumbling steps, and emerge from darkness upon the top of the bazaar, on a ledge of a Roman ruin, and look down into the sunny greenness of the great mosque, which you can not more nearly approach. Then down, and by all the beautiful fabrics of the land, hung with the tin-foiled letters that surround pieces of English prints, and which the color-loving eye of the Oriental seizes as an ornament for his own wares, you pass into the region of drugs and apothecaries, and feel that you are about visiting that Persian Doctor in Mecca who dealt in nothing but miraculous balsams and infallible elixirs, whose potions were all sweet and agreeable, and the musk and aloe wood which he burned, diffused a delicious odor through the shop. Surely he was court-physician to Zobeide.

Golden Sleeve pauses before an old figure curled among the bottles and lost in reverie, saturated, it seems, with opium, and dreaming its dreams. This is Zobeide's doctor. He had evidently the elixir of life among those sweet potions, and has deeply drunk. Life he has preserved; but little else that is human remains, except the love that is stronger than life. For as he opens his vague eyes and beholds us, they kindle with an inward fire, as if they looked upon the Philosopher's Stone. That stone is in our purses; the old magician knows it, and he knows the charm to educe it. He opens a jar, and a dreamy odor penetrates our brains. It is distilled of flowers culled from the gardens of the Ganges: or is this delicate perfume preferable —this zatta, loved of poets and houris, which came to the doctor's grandfather from Bagdad?

Attar of roses did Golden Sleeve suggest? Here is the essence of that divinest distillation of the very heart of summer. But, O opulent Howadji! no thin, pale, Constantinople perfume is this, but the viscous richness of Indian roses. As many wide acres of bloom went to this jar as to any lyric of Hafiz. It lies as molten gold in the quaint glass vase. The magician holds it toward the Syrian sun, and the shadow of a smile darkens over his withered features. Then, drop by drop, as if he poured the last honey that should ever be hived from Hymettus, he suffers it to exude into the little vials. They are closely stopped, and sealed, and wrapped in cotton. And some wintry Christmas in the West the Howadji shall offer to a fairer than Zobeide those more than drops of diamond.

Nor this alone—but the cunning of Arabian art has sucked the secret of their sweetness from tea and coffee, from all the wild herbs of Syria, and from amber. In those small jars is stored the rich result of endless series of that summer luxuriance you saw in the vale of Zabulon. Sandal-wood to burn upon your nargileh, mystic bits to lay upon your tongue, so that the startled Bedoueen, as you pass into the bazaar, and breathe upon him in passing, dreams that you came from Paradise, and have been kissed by houris.

Was it not the magic to draw from your purse

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the Philosopher's Stone? The court-physician of Zobeide, relapsing into reverie, smiles vaguely as he says salaam; as if the advantage were his—as if you were not bearing away with you in those odors the triumphs of the rarest alchemy.

Breathing fragrance, you enter a khan opening upon the bazaar, that of Assad Pacha, a stately and beautiful building, consisting of a lofty domed court, the dome supported by piers, with a gallery running quite around it. Private rooms for the choicest goods open out of the gallery. The court is full of various merchandise, and merchants from every region sit by their goods, and smoke placidly as they negotiate.

But we have received visits in our hotel from an Armenian merchant, young and comely—why not Khadra's cousin?—and he brought with him silks and stuffs at which all that was feminine in our nature swelled with delight. Tempted by his odors, we have come to his garden. The room is small and square, and rough-plastered. Upon the floor are strewn long deep boxes, and the comely young Armenian, in a flowing dark dress, reveals his treasures.

Scarfs, shawls, stuffs for dresses, morning gowns and vests, handkerchiefs, sashes, purses, and tobacco-bags are heaped in rich profusion. They are of the true Eastern richness, and in the true Eastern manner they rely upon that richness for their effect, and not upon their intrinsic tastefulness. The figures of the embroideries, for instance, are not gracefully designed, but the superb material suffices. They imply that there are none but beautiful women in the world, and that all women are brunettes. As the quiet merchant unfolds them, they have the mysterious charm of recalling all the beautiful brunettes who have reigned, Zenobias, and Queens of Sheba, and Cleopatras, in the ruined realm of your past life.

But, Northerners and Westerners, we remember another beauty. We remember Palma Vecchio's golden-haired daughter, and the Venetian pictures, and the stories of angels with sunny locks, and the radiant Preziosa. The astute Armenian knows our thoughts. From the beginning was not the Oriental merchant a magician?

For while we sit, smoking and delighted, the merchant, no less wily than the court-physician of Zobeide, opens the last box of all, and gradually unfolds the most beautiful garment the Howadji have ever seen. The coronation robes of emperors and kings, the most sumptuous costumes at court-festivals, all the elaboration of Western genius in the material and in the making of dresses, pale and disappear before the simple magnificence of this robe.

It is a bournouse or Oriental cloak, made of camel's hair and cloth of gold. The material secures that rich stiffness essential in a superb mantle, and the color is an azure turquoise, exquisite beyond words. The sleeves are cloth of gold, and the edges are wrought in gold, but with the most regal taste. It is the only object purely tasteful that we have seen. Nor is it of that negative safety of taste, which loves dark carriages and neutral tints in dress; but magnificent and imperial, like that of Rachel when she plays Thisbe, and nets her head with Venetian sequins. If the rest imply that all women are beautiful and brunettes, this proclaims the one superb Blonde, Queen of them all.

"Take that, Leisurlie, it was intended from the beginning of the world for an English beauty."

"Oh! *Kooltooluk!* there is not a woman in England who could wear it."

Through the dewy distances of memory, as you muse in the dim chamber upon all who might worthily wear the garment, passes a figure perfect as morning, crowned with youth, and robed in grace, for whose image Alpine snows were purer and Italian skies more soft. But even while you muse, it passes slowly away out of the golden gates of possibility into the wide impossible.

As we stroll leisurely homeward, it is early afternoon. But the shops are closed—strange silence and desertion reign in the Bazaars—a few dark turbaned Christians and Jews yet linger, and a few children play.

"They are gone to the cafés and gardens," says Golden Sleeve.

—And we follow them.

TIGER ROCHE.—AN IRISH CHARACTER.

AMONG the characters distinguished for unbridled indulgence and fierce passions, who were, unfortunately, too frequently to be met with in Ireland in the last century, was one whose name attained so much celebrity as to become a proverb. "Tiger Roche," as he was called, was a native of Dublin, where he was born in the year 1729. He received the best education the metropolis could afford, and was instructed in all the accomplishments then deemed essential to the rank and character of a gentleman. So expert was he in the various acquirements of polite life, that at the age of sixteen he recommended himself to Lord Chesterfield, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who offered him, gratuitously, a commission in the army; but his friends having other views for him, they declined it. This seems to have been a serious misfortune to the young man, whose disposition and education strongly inclined him to a military life. His hopes were raised, and his vanity flattered, by the notice and offer of the viceroy; and in sullen resentment he absolutely refused to embark in any other profession his friends designed for him. He continued, therefore, for several years among the dissipated idlers of the metropolis, having no laudable pursuit to occupy his time, and led into all the outrages and excesses which then disgraced Dublin.

One night, in patrolling the city with his drunken associates, they attacked and killed a watchman, who, with others, had attempted to quell a riot they had excited. He was, therefore, compelled to fly from Dublin. He made his way to Cork, where he lay concealed for some time, and

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from thence escaped to the plantations in North America. When the war broke out between France and England, he entered as a volunteer in one of the provincial regiments, and distinguished himself in several engagements with the Indians in the interest of the French, during which he seems to have acquired those fierce and cruel qualities by which those tribes are distinguished.

He was now particularly noticed by his officers for the intrepidity and spirit he displayed, and was high in favor with Colonel Massy, his commander; but an accident occurred of so humiliating and degrading a nature, as to extinguish at once all his hopes of advancement. An officer of Massy's regiment was possessed of a very valuable fowling-piece which he highly prized. He missed it from his tent, and made diligent inquiry after it, but it was nowhere to be found. It was, however, reported that it was seen in the possession of Roche, and an order was made to examine his baggage. On searching among it the lost article was found. Roche declared that he had bought it from one Bourke, a countryman of his own, and a corporal in his regiment. Bourke was sent for and examined. He solemnly declared on oath that the statement of Roche was altogether false, and that he himself knew nothing at all of the transaction. Roche was now brought to a court-martial, and little appearing in his favor, he was convicted of the theft, and, as a lenient punishment, ordered to quit the service with every mark of disgrace and ignominy. Irritated with this treatment, Roche immediately challenged the officer who had prosecuted him. He refused, however, to meet him, on the pretext that he was a degraded man, and no longer entitled to the rank and consideration of a gentleman. Stung to madness, and no longer master of himself, he rushed to the parade, insulted the officer in the grossest terms, and then flew to the picket-guard, where he attacked the corporal with his naked sword, declaring his intention to kill him on the spot. The man with difficulty defended his life, till his companions sprung upon Roche and disarmed him. Though deprived of his weapon, he did not desist from his intention; crouching down like an Indian foe, he suddenly sprung, like Roderick Dhu, at his antagonist, and fastened his throat with his teeth, and before he could be disengaged nearly strangled him, dragging away a mouthful of flesh, which, in the true Indian spirit, he afterward said was "the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted." From the fierce and savage character he displayed on this occasion, he obtained the appellation of "Tiger," an epithet which was ever after joined to his name.

A few days after, the English army advanced to force the lines of Ticonderoga. Unfortunate Roche he was left desolate and alone in the wilderness, an outcast from society, apparently abandoned by all the world. His resolution and fidelity to his cause, however, did not desert him. He pursued his way through the woods till he fell in with a party of friendly Indians, and by extraordinary exertions and forced marches, arrived at the fortress with his Indians, to join in the attack. He gave distinguished proofs of his courage and military abilities during that unfortunate affair, and received four dangerous wounds. He attracted the notice of General Abercrombie, the leader of the expedition; but the stain of robbery was upon him, and no services, however brilliant, could obliterate it.

From hence he made his way to New York, after suffering incredible afflictions from pain, poverty, and sickness. One man alone, Governor Rogers, pitied his case, and was not satisfied of his guilt. In the year 1785, Roche received from his friends in Ireland a reluctant supply of money, which enabled him to obtain a passage on board a vessel bound for England, where he arrived shortly afterward. He reserved part of his supply of money for the purchase of a commission, and hoped once more to ascend to that rank from which he had been, as he thought, unjustly degraded; but just as the purchase was about to be completed, a report of his theft in America reached the regiment, and the officers refused to serve with him. With great perseverance and determined resolution, he traced the origin of the report to a Captain Campbell, then residing at the British Coffee-house, in Charing-cross. He met him in the public room, taxed him with what he called a gross and false calumny, which the other retorted with great spirit. A duel immediately ensued, in which both were desperately wounded.

Roche now declared in all public places, and caused it to be every where known, that, as he could not obtain justice on the miscreant who had traduced his character in America, he would personally chastise every man in England who presumed to propagate the report. With this determination, he met one day, in the Green Park, his former colonel, Massy, and another officer, who had just returned home. He addressed them, and anxiously requested they would, as they might, remove the stain from his character. They treated his appeal with contempt, when he fiercely attacked them both. They immediately drew their swords, and disarmed him. A crowd of spectators assembled round, and being two to one they inflicted severe chastisement on Roche. Foiled in his attempt, he immediately determined to seek another occasion, and finding that one of them had departed for Chester, Roche set out after him with the indefatigable perseverance and pursuit of a bloodhound. Here Roche again sought him, and meeting him in the streets, again attacked him. Roche was, however, again defeated, and received a severe wound in the sword-arm, which long disabled him.

But that redress to his character now came accidentally and unexpectedly, which all his activity and perseverance could not obtain. Bourke, the corporal, was mortally wounded by a scalping party of Indians, and on his death-bed made a solemn confession that he himself had actually stolen the fowling-piece, and sold it to Roche, without informing him by what means he had

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procured it, and that Roche had really purchased it without any suspicion of the theft. This declaration of the dying man was properly attested, and universally received, and restored the injured Roche at once to character and countenance. His former calumniators now vied with each other in friendly offers to serve him; and as a remuneration for the injustice and injury he had suffered, a lieutenancy in a newly-raised regiment was conferred upon him gratuitously. He soon returned to Dublin with considerable eclat; the reputation of the injuries he had sustained, the gallant part he had acted, and the romantic adventures he had encountered among the Indians, in the woods of America, were the subject of every conversation. Convivial parties were every where made for him. Wherever he appeared, he was the lion of the night. A handsome person, made still more attractive by the wounds he had received, a graceful form in the dance, in which he excelled, and the narrative of "his hair-breadth 'scapes," with which he was never too diffident to indulge the company, made him at this time "the observed of all observers" in the metropolis of Ireland.

But a service which he rendered the public in Dublin deservedly placed him very high in their esteem and good-will. It was at this time infested with those miscreants who were known by the names of "sweaters," or "pinkindindies," and every night some outrage was perpetrated on the peaceable and unoffending inhabitants. One evening late, an old gentleman with his son and daughter, were returning home from a friend's house, when they were attacked on Ormond-quay by a party of them. Roche, who was accidentally going the same way at the same time, heard the shrieks of a woman crying for assistance, and instantly rushed to the place. Here he did not hesitate singly to meet the whole party. He first rescued the young woman from the ruffian who held her, and then attacking the band, he desperately wounded some, and put the rest to flight. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him a high and deserved reputation, and inspired others with resolution to follow his example. He formed a body, consisting of officers and others of his acquaintance, to patrol the dangerous streets of Dublin at night, and so gave that protection to the citizens which the miserable and decrepit watch were not able to afford.

But he was not fated long to preserve the high character he had acquired. His physical temperament, impossible to manage, and his moral perceptions, hard to regulate, were the sport of every contingency and vicissitude of fortune. The peace concluded in 1763 reduced the army, and he retired in indigent circumstances to London, where he soon lived beyond his income. In order to repair it, he paid his addresses to a Miss Pitt, who had a fortune of £4000. On the anticipation of this, he engaged in a career of extravagance that soon accumulated debts to a greater amount, and the marriage portion was insufficient to satisfy his creditors. He was arrested and cast into the prison of the King's Bench, where various detainers were laid upon him, and he was doomed to a confinement of hopeless termination. Here his mind appears to have been completely broken down, and the intrepid and daring courage, which had sustained him in so remarkable a manner through all the vicissitudes of his former life, seemed to be totally exhausted. He submitted to insults and indignities with patience, and seemed deprived not only of the capability to resent, but of the sensibility to feel them.

On one occasion he had a trifling dispute with a fellow-prisoner, who kicked him, and struck him a blow in the face. There was a time when his fiery spirit would not have been satisfied but with the blood of the offender. He now only turned aside and cried like a child. It happened that his countryman, Buck English, a personage of some notoriety, was confined at the same time in the Bench; with him also he had some dispute, and English, seizing a stick, flogged him in a savage manner. Roche made no attempt to retaliate or resist, but crouched under the punishment. But while he shrunk thus under the chastisement of men, he turned upon his wife, whom he treated with such cruelty, that she was compelled to separate from him, and abandon him to his fate.

At length, however, an act of grace liberated him from a confinement under which all his powers were fast sinking; and a small legacy, left him by a relation, enabled him once more to appear in the gay world. With his change of fortune a change of disposition came over him; and in proportion as he had shown an abject spirit in confinement, he now exhibited even a still more arrogant and irritable temper than he had ever before displayed. He was a constant frequenter of billiard tables, where he indulged in insufferable assumption, with sometimes a shrewd and keen remark. He was one day driving the balls about with the cue, and on some one expostulating with him that he was not playing himself, but hindering other gentlemen from their amusement; "Gentlemen!" said Roche, "why, sir, except you and I, and one or two more, there is not a gentleman in the room." His friend afterwards remarked that he had grossly offended a large company, and wondered some of them had not resented the affront. "Oh!" said Roche, "there was no fear of that. There was not a thief in the room that did not consider himself *one* of the *two* or *three* gentlemen I excepted!"

Again his fortune seemed in the ascendant, and the miserable, spiritless, flogged and degraded prisoner of the King's Bench, was called on to stand as candidate to represent Middlesex in Parliament. So high an opinion was entertained of his daring spirit, that it was thought by some of the popular party he might be of use in intimidating Colonel Luttrell, who was the declared opponent of Wilkes at that election. In April, 1769, he was put into nomination at Brentford by Mr. Jones, and seconded by Mr. Martin, two highly popular electors. He, however, disappointed his friends, and declined the poll, induced,

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it was said, by promises of Luttrell's friends to provide for him. On this occasion he fought another duel with a Captain Flood, who had offended him in a coffee-house. He showed no deficiency of courage, but on the contrary even a larger proportion of spirit and generosity than had distinguished him at former periods.

Returning at this time one night to his apartments at Chelsea, he was attacked by two ruffians, who presented pistols to his breast. He sprang back, and drew his sword, when one of them fired at him, and the ball grazed his temple. He then attacked them both, pinned one to the wall, and the other fled. Roche secured his prisoner, and the other was apprehended next day. They were tried at the Old Bailey, and capitally convicted; but at the humane and earnest intercession of Roche, their punishment was mitigated to transportation.

All the fluctuations of this strange man's character seemed at length to settle into one unhappy state, from which he was unable ever again to raise himself. He met with a young person, walking with her mother in St. James's Park, and was struck with her appearance. He insinuated himself into their acquaintance, and the young lady formed for him a strong and uncontrollable attachment. She possessed a considerable fortune, of which Roche became the manager. His daily profusion and dissipation soon exhausted her property, and the mother and daughter were compelled to leave London, reduced to indigence and distress, in consequence of the debts in which he had involved them.

He was soon after appointed captain of a company of foot in the East India service, and embarked in the Vansittart, for India, in May, 1773. He had not been many days on board, when such was his impracticable temper that he fell out with all the passengers, and among the rest with a Captain Ferguson, who called him out as soon as they arrived at Madeira. Roche was again seized with a sudden and unaccountable fit of terror, and made submission. The arrogance and cowardice he displayed revolted the whole body of the passengers, and they unanimously made it a point that the captain should expel him from the table. He was driven, therefore, to the society of the common sailors and soldiers on board the ship. With them he endeavored to ingratiate himself, by mixing freely with them, and denouncing vengeance against every gentleman and officer on board the ship; but his threats were particularly directed against Ferguson, whom he considered the origin of the disgrace he suffered. On the arrival of the ship at the Cape, after all the passengers were disembarked, Roche came ashore, in the dusk of the evening, and was seen about the door of the house where Ferguson lodged. A message was conveyed to Ferguson, who went out, and was found soon afterward round the corner of the house, weltering in his blood, with *nine* deep wounds, all on his left side; and it was supposed they must have been there inflicted, because it was the unprotected side, and the attack was made when he was off his guard.

Suspicion immediately fixed on Roche as the murderer; he fled during the night, and took refuge among the Caffres. It was supposed that he ended his strange and eventful life soon after. The Cape was at that time a colony of the Dutch, who, vigilant and suspicious of strangers, suffered none to enter there, but merely to touch for provisions and pass on. The proceedings, therefore, of their colonial government were shut up in mystery. It was reported at the time, that Roche was demanded and given up to the authorities at the Cape, who caused him to be broken alive upon the wheel, according to the then Dutch criminal law of the Cape, which inflicted that punishment on the more atrocious murderers, and the uncertainty that hung about the circumstance assorted strangely with the wild character of the man.

It appears, however, he was tried by the Dutch authorities at the Cape, and acquitted. He then took a passage in a French vessel to Bombay; but the Vansittart, in which he had come from England to the Cape, had arrived in India before him; information had been given to the British authorities, charging Roche with Ferguson's murder; and Roche was arrested as soon as he landed. He urged his right to be discharged, or at least bailed, on the grounds that there was not sufficient evidence against him; that he had been already acquitted; and that as the offense, if any, was committed out of the British dominions, he could only be tried by special commission, and it was uncertain whether the Crown would issue one or not, or, if the Crown did grant a commission, when or where it would sit. He argued his own case with the skill of a practiced lawyer. The authorities, however, declined either to bail or discharge him, and he was kept in custody until he was sent a prisoner to England, to stand his trial.

An appeal of murder was brought against him, and a commission issued to try it. The case came on at the Old Bailey, in London, before Baron Burland, on the 11th December, 1775. The counsel for Roche declined in any way relying on the former acquittal at the Cape of Good Hope; and the case was again gone through. The fact of the killing was undisputed, but from the peculiar nature of the proceedings, there could not be, as in a common indictment for murder, a conviction for manslaughter; and the judge directed the jury, if they did not believe the killing to be malicious and deliberate, absolutely to acquit the prisoner. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

The doubt about Roche's guilt arose on the following state of facts. On the evening of their arrival at the Cape, Ferguson and his friends were sitting at tea, at their lodgings, when a message was brought into the room; on hearing which Ferguson rose, went to his apartment, and, having put on his sword and taken a loaded cane in his hand, went out. A friend named Grant followed him, and found Roche and him at the side of the house, round a corner, and heard the clash of swords, but refused to interfere. It was

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too dark to see what was occurring; but in a few moments he heard Roche going away, and Ferguson falling. Ferguson was carried in, and died immediately. All his wounds were on the *left* side. The most violent vindictive feelings had existed between them; and there was proof of Roche's having threatened "to shorten the race of the Fergusons." The message, in answer to which Ferguson went out, was differently stated, being, according to one account, "Mr. Mathews wants Mr. Ferguson," and to the other, "a gentleman wants Mr. Mathews." The case for the prosecution was, that this message was a trap to draw Ferguson out of the house, and that, on his going out, Roche attacked him; and this was confirmed by the improbability of Roche's going out for an innocent purpose, in a strange place, on the night of his landing, in the dark, and in the neighborhood of Ferguson's lodgings; and particularly by the wounds being on the left side, which they could not be if given in a fair fight with small swords. Roche's account was, that on the evening of his arrival he went out to see the town, accompanied by a boy, a slave of his host; that they were watched by some person till they came near Ferguson's, when that person disappeared, and immediately afterward, Roche was struck with a loaded stick on the head, knocked down, and his arm disabled; that afterward he succeeded in rising, and, perceiving Ferguson, drew his sword, and, after a struggle, in which he wished to avoid bloodshed, killed his assailant in self-defense. This was, to some extent, corroborated by the boy at the Dutch trial, and by a sailor in England, but both these witnesses were shaken a little in their testimony. According to this account, the message was a concerted signal to Ferguson, who had set a watch on Roche, intending to assassinate him. The locality of Ferguson's wounds was accounted for by his fighting both with cane and sword, using the former to parry. If the second version of the message was correct, it would strongly confirm this account. There was no proof that Ferguson knew any one named Mathews.

A writer of the last century, in speaking of the Irish character, concludes with the remark: "In short, if they are good, you will scarcely meet a better: if bad, you will seldom find a worse." These extremes were frequently mixed in the same person. Roche, at different periods, displayed them. At one time, an admirable spirit, great humanity, and unbounded generosity; at another, abject cowardice, ferocity, treachery, and brutal selfishness. The vicissitudes of his fortune were as variable as his character: at times he was exposed to the foulest charges, and narrowly escaped ignominious punishment; at others, he was the object of universal esteem and admiration.

WIVES OF GREAT LAWYERS.

LAWYERS do not marry with the impulsiveness of poets. For they are a prudent class—mostly shrewd, practical men—any thing but dreamers; and though they may admire a handsome figure, and like a pretty face as other men do, they have not usually allowed those adventitious gifts of nature to divert their attention from the "main chance" in choosing a wife. Lawyers are, take them as a whole, a marrying class, and they not unfrequently enjoy that "lawyer's blessing," a large family. Take the Lord Chancellors, for instance. Lord Clarendon, Lords-Keeper Coventry, Lyttleton, Bridgeman, Judge Jeffries, Lord York, Lord Bathurst, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Erskine, were twice married; Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Maynard, and Lord Harcourt, were three times married. The wives whom they chose were usually heiresses, or rich widows: those who remained bachelors, or who married "for love," seem to have formed the exceptions. And yet, on the whole, the married life of the Lord Chancellors, judging from Lord Campbell's Lives, seems to have been comfortable and happy.

The great Lord Bacon, when a young man plodding at the bar, but with a very small practice, cast about his eyes among the desirable matches of the day, and selected the handsome widow of Sir William Hutton (nephew and heir of Lord Chancellor Hutton), who had a large fortune at her own disposal. But another legal gentleman had been beforehand with him; and when he proposed he was rejected. His favored rival was Sir Edward Coke, a crabbed widower, but attorney-general, rich and of large estate, as well as of large family. The widow who valued wealth as much as Bacon did, married the old man, running off with him, and entering into an irregular marriage, for which they were both prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court. Bacon had reason to rejoice at his escape, for the widow was of capricious and violent temper, and led Coke a most wretched life, refusing to take his name, separating from him, doing every thing to vex and annoy him, and teaching his child to rebel against him. Bacon was however shortly after consoled by a rich and handsome wife, in the daughter of Alderman Barnham, whom he married. But the marriage seems at best to have been one of convenience on his part. They did not live happily together; she never was a companion to him; and not long before his death, a final separation took place, and the great Lord Chancellor died without the consolations of female tenderness in his last moments. When the separation took place, "for great and just causes," as he expresses it in his will, he "utterly revoked" all testamentary dispositions in her favor. But she lost nothing by this, for his costly style of living during his official career left him without a penny, and he died insolvent.

Sir Thomas More, when twenty-one, married the eldest daughter of one "Maister Coult, a gentleman of Essex," a country girl, very ill-educated, but fair and well-formed. Erasmus says of the marriage—"He wedded a young girl of respectable family, but who had hitherto lived in the country with her parents and sisters: and was so uneducated, that he could mould her to his own tastes and manners. He caused her to

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e instructed in letters; and she became a very killful musician, which peculiarly pleased him." The union was a happy one, but short, the wife ying, and leaving behind her a son and three aughters; shortly after which, however, More arried again, this time a widow named Alice liddleton, seven years older than himself, and ot by any means handsome. Indeed, More indulged himself in a jest on her want of youth nd beauty—"*nec bella nec puella.*" He had rst wooed her, it seems, for a friend, but ended y marrying her himself. Erasmus, who was ften an inmate of the family, speaks of her as a keen and watchful manager." "No husand," continues Erasmus, "ever gained so much bedience from a wife by authority and severity, s More won by gentleness and pleasantry. hough verging on old age, and not of a yieldg temper, he prevailed on her to take lessons n the lute, the viol, the monochord, and the ute, which she daily practiced to him." Her rdinary and rather vulgar apprehension could ot fathom the conscientious scruples of her sband in his refusal to take the oath dictated him by Henry VIII.; and when he was at ngth cast by that bad monarch into the Tower, en the grave of so many royal victims, his wife rongly expostulated with him on his squeamhness. "How can a man," she said to him on e occasion, "taken for wise, like you, play the ol in this close filthy prison, when you might abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as e bishops have done!" She dilated upon his e house at Chelsea, his library, gallery, garn, and orchard, together with the company of s wife and children. But to all he opposed e mild force of his conscience and religious elings. "Is not this house," he asked, "as gh heaven as my own?" to which her conptuous ejaculation was—"*Tilly vally, tilly lly!*" He persisted in his course, and was exuted, after which we hear no more of his wife. Among the few great lawyers who have mard "for love," Hyde, Lord Clarendon, deserves lace. While yet a young man, he became sperately enamored of the daughter of Sir orge Aycliffe, a Wiltshire gentleman of good nily, though of small fortune. A marriage s the result, but the beautiful young wife died ly six months after, of the malignant smallx (then a frightful scourge in this country), l Hyde was for some time so inconsolable, that could scarcely be restrained from throwing up profession and going abroad. Two years er, however, he married again into a good ily, his second wife being the daughter of Thomas Aylesbury, Master of the Mint; and marriage proved highly auspicious. This rthy lady was his companion in all his vicissies of fortune—lived with him for many years exile—shared all his dangers and privations, en at times the parents could with difficulty vide food and raiment for their children; but wife was yet preserved to see her husband l of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor and Prime ister of England. As an instance of the straits to which the family was occasionally reduced, we may quote the following extract from a letter written by Hyde to a friend, when at Madrid in 1650, in which he says: "All our money is gone, and let me never prosper, if I know or can imagine how we can get bread a month longer;" and again, "Greater necessities are hardly felt by any men than we for the present undergo, such as have almost made me foolish. I have not for my life been able to supply the miserable distress of my poor wife."

Francis North, afterward Lord-Keeper Guildford, went about marrying in a business-like way. He was a reader at Lincoln's Inn, but much desired to wed, because he had "grown tired of dining in the hall, and eating a costelet and salad at Chateline's in the evening with a friend." Besides, he wished to mend his fortune in the most summary way. He first tried a rich, coquettish young widow, but she jilted him. Then he found out an alderman who was reputed to be rich, and had three marriageable daughters with a fortune of £6000 each. He made his approaches, was favorably received, and proceeded to broach the money question to the alderman. The sum named as the young lady's portion was £5000; but as North had set his heart on the £6000, he was disappointed, and at once took his leave. The alderman, running after him (at least so relates Lord Campbell), offered him to boot £500 on the birth of the first child. But North would not take a penny under the sum he had fixed upon, and the match fell through. At last he found a lady with £14,000, one of the daughters of the Earl of Devon, whom he courted in a business style, and ultimately married.

Judge Jeffries, when a dissolute youth, courted an heiress, and in spite of her father's interdict, the young lady encouraged Jeffries, and corresponded with him. The father fell upon a heap of love-letters which had passed between Jeffries and his daughter, and in a savage manner turned the young lady from his doors. She was suffering great distress in some house in Holborn, in which she had taken shelter, and where Jeffries sought her out. Perhaps his marrying her under such circumstances was the one generous act of that infamous man's life. She made him an excellent wife while she lived, but before she died, Jeffries was already courting another wife, and married her three months after; and in about three months after that, his new wife presented him with certain marital fruits rather prematurely. This woman caused much scandal during her life, and seems to have been as great a disgrace to the domestic conditions of life, as her husband was to the bench he occupied.

Neither Lord Somers nor Lord Thurlow were married—both having been disappointed in attachments in their younger years. The latter proposed to a young Lincolnshire lady, a Miss Gouch, but she protested "she would not have him—she was positively afraid of him;" so he forswore matrimony thenceforward. We do not

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remember any other of the Lord Chancellors who have led a single life.

Strange that Lord Chancellor Eldon—a man of so much caution and worldly providence, should have been one of the few great lawyers who married "for love;" but it was so. His choice was nearly a penniless beauty, and he had nothing; she was only eighteen, and he twenty-one. Scott induced the fair damsel to elope with him; she stole away from her father's home by night, descending from her window by a ladder planted there by her impatient lover; they fled across the border, and got married at Blackshiels. The step was an important one for Scott—fraught with great consequences; for it diverted him from the church, for which he had been studying, and forced him to the bar, thus compelling him to enter upon a career which ended in the highest honors. William Scott, his elder brother, afterward Lord Stowell, helped the young couple on, and the young lawyer worked with a will. "I have married rashly," said he, in a letter to a friend, "and I have neither house nor home to offer to my wife; but it is my determination to *work hard* to provide for the woman I love, as soon as I can find the means of so doing." He was shortly after engaged by Sir Robert Chambers, as his deputy, to read lectures on law at Oxford; and in after years he used to relate the following story respecting his first appearance in the character of a lecturer. "The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this: immediately after I was married, I was appointed Deputy Professor of Law, at Oxford; and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read *immediately* to the students, and which I began without knowing a word that was in it. It was upon the statute of *young men running away with maidens*. Fancy me reading, with about one hundred and forty boys and young men giggling at the professor! Such a tittering audience no one ever had."

It remains for us to notice the wives of two other great lawyers, who, though not equal in rank to those we have named, were equal to any of them in professional merit, and in true nobility of character. We allude to the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, both of whom were blessed in their married state, and have left behind them memorials of the most touching kind in memory of their wives.

"For fifteen years," says Sir Samuel Romilly, writing in 1813, "my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection, and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are living, and in all of whom I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their, one day, proving themselves not unworthy of such a mother."

The noble woman here referred to was Anne the eldest daughter of Francis Garbett, Esq., of Knill Court, Herefordshire, whom Romilly married in January, 1798. He first accidentally met the young lady when on a visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood. He gives the following charming account of the circumstance in his diary: "The amiable disposition of Lord and Lady Lansdowne always renders the place delightful to their guests. To me, besides the enjoyment of the present moment, there is always added, when I am at Bowood, a thousand pleasing recollections of past times; of the happy days I have spent, of the various society of distinguished persons I have enjoyed, of the friendships I have formed here; and above all, that it was here that I first saw and became known to my dearest Anne. If I had not chanced to meet with her here, there is no probability that I should ever have seen her; for she had never been, nor was likely, unmarried, to have been in London. To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes to be traced! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a landmark to wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks, with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; she overheated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his and her journey for several days, and in the mean time I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man—a most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection, such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person, and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of a little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labors of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause."

Lady Romilly died on the 29th of October, 1818, and the bereaved husband was unable to bear up under this terrible loss. The shock occa-

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sioned by her death deprived him of his senses, and in his despair he committed the fatal act which laid him in the same grave with his devoted wife. In life they were united, and in death they would not be separated.

Mackintosh married when only a young man in great pecuniary straits. He was living in the family of Dr. Fraser, London, where Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, was a frequent visitor. She was distinguished by a rich fund of good sense, and an affectionate heart, rather than for her personal attractions. An affection sprang up between them, and they got privately married at Marylebone Church, on February 18th, 1789, greatly to the offense of the relatives of both parties.

When composing his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* at Little Ealing, his wife sat by him in the room; he could tolerate no one else, and he required her to be perfectly quiet—not even to write or work—as the slightest movement disturbed him. In the evening, by way of recreation, he walked out with his wife, reading to her as he went along. This amiable wife died in 1797, when slowly recovering from the birth of a child, and she left three daughters behind her. Mackintosh thus spoke of his departed wife, in a letter to Dr. Parr, written shortly after his sad bereavement, and we do not remember ever to have met with a more beautiful testimony to a deceased wife than this is:

"In the state of deep, but quiet melancholy, which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of my sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look back with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife; and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings, or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments), she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other,—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being, under whose severe, but paternal chastisement, I am bent down to the ground."

Mackintosh married, about a year after the death of his first wife, Catherine, the second daughter of John Allen, of Cresselly, Co. Pembroke. She was an amiable and accomplished woman, and greatly contributed to his happiness in after life. She died in 1830, at Chéne, near Geneva, after a short illness; and her husband, speaking of her afterward, "in the deep sincerity of deliberate conviction," calls her "an upright and pious woman, formed for devoted affection, who employed a strong understanding and resolute spirit in unwearied attempts to relieve every suffering under her view."

CRIME DETECTED.—AN ANECDOTE OF THE PARIS POLICE.

PREVIOUSLY to the year 1789, but at what precise date I can not say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its curé a kind venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies of his fellow-creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold dark winter's night, the bell at the old curé's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the curé in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unseasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions, and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment of secret prayer, the curé answered, "I will go with you." Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to

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be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and make many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During this time, not a single word had been exchanged between the travelers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly-carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length, another door was opened by the guide, and the curé felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn-looking bed-chamber; near a bed, half-vailed by thick damask curtains, was a small table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de ——), then bowing to the curé, led him toward the bed, drew back the curtains, and said in a solemn tone:

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Curé; I leave you to fulfill it, and will return to seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I can not tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance, after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them toward her consoler.

As she did so, the curé perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt, was carelessly put on."

At these words, a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest, and whispered:

"Farewell, my daughter, take courage, and have confidence in God!"

The half-hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the curé, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de ——, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man, succeeded, without his guide's knowledge, in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamp light. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward toward a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and, after repassing through the same tortuous route, the curé was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterward the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit, before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood-stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun, has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned their victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the curé's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear abbé, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an express order from the king, the Duke de —— and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the curé of St. Germais was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received from time to time the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then, had a word of this mysteri

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ous adventure passed the good curé's lips. On his deathbed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends; and from a relation of the latter, I myself heard it.

This is the exact truth.

ZOOLOGICAL STORIES.

TRAVELERS' tales have a peculiar reputation for the marvelous, and many travelers have been accused of fiction. Whether zoologists' tales are in all cases to be trusted, we have, now and then, a doubt. They are true in the main; but sometimes, possibly, the first narrator of an unusually good story has judiciously abstained from sifting it; and once in the Zoological Story-book, the pleasant tale has stood on its own merits, and been handled tenderly, as is the way with ornaments; no man too roughly scratching at them to find out of what materials they are composed.

Of course we accept legends *as* legends. It was once believed of crocodiles, that, after they had eaten a man comfortably, and left only his skull, at the sweet kernel of which—the brain—they could not get, their tears were shed over the bone until they softened it, and so the skull was opened, and the brain devoured. When that is told us as a legend, we say, certainly, it was a very quaint thing to believe of the tears of crocodiles. Then, travelers' tales of the proverbial kind are next of kin to legends. Here is a very marvelous one, and yet, let us be bold and say that we believe it. It is this. An Indian, having tamed a rattlesnake, carried it about in a box with him, and called it his great father. M. Pinnisance met with him as he was starting for his winter hunt, and saw him open the box-door and give the snake his liberty, telling it to be sure and come back to meet him, when he returned to the same spot next May. It was then October. M. Pinnisance laughed at the man, who immediately saw his way clearly to a speculation in rum, and betted two gallons that his snake would keep the appointment. The wager was made; the second week in May arrived; the Indian and the Frenchman were on the appointed spot. The great father was absent, and the Indian, having lost his wager, offered to repeat it, doubled, if the snake did not return within the next two days. That wager the Frenchman took and lost. The snake, who (had he speech) might have apologized for being rather behind his time, appeared, and crawled into his box. We believe this. Rattlesnakes are teachable; and, in this instance, the keeping of the appointment seems to us only an apparent wonder. Snakes are not given to travel in the winter, and the Indian's father, turned out of the box, made himself snug at no great distance from the place of his ejectment. Winter over, the Indian came back. His great father may have been dining heartily, and indisposed to stir; but, as he grew more brisk, the accustomed invocation of his little son became effectual, and brought the tame snake to the box as usual.

Disjonval knew a spider (such a spider was a person to know) who regularly placed himself upon the ceiling over a young lady's head whenever she played the harp, and followed her if she changed her position. The celebrated violinist, Berthome (it is our shame never to have heard of him), when a boy, saw a spider habitually come out to hear when he was practicing: this creature at last became familiar, and took a seat upon the desk. Lenz tells of a goose who followed a harp-player wherever he performed, probably to hiss him out of self-respect. Bingley tells of a pigeon in the neighborhood of a young lady who played brilliantly on the harpsichord; the pigeon did not greatly care about her playing, except when she played the song of "Speri si," from Handel's opera, Admetus: then it would come and sit by the window, testifying pleasure; when the song was over, it would fly back to its dovecote, for it had not learnt the art of clapping wings for an encore.

In the matter of experience, we can believe the story of a dog who either was *not* blessed with a love of music, or had a master given to the perpetration of atrocities against his canine ear; the dog whose peace was broken by his master's practice on the violin, took every opportunity to hide the stick. Plutarch's story of the mule we are at liberty, we hope, to set down in the list of pleasant fables. The mule laden with salt blundered, by chance, into a stream; on coming out it found its load to be so agreeably lightened, that it afterward made a point of taking a bath upon its travels. To cure it of this trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, and then when the mule came out of the water with the sponges saturated, it felt a load that it had reason to remember.

Dr. Pelican saw a party of rats around the bunghole of a cask of wine dipping their tails in and then licking them. Mr. Jesse tells of rats who performed a similar feat with an oil-bottle. But this is nothing in comparison with the acuteness of Degrandpre's monkey. Left with an open bottle of aniseed brandy, he sucked what he could from it with tongue and fingers, and then poured sand into the bottle till the rest ran over. Le Vaillant, the African traveler, had with him dogs and a monkey. When the monkey was weary he leapt on a dog's back for a ride. One dog on such occasions quietly stood still. The monkey, fearing to be left behind, would presently jump off and hasten to the caravan: the dog, with studious politeness, took good care to give him precedence. An elephant—we must at once append one tale about the elephant, whose great sagacity makes him the hero of a thousand and one—an elephant belonging to an officer in the Bengal army, was left during the long absence of his master to a keeper; who, as even elephant-ostlers will do, cheated him of his rations. When the master came back, the poor half-starved elephant testified the greatest joy, the keeper, in his master's presence, put, of course, the full allowance of food before the elephant, who immediately divided it into two parts, one representing his short commons, which he

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devoured greedily; the other representing the amount to which he had been defrauded in his dinners, he left. The officer of course understood the hint, and the man confessed his breach of trust.

We must get rid of another story of an elephant; like the last, perfectly credible. Elephants have more sagacity than dogs, and of dogs few tales that are current are doubtful. This is the tale of an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes. A painter used to study from the animals in the garden, and was minded once to paint the elephant. But of course he must paint him in an attitude; and even the sagacity of an elephant failed to understand that the artist wished him to keep his mouth open, and hold up his trunk. The artist therefore got a little boy, and intrusted to his care a bag of apples, which he was to throw into the elephant's mouth one by one, obliging him in this way to keep his trunk uplifted. "The apples," says Mr. Broderip, "were numerous, but the painter was not a Landseer, and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was tedious. By the master's directions, the boy occasionally deceived the elephant by a simulated chuck, and thus eked out the supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the balked expectant, his *gourmandise* checked his irritable impatience; and, keeping his eye on the still well-filled bag, he bore the repeated disappointment, crunching an apple, when it chanced to come, with apparent glee. At length the last apple was thrown and crunched, the empty bag was laid aside, and the elephant applied himself to his water-tank as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture, when an overwhelming *douche* from his well-adjusted trunk obliterated the design, and drenched the discomfited painter. Having, by this practical application of retributive justice, executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the mere instrument of wrong, marched proudly round his inclosure, loudly trumpeting forth his triumph."

We have left that story in the pleasant words of its accomplished narrator. Mr. Thomson now shall tell us one in his way, which illustrates the faculty of imitation: "An oran-otan, brought up by Père Carbasson, became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting him up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting the sounding-board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect; the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and actions; these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter." Of course a friend stepped up to acquaint the preacher with the existence of a second person above the sounding-board, co-operating with him zealously. And of course the culprit was taken out by the servants of the church with a face expressive of insulted innocence.

There was a dog trained to run on errands for his master, who was trotting home one evening along a by-road, with a basket containing hot pies for his master's supper, when two highwaymen dogs burst out upon him, and while he dogfully fought one, the other burglariously broke into his basket. The dog who was waylaid saw instantly that fighting would not save the pies; the pies must go, and it resolved itself into a question who should eat them. He at once gave up his contest with the adversary; if the pies were to be eaten—among dogs, at least—his right was the best, so he immediately darted on the basket and devoured all that remained.

A story of an elephant again comes to the surface. At Macassar, an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which he wantonly struck twice against the elephant's forehead to break it. The next day they were passing by some cocoa-nuts in the street exposed for sale. The elephant took up one, and began to knock it on the driver's head; the result, unhappily, was fatal. Elephants commonly discriminate so well, as to apportion punishment to the offense against them: they are considerate, merciful, and magnanimous. Another story of an elephant, we think, occurs in one of Mr. Broderip's books. A visitor to an elephant at a fair, having given to him one by one a number of good ginger-bread nuts, thought it a good joke to end by giving him at once a bag full of the hottest kind. The elephant, distressed with pain, took bucket-full after bucket-full of water, and the joker, warned of his danger, had barely escaped over the threshold before the bucket was flung violently after his departing figure. A year afterward, the foolish fellow came again, with gingerbread in one pocket and hot spice in the other. He began with his donations of gingerbread, and then modestly substituted one hot nut. The moment it was tasted by the elephant, the offender was remembered, and caught up into the air by his clothes; his weight tore them, and he fell, leaving the elephant his tails and some part of his trousers. The animal putting them on the floor set his foot upon them, and having deliberately picked out of the pockets and eaten all the gingerbread that he considered orthodox, he trod upon the rest, and threw the tails away.

The Cape baboons appear to have a tact for battle, like the Caffres. Lieutenant Shipp headed twenty men, to recapture sundry coats and trowsers stolen by a Cape baboon. He made a circuit, to cut off the marauders from their caverns; they

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observed him, and detaching a small troop, to guard the entrance, kept their posts. They could be seen collecting large stones, under the active superintendence of an old gray-headed baboon, who appeared to be issuing his orders as a general. The soldiers rushed to the attack, when down came an avalanche of enormous stones, and Britons left baboons the masters of the situation.

Of monkey-tricks, the Indians have an amusing fable. A man went on a journey with a monkey and a goat, and he took with him, for his refreshment, rice and curds. Arrived at a tank, the man resolved to bathe and dine. While he was in his bath, the monkey ate his dinner, and, having wiped his mouth and paws on the goat's beard, he left the goat to settle his account. When the man came out of the bath, and found his dinner gone, it was quite easy to see, by the goat's beard, who had stolen it.

The monkey was no ass. The sense of asses is not rated very high; but that is a mistake about them. They are shrewder people than we take them for, and kind-hearted as well. A poor higgler, living near Hawick, had an ass for his only companion and partner in the business. The higgler being palsied, was accustomed to assist himself often upon the road, by holding to the ass's tail. Once, on their travels, during a severe winter, man and ass were plunged into a snow-wreath, near Rule Water. After a hard struggle, the ass got out; but, knowing that his helpless master was still buried, he made his way to him, and placed himself so that his tail lay ready to his partner's hand. The higgler grasped it, and was dragged out to a place of safety. Zoologically speaking, it ought not to be thought disrespectful in a man to call his friend "an ass."

Elephants, again. They show their good taste, and are very fond of children. Dr. Darwin says: The keeper of an elephant, in his journey in India, sometimes leaves him fixed to the ground by a length of chain, while he goes into the woods to collect food for him; and, by way of reciprocal attention, asks the elephant to mind his child —a child unable to walk—while he is gone. The animal defends it; lets it creep about his legs; and, when it creeps to the extremity of the chain, he gently wraps his trunk about the infant's body, and brings it again into the middle of the circle.

And now we can not clear our minds of elephants without unburthening a story which we have from a tale-teller with Indian experience, and which we imagine to be now first told in print. It causes us to feel that in a Parliament of animals, elephants would have divided in favor of a ten-hours' bill. There was a large ship's rudder to be floated; men were busy about it one evening, when a file of elephants were passing, on the way home from work, and it was proposed and carried that an elephant might as well save them their pains, and push the thing into the water for them. So an elephant was brought, and put his head down, and appeared to push with might, but not a beam stirred. Another was brought to help him, with the same result; and finally, as many elephants as the rudder would allow, seemed to be busy and did nothing. So the elephants went home. They had struck, and declined working out of business hours. Next morning, on the way to work, one elephant was again brought, and pushed the rudder down into the water, almost as a man might push a walking-stick.

Stories illustrative of the kindness, gratitude, and kindred feelings of which animals are capable, have no end; one follows on another; for in fact, the animals, bird, beast, and fish, are all good fellows, if you come to know them properly. A rat tamed by a prisoner at Genf slept in his bosom. Punished for some fault, it ran away, but its anger or its fear died and its love lived on: in a month it returned. The prisoner was released, and in the joy of liberty it did not come into his mind to take his old companion with him. The rat coiled itself up in some old clothes left by his friend, all that was left of him, abstained from food, and died in three days.

A surgeon at Dover saw in the streets a wounded terrier, and like a true man took it home with him, cured it in two days, and let it go. The terrier ran home, resolved to pay the doctor by installments. For many succeeding weeks he paid a daily visit to the surgery, wagged his tail violently for some minutes and departed. Tail-wagging is dog's money, and when this dog thought that he had paid in his own coin a proper doctor's bill, the daily visit to the surgery was discontinued.

AN EPISODE OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

DURING my residence at London in the early part of 1848, I became acquainted with Count —— and his friend Del Uomo, both Italians. They had settled at London about two years previously, and were remarkable for the strength of attachment subsisting between them. I believe it was four years since they had left Lombardy, and they had clung together in exile closer than brothers. Del Uomo was several years the senior. His age might be about thirty; and a nobler looking Italian I never met with. There was a majesty in his fine manly form, and a dignity in his bearing, that impressed every body at first sight. His countenance was peculiarly handsome, yet shaded with an expression of habitual melancholy. His piercing black eyes, and long black hair, and flowing beard, added to the interest of his aspect. His influence over his young companion was most extraordinary. Count —— regarded him as friend, brother, father. Whatever Del Uomo did or said was right in his eyes; and yet on the vital subject of religion the two were diametrically opposed.

At the time in question, Italy was in a flame of war, and refugee Italians were hurrying from all parts of the world to fight in what they deemed a righteous cause. For reasons not necessary to be named, Count —— could not himself join his fellow-patriots; but his pen and his purse were devoted to the cause. Del Uomo, however, at once prepared to leave for the seat of war. "I

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have a father, mother, and sisters," said he, "who are exposed to all the horrors of war, and for them, as well as for my poor bleeding country, my sword must be drawn." His friend was almost heartbroken to part with him, but there was no alternative. Well do I remember the morning when Del Uomo left London. Numbers of Italians assembled to bid him farewell, and the parting scene was deeply affecting. When I myself wrung his hand, and bade God speed him, I felt the subtle involuntary presentiment that he would be shot, and mentioned it to my friends at the time. Little, however, did I think in what manner he would meet his end.

Many months rolled on, with varying success to the arms of Italy. I frequently heard tidings of Del Uomo from his friend. The gallant fellow had obtained a commission in a regiment of cavalry, and was said to have distinguished himself in every action. Ere the close of the campaign, his regiment was almost annihilated, but he himself escaped, I believe, without a wound. Austria triumphed, and Italy was bound in chains heavier than ever.

One morning, Count —— received a parcel of letters from Italy, the perusal of which threw him into a state of distraction. It was two or three days ere I learned their full import—detailing the following intelligence of the betrayal of Del Uomo to his enemies, and his cruel death.

The parents and family of Del Uomo remained in Lombardy—he himself being in security in some other part of Italy. He was seized with an intense desire to see them once more, and at all hazards determined to indulge in this natural yearning. He had fought openly and manfully against the Austrians, and, however merciless they might be, he did not think they would have sufficient colorable excuse to put him to death, even if he were recognized and seized. Probably he was correct in this, but he had not reckoned on the depths of perfidy to which they would descend.

Hardly had he set foot in the Lombard territory, ere he was recognized by a creature of Austria, who instantly planned his destruction. Accosting Del Uomo, this spy inquired whether he were not about to visit such a town? (I believe, the very town where his parents dwelt.) The unsuspicious fellow replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the other, "would you do me the favor to deliver this letter to a friend of mine, there resident? I have no other opportunity to send it, and shall be infinitely obliged." Del Uomo, with his usual kindliness of disposition, instantly consented, and put the letter into his pocket, without even looking at the superscription. From that moment his doom was sealed, and he went as a victim to the slaughter.

No sooner had he embraced his family than the bloodhounds of Austria were on his track, and to his amazement, he was seized, and accused of being engaged in a traitorous design. He indignantly denied it. "I fought in open battle against you, man to man, sword to sword," replied he; "but the war is over, and never since have I done aught against Austria." He was searched, and the letter given him to deliver found in his pocket. It was opened, and proved to be a treasonable correspondence addressed to one known as a conspirator. Vain all explanation of the manner in which it came into his possession—vain all the frantic prayers for mercy by his agonized family. The ruthless Austrians only required a fair-seeming pretext to put so distinguished an enemy to death, and here it was. Whether the general in command did or did not believe Del Uomo guilty, admits of some doubt; but that mattered not, so far as his doom was concerned. Little respite—no mercy. He was condemned to be shot on the spot. The priest, his confessor, was so satisfied of his innocency, that he even knelt to the Austrian general, imploring pardon, or at least a respite till the truth could be investigated; but the general only answered, "He dies!"

Del Uomo behaved like a Christian and a hero. He prayed fervently to God to receive his soul. Death he feared not in itself, but the bitterness of such a death as this to his poor family was indeed an awful trial. He was led out to the fatal spot, and there he embraced his relatives for the last time. He gave his watch to his father, his handkerchief to a sister, and bequeathed other little mementoes to his friends. His poor mother swooned away, but his father and one or two sisters stood by him till all was over. They offered to bind his eyes, but he refused. "No," said he, "I am not afraid to look upon death. I will enter eternity with open eyes." And he looked his farewell at his friends, at the glorious orb of day, at the landscape, at the soil of Italy, so soon to be watered with his blood; then he drew himself to his full height, bared his breast, and, with flashing eyes, cried, "Fire, soldiers! Long live Italy!" Nine balls pierced him, and he ceased to breathe. Peace to the memory of Del Uomo!

THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.

HE stood upon the summit of a mount,
Waving a wand above his head uplifted;
And smote the ground, whence gushed, as from a fount,
A sparkling stream, with magic virtues gifted.
It fill'd the air with music as it leapt,
Merrily bounding over hill and hollow;
And swiftly to the distant plain it swept,
Gurgling a challenge to the birds to follow.
Onward and onward, parting as it ran
A thousand streamlets from the parent river,
It roll'd among the farthest haunts of man,
Wooing the sunlight on its breast to quiver
Where'er it flow'd, it fed the desert earth
With wholesome aliment, its seeds to nourish;
Quickening its treasures into rapid birth,
And bidding golden harvests spring and flourish.
Fair thriving cities rising on its banks,
Gather'd the noble, and enrich'd the humble;
Throng'd with the happy in their various ranks,
They rear'd proud domes that ages scarce could crumble.
The Great Magician from his lofty height
Beheld the world, with boundless plenty teeming,
And his eye kindled with a sense of might,
Proudly, yet softly, at the prospect gleaming.
"I've wrought," he cried, "rich blessings for mankind
I've thrill'd with happiness the hearts of mourners;
And Fame will waft upon her wings of wind
The deeds of PEACE to earth's remotest corners!"

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TWO KINDS OF HONESTY.

SOME few years ago, there resided in Long Acre an eccentric old Jew, named Jacob Benjamin: he kept a seed shop, in which he likewise carried on—not a common thing, we believe, in London—the sale of meal, and had risen from the lowest dregs of poverty, by industry and self-denial, till he grew to be an affluent tradesman. He was, indeed, a rich man; for as he had neither wife nor child to spend his money, nor kith nor kin to borrow it of him, he had a great deal more than he knew what to do with. Lavish it on himself he could not, for his early habits stuck to him, and his wants were few. He was always clean and decent in his dress, but he had no taste for elegance or splendor in any form, nor had even the pleasures of the table any charms for him; so that, though he was no miser, his money kept on accumulating, while it occurred to him now and then to wonder what he should do with it hereafter. One would think he need not have wondered long, when there were so many people suffering from the want of what he abounded in; but Mr. Benjamin, honest man, had his crotchets like other folks. In the first place, he had less sympathy with poverty than might have been expected, considering how poor he had once been himself; but he had a theory, just in the main, though by no means without its exceptions—that the indigent have generally themselves to thank for their privations. Judging from his own experience, he believed that there was bread for every body that would take the trouble of earning it; and as he had had little difficulty in resisting temptation himself, and was not philosopher enough to allow for the varieties of human character, he had small compassion for those who injured their prospects by yielding to it. Then he had found, on more than one occasion, that even to the apparently well-doing, assistance was not always serviceable. Endeavor was relaxed, and gratuities, once received, were looked for again. Doubtless, part of this evil result was to be sought in Mr. Benjamin's own defective mode of proceeding; but I repeat, he was no philosopher, and in matters of this sort he did not see much farther than his nose, which was, however, a very long one.

To public charities he sometimes subscribed liberally; but his hand was frequently withheld by a doubt regarding the judicious expenditure of the funds, and this doubt was especially fortified after chancing to see one day, as he was passing the Crown and Anchor Tavern, a concourse of gentlemen turn out, with very flushed faces, who had been dining together for the benefit of some savages in the Southern Pacific Ocean, accused of devouring human flesh—a practice so abhorrent to Mr. Benjamin, that he had subscribed for their conversion. But failing to perceive the connection betwixt the dinner and that desirable consummation, his name appeared henceforth less frequently in printed lists, and he felt more uncertain than before as to what branch of unknown posterity he should bequeath his fortune.

In the mean time, he kept on the even tenor of his way, standing behind his counter, and serving his customers, assisted by a young woman called Leah Leet, who acted as his shopwoman, and in whom, on the whole, he felt more interest than in any body else in the world, insomuch that it even sometimes glanced across his mind, whether he should not make her the heiress of all his wealth. He never, however, gave her the least reason to expect such a thing, being himself incapable of conceiving that, if he entertained the notion, he ought to prepare her by education for the good fortune that awaited her. But he neither perceived this necessity, nor, if he had, would he have liked to lose the services of a person he had been so long accustomed to.

At length, one day a new idea struck him. He had been reading the story of his namesake, Benjamin, in the Old Testament, and the question occurred to him, how many among his purchasers of the poorer class—and all who came to his shop personally were of that class—would bring back a piece of money they might find among their meal, and he thought he should like to try a few of them that were his regular customers. The experiment would amuse his mind, and the money he might lose by it he did not care for. So he began with shillings, slipping one among the flour before he handed it to the purchaser. But the shillings never came back—perhaps people did not think so small a sum worth returning; so he went on to half-crowns and crowns, and now and then, in very particular cases, he even ventured a guinea; but it was always with the same luck, and the longer he tried, the more he distrusted there being any honesty in the world, and the more disposed he felt to leave all his money to Leah Leet, who had lived with him so long, and to his belief, had never wronged him of a penny.

"What's this you have put into the gruel, Mary?" said a pale, sickly-looking man, one evening, taking something out of his mouth, which he held toward the feeble gleams emitted by a farthing rush-light standing on the mantlepiece.

"What is it, father?" inquired a young girl, approaching him. "Isn't the gruel good?"

"It's good enough," replied the man; "but here's something in it: it's a shilling, I believe."

"It's a guinea, I declare!" exclaimed the girl, as she took the coin from him and examined it nearer the light.

"A guinea!" repeated the man; "well, that's the first bit of luck I've had these seven years or more. It never could have come when we wanted it worse. Show it us here, Mary."

"But it's not ours, father," said Mary. "I paid away the last shilling we had for the meal, and here's the change."

"God has sent it us, girl! He saw our distress, and He sent it us in His mercy!" said the man, grasping the piece of gold with his thin, bony fingers.

"It must be Mr. Benjamin's," returned she.

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"He must have dropped it into the meal-tub that stands by the counter."

"How do you know that?" inquired the man with an impatient tone and a half-angry glance. "How can you tell how it came into the gruel? Perhaps it was lying at the bottom of the basin, or at the bottom of the sauce-pan. Most likely it was."

"Oh, no, father," said Mary: "it is long since we had a guinea."

"A guinea that we knew of; but I've had plenty in my time, and how do you know this is not one we had overlooked?"

"We've wanted a guinea too much to overlook one," answered she. "But never mind, father; eat your gruel, and don't think of it: your cheeks are getting quite red with talking so, and you won't be able to sleep when you go to bed."

"I don't expect to sleep," said the man, peevishly; "I never do sleep."

"I think you will, after that nice gruel!" said Mary, throwing her arms round his neck, and tenderly kissing his cheek.

"And a guinea in it to give it a relish, too!" returned the father, with a faint smile and an expression of archness, betokening an inner nature very different from the exterior which sorrow and poverty had encrusted on it.

His daughter then proposed that he should go to bed; and having assisted him to undress, and arranged her little household matters, she retired behind a tattered, drab-colored curtain which shaded her own mattress, and laid herself down to rest.

The apartment in which this little scene occurred, was in the attic story of a mean house, situated in one of the narrow courts or alleys betwixt the Strand and Drury-lane. The furniture it contained was of the poorest description; the cracked window-panes were coated with dust; and the scanty fire in the grate, although the evening was cold enough to make a large one desirable—all combined to testify to the poverty of the inhabitants. It was a sorry retreat for declining years and sickness, and a sad and cheerless home for the fresh cheek and glad hopes of youth; and all the worse, that neither father nor daughter was "to the manner born;" for poor John Glegg had, as he said, had plenty of guineas in his time; at least, what should have been plenty, had they been wisely husbanded. But John, to describe the thing as he saw it himself, had always "had luck against him." It did not signify what he undertook, his undertakings invariably turned out ill.

He was born in Scotland, and had passed a great portion of his life there; but, unfortunately for him, he had no Scotch blood in his veins, or he might have been blessed with some small modicum of the caution for which that nation is said to be distinguished. His father had been a cooper, and when quite a young man, John had succeeded to a well-established business in Aberdeen. His principal commerce consisted in furnishing the retail-dealers with casks, wherein to pack their dried fish; but partly from good-nature, and partly from indolence, he allowed them to run such long accounts, that they were apt to overlook the debt altogether in their calculations, and to take refuge in bankruptcy when the demand was pressed and the supply of goods withheld—his negligence thus proving, in its results, as injurious to them as to himself. Five hundred pounds embarked in a scheme projected by a too sanguine friend, for establishing a local newspaper, which "died ere it was born;" and a fire, occurring at a time that John had omitted to renew his insurance, had seriously damaged his resources, when some matter of business having taken him to the Isle of Man, he was agreeably surprised to find that his branch of trade, which had of late years been alarmingly declining in Aberdeen, was there in the most flourishing condition. Delighted with the prospect this state of affairs opened, and eager to quit the spot where misfortune had so unrelentingly pursued him, John, having first secured a house at Ramsay, returned to fetch his wife, children, and merchandise, to this new home. Having freighted a small vessel for their conveyance, he expected to be deposited at his own door; but he had unhappily forgotten to ascertain the character of the captain, who, under pretense that, if he entered the harbor, he should probably be windbound for several weeks, persuaded them to go ashore in a small boat, promising to lie-to till they had landed their goods; but the boat had no sooner returned to the ship, than, spreading his sails to the wind, he was soon out of sight, leaving John and his family on the beach, with —to recur to his own phraseology—"nothing but what they stood up in."

Having with some difficulty found shelter for the night, they proceeded on the following morning in a boat to Ramsay; but here it was found that, owing to some informality, the people who had possession of the house refused to give it up, and the wanderers were obliged to take refuge in an inn. The next thing was to pursue, and recover the lost goods; but some weeks elapsed before an opportunity of doing so could be found; and at length, when John did reach Liverpool, the captain had left it, carrying away with him a considerable share of the property. With the remainder, John, after many expenses and delays, returned to the island, and resumed his business. But he soon discovered to his cost, that the calculations he had made were quite fallacious, owing to his having neglected to inquire whether the late prosperous season had been a normal or an exceptional one. Unfortunately, it was the latter; and several very unfavorable ones that succeeded reduced the family to great distress, and finally to utter ruin.

Relinquishing his shop and his goods to his creditors, John Glegg, heart-sick and weary, sought a refuge in London—a proceeding to which he was urged by no prudential motives, but rather by the desire to fly as far as possible from the scenes of his vexations and disappointments, and because he had heard that the metropolis was a place in which a man might conceal

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his poverty, and suffer and starve at his ease, untroubled by impertinent curiosity or officious benevolence; and, above all, believing it to be the spot where he was least likely to fall in with any of his former acquaintance.

But here a new calamity awaited him, worse than all the rest. A fever broke out in the closely-populated neighborhood in which they had fixed their abode, and first two of his three children took it, and died; and then himself and his wife—rendered meet subjects for infection by anxiety of mind and poor living—were attacked with the disease. He recovered; at least he survived, though with an enfeebled constitution, but he lost his wife, a wise and patient woman, who had been his comforter and sustainer through all his misfortunes—misfortunes which, after vainly endeavoring to avert, she supported with heroic and uncomplaining fortitude; but dying, she left him a precious legacy in Mary, who, with a fine nature, and the benefit of her mother's precept and example, had been to him ever since a treasure of filial duty and tenderness.

A faint light dawned through the dirty window on the morning succeeding the little event with which we opened our story, when Mary rose softly from her humble couch, and stepping lightly to where her father's clothes lay on a chair, at the foot of his bed, she put her hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and, extracting therefrom the guinea which had been found in the gruel the preceding evening, she transferred it to her own. She then dressed herself, and having ascertained that her father still slept, she quietly left the room. The hour was yet so early, and the streets so deserted, that Mary almost trembled to find herself in them alone; but she was anxious to do what she considered her duty without the pain of contention. John Glegg was naturally an honest and well-intentioned man, but the weakness that had blasted his life adhered to him still. They were doubtless in terrible need of the guinea, and since it was not by any means certain that the real owner would be found, he saw no great harm in appropriating it; but Mary wasted no casuistry on the matter. That the money was not legitimately theirs, and that they had no right to retain it, was all she saw; and so seeing, she acted unhesitatingly on her convictions.

She had bought the meal at Mr. Benjamin's, because her father complained of the quality of that she procured in the smaller shops, and on this occasion he had served her himself. From the earliness of the hour, however, though the shop was open, he was not in it when she arrived on her errand of restitution; but addressing Leah Leet, who was dusting the counter, she mentioned the circumstance, and tendered the guinea; which the other took and dropped into the till, without acknowledgment or remark. Now Mary had not restored the money with any view to praise or reward: the thought of either had not occurred to her; but she was, nevertheless, pained by the dry, cold, thankless manner with which the restitution was accepted, and she felt that a little civility would not have been out of place on such an occasion.

She was thinking of this on her way back, when she observed Mr. Benjamin on the opposite side of the street. The fact was, that he did not sleep at the shop, but in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and he was now proceeding from his residence to Long Acre. When he caught her eye, he was standing still on the pavement, and looking, as it appeared, at her, so she dropped him a courtesy, and walked forward; while the old man said to himself: "That's the girl that got the guinea in her meal yesterday. I wonder if she has been to return it!"

It was Mary's pure, innocent, but dejected countenance, that had induced him to make her the subject of one of his most costly experiments. He thought if there was such a thing as honesty in the world, that it would find a fit refuge in that young bosom; and the early hour, and the direction in which she was coming, led him to hope that he might sing *Eureka* at last. When he entered the shop, Leah stood behind the counter, as usual, looking very staid and demure; but all she said was, "Good-morning;" and when he inquired if any body had been there, she quietly answered: "No; nobody."

Mr. Benjamin was confirmed in his axiom; but he consoled himself with the idea, that as the girl was doubtless very poor, the guinea might be of some use to her. In the mean time, Mary was boiling the gruel for her father's breakfast, the only food she could afford him, till she got a few shillings that were owing to her for needle-work.

"Well, father, dear, how are you this morning?"

"I scarce know, Mary. I've been dreaming, and it was so like reality, that I can hardly believe yet it was a dream;" and his eyes wandered over the room, as if looking for something.

"What is it, father? Do you want your breakfast? It will be ready in five minutes."

"I've been dreaming of a roast fowl and a glass of Scotch ale, Mary. I thought you came in with the fowl, and a bottle in your hand, and said: "See, father, this is what I've bought with the guinea we found in the meal!'"

"But I couldn't do that, father, you know. It wouldn't have been honest to spend other people's money."

"Nonsense!" answered John. "Whose money is it, I should like to know? What belongs to no one, we may as well claim as any body else."

"But it must belong to somebody; and, as I knew it was not ours, I've carried it back to Mr. Benjamin."

"You have?" said Glegg, sitting up in bed.

"Yes, I have, father. Don't be angry. I'm sure you won't when you think better of it."

But John *was* very angry indeed. He was dreadfully disappointed at losing the delicacies that his sick appetite hungered for, and which, he fancied, would do more to restore him than all

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the *doctors' stuff* in London; and, so far, he was perhaps right. He bitterly reproached Mary for want of sympathy with his sufferings, and was peevish and cross all day. At night, however, his better nature regained the ascendant; and when he saw the poor girl wipe the tears from her eyes, as her nimble needle flew through the seams of a shirt she was making for a cheap warehouse in the Strand, his heart relented, and, holding out his hand, he drew her fondly toward him.

"You're right, Mary," he said, "and I'm wrong; but I'm not myself with this long illness, and I often think if I had good food I should get well, and be able to do something for myself. It falls hard upon you, my girl: and often when I see you slaving to support my useless life, I wish I was dead and out of the way; and then you could do very well for yourself, and I think that pretty face of yours would get you a husband perhaps." And Mary flung her arms about his neck, and told him how willing she was to work for him, and how forlorn she should be without him, and desired she might never hear any more of such wicked wishes. Still, she had an ardent desire to give him the fowl and the ale he had longed for, for his next Sunday's dinner; but, alas! she could not compass it. But on that very Sunday, the one that succeeded these little events, Leah Leet appeared with a smart new bonnet and gown, at a tea-party given by Mr. Benjamin to three or four of his intimate friends. He was in the habit of giving such small inexpensive entertainments, and he made it a point to invite Leah; partly because she made the tea for him, and partly because he wished to keep her out of other society, lest she should get married and leave him—a thing he much deprecated on all accounts. She was accustomed to his business, he was accustomed to her, and, above all, she was so honest!

But there are various kinds of honesty. Mary Glegg's was of the pure sort; it was such as nature and her mother had instilled into her; it was the honesty of high principle. But Leah was honest, because she had been taught that honesty is the best policy; and as she had her living to earn, it was extremely necessary that she should be guided by the axiom, or she might come to poverty and want bread, like others she saw, who lost good situations from failing in this particular.

Now, after all, this is but a sandy foundation for honesty; because a person who is not actuated by a higher motive, will naturally have no objection to a little peculation in a safe way—that is, when they think there is no possible chance of being found out. In short, such honesty is but a counterfeit, and, like all counterfeits, it will not stand the wear and tear of the genuine article. Such, however, was Leah's, who had been bred up by worldly-wise teachers, who neither taught nor knew any better. Entirely ignorant of Mr. Benjamin's eccentric method of seeking what, two thousand years ago, Diogenes thought it worth while to look for with a lantern, she considered that the guinea brought back by Mary was a waif, which might be appropriated without the smallest danger of being called to account for it. It had probably, she thought, been dropped into the meal-tub by some careless customer, who would not know how he had lost it; and, even if it were her master's, he must also be quite ignorant of the accident that had placed it where it was found. The girl was a stranger in the shop; she had never been there till the day before, and might never be there again; and, if she were, it was not likely she would speak to Mr. Benjamin. So there could be no risk, as far as she could see; and the money came just apropos to purchase some new attire that the change of season rendered desirable.

Many of us now alive can remember the beginning of what is called the sanitary movement, previous to which era, as nothing was said about the wretched dwellings of the poor, nobody thought of them, nor were the ill consequences of their dirty, crowded rooms, and bad ventilation at all appreciated. At length the idea struck somebody, who wrote a pamphlet about it, which the public did not read; but as the author sent it to the newspaper editors, they borrowed the hint, and took up the subject, the importance of which, by slow degrees, penetrated the London mind. Now, among the sources of wealth possessed by Mr. Benjamin were a great many houses, which, by having money at his command, he had bought cheap from those who could not afford to wait; and many of these were situated in squalid neighborhoods, and were inhabited by miserably poor people; but as these people did not fall under his eye, he had never thought of them—he had only thought of their rents, which he received with more or less regularity through the hands of his agent. The sums due, however, were often deficient, for sometimes the tenants were unable to pay them, because they were so sick they could not work; and sometimes they died, leaving nothing behind them to seize for their debts. Mr. Benjamin had looked upon this evil as irremediable; but when he heard of the sanitary movement, it occurred to him, that if he did something toward rendering his property more eligible and wholesome, he might let his rooms to a better class of tenants, and that greater certainty of payment, together with a little higher rent, would remunerate him for the expense of the cleaning and repairs. The idea being agreeable both to his love of gain and his benevolence, he summoned his builder, and proposed that he should accompany him over these tenements, in order that they might agree as to what should be done, and calculate the outlay; and the house inhabited by Glegg and his daughter happening to be one of them, the old gentleman, in the natural course of events, found himself paying an unexpected visit to the unconscious subject of his last experiment; for the last it was, and so it was likely to remain, though three months had elapsed since he made it; but its ill success had discouraged him. There was something abou'

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Mary that so evidently distinguished her from his usual customers; she looked so innocent, so modest, and withal so pretty, that he thought if he failed with her, he was not likely to succeed with any body else.

"Who lives in the attics?" he inquired of Mr. Harker, the builder, as they were ascending the stairs.

"There's a widow, and her daughter, and son-in-law, with three children, in the back-room," answered Mr. Harker. "I believe the women go out charring, and the man's a bricklayer. In the front, there's a man called Glegg and his daughter. I fancy they're people that have been better off at some time of their lives. He has been a tradesman—a cooper, he tells me; but things went badly with him; and since he came here, his wife died of the fever, and he's been so weakly ever since he had it, that he can earn nothing. His daughter lives by her needle."

Mary was out; she had gone to take home some work, in hopes of getting immediate payment for it. A couple of shillings would purchase them coal and food, and they were much in need of both. John was sitting by the scanty fire, with his daughter's shawl over his shoulders, looking wan, wasted, and desponding.

"Mr. Benjamin, the landlord, Mr. Glegg," said Harker.

John knew they owed a little rent, and was afraid they had come to demand it. "I'm sorry my daughter's out, gentlemen," he said. "Will you be pleased to take a chair."

"Mr. Benjamin is going round his property," said Harker. "He is proposing to make a few repairs, and do a little painting and whitewashing, to make the rooms more airy and comfortable."

"That will be a good thing, sir," answered Glegg—"a very good thing; for I believe it is the closeness of the place that makes us country folks ill when we come to London. I'm sure I've never had a day's health since I've lived here."

"You've been very unlucky, indeed, Mr. Glegg," said Harker. "But you know, if we lay out money, we shall look for a return. We must raise your rent."

"Ah, sir, I suppose so," answered John, with a sigh; "and how we're to pay it, I don't know. If I could only get well, I shouldn't mind; for I'd rather break stones on the road, or sweep a crossing, than see my poor girl slaving from morning to night for such a pittance."

"If we were to throw down this partition, and open another window here," said Harker to Mr. Benjamin, "it would make a comfortable apartment of it. There would be room, then, for a bed in the recess."

Mr. Benjamin, however, was at that moment engaged in the contemplation of an ill-painted portrait of a girl, that was attached by a pin over the chimney-piece. It was without a frame, for the respectable gilt one that had formerly encircled it, had been taken off, and sold to buy bread. Nothing could be coarser than the execution of the thing, but as is not unfrequently the case with such productions, the likeness was striking; and Mr. Benjamin, being now in the habit of seeing Mary, who bought all the meal they used at his shop, recognized it at once.

"That's your daughter, is it?" he said.

"Yes, sir; she's often at your place for meal; and if it wasn't too great a liberty, I would ask you, sir, if you thought you could help her to some sort of employment that's better than sewing; for it's a hard life, sir, in this close place for a young creature that was brought up in the free country air; not that Mary minds work, but the worst is, there's so little to be got by the needle, and it's such close confinement."

Mr. Benjamin's mind, during this address of poor Glegg's, was running on his guinea. He felt a distrust of her honesty—or rather of the honesty of both father and daughter; and yet, being far from a hard-hearted person, their evident distress and the man's sickness disposed him to make allowance for them. "They couldn't know that the money belonged to me," thought he; adding aloud: "Have you no friends here in London?"

"No, sir, none. I was unfortunate in business in the country, and came here hoping for better luck; but sickness overtook us, and we've never been able to do any good. But, Mary, my daughter, doesn't want for education, sir; and a more honest girl never lived!"

"Honest, is she?" said Mr. Benjamin, looking Glegg in the face.

"I'll answer for her, sir," answered John, who thought the old gentleman was going to assist her to a situation. "You'll excuse me mentioning it, sir; but perhaps it isn't every body, distressed as we were, that would have carried back that money she found in the meal: but Mary *would* do it, even when I said perhaps it wasn't yours, and that nobody might know whose it was; which was very wrong of me, no doubt; but one's mind gets weakened by illness and want, and I couldn't help thinking of the food it would buy us; but Mary wouldn't hear of it. I'm sure you might trust Mary with untold gold, sir; and it would be a real charity to help her to a situation, if you knew of such a thing."

Little deemed Leah that morning, as she handed Mary her quart of meal and the change for her hard-earned shilling, that she had spoiled her own fortunes, and that she would, ere night, be called upon to abdicate her stool behind the counter in favor of that humble customer; and yet so it was. Mr. Benjamin could not forgive her dereliction from honesty; and the more he had trusted her, the greater was the shock to his confidence. Moreover, his short-sighted views of human nature, and his incapacity for comprehending its infinite shades and varieties, caused him to extend his ill opinion further than the delinquent merited. In spite of her protestations, he could not believe that this was her first misdemeanor; but concluded that, like many other people in the world, she had only been

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reputed honest because she had not been found out. Leah soon found herself in the very dilemma she had deprecated, and the apprehension of which had kept her so long practically honest —without a situation, and with a damaged character.

As Mary understood book-keeping, the duties of her new office were soon learned; and the only evil attending it was, that she could not take care of her father. But determined not to lose her, Mr. Benjamin found means to reconcile the difficulty by giving them a room behind the shop, where they lived very comfortably, till Glegg, recovering some portion of health, was able to work a little at his trade.

In process of time, however, as infirmity began to disable Mr. Benjamin for the daily walk from his residence to his shop, he left the whole management of the business to the father and daughter, receiving every shilling of the profits, except the moderate salaries he gave them, which were sufficient to furnish them with all the necessaries of life, though nothing beyond. But when the old gentleman died, and his will was opened, it was found that he had left every thing he possessed to Mary Glegg; except one guinea, which, without alleging any reason, he bequeathed to Leah Leet.

A FORGOTTEN CELEBRITY.

"TIME and chance," as King Solomon says, "happen to all;" and this is peculiarly the case in the matter of fame and reputation. Many who have done much, and have enjoyed a fine prospect of a name that should survive them, have scarcely earned an epitaph; while others, by a mere accident, have rolled luxuriously down to posterity, like a fly on the chariot-wheels of another's reputation. "The historic muse" is a very careless jade, and many names with which she has undertaken to march down to latest times, have been lost by the way, like the stones in the legend that fell through the devil's apron when he was carrying them to build one of his bridges. The chiffonniers of literature pick up these histories from time to time; sometimes they are valuable, sometimes only curious. Mademoiselle de Gournay's story is a curiosity.

Marie de Jars, Demoiselle de Gournay, was born at Paris in 1566. She was of a noble and ancient family; her father, at his death, left what in those days was a handsome fortune; but Mademoiselle de Gournay, his widow, had an unfortunate mania for building, which devoured it. When she took her place beside her husband in his grave, she left little but mortgages behind her.

Judging from the portraits prefixed to her works, Marie de Jars must in her youth have possessed some personal attractions, in spite of her detractors: her figure was of middle height, her face rather round than oval, but with a pleasing expression, and adorned with a pair of large black eyes and a pretty little mouth. Her own account of herself, in a copy of verses, addressed to her friend Mademoiselle de Ragny, is, that she was of a very lively and obliging disposition. That she was obliging and kind-hearted, many circumstances of her life could prove; but for liveliness, we are inclined to think that she flattered herself: nothing can be further removed from liveliness than her works—they are pompously serious.

Her father died when she was very young, leaving five children: two elder and two younger than Marie. The eldest daughter married; the son entered the army; and Marie, the eldest of the remaining three, seems to have been left pretty much to follow her own devices. From her earliest years she had a passion for reading, and showed a wonderful sagacity in the choice of books: her favorites were Amyot, Ronsard, and Montaigne; to these authors she afterward added Racan. She was so faithfully exclusive in her taste, that she never cared to read any others. It was in 1580 that Montaigne published the two first volumes of his Essays. Marie de Jars was scarcely fourteen when they fell accidentally in her way, and her admiration amounted to enthusiasm: she sent a friend to tell Montaigne, who was then in Paris, how much she admired him, and the esteem in which she held his book. This proceeding from so young a person, who was moreover "fort demoiselle," flattered Montaigne very sensibly. He went the very next day to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de Gournay: her conversation and enthusiasm won the heart of the philosopher. In their first interview Montaigne offered her the affection of a father for a daughter and Mademoiselle de Gournay proudly assumed the title of the adopted daughter of Montaigne; and in a letter addressed to him, which is still to be seen, she says, "that she feels as proud of that title as she should be to be called the mother of the Muses themselves." This friendship never failed or diminished; it was the best thing Marie ever achieved in this life, and is her chief claim on the sympathy and interest of posterity. But Marie de Jars became possessed by the demon of wishing to become a distinguished woman on her own account. To accomplish this, she set to work to learn Greek and Latin, and though she brought more zeal than method to her studies, she worked with so much perseverance as to obtain a good insight into both languages.

Montaigne, in the next edition of his Essays, added the following passage to the seventeenth chapter of the second book: "I have taken a delight to publish in many places the hopes I have of Marie de Gournay de Jars, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with more than a paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being I have no regard to any thing in this world but to her. If a man may presage from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things; and, among others, of that perfection of friendship of which we do not read that any of her sex could yet arrive at; the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it; her affection toward me more than superabundant, and such as that there is nothing more

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to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end from the five-and-fifty years I had reached when she knew me, might not so much afflict her.

"The judgment she made of my first Essays, being a woman so young, and in this age, and alone in her order, place, and the notable vehemence with which she loved and desired me, upon the sole esteem she had of me before ever she saw my face, are things very worthy of consideration."

Any woman might justly have been proud of such a tribute, and one feels to like Montaigne himself all the better for it. In 1588 Montaigne went with Mademoiselle de Gournay and her mother to their château at Gournay-sur-Aronde, and spent some time with them.

In the year following she published her first book, calling it "Proumenoir de M. de Montaigne." She dedicated it to him, and sent a copy to him at Bordeaux, where he was then residing. That must have been a very proud day for Marie! This "Proumenoir" was not, as its title might suggest, any account of Montaigne, or relics of his conversation, but only a rambling Arabian story, which if gracefully told by Marie herself, might perhaps have been interesting during the course of a walk, but which, set down upon paper, is insipid to a degree, and of an interminable length. Montaigne is answerable for the sin of having encouraged her to write it, thus adding to the weary array of books that nobody is able to read.

At her mother's death, Mademoiselle de Gournay did something much better: she took charge of her younger brother and sister, and administered the affairs of the family (which, as we have said, Madame de Gournay had left in great embarrassment) with so much discretion and judgment, that she redeemed all the mortgages, paid off all the debts, and was in possession of about two thousand pounds in money.

Montaigne died in 1592, at Bordeaux. Enthusiastic and devoted, Mademoiselle de Gournay set off as soon as she was informed of it, and, providing herself with passes, crossed almost the whole kingdom of France alone, to visit his widow and daughter, to console them as best she might —and to weep with them the loss they had sustained.

Madame de Montaigne gave her the Essays, enriched with notes in her husband's hand-writing, in order that she might prepare a new and complete edition of them. This was a labor of love to Marie: she revised all the proofs, which were executed with so much correctness, that she is well entitled to call it, as she does, "le bon et vieux exemplaire." It remains to this day the principal edition as regards authenticity of text, and one of the handsomest as regards typography. It appeared in 1595 (Paris, Abel Langlier). Mademoiselle de Gournay wrote a preface, which is not without eloquence. She vigorously repels all the objections that had been raised against the work, and alludes to her adoption by Montaigne with genuine feeling. We translate the passage: "Reader, having the desire to make the best of myself to thee, I adorn myself with the noble title of this adoption. I have no other ornament, and I have a good right to call him my true father, from whom all that is good or noble in my soul proceeds. The parent to whom I owe my being, and whom my evil fortune snatched from me in my infancy, was an excellent father, and a most virtuous and clever man—and he would have felt less jealousy in seeing the second to whom I gave this title of father, than he would have felt pride in seeing the manner of man he was." The good lady's style is of the most intractable to render into common language.

With Montaigne's death, the whole course of Mademoiselle de Gournay's life seemed to be arrested. Henceforth all her strength and enthusiasm were expended in keeping herself exactly where he had left her. She resolutely set her face against all the improvements and innovations which were every day being brought into the French language, which was making rapid progress; but Mademoiselle de Gournay believed that she had seen the end of all perfection when Montaigne died. Not only in her style of writing, but also in her mode of living, she remained obstinately stereotyped after the fashion of the sixteenth century, during the first half of the seventeenth. While still young, she became a whimsical relic of a by-gone mode—a caricature out of date. She resided in Paris, where there was at that time a mania for playing practical jokes; and Mademoiselle de Gournay, with her pedantry and peculiarities, was considered as lawful game; many unworthy tricks were played upon her by persons who, nevertheless, dreaded the explosions of her wrath on discovery, which on such occasions were of an emphatic simplicity of speech, startling to modern ears. The word "hoaxing" was not then invented, but the thing itself was well understood. A forged letter was written, purporting to come from King James the First of England, requesting Mademoiselle de Gournay to send him her portrait and her life. She fell into the snare, and sat for her picture, and spent six weeks in writing her memoirs, which she actually sent to England—where, of course, no one knew what to make of them. But when Marshal Lavardin, who was the French embassador in England, returned to Paris, the parties who forged the letter did not fail to tell Mademoiselle de Gournay that the King of England had spoken most highly of her to the embassador, and had shown him her autograph, which occupied a distinguished place in his cabinet. As M. de Lavardin died almost directly after his return, Mademoiselle de Gournay ran no risk of being undeceived.

For a short time she abandoned literature and the belles-lettres to plunge into alchemy, for which she had a mania. Her friends remonstrated in vain; they told her how many other people alchemy had ruined, but she not the less persisted in flinging the remains of her fortune into the crucible. Like all who have been bewitched by this science, Marie fancied that her

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experiments were arrested by poverty at the moment of success. She retrenched in every way; in food, in clothing; reduced herself to barest necessaries; and sat constantly with the bellows in her hand, hanging over the smoke of her furnace. Of course, no gold rewarded her research, and she was at length absolutely obliged to abandon her laboratory, and betake herself afresh to literature. As generous in adversity as she had been in prosperity, Mademoiselle de Gournay was not hindered by her poverty from adopting an orphan child, the daughter of Jamyn, the poet, and friend of Ronsard. In the society of this young girl, and of a cat which she celebrated in verse, Marie de Gournay allowed every thing in the world to change and progress as they might, fully persuaded that the glory of French literature had died with her adopted father, and that she had had the honor of burying it.

This cat deserves a special mention, as it was a very noticeable animal in its day. It rejoiced in the name of *Piallion*, and during the twelve years it lived with Mademoiselle de Gournay, it never once quitted the apartments of its mistress to run with other cats upon the roofs and gutters of the neighboring houses; it was, in all respects, discreet and dignified, as became a cat of quality, and above all, as became the cat of such a mistress as Mademoiselle de Gournay. If Mademoiselle de Gournay had been young and handsome, *Piallion* would, no doubt, have been as celebrated as Leslie's sparrow; as it was, however, it only shared in the satires and caricatures that were made upon its mistress. When Mademoiselle de Gournay renounced alchemy, and began again to busy herself in literature, she unfortunately mixed herself up in some controversy of the day where the Jesuits were in question; we forget what side she took, but she brought down upon herself much abuse and scandal; among other things, she was accused of having led an irregular life, and being even then, "*une femme galante!*" This charge distressed her greatly, and she appealed to a friend to write her vindication. He told her by way of consolation, that if she would publish her portrait, it would be more effectual than a dozen vindications! Poor Mademoiselle de Gournay had long since lost whatever good looks she had possessed in early life, and her alchemical pursuits had added at least ten years to her appearance.

In the midst of all the disagreeable circumstances of her lot, she was not without some consolation. She kept up her relation with the family of Montaigne, and went on a visit to them in Guyenne, where she remained fifteen months. In all her distress, Mademoiselle Montaigne and her daughter, Mademoiselle de Gamaches, never deserted her. There is a touching passage in one of her works, in which the name of the "bonne amye" is not mentioned. There is little doubt but that it refers to one of these ladies; it is as follows:

"If my condition be somewhat better than could have been expected, from the miserable remnant of fortune that remained to me after the quittance of all my debts, liabilities, and losses, it is the assistance of a good friend, who took pleasure to see me keep up a decent appearance, which is the cause of it."

Mademoiselle de Gournay also brightened the dull realities of her existence with brilliant ideas of the fame she was laying up for herself with posterity — hopes which neither Mademoiselle Jamyn nor Piallion were likely to damp. In 1626, she published a collection of her works, in prose and verse, which she entitled "L'Ombre de Mademoiselle de Gournay," and sat in her retirement expecting the rebound of the sensation she had no doubt of producing throughout Europe.

The book was written in imitation of Montaigne's "Essays"—all manner of subjects treated of, without any regard to order or arrangement; long dissertations, rambling from topic to topic in every chapter, without any rule but her own caprice. It may be imagined what advantage such a work would give to those disposed to find matter for ridicule; the spirit of mystification and love of hoaxing were not extinct. There was a pitiless clique of idle men attached to the Court, and circulating in society, who were always on the watch for victims, at whose expense they might make good stories, or whom they might make the subjects of a practical jest. Mademoiselle de Gournay had fallen into their snares years before, and she seemed a still more tempting victim now. A regular conspiracy of wicked wits was formed against the poor old woman, who was then not much under sixty years of age. Her vanity had grown to enormous magnitude; her credulity was in proportion; while her power of swallowing and digesting any flattery, however gross, was something fabulous. No tribute that could be offered exceeded her notion of her own deserts. She certainly offered fair game for ridicule, and she was not spared.

Louis the Thirteenth, who labored under the royal malady of ennui, enjoyed the accounts of the mystifications that were constantly put upon the poor old lady.

They told her (and she believed them) that there was nothing talked about at Court but her book; and that his Majesty, Louis the Thirteenth, was her warm admirer. Mademoiselle de Gournay not unnaturally expected that some solid proof of the royal admiration would follow; but nothing came. Louis, well content to be amused by absurd stories about her, never dreamed of rewarding her for them. She was made to believe that her portrait adorned the galleries of Brussels and Antwerp; that in Holland her works had been published with complimentary prefaces; that, in Italy, Cæsar Carpaccio and Charles Pinto had celebrated her genius in their own tongue, and spread the glory of her name from one end of the peninsula to the other; and that no well-educated person in Europe was ignorant of her name and works. Marie de Gournay, after having been adopted by Montaigne, found all these marvels quite probable and easy

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of belief. These splendid visions of fame and success were quite as good as reality; they gilded her poverty, and invested her privations with a dignity more than regal. Among many other mystifications played off upon her, there was one which has since, in different forms, made the plot of farces and vaudevilles without number; but it was for the behoof of Mademoiselle de Gournay that it was originally made and invented. The poet Racan, whose works were some of the few Mademoiselle de Gournay condescended to read, had received a copy of "L'Ombre," and prepared to pay her a visit to return thanks. It must be borne in mind that they had never seen each other; the conspirators chanced to hear of his intentions. Such a fine occasion was not to be neglected; having ascertained the time appointed for the interview they took care to be beforehand. The first who presented himself was the Chevalier de Bresire; he caused himself to be announced by Mademoiselle Jamyn (the orphan she had adopted; now her friend and companion), as M. Racan. He was clever and agreeable, and flattered Mademoiselle de Gournay with so much grace, that she was enchanted with him. He had scarcely departed, when M. Yvrande arrived: "Announce M. Racan," said he to Mademoiselle Jamyn.

"M. Racan has only this moment left us."

"Some vile trick!" said he, with indignation.

Mademoiselle de Gournay, seeing a young man, still handsomer and more agreeable than the other, and whose compliments were still more poetical, was easily pacified, and received him graciously. A few moments after he had left, the poet himself made his appearance. He was absent, nervous, shabbily dressed, awkward, and had, moreover, a ridiculous pronunciation. He called himself "LACAN."

The old lady was now out of all patience.

"Must I, then, see nothing but *Racans* all the days of my life!" she exclaimed, and taking off her slipper, she flung it at his head, abusing him vehemently for daring to impose upon her; and drove him out of the house.

Of course this story was much too good not to have a great success; it circulated not only through the Court, but all over Paris, and came at last to the ears of poor Mademoiselle de Gournay herself, who could not be consoled, as it revealed all the tricks to which she had been a victim. The illusions thus rudely destroyed were far more precious than the philosopher's stone she had so vainly sought, and involved a disappointment infinitely more painful. Who can help sympathizing with the poor woman, who thus saw all her fairy treasures resolved into their intrinsic worthlessness!

However, good came out of evil. Cardinal Richelieu—who had been especially delighted with the story of the three Racans, and was never weary of hearing it repeated—took the fancy of wishing to see her that he might try to make a good story out of her himself. He sent for her, and indulged in some very clumsy pleasantry, of which he had the grace to feel afterward ashamed. Willing to make her some amends, he settled a pension upon her, in order that for the rest of her days, she, and her friend, and her cat, might live on something better than dry bread.

Under the influence of this gleam of sunshine, Mademoiselle de Gournay edited another edition of Montaigne's work, with an abridgment of her former preface. She also published a fresh work of her own, entitled, "Avis et Présens de Mademoiselle de Gournay," which had a moderate success. Another edition of "L'Ombre" was also called for. All this, in some measure, consoled her for past humiliations.

Her prosperity lasted until the death of Cardinal Richelieu. Mademoiselle de Gournay, then in extreme old age, still survived him. When the list of pensions granted by the Cardinal was submitted to the king, her name caught his eye. Louis the Thirteenth—who might have had some grateful recollection of the many hearty laughs his royalty had enjoyed at her expense—declared that the Cardinal must have been mad to grant such a woman a pension, and ordered it to be suppressed! Mademoiselle de Gournay passed the few remaining years of her life in a state of poverty painful to reflect upon. She died somewhere about 1646, at the age of eighty.

Poor as she was, she made her will as became a person of her birth. She bequeathed her clothes to Mademoiselle Jamyn, who, old and infirm, survived her; a few books she left to different friends; and a curious old Map of the World, to the poet Gombauld—a personage as eccentric as herself, and one who lived and died in still greater penury, but who valued her legacy, and transmitted it to his heirs as the most precious treasure in the world.

DILIGENCE IN DOING GOOD.

THOMAS WRIGHT, of Manchester, is a worn but not a weary man of sixty-three, who has for forty-seven years been weekly servant in a large iron foundry, of which he is now the foreman. His daily work begins at five o'clock in the morning, and closes at six in the evening; for forty-seven years he has worked through twelve hours daily, to support himself and those depending on him. Those depending on him are not few; he has had nineteen children; and at some periods there have been grandchildren looking to him for bread. His income never has attained two hundred pounds a year. This is a life of toil. Exeter Hall might plead for him as a man taxed beyond the standard limit; but he had bread to earn, and knew that he had need to work for it: he did work with great zeal and great efficiency, obtaining very high respect and confidence from his employers. A man so laboring, and leading in his home an exemplary, pious life, might be entitled to go to bed betimes, and rest in peace between these days of industry and natural fatigue. What could a man do, in the little leisure left by so much unremitting work? Poor as he was—toiling as he did, a modest man of humble origin, with no power

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in the world to aid him but the wonderful spiritual power of an earnest will—Thomas Wright has found means, in his little intervals of leisure, to lead back, with a gentle hand, three hundred convicted criminals to virtue; to wipe the blot from their names and the blight from their prospects; to place them in honest homes, supported by an honest livelihood.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Wright visited, one Sunday, the New Bailey Prison, at Manchester, and took an earnest interest in what he saw. He knew that, with the stain of jail upon them, the unhappy prisoners, after release, would seek in vain for occupation; and that society would shut the door of reformation on them, and compel them, if they would not starve, to walk on in the ways of crime. The jail-mark branding them as dangerous, men buttoned up their pockets when they pleaded for a second trial of their honesty, and left them helpless. Then, Thomas Wright resolved, in his own honest heart, that he would visit in the prisons, and become a friend to those who had no helper.

The chaplain of the New Bailey, Mr. Bagshawe, recognized in the beginning the true practical benevolence of the simple-minded visitor. On his second visit a convict was pointed out, on whom Mr. Wright might test his power. It was certain power. From the vantage-ground of a comparative equality of station, he pleaded with his fellow workman for the wisdom of a virtuous and honest life. Heaven does, and Earth should, wipe out of account repented evil. Words warm from the heart, backed with a deep and contagious sense in the hearer of the high-minded virtue shown by his companion, were not uttered, like lip-sympathy, in vain. Then Thomas Wright engaged to help his friend, to get employment for him; and, if necessary, to be surety with his own goods for his honorable conduct. He fulfilled his pledge; and that man has been ever since, a prosperous laborer, and an upright member of society.

So the work began. So earnest, so humble; yet, like other earnest, humble efforts, with a blessing of prosperity upon it. In this way, during the last fourteen years, by this one man, working in the leisure of a twelve hours' daily toil, hundreds have been restored to peace. He has sent husbands repentant to their wives; he has restored fathers to the fatherless. Without incurring debt, supporting a large family on little gains, he has contrived to spare out of his little; contenting himself with a bare existence, that he might have clothes to give and bits of money, where they were required to reinstate an outcast in society.

Mr. Wright is a dissenter—free, of course, from bigotry; for bigotry can never co-exist with charity so genuine. Although a dissenter working spiritually in the prison, he never comes into jarring contact with the chaplain. He makes a point of kindling in his outcast friends a religious feeling; but that is not sectarian; he speaks only the largest sentiments of Christianity, and asks only that they attend, once every week, a place of worship, leaving them to choose what church or chapel it may be. And, in the chapel he himself attends, wherever his eye turns, he can see decent families who stand by his means there; men whom he has rescued from the vilest courses, kneeling modestly beside their children and their wives. Are not these families substantial prayers!

Very humbly all this has been done. In behalf of each outcast in turn, Mr. Wright has pleaded with his own employer, or with others, in a plain, manly way. Many now work under himself, in his own place of occupation; his word and guarantees having been sufficient recommendation. Elsewhere, he has, when rebuffed, persevered from place to place, offering and laying down his own earnings as guarantee; clothing and assisting the repentant unemployed convict out of his own means, as far as possible; speaking words, or writing letters, with a patient zeal, to reconcile to him his honest relatives, or to restore lost friends. Bare sustenance for his own body by day, that he might screw out of himself little funds in aid of his good deeds—and four hours' sleep at night, after his hard work, that he might screw out of his bed more time for his devoted labor—these tell their tale upon the body of the man, who still works daily twelve hours for his family, and six or eight hours for his race. He is now sixty-three years old, and working forward on his course worn, but unwearied.

No plaudits have been in his ear, and he has sought none. Of his labor, the success was the reward. Some ladies joined; and working quietly, as he does, in an under-current of society, after a while, he had from them the aid of a small charitable fund, to draw upon occasionally in the interest of the poor friends for whom he struggled. Prison Inspectors found him out, and praised him in reports. At first there were a few words, and a note told of "this benevolent individual. His simple, unostentatious, but earnest and successful labors on behalf of discharged prisoners are above all praise." After a few years, the reports grew in their enthusiasm, and strung together illustrations of the work that has been done so quietly. Let us quote from this source one or two examples:

"Five years ago I was," owns a certain G. J., "in the New Bailey, convicted of felony, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. When I was discharged from prison, I could get no employment. I went to my old employer, to ask him to take me again. He said, I need not apply to him, for if he could get me transported he would; so I could get no work until I met with Mr. Wright, who got me employed in a place, where I remained some time, and have been in employment ever since. I am now engaged as a screw-cutter—a business I was obliged to learn—and am earning nineteen shillings and twopence a week. I have a wife and four children, and but for Mr. Wright, I should have been a lost man."

Others tell how they were saved by the time-

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ly supplies of Mr. Wright's money, which "kept their heads above water" till they obtained the trust of an employer. Another, after telling his career, adds: "I am now, consequently, in very comfortable circumstances; I am more comfortable now than ever I was in my life; I wish every poor man was as comfortable as I am. I am free from tippling, and cursing, and swearing; have peace of mind, and no quarreling at home as there used to be. I dare say I was as wicked a man as any in Manchester. I thought if I could once get settled under such a gentleman as Mr. Wright, I would not abuse my opportunity, and all I expected I have received. I have got Bibles, hymn-book, prayer-book, and tracts; and those things I never had in my house since I have been married before. My wife is delighted. My boy goes to school, and my girl also."

Were the spirit of Mr. Wright diffused more generally through society, the number of fallen men—who, being restored with all due prudence to a generous confidence, "would not abuse their opportunity"—would tell decidedly on the statistics of our criminal courts and prisons. To labor as Mr. Wright has done, must be the prerogative of few, though all the indolent may note, by way of spur, how much a man, even like Thomas Wright, poor, humble, scantily instructed, may beget of good out of an earnest will.

THE NIGHT TRAIN.

THE curate and his daughter sat before the fire. Both had been for some time silent, for the father had fallen into that listless dreaminess to which nothing is so conducive as gazing on the glowing caverns in the coals, and pretty little Faith cared not to disturb a rest that he was not likely to be long suffered to enjoy unmolested. And so the flamelets rose and sank, lighting their thoughtful faces, and glittering on the gold-embossed backs of the treasured volumes on the shelves—the curate's most constant friends. Twilight saddened into night. Up from behind the gray church tower came the moon. But still not a word broke the silence in the parsonage parlor. The gaunt arms of the trees waved drearily without. A streak of white moonshine crept across the carpet like a silver snake. Still he gazed fixedly on the bright pagoda 'mid the flame: it totters, but before it falls we will track his wandering musings for a moment. All men, he thinks, have as children gazed on the burning coals, and fashioned castles, figures, mountains in them, but though the elements are all the same, no two men ever have presented to them exactly the same position or difficulty in life, and so only general rules of conduct can be laid down; but yet—the minaret crumbles to nothing, and changes to a strange fantastic face, then into something like a funeral plume; his dreams are all dispersed; the pensive damsel looks up hurriedly, for high above the muttering wind, fierce as the summons at the gates of Cawdor, he hears a knocking loud and long.

It was a farmer's boy from the village. His message was soon told. A poor man had been seized with sudden illness at the wayside public-house, and the clergyman's presence was required immediately. He lingered to tell Faith not to wait up for him, then rose without a murmur, and prepared for his long dreary walk. A moment after he was crossing the neatly-kept garden, where the hydrangeas showed like piles of skulls in the pale moonshine, and the chestnut leaves were falling thick and fast. Then out into the deep-rutted road, through miry lanes, across stark scraps of common, and paths covered with fern and marsh-mallow, till at last the glimmering candle in the hostelry window came in sight, and he stood under the creaking signboard of the White Horse. The inn was of the humblest description, and the room into which he was shown very wretched indeed. The plaster had peeled off the walls in great odd shapes, like the countries on a map; the shutters had as many cracks as an ill-fitting dissecting puzzle; the flooring was damp and broken, there was a tracery of spiders' webs about the bed-furniture, and the only sounds were the groans of the occupant of the bed, and the drowsy ticking of the death-watch. Thinking he was asleep, the curate prepared to sit down and wait for him to wake of himself, but the noise of a drinking-song, shouted by some laborers in the bar, startled him from his uneasy slumber, and when Mr. F. next looked up, the ghastly face of the sick man confronted his own—an eery nightmare face, such as meets one in the outlines of Retzsch, or peering out of the goblin scenes and witches' caves of Peter Breughel. But if the face was terrible, the voice that asked him "Why he came?" and bade him take away the light that glared and hurt his eyes, was more unearthly still. But when he recognized him as the clergyman, his manner altered. In a comparatively tranquil state he listened to the minister's earnest warnings and blessed consolations; then suddenly the pain seized him; he screamed and groaned awhile in wild delirium; a deep calm followed. Raising himself in the bed, he drew a roll of torn and discolored papers from under the pillow, and put it into the curate's hand. His senses never returned. A few more throbbings and struggles—a wandering of the eyes about the room, first to the ceiling, where the death-watch ticked on drearily, then to the Arcadian scene on the tattered patchwork counterpane—a clutching at the bed-clothes—a shuddering—a film—and then—death!

The curate did not sleep that night until he had read the stranger's diary to an end. It began thus:

"*August* 3*d*.—Brian Marcliffe came to me again; the same odd, mysterious air that I have noticed so long. What can it mean? He can not have found— But no, it's worse than useless having dark forebodings. I shall soon be able to put the sea between me and this cursed golden inferno, Brazil, and with my darling Bertha forget all these fears in the paradise of full purses—England.

"*August* 4*th*.—I met him by chance again,

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coming from the overseer's. Confound it, how demon-like he looked! I will speak to him myself, rather than be in suspense much longer. I should then know the worst, at least.

"*August 5th.*—Ruin! The worst has come. He does know all about my being behindhand in my accounts, and hints— I can't write down what. Bertha will never marry him but *as the only chance of saving me from exposure.* Can he be devil enough to propose it?

"*August 20th.*—Am I the same man I was a month ago? Farewell forever, land of diamonds, slaves, and late summers. Farewell lust of gold and dread of disgrace. It is over, I hope, forever. My Bertha—my own now—is sleeping like a lily near me, and the only sound is the splashing of the sea that is bearing me every moment further from my fear. But stay; what have I left behind me? What is there in that glen of mimosas? A rotting corpse. What in men's mouths? The name of murderer. Pray God it be not. Let me think.

"On the Monday when I was leaving the office, Brian came again, and asked me to go as far as old Olivenza's coffee plantation. I said I would come, and we set out an hour past sunset. It was a beautiful evening; the skies as pure as the robe of seraphim; the clouds like curls of incense, now hiding, now revealing the dazzling glory of the rising moon—all, save one black streak right across her face, like a spread eagle. Well, we had nearly got to the plantation before Brian spoke; but I saw he was preparing something by the villainous look of his eyes. He began:

"'So, Reuben Darke, you have considered my proposition, and agree, of course?'

"I believe I professed ignorance of it; for, indeed, he had never said any thing definite.

"'The consequences of opposition are as terrible as they are inevitable,' said he, threateningly.

"'You can not stoop to such vileness—to such wrong. You know that I am striving for a great end—that I will make restitution full and ample if I live to reach England.'

"This was the sense of what I said, but his answer was clearly prepared long before he knew what I should urge. It came gnashing through his closed teeth like the hiss of an adder.

"'I must do my duty. It is my place to overlook the accounts of all the clerks. You will show me your books to-morrow.'

"He turned away. I prayed he might not speak again, for his voice stirred up a feeling I had never known before; but my bad angel, I suppose, brought him back. I scarcely recollect what he said. I have a vague notion of hearing him mention Bertha's name with some cursed plan that was to give her up to him forever, and then he would, 'for the sake of old friendship, deal as gently as he possibly could with me.' Those words I remember well, and those were the last he ever spoke to me. I dread to think they were his last on earth. The feeling I had wrestled against mastered me now. I could restrain myself no longer, and struck at him with a knife. He clutched my left hand in his teeth like a tiger-cat. For a second we were grappling together for life or death, but he had no chance against me; and when I had breath to look at him next, he was lying on his back, the hands that he had tried to parry my blows with cut and bleeding, and red stains on the broad mimosa leaves around. Oh, God! what a reproach there was in all the calm and silence of the night! How the deep quiet of the sky spoke to my heart, so troubled, dark, and guilty! As on the first dread day by sin polluted, the voice of God in Eden drove Adam forth abashed, so spoke the still small voice of holy Nature with more than earthquake tones to me, and straight I fled away.

"My Bertha does not know the whole. She only knows that Brian had me in his power, owing to some money transactions. If she did know it, my conscience tells me she would not now be sleeping here. There—all will be well in England. Pray Heaven we get there safe. I will go up on deck a few minutes. Writing it down has brought the whole affair so fresh before me, that it is useless trying to sleep in this fever. But yet I am glad it is written.

"*October 15th.*—We entered the Channel this afternoon. It is my wife's birthday; she took it as a happy omen, and seemed so pleased with the glitter and joyance of the busy river, that for a whole hour—the first since I left Rio—the dreadful secret hidden 'mid those leaves was absent from my mind.

"*October 16th.*—The first news that meets me on entering London is, that my uncle has died suddenly, and left all his affairs frightfully embarrassed. My chief dependence was on him. This is a sad beginning; indeed, I feel that 'all these things are against me.'"

Several pages were here torn from the unfortunate Darke's manuscript; and in the succeeding ones the entries were scanty, and with long intervals between each other. They detailed the sufferings of the writer and his wife on their arrival in London; his repeated efforts to obtain employment, and the difficulties he met with, owing to his uncle's death, and his own inability to refer any one to the directors of the mine at Rio. For more than a year (judging from the dates, by no means regularly affixed) he appeared to have struggled on thus, until, when his hopes were fast sinking, and his health rapidly giving way under this succession of disappointments, he obtained a situation on a recently-opened line of railway in the north, through the interest of an old schoolfellow, whom he accidentally met, and who retained in manhood schoolboy heart enough to show gratitude for many kindnesses in olden days. The language was strangely impassioned and earnest in which he expressed his joy at this change of fortune; and the full-hearted thankfulness with which he described telling his wife the good news, seemed to prove that affliction had exerted a calming and blessed influence on his passion-tossed mind. But the clergyman could not help noticing that the spirit pervading the latter part of the diary was strangely differ

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ent from that which animated the commencement, it being written apparently with the firm conviction of an inevitable destiny hanging over the writer; and this, like the shadow of an unseen cloud in a fair picture, gave a sombre meaning to his self-communings.

After briefly mentioning the fact of his taking up his abode with Bertha and one little child at the cottage provided by the company, and that he had heard by chance that his enemy was still alive. he proceeded:

"I like this new home much. It is a tiny, sheltered cottage, with beehives in the garden, and honeysuckles peeping in at the lattice, nestling innocently among the pine-trees, like a fairy islet. The railway runs for about a mile parallel with the canal, and the two modes of traveling contrast curiously. The former with all its brightness, freshness, and precision; the latter a very sluggard. I often have long talks with Huntly, my assistant here, and try to make him see the change it will work; but he is not over shrewd; or, rather, fate did not give him a bookworm uncle like it did me, and so reasoning is hard work to him; it always is to the untaught. The canal is picturesque certainly. Let me try a description. The surface of the water is overlaid with weeds rank and luxuriant, save where the passage of a boat has preserved a trench, stagnant, and cold, and deep. There is not a human habitation near except ours. Scarcely any paths, the thickets are so tangled. This does not read an inviting account, I know, but there is a charm to me in the leaves of myriad shapes, in fern, and moss, and rush, in every silvan nook and glittering hedgerow—above all, in the dark slumberous pines, those giant sentinels round our dear home. Bertha smiled quite like her old self when she saw it. Oh, how, in all the wreck of this last year, has her love upheld me! always lightening, never adding to our weight of grief. She has, indeed, been faithful, true, and beautiful—like the Indian tree, that has its flower and fragrance best by night. I can not explain why it is that my love seems to grow each hour, but with a kind of tremble in its intensity, as though there were a separation coming. Perhaps it is only the result of the change in my fortunes.

"*March 10th.*—Two years ago I should have laughed had any one told me that a dream would give me a second thought, much less that I should sit down to write what I remember of one; but I must write down last night's, nevertheless. I thought that it was a clear moonlight night, and that I rose as usual to signal to the latest luggage train. I had got to the accustomed place, and stood waiting a long time. For days, for months; I knew this, because the trees were budding when I began my watch—were bare as winter when, with a roar and quaking all around, the night train came. At first I held a lantern in my hand, to signal all was well. Strange as it may appear, I felt no weariness, for I was fixed as by a wizard's rod. It passed at length; but not, thank God! as it has ever passed before; for from the carriage window, like a mask, glared Marcliffe's vengeful face. I said I held a light; but, as the smoke and iron hurtled by, the lamp was dashed to atoms, and in my outstretched hand I grasped a knife! There was a yell of demons in my ear, with Brian's jeering laugh above it all. I moaned awhile in horror, and woke to find my Bertha's eyes on mine. She has been soothing and kind as mercy to me all the day, and I, alas! wayward, almost cruel. I saw it pained her, but I could not help it. Oh, would that this world had no concealments, no divisions, no estrangement of hearts! I dread the night; there is something tells me it will come again, for when I took the Bible down to read, it opened at the words:

"'I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream.'

"A thrill went through me as I read. It sounded like a death-knell.

"*The next day.*—As I foresaw it came again last night; the same in every terrible particular, and with the same consolation on awaking. But what I have seen to-day gives it a meaning that I tremble at. Huntly returned from D—— He brought a birthday present for little Harry; it happened to be wrapped in an old newspaper. As it was opened, I saw *his* name, and a moment after read this:

"'NEXT OF KIN.—If any child or children of the late Ehud Marcliffe, Gentleman, of Cranholm Manse, who died September 5, 18—, be yet surviving, it is desired that he or they will forthwith put themselves in communication with Messrs. Faulk and Lockerby, Solicitors, D——.'

"This leaves me no hope; and knowing, as I do, the unfaltering steadfastness of his hate I feel the days of this security and peace are numbered. . . . . .

"A whole month has gone since I opened this last. There is no fear now. He is dead. But how? The eye that reads this record alone will know. That fatal Thursday went by, a phantasm of dark thoughts; and then I lay down, as usual, for a couple of hours before going to watch. I did this, for there was a kind of instinct in me (the feeling deserves no higher name) which made me go about my avocations in the accustomed way, and seem as little disturbed as possible. I lay down, and in my dream, as distinct as ever it passed by day, for the third time that awful freight swept like a whirlwind by. I awoke. It wanted only three minutes to the hour when the night-train usually passed. I staggered to the door, but, instead of coming out into the light, an inky shadow lay across the road. It was a car left by Huntly's carelessness on the up-rail. I stood like one of stone, thinking of the tranquil happiness of the last months, of Bertha's smile, and Harry's baby laugh—of all the sun and pleasure of our home, and how this precious fabric, wove by love, was to be rent and torn; and how one word from him would

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ruin all, and send my wife and child to poverty again. And that man's life was in my hand. Well may we daily pray against temptation.

"A white cloud curled up above the pines.

"There was no delay. I caught up the lantern, and ran down the line. A throbbing, like the workings of a giant's pulse, smote my ear. I reached the signal-post, and laid my hand upon the bell. But there was no time for thought.

"The murmur deepened to a roar. The clouds of steam rose high above the pines, and, girt about with wreathing vapor, the iron outline, with its blood-red lamps and Hecla glow beneath, came on.

"My eyes were strangely keen, for at that distance I could discern a man leaning out of the nearest window. I knew who it must be, and almost expecting to see the last dreadful particular fulfilled, held out my hand—*the sign that all was safe.* The driver signaled that he understood, and quickened pace. I shut my eyes when it drew near, but, as it passed, distinctly heard my name called thrice.

"There was a moment that seemed never-ending. Then a clatter as of a hundred anvil strokes, a rush of snow-white steam, a shower of red-hot ashes scattered far, the hum of voices, and the clanging of the bell. Then, and not till then, I ventured to look up and hurry to the spot. The train, a series of shapeless wrecks, luggage-vans, trucks, carriages in wild confusion, lay across the road; live coals from the engine-fire were hissing in the black canal stream; the guard was bleeding and crushed beneath a wheel; twining wreaths of white steam, like spirits, melted into air above. Huntly was stooping over a begrimed corpse. The glare of the lantern, as it flashed upon the face, showed every omen true. It was Marcliffe.

"I can bear to chronicle my own temptations, yielding, guilt, but not to write down the separation that I dreaded most, and tried to avert, alas! so fatally. It is indeed a lesson of the nothingness of man's subtlest plans to avoid the penalty his crimes call down. How vain have all my efforts been to preserve our hearth inviolate, to keep our home in blessed security. Indeed, that night God's peace and favor 'departed from the threshold of the house' forever."

The misfortune alluded to was thus briefly mentioned at the end of the newspaper report of the accident, inclosed with the other papers of the dead man:

"We are sorry to say that the wife of the station-keeper, Darke, whose dangerous state we noticed a week ago, expired last night, after giving birth to a child, still-born."

With the sentence given above Darke's diary closed. Here and there the curate read a verse of a psalm, or a heart-broken ejaculation, but no continued narrative of his after-sufferings. From what he could glean, it appeared that he was put on his trial on the charge of manslaughter, and acquitted, but that he had lost his situation in consequence of the want of presence of mind he had evinced; after, it seemed, that he had led a miserable vagrant life, earning just enough by chance-work to support himself and his little Harry, the constant attendant of his wanderings. The boy was at the inn on the night of the father's wretched death, though the landlady's kindness removed him from the sight of the troublous parting. An asylum was soon found for him by my friend's kindness, and when I was at the parsonage last Christmas, as I read the history of his father's fitful life, the unconscious son sat by with little Faith, gazing with his large melancholy eyes at the strange faces in the fire.

STORY OF A BEAR.

THIRTY leagues from Carlstad, and not far from the borders of the Klar, upon the shores of the lake Rada, rises a little hamlet named St. John, the most smiling village of Scandinavia. Its wooden houses, mirrored in the translucent waters, stand in bold relief against a background of extensive forests. For a space of twenty leagues round, Nature has blessed the generous soil with abundant harvests, filled the lake with fish, and the woods with game. The inhabitants of St. John are rich, without exception; each year they make a profit of their harvests, and bury beneath their hearthstones an addition to their little fortunes.

In 1816, there lived at St. John a young man of twenty years of age, named Daniel Tissjoe bergist. A fortunate youth he thought himself, for he possessed two farms; and was affianced to a pretty young girl, named Raghilda, celebrated through all the province of Wermeland for her shapely figure, her little feet, her blue eyes, and fair skin, besides a certain caprice of character that her beauty rendered excusable.

The daughter of a forester, and completely spoiled by her father, who yielded to all her whims, Raghilda was at the same time the torment and the happiness of her affianced lover. If he climbed the heights, and gathered the most beautiful mountain flowers as a tribute to her charms, that very day the fantastic beauty would be seized with a severe headache, and have quite a horror of perfumes. Did he bring her game from the forest, she "could not comprehend," she would say, "how any man could leave a pretty young girl to go and kill the poor hares." One day he procured, at great expense, an assortment of necklaces and gold rings from Europe. He expected this time, at any rate, to be recompensed for his pains; but Raghilda merely declared that she much preferred to these rich presents the heavy silver ornaments that decorate Norwegian females. But she, nevertheless, took care to adorn herself with the despised gifts, to the intense envy of the other young girls her companions.

According to universal Wermeland usage, Raghilda kept bees. From morning to evening she tended her hives, and the insects knew her so well, that her presence did not scare them in the least, but they hummed and buzzed around her without testifying either fright or anger

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Daniel, as our readers may imagine, never visited his mistress without busying himself among her bees. One day he took it into his head that a high wall, standing just before the hives, deprived them in part of the heat of the sun, and compelled the insects to fly too high to gain the plain, and collect their store of perfumed honey. He proposed to Raghilda to diminish the height of the offending wall by some feet. At first the young girl would not entertain the idea, merely because it came from her lover; but she at length ceded to his reasonings, and the wall was diminished in height.

For several weeks Daniel and Raghilda congratulated themselves on the steps they had taken. The full heat of the sun marvelously quickened the eggs of the queen-bee, without reckoning that the journey of the little workers was shortened by one-half. But, alas! one fatal morning, when the young girl placed herself at her window to say good-day to her dear hives, she beheld them overturned, crushed, deserted. The honeycombs were broken all to pieces, and the ground was strewed with the bodies of the unfortunate insects. Upon Daniel's arrival, he found his lovely Raghilda weeping despairingly in the midst of the melancholy ruins.

The latter had thought of nothing beyond the loss of her bees, her own sorrow, and, above all, of her discontent with Daniel, and his pernicious advice concerning the wall. Her lover, on the contrary, vowed vengeance against the spoiler.

"I am," said he, "the involuntary cause of your unhappiness, Raghilda, and to me it belongs to avenge you. These traces of steps are no human footmarks, but the impressions of a bear's paw. I shall take my gun, fasten on my *skidars*, and never return until I have killed the brigand."

Raghilda was too sorrowful for the loss of her bees, and too furious against Daniel for his imprudent advice about taking down the wall, to make any reply, or even turn her head for a parting glance. Her lover left her thus, and hastened, his heart full of rage, to take his wooden skates, called skidars in Norway, and set forth in quest of the bear.

Tissjoebergist could not have proceeded far without this singular *chaussure*. These skidars are of unequal size; that which is fastened by the leathern straps to the left leg is from nine to twelve feet long, while to the right they do not give more than six or seven. This inequality procures ease to the hunter when he wishes to turn round on broken ground; permitting him to lean with all his weight upon the shorter skate, fabricated of solid materials. The skidars are about two inches in width, weigh from ten to fifteen pounds, and terminate in highly raised points, in order to avoid the obstacles that they might encounter. The wearer slides with one, and sustains himself with the other. The sole is covered with a sea-calf's skin, with the hair outside; this precaution hinders retrograde movements. When the hunter is compelled to surmount difficult heights, he does not lift his foot, but proceeds nearly as we do upon the skates of our country. He holds a stick in each hand, to expedite or retard his course, and carries his weapons in a shoulder-belt. Upon even ground, it is easy to progress with the skidars, and a man can accomplish forty leagues in twelve hours. But, in the midst of a country like Wermeland, alternately wooded, flat, mountainous, and marshy, strewed with rocks and fallen trees, the use of these skates requires much courage, address, and, above all, presence of mind. Daniel, habituated to their use from infancy, skated with prodigious hardihood and celerity. Quick as thought, he would now descend the almost perpendicular face of a mountain, then surmount a precipice, or clamber the steep sides of a ravine. A slight movement of his body sufficed to avoid the branches of trees, and a zigzag to steer clear of the rocks strewn upon his path. His ardent eye sought in the distance for the enemy he pursued, or searched the soil for traces of the brute's paws. But all his researches were fruitless.

After three fatiguing days, passed without repose or slumber, and almost without food, he returned to St. John, in a state more easy to comprehend than describe. Raghilda, during these three days, had caused the wall to be built up again, and was now occupied in arranging the new hives with which Aulic-Finn, Daniel's rival, had presented her, after having filled them with bees by a process equally hardy and ingenious. There was, in consequence of this, so violent a quarrel between the engaged lovers, that Tissjoebergist returned to Raghilda the ring which she had given him one evening during a solitary promenade on the umbrageous banks of the lake Rada. The young girl took the ring, and threw it with a gesture of contempt among the bee-hives.

"There!" said she, "the bear may have it. He will not fail to come, for he knows that he may ravage my hives with impunity."

Tissjoebergist assembled his friends, and informed them of the affront that he had received. Though a few were secretly pleased with the humiliation of one whose manly beauty, address, courage, and good fortune had often been the subject of envy, they all declared that they would, the very next day, undertake a general *skali*, that is to say, a *grande battue*.

Eight days from the time of this declaration, more than a thousand hunters formed themselves into an immense semicircle, inclosing a space of from five to six leagues. The other half-circle was represented by a wide and deep pond, over which it was impossible for their prey to escape by swimming. Daniel directed the skali with remarkable intelligence. By his orders, signals, repeated from mouth to mouth, caused the hunters to close up little by little, while a select band beat the bushes.

They continued to advance in this way for several hours, without discovering any thing save troops of hares and other small game, that escaped between the legs of the hunters. These they did not attempt to molest, for they looked only for the animal whose death Daniel had

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moss in company. Suddenly they heard a low cry, and a gigantic bear, that had been hidden behind a rock, abruptly rose, and stalked toward the unfortunate girl. The youth took aim at the terrible beast, and pulled the trigger of his musket. It missed fire. The bear seized his weapon with his powerful paws, twisted it like a wand, broke it, and overturned Daniel in the mud. All this passed with the rapidity of lightning. The monster then took to flight, being hit in the shoulder by a ball from Aulic-Finn; and the hunters saw him climb the hill, after which he disappeared in the forest. Daniel, foaming with rage, pursued him further at the head of his friends, but in vain. Again the young man returned to St. John without the vengeance he desired; well-nigh heart-broken with shame and disappointment.

Haghilda welcomed Aulic-Finn most cordially, and there was a report current in the village, that she had picked up the discarded ring from among the hives, to place it on the finger of Tissjoebergist's rival. This the young girls whispered among each other so loud, that Daniel could not avoid overhearing them, though he did not comprehend the full purport of their words. Nor were the young men behind-hand in their comments. There are never wanting unkind hands to strike deeper the thorns that rankle in our hearts.

In place of consoling himself by drinking and feasting among his companions, as is the custom in those parts after a hunt, successful or otherwise, the unfortunate lover now resolved to have recourse to the *gull*. This is a stratagem which will be best explained by an account of Daniel's preparations on the occasion.

He took a cow from his stables, tied a rope to her horns, and dragged her along with so much violence, that her lowings resounded through the forest. Toward nightfall he arrived with the poor beast near a sort of scaffolding constructed in the thickest part of the wood, between three or four trees, and about three feet from the ground. Having tied the cow firmly by the rope to the trees of an old and strong stump, he mounted the scaffolding and awaited the issue.

The first night the groanings of the cow were the only sounds that broke the melancholy silence of the forest. It was the same the next day and the next. The fourth night, after a long struggle with the drowsiness occasioned by the intense heat of the day, Daniel's impression of ennui was [illegible] nature overcame [illegible]

[illegible] folding, and beheld the rope severed, and the cow gone. Sliding down, he marked the humid earth covered with the impressions of the bear's claws. At this sight he thought he should have gone mad.

He waited until nightfall before he re-entered the village, and then, creeping to his house without detection, he took a large knife, which he placed in his belt, unfastened a dog that was chained in the yard, and retook the road to the forest. The season was the beginning of November, the snow had fallen in abundance, and it froze hard. Tissjoebergist skated along on the sparkling ice, preceded by his dog, who, from time to time halted, and smelt around him. But these investigations led to no result, and the animal continued his way. Cold tears fell down Daniel's cheeks, and were quickly congealed into icicles. For one moment he paused, took his musket from the shoulder-belt in which he carried it, pressed the cold barrel against his forehead, and asked himself, whether it would not be better to put an end to h[illegible]pointment[illegible] his shame together. A[illegible]desp[illegible] glance behind him, he p[illegible] stopped, and was gazi[illegible] opening in some under[illegible] ered to him by the lurid [illegible] alis. A feeble hope da[illegible] heart; he advanc[illegible]ed, and [illegible] hollow in the snow, u[illegible]distu[illegible]

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man in their arms, and brought him to St. John, where he long lay between life and death. He would rather have been left to die, for life was become insupportable. Bears could not be mentioned before him without his detecting lurking smiles in the faces of his associates. To crown all, the approaching marriage of Raghilda and Aulic-Finn was no longer a mystery. Daniel had partly lost the use of his right arm, and a bite inflicted by the bear upon his nose had ruined the noble and regular features of the poor youth, and given him a countenance nearly as frightful as that of his adversary. He fell into a profound melancholy, sold his two farms and all his land, quitted W[illegible]d, sojourned about two months at Carls[illegible]ly disappeare[illegible]ether from Sc[illegible]

During[illegible]hunt[illegible] exploring t[illegible]f[illegible] parish of Th[illegible] three strokes [illegible] tion. They [illegible] wounds, and [illegible]

of [illegible]

It w[illegible] forests of [illegible] and traverse[illegible] Prussia. In co[illegible] where his enorm[illegible] and thick fur, procu[illegible] bought, for 360 francs[illegible] He was brought in his [illegible] prepared for him in the [illegible] There he was released from [illegible] and respired once more the fr[illegible]

This first sensation exhausts[illegible] the new abode. It was [illegible] the air, twenty [illegible] at in depth. He [illegible] left no bold[illegible] [illegible] At or[illegible] from [illegible] at [illegible]

In[illegible] and [illegible] crowde[illegible] sels of bre[illegible] crying, at th[illegible]

The bear di[illegible] apple-cores, utt[illegible] bracing the trunk [illegible] throw it; but it st[illegible] not even stagger. Th[illegible] companied by insolent roars[illegible]

For the first few days the new-co[illegible]

ed disdainfully squatted in his den. They might throw him cakes as they pleased, he did not even look at them. If some blackguard occasionally resorted to stones, it merely excited a jerking movement of the animal's paws, and a display of his white teeth. But, at the end of a week, he began, not without some false shame, to glance out of the corner of his eye at the tempting morsels of cake or tartlets that lay around him.

At length he furtively laid his paw upon one of the nice-looking bits, drew it toward him, slily dispatched it, and acknowledged that the Parisian pastry-cooks understood their business. The next day the stoic became an epicure, and collected the morsels that were thrown to him. A little time afterward, he remarked a dog sitting upon his hind legs, and agitating his fore-paws, to the great delight of the children, who lavished [illegible]akes upon the clever beast. A venal thought [illegible]ered the mind of the bear. He imitated the [illegible]nd begged.

[illegible]graded savage now hesitated at nothing. [illegible]l the tree as the last bear had done, [illegible]ed, imitated death, and performed, [illegible]e of bread or fruit, the most ri[illegible] The fame of his gentleness [illegible]aris. Nothing was talked of [illegible]gence and docility. His rep[illegible]ough the departments, and [illegible]anecdotes of his sagacity. [illegible]Martin feasted in peace, [illegible]ntages of his servile [illegible]l summer afternoon. [illegible]onchalantly digest[illegible]d to glance at the [illegible] Suddenly he [illegible]shed toward a [illegible] was horribly [illegible] knotty stick [illegible] The animal [illegible]le, and ex[illegible] of anger. [illegible]ndished

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sworn to compass. Suddenly they heard a low cry, and a gigantic bear, that had been hidden behind a rock, abruptly rose, and stalked toward Tissjoebergist. The youth took aim at the terrible beast, and pulled the trigger of his musket. It missed fire. The bear seized his weapon with his powerful paws, twisted it like a wand, broke it, and overturned Daniel in the mud. All this passed with the rapidity of lightning. The monster then took to flight, being hit in the shoulder by a ball from Aulic-Finn; and the hunters saw him climb the hill, after which he disappeared in the forest. Daniel, foaming with rage, pursued him thither at the head of his friends, but in vain. Again the young man returned to St. John without the vengeance he desired; well-nigh heart-broken with shame and disappointment.

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In place of consoling himself by drinking and feasting among his companions, as is the custom in those parts after a hunt, successful or otherwise, the unfortunate lover now resolved to have recourse to the *gall*. This is a stratagem which will be best explained by an account of Daniel's preparations on the occasion.

He took a cow from his stables, tied a rope to her horns, and dragged her along with so much violence, that her lowings resounded through the forest. Toward nightfall he arrived with the poor beast near a sort of scaffolding constructed in the thickest part of the wood, between three or four trees, and about thirty feet from the ground. Having tied the cow firmly by the rope to the roots of an old and strong stump, he mounted the scaffolding and awaited the issue.

The first night the lowings of the cow were the only sounds that broke the melancholy silence of the forest. It was the same the next day, and the next. The fourth night, after a long struggle with the drowsiness occasioned by the intense cold, for the young hunter's provision of eau-de-vie had long been exhausted, nature overcame him, and he slept.

Then a huge bear raised his head from behind the scaffolding, and having cautiously peered around him, crept toward the cow, seized her between his paws, and broke the rope that held her. He turned his big pointed face toward the slumbering hunter, and giving him an ironical glance, disappeared with his shuddering prey into the depths of the forest.

An hour afterward, Daniel awoke. The sun had risen, and even in that shady place there was light enough to distinguish the objects around. He looked over the edge of the scaffolding, and beheld the rope severed, and the cow gone. Sliding down, he marked the humid earth covered with the impressions of the bear's claws. At this sight he thought he should have gone mad.

He waited until nightfall before he re-entered the village, and then, creeping to his house without detection, he took a large knife, which he placed in his belt, unfastened a dog that was chained in the yard, and retook the road to the forest. The season was the beginning of November, the snow had fallen in abundance, and it froze hard. Tissjoebergist skated along on the sparkling ice, preceded by his dog, who, from time to time halted, and smelt around him. But these investigations led to no result, and the animal continued his way. Cold tears fell down Daniel's cheeks, and were quickly congealed into icicles. For one moment he paused, took his musket from the shoulder-belt in which he carried it, pressed the cold barrel against his forehead, and asked himself, whether it would not be better to put an end to his disappointment and his shame together. As he cast a last despairing glance behind him, he perceived that his dog had stopped, and was gazing immovably at a small opening in some underwood, which was discovered to him by the lurid rays of the aurora borealis. A feeble hope dawned in Daniel's sick heart; he advanced, and plainly saw a slight hollow in the snow, undisturbed every where else.

The young man's heart beat violently. There, doubtless, lay his enemy, gorged with the abundant meal furnished by the cow. The hunter strode on. The hole was not more than two feet in diameter, and the bear might be distinctly perceived squatting in the niche at about five feet of depth. The noise of the hunter's approach disturbed the animal. He stirred, opened his heavy eyelids, and saw Daniel. He was about to rush out, but a blow with the butt-end of the musket drove him back to his hole with a large wound in his eye, that streamed with blood. Another bound, and the bear was free. He stood erect, face to face with the young hunter, looked upon him for a few seconds with the horrible smile peculiar to these animals when in anger, and precipitated himself upon his enemy. The dog did not allow his master to be attacked with impunity, and a *mêlée* ensued that covered the snow with blood. Daniel, seized by the shoulders, and retained in the monster's clutches, had the presence of mind to throw away his musket and have recourse to his knife, with which he made three large wounds in his adversary's side. Then he seized him by the ears, and, ably seconded by his dog, forced him to let go his hold. The bear, enfeebled by loss of blood, yielded the victory, and flew with so much swiftness, that the dog, who immediately put himself upon his track, was obliged to renounce the hope of overtaking him. The faithful animal returned to his master, whom he found insensible, his face torn to ribbons, his breast lacerated, and his shoulders covered with large wounds. Some peasants happening to pass that way raised the unhappy young

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man in their arms, and brought him to St. John, where he long lay between life and death. He would rather have been left to die, for life was become insupportable. Bears could not be mentioned before him without his detecting lurking smiles in the faces of his associates. To crown all, the approaching marriage of Raghilda and Aulic-Finn was no longer a mystery. Daniel had partly lost the use of his right arm, and a bite inflicted by the bear upon his nose had ruined the noble and regular features of the poor youth, and given him a countenance nearly as frightful as that of his adversary. He fell into a profound melancholy, sold his two farms and all his land, quitted Wermeland, sojourned about two months at Carlstad, and finally disappeared altogether from Scandinavia.

During this period, some hunters who were exploring the banks of the Klar, found, near the parish of Tlma, a one-eyed bear, pierced with three strokes of a poniard, and in a dying condition. They took him without resistance, dressed his wounds, and carried him to a neighboring village. There they hired a light cart, placed him upon it, and took him along with them.

The recovery of their patient was more rapid than they had dared to hope. When the convalescent animal began to gain his strength, he was inclosed in a large cage, conveniently furnished with iron bars. As he was of gigantic stature, and possessed a magnificent coat, he proved a very lucrative acquisition as a show to the gaping multitude, and soon made the fortune of the *cornac* who bought him.

It was thus that the wild inhabitant of the forests of Wermeland became a cosmopolitan, and traversed Norway, Sweden, Germany and Prussia. In course of time he arrived in France, where his enormous proportions, savage mien, and thick fur, procured him the honor of being bought, for 360 francs, by M. Frederic Cuvier. He was brought in his cage to the habitation prepared for him in the Jardin des Plantes. There he was released from his narrow prison, and respired once more the fresh breeze.

This first sensation exhausted, he slowly explored his new abode. It was a species of cellar open to the air, twenty-five feet by thirty, and twenty feet in depth. Its walls were of smooth stone, that left no hold for the claws of its Scandinavian tenant. At one end was a kind of den, furnished with iron bars, that vividly recalled his first cage, and at the other a supply of water that fell into a trough of blue stone. In the middle stood a tree despoiled of its leaves and bark, upon which the little boys that had crowded round were continually throwing morsels of bread and apple-cores tied to long strings, crying, at the same time, "Martin! Martin!"

The bear disdainfully eyed the bread and the apple-cores, uttered a furious bellow, and embracing the trunk of the tree endeavored to overthrow it; but it stood the shock well, and did not even stagger. The cries were repeated, accompanied by insolent roars of laughter.

For the first few days the new-comer remained disdainfully squatted in his den. They might throw him cakes as they pleased, he did not even look at them. If some blackguard occasionally resorted to stones, it merely excited a jerking movement of the animal's paws, and a display of his white teeth. But, at the end of a week, he began, not without some false shame, to glance out of the corner of his eye at the tempting morsels of cake or tartlets that lay around him.

At length he furtively laid his paw upon one of the nice-looking bits, drew it toward him, slily dispatched it, and acknowledged that the Parisian pastry-cooks understood their business. The next day the stoic became an epicure, and collected the morsels that were thrown to him. A little time afterward, he remarked a dog sitting upon his hind legs, and agitating his fore-paws, to the great delight of the children, who lavished cakes upon the clever beast. A venal thought entered the mind of the bear. He imitated the cur, and begged.

The degraded savage now hesitated at nothing. He climbed the tree as the last bear had done, danced, saluted, imitated death, and performed, for the least bribe of bread or fruit, the most ridiculous grimaces. The fame of his gentleness spread through all Paris. Nothing was talked of but Martin, his intelligence and docility. His reputation circulated through the departments, and foreign journals quoted anecdotes of his sagacity.

For about ten years Martin feasted in peace, and enjoyed all the advantages of his servile submission. One beautiful summer afternoon. he was lying in the shade, nonchalantly digesting his food, when he happened to glance at the crowd that surrounded the pit. Suddenly he rose with a terrible bound, and rushed toward a shabbily-dressed man, whose visage was horribly cicatrized, and who leaned upon a knotty stick as he gazed down at the bear. The animal growled, writhed, opened his muzzle, and exhibited the most frightful evidences of anger. The man was not more placable; he brandished his stick with curses and menaces.

"I recognize thee," he cried in a strange tongue; "thou art the cause of my shame, my wounds, and my misery. It is thou that hast robbed me of happiness, and made me a wretched crippled mendicant. It shall not be said that I died without revenge."

The bear, by his cries of rage, testified equally that he had recognized his enemy, and held himself in a posture of defiance.

The stranger drew from his pocket a large sharp-pointed knife, calculated, with a frightful *sang froid*, the leap that he would have to take. and jumped into the pit, brandishing his weapon. Unfortunately, on reaching the ground, he sprained his foot against one of the stones that paved the pit, and which had got displaced. The crowd beheld him fall, and then saw the bear rush upon him, avoid the knife, and, keeping his victim down, play with his head as if it had been a ball, knocking it backward and forward between his paws. Lastly, the incensed animal placed himself upon the breast of the stranger, and stifled

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him, with every sign of hideous and ferocious triumph. All this passed in less time than we have taken to describe it. The keepers ran to the rescue, and obliged the bear to retire into his iron-grated den. The animal peaceably obeyed, with the visible satisfaction of a satiated vengeance. When they came to raise the man, they found that he was dead.

With the Parisians, every stranger is an Englishman. The report soon spread, confirmed by the journals, that Martin's victim was what they then called an *insulaire*. Few persons knew that Martin had killed his ancient adversary, the unfortunate Daniel Tissjoebergist.

The following day the bear mounted the tree, excelled himself, picked up the morsels of *galette* that were thrown down by his admirers, basked in the sun's rays, and regarded with his one small ferocious eye the spot where, the evening before, he had accomplished his long meditated revenge.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

HALF a mile from the southern wall of the city, on the brink of the ravine of Oreto, stands a church dedicated to the Holy Ghost, concerning which the Latin fathers have not failed to record, that on the day on which the first stone of it was laid, in the twelfth century, the sun was darkened by an eclipse. On one side of it are the precipice and the river, on the other the plain extending to the city, which in the present day is in great part encumbered with walls and gardens; while a square inclosure of moderate size, shaded by dusky cypresses, honey-combed with tombs, and adorned with urns and sepulchral monuments, surrounds the church.

This is now a public cemetery, laid out toward the end of the eighteenth century, and fearfully filled in three weeks by the dire pestilence which devastated Sicily in 1837. On the Tuesday, at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this then cheerful plain, carpeted with the flowers of spring, with citizens wending their way toward the church. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and, whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, threw of for the moment, the recollection of their sufferings, when the followers of the justiciary suddenly appeared among them, and every bosom was thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanor, as they said, to maintain tranquillity; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others; addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant, until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot-blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said one to another, "These insolent paterini must be armed that they dare thus to answer," and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting, with great insolence, on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks or thongs. Every heart already throbbed fiercely on either side, when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared with her husband and relations, bending their steps toward the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or license, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons; seized her and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, "Death, death to the French!" At that moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, disarmed and slew him; and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his own life, leaving his name unknown, and the mystery forever unsolved, whether it were love for the injured woman, the impulse of a generous heart, or the more exalted flame of patriotism, that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people—and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage. "Death, death to the French!" they cried; and the cry, say the historians of the time, re-echoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully-armed opponents; they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed toward the tranquil city. "Death to the French!" they shouted, and as many as they found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. In the heat of the tumult, Roger Mastrangelo, a nobleman, was chosen, or constituted himself their leader. The multitude continued to increase; dividing into troops they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting "Death to the French!" smote them and slew them, while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. On the outbreak of this sudden uproar the justiciary had taken refuge in his strong palace; the next moment it was surrounded by an enraged multitude, crying aloud for his death; they demolished the defenses, and rushed furiously in, but the justiciary escaped them; favored by the confusion and the closing darkness, he succeeded, though wounded in the face, in mounting his horse unobserved,

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with only two attendants, and fled with all speed. Meanwhile the slaughter continued with increased ferocity, even the darkness of night failed to arrest it, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever; nor did it cease at length because the thirst for vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand French perished in this first outbreak. Even Christian burial was denied them, but pits were afterward dug to receive their despised remains; and tradition still points out a column surmounted by an iron cross, raised by compassionate piety on one of those spots, probably long after the perpetration of the deed of vengeance. Tradition, moreover, relates that the sound of a word, like the Shibboleth of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre; and that, if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled, with a sword to his throat, to pronounce the word *ciciri*, and the slightest foreign accent was the signal of his death. Forgetful of their own character, and as if stricken by fate, the gallant warriors of France neither fled, nor united, nor defended themselves; they unsheathed their swords, and presented them to their assailants, imploring, as if in emulation of each other, to be the first to die; of one common soldier only is it recorded, that having concealed himself behind a wainscot, and being dislodged at the sword's point, he resolved not to die unavenged, and springing with a wild cry upon the ranks of his enemies, slew three of them before he himself perished. The insurgents broke into the convents of the Minorites and Preaching Friars, and slaughtered all the monks whom they recognized as French. Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants, were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily; and this vow they cruelly fulfilled, slaughtering infants at their mothers' breast, and after them the mothers themselves, nor sparing even pregnant women, but, with a horrible refinement of cruelty, ripping up the bodies of Sicilian women who were with child by French husbands, and dashing against the stones the fruit of the mingled blood of the oppressors and the oppressed. This general massacre of all who spoke the same language, and these heinous acts of cruelty, have caused the Sicilian Vespers to be classed among the most infamous of national crimes. But these fill a vast volume, and in it all nations have inscribed horrors of a similar, and sometimes of a blacker dye; nations often more civilized, and in times less rude, and not only in the assertion of their liberty or against foreign tyrants, but in the delirium of civil or religious partisanship, against fellow-citizens, against brothers, against innocent and helpless beings, whom they destroyed by thousands, sweeping away whole populations. Therefore I do not blush for my country at the remembrance of the vespers, but bewail the dire necessity which drove Sicily to such extremities.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON FROGS.

IN one of Steele's papers in the "Guardian" is the following passage: "I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved."

That frogs constituted the chief diet of Frenchmen was, a few years ago, as popular and beloved an article of belief among British lads, as that one Englishman was equal to three of the said frog-consumers. More extended intercourse has, however, shown us that frogs do not constitute the entire food of our Gallic neighbors, and taught them that *we* do not all wear top-boots, and subsist solely on beef-steaks. As, however, frogs *do* form a dainty dish, I will give what the Yankees term a "few notions consarning them and their fixings."

Happening to be in Germany in 1846, I was desirous of getting some insight into the manners and customs of these inhabitants of the ponds, and, after much observation, arrived at the same conclusion concerning them as the master of one of Her Majesty's ships did respecting the subjects of the Imaun of Muscat. Being compelled to record categorically a reply to the inquiry, "What are the manners and customs of the inhabitants?" he wrote, "Manners they have none, and their customs are very beastly." So of these frogs, say I.

My knowledge of their vicinity was based upon auricular confession. Night after night the most infernal din of croaking bore testimony to the fact that they were unburdening their consciences, and I determined to try if I could not unburden their bodies of their batrachian souls altogether. However, before I detail my proceedings, I have a word to say with reference to their croaking.

Horace bears expressive testimony to the disgust *he* felt at it, when, after a heavy supper to help him on his way to Brundusium, he exclaimed

> —— "Mali culices, ranæque palustres
> Avertunt somnos."

So loud and continuous is their song, especially in the breeding season, that in the former good old times of France, when nobles *were* nobles, and lived in their magnificent chateaus scattered throughout the country, the peasants were employed during the whole night in beating the ponds within ear-shot of the chateaus, with boughs of trees, to prevent the slumbers of the lords and ladies being broken by their paludine neighbors. This croaking is produced by the air being driven from the lungs into the puffed-out cavity of the mouth, or into certain guttural sacculi, which are developed very largely in the males. They can produce this noise under water as well as on land.

In the male frog there are fissures at the corners of the mouth for admitting the external protrusion

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of the vocal sacculi These sacculi they invariably protrude in their struggles to escape when held by the hind legs. Under these circumstances they are also capable of uttering a peculiar shrill cry of distress, differing completely from their ordinary croak.

Having obtained a land net, I cautiously approached the pond, which I knew must abound with them, from the concerts nightly held there, and without allowing the shadow to fall on the water, or making the slightest noise; yet the moment I showed myself, every individual who happened to be above water jumped off his perch, and was out of sight in an instant. I tried every means to catch them, but in vain. At last I borrowed from some boys a long tube of wood, with a small hole smoothly and equally bored through the centre, which they used to shoot small birds about the hedges. Armed with some arrows made of sharp tin nails, tipped with cotton wool, I ensconced myself in a bush, and waited quietly for my prey. In a few moments, the frogs, one by one, began to poke their noses out of the water. I selected the finest, and by dint of a good shot, I succeeded in fixing an arrow in his head. In the course of the afternoon I bagged several of the patriarchs of the pond, some of them as large as the largest English toad. Upon being struck with the arrow, they nearly all protruded their sacculi from each side of the mouth, in the manner above narrated.

These frogs are not often used for the table in Germany, but in France they are considered a luxury, as any *bon vivant* ordering a dish of them at the "Trois Frères" at Paris may, by the long price, speedily ascertain. Not wishing to try such an expensive experiment in gastronomy, I went to the large market in the Faubourg St. Germain, and inquired for frogs. I was referred to a stately-looking dame at a fish-stall, who produced a box nearly full of them, huddling and crawling about, and occasionally croaking as though aware of the fate to which they were destined. The price fixed was two a penny, and having ordered a dish to be prepared, the Dame de la Halle dived her hand in among them, and having secured her victim by the hind legs, she severed him in twain with a sharp knife, the legs, minus skin, still struggling, were placed on a dish; and the head, with the fore-legs affixed, retained life and motion, and performed such motions that the operation became painful to look at. These legs were afterward cooked at the restaurateur's, being served up fried in bread crumbs, as larks are in England: and most excellent eating they were, tasting more like the delicate flesh of the rabbit than any thing else I can think of.

I afterward tried a dish of the common English frog, but their flesh is not so white nor so tender as that of their French brothers.

The old fish-wife of whom I bought these frogs, informed me that she had a man regularly in her employ to catch them. He went out every evening at dusk to the ponds, in the neighborhood of Paris, with a lantern and a long stick, to the end of which was attached a piece of red cloth. The frogs were attracted by the light to the place where the fisherman stood. He then lightly dropped his cloth on the surface of the water; the frogs imagining that some dainty morsel was placed before them, eagerly snapped at it, and their teeth becoming entangled, they became an easy prey, destined for to-morrow's market, and the tender mercies of the fish-woman.

I subsequently brought over several dozen of these frogs alive to England, some of them are still, I believe, living in the Ward's botanical cases of those to whom I presented them, the rest were turned out in a pond, where I fear they have been devoured by the gourmand English ducks, the rightful occupants of the pond.

The edible frog (*rana esculenta*) is brought from the country, in quantities of from thirty to forty thousand at a time, to Vienna, and sold to great dealers, who have conservatories for them, which are large holes four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth covered with a board, and in severe weather with straw. In these conservatories, even during a hard frost, the frogs never become quite torpid, they get together in heaps one upon another instinctively, and there by prevent the evaporation of their humidity, for no water is ever put to them.

In Vienna, in 1793, there were only three dealers, who supplied the market with frogs ready skinned and prepared for the cook.

There is another species of frog common on the Continent, which is turned to a useful account as a barometer. It is the *rana arborea*, of which many specimens are to be seen in the Zoological Gardens. It has the property, like the chameleon, of adapting its color to the substance on which it may be placed: it especially inhabits trees, and when among the foliage, is of a brilliant green; when on the ground, or on the branches of trees, the color is brown. They are thus used as prognosticators. Two or three are placed in a tall glass jar, with three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder to the very top, but when rain may be expected, they not only make a peculiar singing noise, but descend into the water. Small frogs are a trilling bait for pike and perch, and this reminds me of an incident which I saw. A fine perch was found floating dead, on the top of the water in a pond, in one of the gardens at Oxford; upon examination, it was found to be very thin, and apparently starved to death, some devotee to the gentle art had been the unconscious cause of the sad fate of this poor fish, for a hook was found firmly fixed in his upper jaw, the shock of which projected so far beyond his mouth, that his efforts to obtain food must have been useless, the hook always projecting forward, kept him at a tantalizing distance from the desired morsel. The fish has been dried, and is now preserved with the hook fixed in his mouth.

But fishes, which, like perch, are provided with sharp prickles, occasionally cause the death of

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those creatures that feed upon them. A kingfisher was brought to me in the summer of 1848, by a boy who had found it dead on the banks of the river Cherwell, near Oxford, no shot, or other marks of injury were found on it, the feathers being perfectly smooth, dry, and unstained; what then was the cause of death?—upon a careful examination, I found the end of a small fish's tail protruding from one of the corners of its mouth, I endeavored to drag it out, but in vain, it was firmly fixed. By dissection, I found, that the fish in question was one of the tribe of small fish which abound in shallow water, and are called in Oxford, the bull's head, or miller's thumb. It has a strong prickle, nearly a quarter of an inch long, with very sharp and firm end, projecting on each side of its gills. The fish had, in its struggles, protruded its prickles, which, sticking in his enemy's œsophagus, had effectually stopped up the entrance, pressing on the wind-pipe, and thus caused its death.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning Harley appeared at breakfast. He was in gay spirits, and conversed more freely with Violante than he had yet done. He seemed to amuse himself by attacking all she said, and provoking her to argument. Violante was naturally a very earnest person; whether grave or gay, she spoke with her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes. She did not yet comprehend the light vein of Harley's irony; so she grew piqued and chafed; and she was so lovely in anger; it so brightened her beauty and animated her words, that no wonder Harley thus maliciously teased her. But what, perhaps, she liked still less than the teasing—though she could not tell why—was the kind of familiarity that Harley assumed with her—a familiarity as if he had known her all her life—that of a good-humored elder brother, or bachelor uncle. To Helen, on the contrary, when he did not address her apart, his manner was more respectful. He did not call *her* by her Christian name, as he did Violante, but "Miss Digby," and softened his tone and inclined his head when he spoke to her. Nor did he presume to jest at the very few and brief sentences he drew from Helen; but rather listened to them with deference, and invariably honored them with approval. After breakfast he asked Violante to play or sing; and when she frankly owned how little she had cultivated those accomplishments, he persuaded Helen to sit down to the piano, and stood by her side while she did so, turning over the leaves of her music-book with the ready devotion of an admiring amateur. Helen always played well, but less well than usual that day, for her generous nature felt abashed. It was as if she was showing off to mortify Violante. But Violante, on the other hand, was so passionately fond of music that she had no feeling left for the sense of her own inferiority. Yet she sighed when Helen rose, and Harley thanked her for the delight she had given him.

The day was fine. Lady Lansmere proposed to walk in the garden. While the ladies went up-stairs for their shawls and bonnets, Harley lighted his cigar, and stept from the window upon the lawn. Lady Lansmere joined him before the girls came out.

"Harley," said she, taking his arm, "what a charming companion you have introduced to us! I never met with any that both pleased and delighted me like this dear Violante. Most girls who possess some power of conversation, and who have have dared to think for themselves, are so pedantic, or so masculine; but *she* is always so simple, and always still the girl. Ah, Harley!"

"Why that sigh, my dear mother?"

"I was thinking how exactly she would have suited you—how proud I should have been of such a daughter-in-law—and how happy you would have been with such a wife."

Harley started. "Tut," said he, peevishly, "she is a mere child; you forget my years."

"Why," said Lady Lansmere, surprised, "Helen is quite as young as Violante."

"In dates—yes. But Helen's character is so staid; what it is now it will be ever; and Helen, from gratitude, respect, or pity, condescends to accept the ruins of my heart; while this bright Italian has the soul of a Juliet, and would expect in a husband all the passion of a Romeo. Nay, mother, hush. Do you forget that I am engaged—and of my own free will and choice? Poor dear Helen! Apropos, have you spoken to my father, as you undertook to do?"

"Not yet. I must seize the right moment. You know that my lord requires management."

"My dear mother, that female notion of managing us, men, costs you, ladies, a great waste of time, and occasions us a great deal of sorrow. Men are easily managed by plain truth. *We* are brought up to respect it, strange as it may seem to you!"

Lady Lansmere smiled with the air of superior wisdom, and the experience of an accomplished wife. "Leave it to me, Harley; and rely on my lord's consent."

Harley knew that Lady Lansmere always succeeded in obtaining her way with his father; and he felt that the Earl might naturally be disappointed in such an alliance, and, without due propitiation, evince that disappointment in his manner to Helen. Harley was bound to save her from all chance of such humiliation. He did not wish her to think that she was not welcomed into his family; therefore he said, "I resign myself to your promise and your diplomacy. Meanwhile, as you love me, be kind to my betrothed."

"Am I not so?"

"Hem. Are you as kind as if she were the great heiress you believe Violante to be?"

"Is it," answered Lady Lansmere, evading the question—"is it because one is an heiress and the other is not that you make so marked a difference in your manner to the two; treating

* Continued from the April Number.

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Violante as a spoiled child, and Miss Digby as—"

"The destined wife of Lord L'Estrange, and the daughter-in law of Lady Lansmere—yes."

The Countess suppressed an impatient exclamation that rose to her lips, for Harley's brow wore that serious aspect which it rarely assumed save when he was in those moods in which men must be soothed, not resisted. And after a pause he went on—"I am going to leave you to-day. I have engaged apartments at the Clarendon. I intend to gratify your wish, so often expressed, that I should enjoy what are called the pleasures of my rank, and the privileges of single-blessedness—celebrate my adieu to celibacy, and blaze once more, with the splendor of a setting sun, upon Hyde Park and May Fair."

"You are a positive enigma. Leave our house, just when you are betrothed to its inmate! Is that the natural conduct of a lover?"

"How can your woman eyes be so dull, and your woman heart so obtuse?" answered Harley, half-laughing, half-scolding. "Can you not guess that I wish that Helen and myself should both lose the association of mere ward and guardian; that the very familiarity of our intercourse under the same roof almost forbids us to be lovers; that we lose the joy to meet, and the pang to part. Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. 'I wish you joy,' cried his friend; 'you may now marry the woman you have so long adored.' 'Alas,' said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected; 'and if so, where shall I spend my evenings?'"

Here Violante and Helen were seen in the garden, walking affectionately, arm in arm.

"I don't perceive the point of your witty, heartless anecdote," said Lady Lansmere, obstinately. "Settle that, however, with Miss Digby. But, to leave the very day after your friend's daughter comes as a guest!—what will *she* think of it?"

Lord L'Estrange looked steadfastly at his mother. "Does it matter much what she thinks of me?—of a man engaged to another; and old enough to be—"

"I wish to Heaven you would not talk of your age, Harley; it is a reflection upon mine; and I never saw you look so well nor so handsome." With that she drew him on toward the young ladies; and, taking Helen's arm, asked her, aside, "if she knew that Lord L'Estrange had engaged rooms at the Clarendon; and if she understood why?" As, while she said this she moved on, Harley was left by Violante's side.

"You will be very dull here, I fear, my poor child," said he.

"Dull! But why *will* you call me child? Am I so very—very childlike?"

"Certainly, you are to me—a mere infant. Have I not seen you one; have I not held you in my arms?"

VIOLANTE.—"But that was a long time ago!"

HARLEY.—"True. But if years have not stood still for you, they have not been stationary for me. There is the same difference between us now that there was then. And, therefore, permit me still to call you child, and as child to treat you!"

VIOLANTE.—"I will do no such thing. Do you know that I always thought I was good-tempered till this morning."

HARLEY.—"And what undeceived you? Did you break your doll?"

VIOLANTE (with an indignant flash from her dark eyes).—"There!—again!—you delight in provoking me!"

HARLEY.—"It *was* the doll, then. Don't cry; I will get you another."

Violante plucked her arm from him, and walked away toward the Countess in speechless scorn. Harley's brow contracted, in thought and in gloom He stood still for a moment or so, and then joined the ladies.

"I am trespassing sadly on your morning; but I wait for a visitor whom I sent to before you were up. He is to be here at twelve. With your permission, I will dine with you to-morrow, and you will invite him to meet me."

"Certainly. And who is your friend? I guess—the young author?"

"Leonard Fairfield," cried Violante, who had conquered, or felt ashamed of her short-lived anger.

"Fairfield!" repeated Lady Lansmere. "I thought, Harley, you said the name was Oran."

"He has assumed the latter name. He is the son of Mark Fairfield, who married an Avenel. Did you recognize no family likeness?—none in those eyes—mother?" said Harley, sinking his voice into a whisper.

"No," answered the Countess, falteringly.

Harley, observing that Violante was now speaking to Helen about Leonard, and that neither was listening to him, resumed in the same low tone. "And his mother—Nora's sister—shrank from seeing me! That is the reason why I wished you not to call. She has not told the young man *why* she shrank from seeing me; nor have I explained it to him as yet. Perhaps I never shall."

"Indeed, dearest Harley," said the Countess, with great gentleness, "I wish you too much to forget the folly—well, I will not say that word—the sorrows of your boyhood, not to hope that you will rather strive against such painful memories than renew them by unnecessary confidence to any one: least of all to the relation of—"

"Enough! don't name her; the very name pains me. As to the confidence, there are but two persons in the world to whom I ever bare the old wounds—yourself and Egerton. Let this pass. Ha!—a ring at the bell—that is he!"

CHAPTER XI.

LEONARD entered on the scene, and joined the party in the garden. The Countess, perhaps to please her son, was more than civil—she was

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markedly kind to him. She noticed him more attentively than she had hitherto done; and, with all her prejudices of birth, was struck to find the son of Mark Fairfield, the carpenter, so thoroughly the gentleman. He might not have the exact tone and phrase by which Convention stereotypes those born and schooled in a certain world; but the aristocrats of Nature can dispense with such trite minutiæ. And Leonard had lived, of late, at least, in the best society that exists, for the polish of language and the refinement of manners—the society in which the most graceful ideas are clothed in the most graceful forms—the society which really, though indirectly, gives the law to courts—the society of the most classic authors, in the various ages in which literature has flowered forth from civilization. And if there was something in the exquisite sweetness of Leonard's voice, look, and manner, which the Countess acknowledged to attain that perfection in high breeding, which, under the name of "suavity," steals its way into the heart, so her interest in him was aroused by a certain subdued melancholy which is rarely without distinction, and never without charm. He and Helen exchanged but few words. There was but one occasion in which they could have spoken apart, and Helen herself contrived to elude it. His face brightened at Lady Lansmere's cordial invitation, and he glanced at Helen as he accepted it; but her eyes did not meet his own.

"And now," said Harley, whistling to Nero, whom his ward was silently caressing, "I must take Leonard away. Adieu! all of you, till tomorrow at dinner. Miss Violante, is the doll to have blue or black eyes?"

Violante turned her own black eyes in mute appeal to Lady Lansmere, and nestled to that lady's side as if in refuge from unworthy insult.

CHAPTER XII.

"LET the carriage go to the Clarendon," said Harley to his servant; "I and Mr. Oran will walk to town. Leonard, I think you would rejoice at an occasion to serve your old friends, Dr. Riccabocca and his daughter?"

"Serve them! O yes." And there instantly occurred to Leonard the recollection of Violante's words when on leaving his quiet village he had sighed to part from all those he loved; and the little dark-eyed girl had said, proudly, yet consolingly, "But to SERVE those you love!" He turned to L'Estrange with beaming, inquisitive eyes.

"I said to our friend," resumed Harley, "that I would vouch for your honor as my own. I am about to prove my words, and to confide the secrets which your penetration has indeed divined; —our friend is not what he seems." Harley then briefly related to Leonard the particulars of the exile's history, the rank he had held in his native land, the manner in which, partly through the misrepresentations of a kinsman he had trusted, partly through the influence of a wife he had loved, he had been driven into schemes which he believed bounded to the emancipation of Italy from a foreign yoke by the united exertions of her best and bravest sons.

"A noble ambition," interrupted Leonard, manfully. "And pardon me, my lord, I should not have thought that you would speak of it in a tone that implies blame."

"The ambition in itself was noble," answered Harley. "But the cause to which it was devoted became defiled in its dark channel through Secret Societies. It is the misfortune of all miscellaneous political combinations, that with the purest motives of their more generous members are ever mixed the most sordid interests, and the fiercest passions of mean confederates. When these combinations act openly, and in daylight, under the eye of Public Opinion, the healthier elements usually prevail; where they are shrouded in mystery—where they are subjected to no censor in the discussion of the impartial and dispassionate —where chiefs working in the dark exact blind obedience, and every man who is at war with law is at once admitted as a friend of freedom—the history of the world tells us that patriotism soon passes away. Where all is in public, public virtue, by the natural sympathies of the common mind, and by the wholesome control of shame, is likely to obtain ascendency; where all is in private, and shame is but for him who refuses the abnegation of his conscience, each man seeks the indulgence of his private vice. And hence, in Secret Societies (from which may yet proceed great danger to all Europe), we find but foul and hateful Eleusinia, affording pretexts to the ambition of the great, to the license of the penniless, to the passions of the revengeful, to the anarchy of the ignorant. In a word, the societies of these Italian Carbonari did but engender schemes in which the abler chiefs disguised new forms of despotism, and in which the revolutionary many looked forward to the overthrow of all the institutions that stand between Law and Chaos. Naturally, therefore" (added L'Estrange, dryly), "when their schemes were detected, and the conspiracy foiled, it was for the silly honest men entrapped into the league to suffer—the leaders turned king's evidence, and the common mercenaries became—banditti." Harley then proceeded to state that it was just when the *soi-disant* Riccabocca had discovered the true nature and ulterior views of the conspirators he had joined, and actually withdrawn from their councils, that he was denounced by the kinsman who had duped him into the enetrprise, and who now profited by his treason. Harley next spoke of the packet dispatched by Riccabocca's dying wife, as it was supposed to Mrs. Bertram; and of the hopes he founded on the contents of that packet, if discovered. He then referred to the design which had brought Peschiera to England—a design which that personage had avowed with such effrontery to his companions at Vienna, that he had publicly laid wagers on his success.

"But these men can know nothing of England —of the safety of English laws," said Leonard,

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naturally. "We take it for granted that Riccabocca, if I am still so to call him, refuses his consent to the marriage between his daughter and his foe. Where, then, the danger? This Count, even if Violante were not under your mother's roof, could not get an opportunity to see her. He could not attack the house and carry her off like a feudal baron in the middle ages."

"All this is very true," answered Harley. "Yet I have found through life that we can not estimate danger by external circumstances, but by the character of those from whom it is threatened. This Count is a man of singular audacity, of no mean natural talents—talents practiced in every art of duplicity and intrigue; one of those men whose boast it is that they succeed in whatever they undertake; and he is, here, urged on the one hand by all that can whet the avarice, and on the other by all that can give invention to despair. Therefore, though I can not guess what plan he may possibly adopt, I never doubt that some plan, formed with cunning and pursued with daring, will be embraced the moment he discovers Violante's retreat, unless, indeed, we can forestall all peril by the restoration of her father, and the detection of the fraud and falsehood to which Peschiera owes the fortune he appropriates. Thus, while we must prosecute to the utmost our inquiries for the missing documents, so it should be our care to possess ourselves, if possible, of such knowledge of the Count's machinations as may enable us to defeat them. Now, it was with satisfaction that I learned in Germany that Peschiera's sister was in London. I know enough both of his disposition and of the intimacy between himself and this lady, to make me think it probable he will seek to make her his instrument, should he require one. Peschiera (as you may suppose by his audacious wager) is not one of those secret villains who would cut off their right hand if it could betray the knowledge of what was done by the left—rather one of those self-confident, vaunting knaves, of high animal spirits, and conscience so obtuse that it clouds their intellect—who must have some one to whom they can boast of their abilities and confide their projects. And Peschiera has done all he can to render this poor woman so wholly dependent on him, as to be his slave and his tool. But I have learned certain traits in her character that show it to be impressionable to good, and with tendencies to honor. Peschiera had taken advantage of the admiration she excited some years ago, in a rich young Englishman, to entice this admirer into gambling, and sought to make his sister both a decoy and an instrument in his designs of plunder. She did not encourage the addresses of our countryman, but she warned him of the snare laid for him, and entreated him to leave the place lest her brother should discover and punish her honesty. The Englishman told me this himself. In fine, my hope of detaching this poor lady from Peschiera's interests, and inducing her to forewarn us of his purpose, consists but in the innocent, and, I hope, laudable artifice, of redeeming herself—of appealing to, and calling into disused exercise, the better springs of her nature."

Leonard listened with admiration and some surprise to the singularly subtle and sagacious insight into character which Harley evinced in the brief clear strokes by which he had thus depicted Peschiera and Beatrice, and was struck by the boldness with which Harley rested a whole system of action upon a few deductions drawn from his reasonings on human motive and characteristic bias. Leonard had not expected to find so much practical acuteness in a man who, however accomplished, usually seemed indifferent, dreamy, and abstracted to the ordinary things of life. But Harley L'Estrange was one of those whose powers lie dormant till circumstance applies to them all they need for activity—the stimulant of a motive.

Harley resumed: "After a conversation I had with the lady last night, it occurred to me that in this part of our diplomacy you could render us essential service. Madame di Negra—such is the sister's name—has conceived an admiration for your genius, and a strong desire to know you personally. I have promised to present you to her; and I shall do so after a preliminary caution. The lady is very handsome, and very fascinating. It is possible that your heart and your senses may not be proof against her attractions."

"Oh, do not fear that!" exclaimed Leonard, with a tone of conviction so earnest that Harley smiled.

"Forewarned is not always forearmed against the might of Beauty, my dear Leonard; so I can not at once accept your assurance. But listen to me: Watch yourself narrowly, and if you find that you are likely to be captivated, promise, on your honor, to retreat at once from the field. I have no right, for the sake of another, to expose you to danger; and Madame di Negra, whatever may be her good qualities, is the last person I should wish to see you in love with."

"In love with her! Impossible!"

"Impossible is a strong word," returned Harley; "still, I own fairly (and this belief also warrants me in trusting you to her fascinations) that I do think, as far as one man can judge of another, that she is not the woman to attract you; and, if filled by one pure and generous object in your intercourse with her, you will see her with purged eyes. Still I claim your promise as one of honor."

"I give it," said Leonard, positively. "But how can I serve Riccabocca? How aid in—"

"Thus," interrupted Harley: "The spell of your writings is, that, unconsciously to ourselves, they make us better and nobler. And your writings are but the impressions struck off from your mind. Your conversation, when you are roused, has the same effect. And as you grow more familiar with Madame di Negra, I wish you to speak of your boyhood, your youth. Describe the exile as you have seen him—so touching amidst his foibles, so grand amidst the petty privations

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of his fallen fortunes, so benevolent while poring over his hateful Machiavel, so stingless in his wisdom of the serpent, so playfully astute in his innocence of the dove—I leave the picture to your knowledge of humor and pathos. Describe Violante brooding over her Italian poets, and filled with dreams of her father-land; describe her with all the flashes of her princely nature, shining forth through humble circumstance and obscure position; awaken in your listener compassion, respect, admiration for her kindred exiles—and I think our work is done. She will recognize evidently those whom her brother seeks. She will question you closely where you met with them—where they now are. Protect that secret: say at once that it is not your own. Against your descriptions and the feelings they excite, she will not be guarded as against mine. And there are other reasons why your influence over this woman of mixed nature may be more direct and effectual than my own."

"Nay, I can not conceive that."

"Believe it, without asking me to explain," answered Harley.

For he did not judge it necessary to say to Leonard, "I am high-born and wealthy—you a peasant's son, and living by your exertions. This woman is ambitious and distressed. She might have projects on me that would counteract mine on her. You she would but listen to, and receive, through the sentiments of good or of poetical that are in her—you she would have no interest to subjugate, no motive to ensnare."

"And now," said Harley, turning the subject, "I have another object in view. This foolish sage friend of ours, in his bewilderment and fears, has sought to save Violante from one rogue by promising her hand to a man who, unless my instincts deceive me, I suspect much disposed to be another. Sacrifice such exuberance of life and spirit to that bloodless heart, to that cold and earthward intellect! By Heavens, it shall not be!"

"But whom can the exile possibly have seen of birth and fortunes to render him a fitting spouse for his daughter? Whom, my lord, except yourself?"

"Me!" exclaimed Harley, angrily, and changing color. "I worthy of such a creature? I—with my habits! I—silken egotist that I am! And you, a poet, to form such an estimate of one who might be the queen of a poet's dream!"

"My lord, when we sate the other night round Riccabocca's hearth—when I heard her speak, and observed you listen, I said to myself, from such knowledge of human nature as comes, we know not how, to us poets—I said, 'Harley L'Estrange has looked long and wistfully on the heavens, and he now hears the murmur of the wings that can waft him toward them.' And then I sighed, for I thought how the world rules us all in spite of ourselves. And I said, 'What pity for both, that the exile's daughter is not the worldly equal of the peer's son!' And you, too, sighed, as I thus thought; and I fancied that, while you listened to the music of the wing, you felt the iron of the chain. But the exile's daughter *is* your equal in birth, and you are hers in heart and in soul."

"My poor Leonard, you rave," answered Harley, calmly. "And if Violante is not to be some young prince's bride, she should be some young poet's."

"Poet's! Oh, no!" said Leonard, with a gentle laugh. "Poets need repose where *they* love!"

Harley was struck by the answer, and mused over it in silence. "I comprehend," thought he; "it is a new light that dawns on me. What is needed by the man whose whole life is one strain after glory—whose soul sinks, in fatigue, to the companionship of earth—is not the love of a nature like his own. He is right—it is repose! While I, it is true! Boy that he is, his intuitions are wiser than all my experience! It *is* excitement—energy—elevation, that Love should bestow on me. But I have chosen; and, at least, with Helen my life will be calm, and my hearth sacred. Let the rest sleep in the same grave as my youth."

"But," said Leonard, wishing kindly to arouse his noble friend from a reverie which he felt was mournful, though he did not divine its true cause—but you have not yet told me the name of the Signora's suitor. May I know?"

"Probably one you never heard of. Randal Leslie—a placeman. You refused a place; you were right."

"Randal Leslie? Heaven forbid!" cried Leonard, revealing his surprise at the name.

"Amen! But what do you know of him?"

Leonard related the story of Burley's pamphlet.

Harley seemed delighted to hear his suspicions of Randal confirmed. "The paltry pretender! and yet I fancied that he might be formidable! However, we must dismiss him for the present; we are approaching Madame di Negra's house. Prepare yourself, and remember your promise!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Some days have passed by. Leonard and Beatrice di Negra have already made friends. Harley is satisfied with his young friend's report. He himself has been actively occupied. He has sought, but hitherto in vain, all trace of Mrs. Bertram; he has put that investigation into the hands of his lawyer, and his lawyer has not been more fortunate than himself. Moreover, Harley has blazed forth again in the London world, and promises again *de faire fureur;* but he has always found time to spend some hours in the twenty-four at his father's house. He has continued much the same tone with Violante, and she begins to accustom herself to it, and reply saucily. His calm courtship to Helen flows on in silence. Leonard, too, has been a frequent guest at the Lansmeres': all welcome and like him there. Peschiera has not evinced any sign of the deadly machinations ascribed to him. He goes less into the drawing-room world: he meets

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Lord L'Estrange there; and brilliant and handsome though Peschiera be, Lord L'Estrange, like Rob Roy Mac-Gregor, is "on his native heath," and has the decided advantage over the foreigner. Peschiera, however, shines in the clubs, and plays high. Still scarcely an evening passes in which he and Baron Levy do not meet.

Audley Egerton has been intensely occupied with affairs. Only seen once by Harley. Harley then was about to deliver himself of his sentiments respecting Randal Leslie, and to communicate the story of Burley and the pamphlet. Egerton stopped him short.

"My dear Harley, don't try to set me against this young man. I wish to hear nothing in his disfavor. In the first place, it would not alter the line of conduct I mean to adopt with regard to him. He is my wife's kinsman; I charged myself with his career, as a wish of hers, and therefore as a duty to myself. In attaching him so young to my own fate, I drew him necessarily away from the professions in which his industry and talents (for he has both in no common degree) would have secured his fortunes; therefore, be he bad, be he good, I shall try to provide for him as I best can; and, moreover, cold as I am to him, and worldly though perhaps he be, I have somehow or other conceived an interest in him —a liking to him. He has been under my roof, he is dependent on me; he has been docile and prudent, and I am a lone, childless man; therefore, spare him, since in so doing you spare me; and ah, Harley, I have so many cares on me *now*, that—"

"O, say no more, my dear, dear Audley," cried the generous friend; "how little people know you!"

Audley's hand trembled. Certainly his nerves began to show wear and tear.

Meanwhile the object of this dialogue—the type of perverted intellect—of mind without heart —of knowledge which had no aim but power—was in a state of anxious perturbed gloom. He did not know whether wholly to believe Levy's assurance of his patron's ruin. He could not believe it when he saw that great house in Grosvenor-square, its hall crowded with lackeys, its sideboard blazing with plate; when no dun was ever seen in the ante-chamber; when not a tradesman was ever known to call twice for a bill. He hinted to Levy the doubts all these phenomena suggested to him; but the Baron only smiled ominously, and said—

"True, the tradesmen are always paid; but the *how* is the question! Randal, *mon cher*, you are too innocent. I have but two pieces of advice to suggest, in the shape of two proverbs—'Wise rats run from a falling house,' and 'Make hay while the sun shines.' Apropos, Mr. Avenel likes you greatly, and has been talking of the borough of Lansmere for you. He has contrived to get together a great interest there. Make much of him."

Randal had indeed been to Mrs. Avenel's *soirée dansante*, and called twice and found her at home, and been very bland and civil, and admired the children. She had two, a boy and a girl, very like their father, with open faces as bold as brass. And as all this had won Mrs. Avenel's good graces, so it had propitiated her husband's. Avenel was shrewd enough to see how clever Randal was. He called him "smart," and said, "he would have got on in America," which was the highest praise Dick Avenel ever accorded to any man. But Dick himself looked a little care-worn; and this was the first year in which he had murmured at the bills of his wife's dressmaker, and said with an oath, that "there was such a thing as going *too* much ahead."

Randal had visited Dr. Riccabocca, had found Violante flown. True to his promise to Harley, the Italian refused to say where, and suggested, as was agreed, that for the present it would be more prudent if Randal suspended his visits to himself. Leslie, not liking this proposition, attempted to make himself still necessary, by working on Riccabocca's fears as to that espionage on his retreat, which had been among the reasons that had hurried the sage into offering Randal Violante's hand. But Riccabocca had already learned that the fancied spy was but his neighbor Leonard; and, without so saying, he cleverly contrived to make the supposition of such espionage an additional reason for the cessation of Leslie's visits. Randal, then, in his own artful, quiet, roundabout way, had sought to find out if any communication had passed between L'Estrange and Riccabocca. Brooding over Harley's words to him, he suspected there had been such communication, with his usual penetrating astuteness. Riccabocca, here, was less on his guard, and rather parried the sidelong questions than denied their inferences.

Randal began already to surmise the truth. Where was it likely Violante should go but to the Lansmeres'? This confirmed his idea of Harley's pretensions to her hand. With such a rival what chance had he? Randal never doubted for a moment that the pupil of Machiavel would "throw him over," if such an alliance to his daughter really presented itself. The schemer at once discarded from his project all further aim on Violante; either she would be poor, and he would not have her; or she would be rich, and her father would give her to another. As his heart had never been touched by the fair Italian, so the moment her inheritance became more than doubtful, it gave him no pang to lose her; but he did feel very sore and resentful at the thought of being supplanted by Lord L'Estrange, the man who had insulted him.

Neither, as yet, had Randal made any way in his designs on Frank. For several days Madame di Negra had not been at home, either to himself or young Hazeldean; and Frank, though very unhappy, was piqued and angry; and Randal suspected, and suspected, and suspected, he knew not exactly what, but that the devil was not so kind to him there as that father of lies ought to have been to a son so dutiful. Yet, with all these dis-

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couragements, there was in Randal Leslie so dogged and determined a conviction of his own success—there was so great a tenacity of purpose under obstacles, and so vigilant an eye upon all chances that could be turned to his favor, that he never once abandoned hope, nor did more than change the details in his main schemes. Out of calculations apparently the most far-fetched and improbable, he had constructed a patient policy, to which he obstinately clung. How far his reasonings and patience served to his ends, remains yet to be seen. But could our contempt for the baseness of Randal himself be separated from the faculties which he elaborately degraded to the service of that baseness, one might allow there was something one could scarcely despise in this still self-reliance, this inflexible resolve. Had such qualities, aided as they were by abilities of no ordinary acuteness, been applied to objects commonly honest, one would have backed Randal Leslie against any fifty picked prizemen from the colleges. But there are judges of weight and metal, who do that now, especially Baron Levy, who says to himself as he eyes that pale face all intellect, and that spare form all nerve, "That is a man who must make way in life; he is worth helping."

By the words "worth helping," Baron Levy meant "worth getting into my power, that he may help me."

CHAPTER XIV.

But Parliament had met. Events that belong to history had contributed yet more to weaken the administration. Randal Leslie's interest became absorbed in politics; for the stake to him was his whole political career. Should Audley lose office, and for good, Audley could aid him no more; but to abandon his patron, as Levy recommended, and pin himself, in the hope of a seat in Parliament, to a stranger—an obscure stranger, like Dick Avenel—that was a policy not to be adopted at a breath. Meanwhile, almost every night, when the House met, that pale face and spare form, which Levy so identified with shrewdness and energy, might be seen among the benches appropriated to those more select strangers who obtained the Speaker's order of admission. There Randal heard the great men of that day, and with the half contemptuous surprise at their fame, which is common enough among clever, well-educated young men, who know not what it is to speak in the House of Commons. He heard much slovenly English, much trite reasoning, some eloquent thoughts, and close argument, often delivered in a jerking tone of voice (popularly called the parliamentary *twang*), and often accompanied by gesticulations that would have shocked the manager of a provincial theatre. He thought how much better than these great dons (with but one or two exceptions) he himself could speak—with what more refined logic—with what more polished periods—how much more like Cicero and Burke! Very probably he might have so spoken, and for that very reason have made that deadest of all dead failures—an excellent spoken essay. One thing, however, he was obliged to own, viz., that in a popular representative assembly it is not precisely knowledge that is power, or if knowledge, it is but the knowledge of that particular assembly, and what will best take with it;—passion, invective, sarcasm, bold declamation, shrewd common sense, the readiness so rarely found in a very profound mind—he owned that all these were the qualities that told; when a man who exhibited nothing but "knowledge," in the ordinary sense of the word, stood in imminent chance of being coughed down.

There at his left—last but one in the row of the ministerial chiefs—Randal watched Audley Egerton, his arms folded on his breast, his hat drawn over his brows, his eyes fixed with steady courage on whatever speaker in the Opposition held possession of the floor. And twice Randal heard Egerton speak, and marveled much at the effect that minister produced. For of those qualities enumerated above, and which Randal had observed to be most sure of success, Audley Egerton only exhibited to a marked degree—the common sense, and the readiness. And yet, though but little applauded by noisy cheers, no speaker seemed more to satisfy friends, and command respect from foes. The true secret was this, which Randal might well not divine, since that young person, despite his ancient birth, his Eton rearing, and his refined air, was not one of Nature's gentlemen;—the true secret was, that Audley Egerton moved, looked, and spoke, like a thorough gentleman of England. A gentleman of more than average talents and of long experience, speaking his sincere opinions—not a rhetorician aiming at effect. Moreover, Egerton was a consummate man of the world. He said, with nervous simplicity, what his party desired to be said, and put what his opponents felt to be the strong points of the case. Calm and decorous, yet spirited and energetic, with little variety of tone, and action subdued and rare, but yet signalized by earnest vigor, Audley Egerton impressed the understanding of the dullest, and pleased the taste of the most fastidious.

But once, when allusions were made to a certain popular question, on which the premier had announced his resolution to refuse all concession, and on the expediency of which it was announced that the cabinet was nevertheless divided—and when such allusions were coupled with direct appeals to Mr. Egerton, as "the enlightened member of a great commercial constituency," and with a flattering doubt that "that right honorable gentleman, member for that great city, identified with the cause of the Burgher class, could be so far behind the spirit of the age as his official chief,"—Randal observed that Egerton drew his hat still more closely over his brows and turned to whisper with one of his colleagues. He could not be *got up* to speak.

That evening Randal walked home with Egerton, and intimated his surprise that the minister had declined what seemed to him a good occasion

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for one of those brief, weighty replies by which Audley was chiefly distinguished, an occasion to which he had been loudly invited by the "hears" of the House.

"Leslie," answered the statesman briefly, "I owe all my success in Parliament to this rule—I have never spoken against my convictions. I intend to abide by it to the last."

"But if the question at issue comes before the House you will vote against it?"

"Certainly, I vote as a member of the cabinet. But since I am not leader and mouthpiece of the party, I retain the privilege to speak as an individual."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Egerton," exclaimed Randal, "forgive me. But this question, right or wrong, has got such hold of the public mind. So little, if conceded in time, would give content; and it is so clear (if I may judge by the talk I hear every where I go) that, by refusing all concession, the government must fall, that I wish—"

"So do I wish," interrupted Egerton, with a gloomy impatient sigh—"so do I wish! But what avails it? If my advice had been taken but three weeks ago—now it is too late—we could have doubled the rock; we refused, we must split upon it."

This speech was so unlike the discreet and reserved minister, that Randal gathered courage to proceed with an idea that had occurred to his own sagacity. And before I state it, I must add that Egerton had of late shown much more personal kindness to his *protégé*; that, whether his spirits were broken, or that at last, close and compact as his nature of bronze was, he felt the imperious want to groan aloud in some loving ear, the stern Audley seemed tamed and softened. So Randal went on.

"May I say what I have heard expressed with regard to you and your position—in the streets—in the clubs?"

"Yes, it is in the streets and the clubs, that statesmen should go to school. Say on."

"Well, then, I have heard it made a matter of wonder why you, and one or two others I will not name, do not at once retire from the ministry, and on the avowed ground that you side with the public feeling on this irresistible question."

"Eh!"

"It is clear that in so doing you would become the most popular man in the country—clear that you would be summoned back to power on the shoulders of the people. No new cabinet could be formed without you, and your station in it would perhaps be higher, for life, than that which you may now retain but for a few weeks longer. Has not this ever occurred to you?"

"Never," said Audley, with dry composure.

Amazed at such obtuseness, Randal exclaimed, "Is it possible! And yet, forgive me if I say I think you are ambitious and love power."

"No man more ambitious; and if by power you mean office, it has grown the habit of my life, and I shall not know how to do without it."

"And how, then, has what seems to me so obvious never occurred to you?"

"Because you are young, and therefore I forgive you; but not the gossips who could wonder why Audley Egerton refused to betray the friends of his whole career, and to profit by the treason."

"But one should love one's country before a party."

"No doubt of that; and the first interest of a country is the honor of its public men."

"But men may leave their party without dishonor!"

"Who doubts that? Do you suppose that if I were an ordinary independent member of Parliament, loaded with no obligations, charged with no trust, I could hesitate for a moment what course to pursue? Oh, that I were but the member for ——! Oh! that I had the full right to be a free agent! But if a member of a cabinet, a chief in whom thousands confide, because he is outvoted in a council of his colleagues, suddenly retires, and by so doing breaks up the whole party whose confidence he has enjoyed, whose rewards he has reaped, to whom he owes the very position which he employs to their ruin—own that though his choice may be honest, it is one which requires all the consolations of conscience."

"But you will have those consolations. And," added Randal energetically, "the gain to your career will be immense!"

"That is precisely what it can not be," answered Egerton, gloomily. "I grant that I may, if I choose, resign office with the present government, and so at once destroy that government; for my resignation on such ground would suffice to do it. I grant this; but for that very reason I could not the next day take office with another administration. I could not accept wages for desertion. No gentleman could! And, therefore—" Audley stopped short, and he buttoned his coat over his broad breast. The action was significant: it said that the man's mind was made up.

In fact, whether Audley Egerton was right or wrong in his theory depends upon much subtler, and perhaps loftier views in the casuistry of political duties, than it was in his character to take. And I guard myself from saying any thing in praise or disfavor of his notions, or implying that he is a fit or unfit example in a parallel case. I am but describing the man as he was, and as a man like him would inevitably be, under the influences in which he lived, and in that peculiar world of which he was so emphatically a member. "*Ce n'est pas moi qui parle, c'est Marc Aurèle.*"

He speaks, not I.

Randal had no time for further discussion. They now reached Egerton's house, and the minister, taking the chamber candlestick from his servant's hand, nodded a silent good-night to Leslie, and with a jaded look retired to his room.

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CHAPTER XV.

But not on the threatened question was that eventful campaign of Party decided. The government fell less in battle than skirmish. It was one fatal Monday—a dull question of finance and figures. Prosy and few were the speakers. All the government silent, save the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and another business-like personage connected with the Board of Trade, whom the House would hardly condescend to hear. The House was in no mood to think of facts and figures. Early in the evening, between nine and ten, the Speaker's sonorous voice sounded, "Strangers must withdraw!" And Randal, anxious and foreboding, descended from his seat, and went out of the fatal doors. He turned to take a last glance at Audley Egerton. The whipper-in was whispering to Audley; and the minister pushed back his hat from his brows, and glanced round the house, and up into the galleries, as if to calculate rapidly the relative numbers of the two armies in the field; then he smiled bitterly, and threw himself back into his seat. That smile long haunted Leslie.

Among the strangers thus banished with Randal, while the division was being taken, were many young men, like himself, connected with the administration—some by blood, some by place. Hearts beat loud in the swarming lobbies. Ominous mournful whispers were exchanged. "They say the government will have a majority of ten." "No; I hear they will certainly be beaten." "H—— says by fifty." "I don't believe it," said a Lord of the Bedchamber; "it is impossible. I left government members dining at the 'Travelers.'" "No one thought the division would be so early." "A trick of the Whigs—shameful." "Wonder some one was not set up to talk for time; very odd P—— did not speak; however, he is so cursedly rich, he does not care whether he is out or in." "Yes; and Audley Egerton, too, just such another; glad, no doubt, to be set free to look after his property; very different tactics if we had men to whom office was as necessary as it is—to me!" said a candid, young placeman. Suddenly the silent Leslie felt a friendly grasp on his arm. He turned, and saw Levy.

"Did I not tell you?" said the Baron, with an exulting smile.

"You are sure, then, that the government will be outvoted?"

"I spent the morning in going over the list of members with a parliamentary client of mine, who knows them all as a shepherd does his sheep. Majority for the Opposition at least twenty-five."

"And in that case must the government resign, sir?" asked the candid young placeman, who had been listening to the smart well-dressed Baron, "his soul planted in his ears."

"Of course, sir," replied the Baron, blandly, and offering his snuff-box (true Louis Quinze, with a miniature of Madame de Pompadour, set in pearls). "You are a friend to the present ministers? You could not wish them to be mean enough to stay in?" Randal drew aside the Baron.

"If Audley's affairs are as you state, what can he do?"

"I shall ask him that question to-morrow," answered the Baron, with a look of visible hate. "And I have come here just to see how he bears the prospect before him."

"You will not discover that in his face. And those absurd scruples of his! If he had but gone out in time—to come in again with the New Men!"

"Oh, of course, our Right Honorable is too punctilious for that!" answered the Baron, sneering.

Suddenly the doors opened—in rushed the breathless expectants. "What are the numbers? What is the division!"

"Majority against ministers," said a member of Opposition, peeling an orange, "twenty-nine."

The Baron, too, had a Speaker's order; and he came into the House with Randal, and sate by his side. But, to their disgust, some member was talking about the other motions before the House.

"What! has nothing been said as to the division?" asked the Baron of a young county member, who was talking to some non-parliamentary friend in the bench before Levy. The county member was one of the Baron's pet eldest sons—had dined often with Levy—was under "obligations" to him. The young legislator looked very much ashamed of Levy's friendly pat on his shoulder, and answered hurriedly, "Oh, yes; H—— asked, 'if, after such an expression of the House, it was the intention of ministers to retain their places, and carry on the business of the government?'"

"Just like H——! Very inquisitive mind! And what was the answer he got?"

"None," said the county member; and returned in haste to his proper seat in the body of the House.

"There comes Egerton," said the Baron. And, indeed, as most of the members were now leaving the House, to talk over affairs at clubs or in saloons, and spread through town the great tidings, Audley Egerton's tall head was seen towering above the rest. And Levy turned away disappointed. For not only was the minister's handsome face, though pale, serene and cheerful, but there was an obvious courtesy, a marked respect, in the mode in which that rough assembly made way for the fallen minister as he passed through the jostling crowd. And the frank urbane nobleman, who afterward, from the force, not of talent, but of character, became the leader in the House, pressed the hand of his old opponent, as they met in the throng near the doors, and said aloud, "I shall not be a proud man if ever I live to have office; but I shall be proud if ever I leave it with as little to be said against me as your bitterest opponents can say against you, Egerton."

"I wonder," exclaimed the Baron, aloud, and leaning over the partition that divided him from the throng below, so that his voice reached Eger-

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ton—and there was a cry from formal, indignant members, "Order in the strangers' gallery!"—"I wonder what Lord L'Estrange will say!"

Audley lifted his dark brows, surveyed the Baron for an instant with flashing eyes, then walked down the narrow defile between the last benches, and vanished from the scene in which, alas! so few of the most admired performers leave more than an actor's short-lived name!

CHAPTER XVI.

Baron Levy did not execute his threat of calling on Egerton the next morning. Perhaps he shrank from again meeting the flash of those indignant eyes. And, indeed, Egerton was too busied all the forenoon to see any one not upon public affairs, except Harley, who hastened to console or cheer him. When the House met, it was announced that the ministers had resigned, only holding their offices till their successors were appointed. But already there was some reaction in their favor; and when it became generally known that the new administration was to be formed of men, few, indeed, of whom had ever before held office—that common superstition in the public mind, that government is like a trade, in which a regular apprenticeship must be served, began to prevail; and the talk at the clubs was, that the new men could not stand; that the former ministry, with some modification, would be back in a month. Perhaps that, too, might be a reason why Baron Levy thought it prudent not prematurely to offer vindictive condolences to Mr. Egerton. Randal spent part of his morning in inquiries, as to what gentleman in his situation meant to do with regard to their places; he heard with great satisfaction that very few intended to volunteer retirement from their desks. As Randal himself had observed to Egerton, "their country before their party!"

Randal's place was of great moment to him; its duties were easy, its salary amply sufficient for his wants, and defrayed such expenses as were bestowed on the education of Oliver and his sister. For I am bound to do justice to this young man—indifferent as he was toward his species in general, the ties of family were strong with him; and he stinted himself in many temptations most alluring to his age, in the endeavor to raise the dull honest Oliver and the loose-haired pretty Juliet somewhat more to his own level of culture and refinement. Men essentially griping and unscrupulous, often do make the care for their family an apology for their sins against the world. Even Richard III., if the chroniclers are to be trusted, excused the murder of his nephews by his passionate affection for his son. With the loss of that place, Randal lost all means of support, save what Audley could give him; and if Audley were in truth ruined? Moreover, Randal had already established at the office a reputation for ability and industry. It was a career in which, if he abstained from party politics, he might rise to a fair station and to a considerable income. Therefore, much contented with what he learned as to the general determination of his fellow officials, a determination warranted by ordinary precedent in such cases, Randal dined at a club with good relish, and much Christian resignation for the reverse of his patron, and then walked to Grosvenor-square, on the chance of finding Audley within. Learning that he was so, from the porter who opened the door, Randal entered the library. Three gentlemen were seated there with Egerton: one of the three was Lord L'Estrange; the other two were members of the really defunct, though nominally still existing, government. He was about to withdraw from intruding on this conclave, when Egerton said to him gently, "Come in, Leslie; I was just speaking about yourself."

"About me, sir?"

"Yes; about you and the place you hold. I had asked Sir —— (pointing to a fellow minister) whether I might not, with propriety, request your chief to leave some note of his opinion of your talents, which I know is high, and which might serve you with his successor."

"Oh, sir, at such a time to think of me!" exclaimed Randal, and he was genuinely touched.

"But," resumed Audley with his usual dryness, "Sir ——, to my surprise, thinks that it would better become you that you should resign. Unless his reasons, which he has not stated, are very strong, such would not be my advice."

"My reasons," said Sir ——, with official formality, "are simply these: I have a nephew in a similar situation; he will resign, as a matter of course. Every one in the public offices whose relatives and near connections hold high appointments in the government, will do so. I do not think Mr. Leslie will like to feel himself a solitary exception."

"Mr. Leslie is no relation of mine—not even a near connection," answered Egerton.

"But his name is so associated with your own—he has resided so long in your house—is so well known in society (and don't think I compliment when I add, that we hope so well of him), that I can't think it worth his while to keep this paltry place, which incapacitates him too from a seat in parliament."

Sir —— was one of those terribly rich men, to whom all considerations of mere bread and cheese are paltry. But I must add, that he supposed Egerton to be still wealthier than himself, and sure to provide handsomely for Randal, whom Sir —— rather liked than not; and, for Randal's own sake, Sir —— thought it would lower him in the estimation of Egerton himself, despite that gentleman's advocacy, if he did not follow the example of his avowed and notorious patron.

"You see, Leslie," said Egerton, checking Randal's meditated reply, "that nothing can be said against your honor if you stay where you are; it is a mere question of expediency; I will judge that for you; keep your place."

Unhappily the other member of the government, who had hitherto been silent, was a literary man. Unhappily, while this talk had proceeded,

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he had placed his hand upon Randal Leslie's celebrated pamphlet, which lay on the library table; and, turning over the leaves, the whole spirit and matter of that masterly composition in defense of the administration (a composition steeped in all the essence of party) recurred to his too faithful recollection. He, too, liked Randal; he did more—he admired the author of that striking and effective pamphlet. And, therefore, rousing himself from the sublime indifference he had before felt for the fate of a subaltern, he said with a bland and complimentary smile, "No; the writer of this most able publication is no ordinary placeman. His opinions here are too vigorously stated; this fine irony on the very person who in all probability will be the chief in his office, has excited too lively an attention, to allow him the *sedet eternumque sedebit* on an official stool. Ha, ha! this is so good! Read it, L'Estrange. What say you?"

Harley glanced over the page pointed out to him. The original was in one of Burley's broad, coarse, but telling burlesques, strained fine through Randal's more polished satire. It was capital. Harley smiled, and lifted his eyes to Randal. The unlucky plagiarist's face was flushed—the beads stood on his brow. Harley was a good hater; he loved too warmly not to err on the opposite side; but he was one of those men who forget hate when its object is distressed and humbled. He put down the pamphlet and said, "I am no politician; but Egerton is so well known to be fastidious and over scrupulous in all points of official etiquette, that Mr. Leslie can not follow a safer counselor."

"Read that yourself, Egerton," said Sir ——; and he pushed the pamphlet to Audley.

Now Egerton had a dim recollection that that pamphlet was unlucky; but he had skimmed over its contents hastily, and at that moment had forgotten all about it. He took up the too famous work with a reluctant hand, but he read attentively the passages pointed out to him, and then said, gravely and sadly,

"Mr. Leslie, I retract my advice. I believe Sir —— is right; that the nobleman here so keenly satirized will be chief in your office. I doubt whether he will not compel your dismissal; at all events, he could scarcely be expected to promote your advancement. Under the circumstances, I fear you have no option as a—" Egerton paused a moment, and, with a sigh that appeared to settle the question, concluded with—"as a gentleman."

Never did Jack Cade, never did Wat Tyler, feel a more deadly hate to that word "gentleman," than the well-born Leslie felt then; but he bowed his head, and answered with his usual presence of mind—

"You utter my own sentiment."

"You think we are right, Harley?" asked Egerton, with an irresolution that surprised all present.

"I think," answered Harley, with a compassion for Randal that was almost over generous, and yet with an *équivoque* on the words despite the compassion—"I think whoever has served Audley Egerton never yet has been a loser by it; and if Mr. Leslie wrote this pamphlet, he must have well served Audley Egerton. If he undergoes the penalty, we may safely trust to Egerton for the compensation."

"My compensation has long since been made," answered Randal, with grace; "and that Mr. Egerton could thus have cared for my fortunes, at an hour so occupied, is a thought of pride which—"

"Enough, Leslie! enough!" interrupted Egerton, rising and pressing his *protégé's* hands. "See me before you go to bed."

Then the two other ministers rose also, and shook hands with Leslie, and told him he had done the right thing, and that they hoped soon to see him in parliament; and hinted smilingly, that the next administration did not promise to be very long-lived; and one asked him to dinner, and the other to spend a week at his country seat. And amidst these congratulations at the stroke that left him penniless, the distinguished pamphleteer left the room. How he cursed big John Burley!

CHAPTER XVII.

It was past midnight when Audley Egerton summoned Randal. The statesman was then alone, seated before his great desk, with its manifold compartments, and engaged on the task of transferring various papers and letters, some to the waste-basket, some to the flames, some to two great iron chests with patent locks that stood open-mouthed, at his feet. Strong, stern, and grim they looked, silently receiving the relics of power departed; strong, stern, and grim as the grave. Audley lifted his eyes at Randal's entrance, signed to him to take a chair, continued his task for a few moments, and then turning round, as if with an effort he plucked himself from his master passion—Public Life—he said, with deliberate tones—

"I know not, Randal Leslie, whether you thought me needlessly cautious, or wantonly unkind, when I told you never to expect from me more than such advance to your career as my then position could effect—never to expect from my liberality in life, nor from my testament in death—an addition to your private fortunes. I see by your gesture what would be your reply, and I thank you for it. I now tell you, as yet in confidence, though before long it can be no secret to the world, that my pecuniary affairs have been so neglected by me, in my devotion to those of the state, that I am somewhat like the man who portioned out his capital at so much a day, calculating to live just long enough to make it last. Unfortunately he lived too long." Audley smiled—but the smile was cold as a sunbeam upon ice—and went on with the same firm, unfaltering accents: "The prospects that face me I am prepared for; they do not take me by surprise. I knew long since how this would end, if

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I survived the loss of office. I knew it before you came to me, and therefore I spoke to you as I did, judging it manful and right to guard you against hopes which you might otherwise have naturally entertained. On this head I need say no more. It may excite your surprise, possibly your blame, that I, esteemed methodical and practical enough in the affairs of the state, should be so imprudent as to my own."

"Oh, sir! you owe no account to me."

"To you, at least, as much as to any one. I am a solitary man; my few relations need nothing from me. I had a right to spend what I possessed as I pleased, and if I have spent it recklessly as regards myself, I have not spent it ill in its effect on others. It has been my object for many years to have no *Private Life*—to dispense with its sorrows, joys, affection; and as to its duties, they did not exist for me. I have said." Mechanically, as he ended, the minister's hand closed the lid of one of the iron boxes, and on the closed lid he rested his firm foot. "But now," he resumed, "I have failed to advance your career. True, I warned you that you drew into a lottery; but you had more chance of a prize than a blank. A blank, however, it has turned out, and the question becomes grave—What are you to do?"

Here, seeing that Egerton came to a full pause, Randal answered readily:

"Still, sir, to go by your advice."

"My advice," said Audley, with a softened look, "would perhaps be rude and unpalatable. I would rather place before you an option. On the one hand, recommence life again. I told you that I would keep your name on your college books. You can return—you can take your degree—after that, you can go to the bar—you have just the talents calculated to succeed in that profession. Success will be slow, it is true; but, with perseverance, it will be sure. And, believe me, Leslie, Ambition is only sweet while it is but the loftier name for Hope. Who would care for a fox's brush, if it had not been rendered a prize by the excitement of the chase?"

"Oxford—again! It is a long step back in life," said Randal, drearily, and little heeding Egerton's unusual indulgence of illustration. "A long step back—and to what? To a profession in which one never begins to rise till one's hair is gray! Besides, how live in the mean while?"

"Do not let that thought disturb you. The modest income that suffices for a student at the bar, I trust, at least, to insure you from the wrecks of my fortune."

"Ah, sir, I would not burthen you further. What right have I to such kindness, save my name of Leslie?" And in spite of himself, as Randal concluded, a tone of bitterness, that betrayed reproach, broke forth. Egerton was too much the man of the world not to comprehend the reproach, and not to pardon it.

"Certainly," he answered, calmly, "as a Leslie you are entitled to my consideration, and would have been entitled perhaps to more, had I not so explicitly warned you to the contrary But the bar does not seem to please you?"

"What is the alternative, sir? Let me decide when I hear it," answered Randal, sullenly He began to lose respect for the man who owned he could do so little for him, and who evidently recommended him to shift for himself.

If one could have pierced into Egerton's gloomy heart as he noted the young man's change of tone, it may be a doubt whether one would have seen there, pain or pleasure—pain, for merely from the force of habit he had begun to like Randal—or pleasure, at the thought that he might have reason to withdraw that liking. So lone and stoical had grown the man who had made it his object to have no private life. Revealing, however, neither pleasure or pain, but with the composed calmness of a judge upon the bench, Egerton replied:

"The alternative is, to continue in the course you have begun, and still to rely on me."

"Sir, my dear Mr. Egerton," exclaimed Randal, regaining all his usual tenderness of look and voice, "rely on you! But that is all I ask! Only—"

"Only, you would say, I am going out of power, and you don't see the chance of my return?"

"I did not mean that."

"Permit me to suppose that you did; very true; but the party I belong to is as sure of return as the pendulum of that clock is sure to obey the mechanism that moves it from left to right. Our successors profess to come in upon a popular question. All administrations who do that are necessarily short-lived. Either they do not go far enough to please present supporters, or they go so far as to arm new enemies in the rivals who outbid them with the people. 'Tis the history of all revolutions, and of all reforms Our own administration in reality is destroyed for having passed what was called a popular measure a year ago, which lost us half our friends, and refusing to propose another popular measure this year, in the which we are outstripped by the men who hallooed us on the last. Therefore, whatever our successors do, we shall, by the law of reaction, have another experiment of power afforded to ourselves. It is but a question of time; you can wait for it; whether I can is uncertain. But if I die before that day arrives, I have influence enough still left with those who will come in, to obtain a promise of a better provision for you than that which you have lost. The promises of public men are proverbially uncertain. But I shall intrust your cause to a man who never failed a friend, and whose rank will enable him to see that justice is done to you—I speak of Lord L'Estrange."

"Oh, not him; he is unjust to me; he dislikes me; he—"

"May dislike you (he has his whims), but he loves me; and though for no other human being but you would I ask Harley L'Estrange a favor

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yet for *you* I will," said Egerton, betraying, for the first time in that dialogue, a visible emotion —"for you, a Leslie, a kinsman, however remote, to the wife, from whom I received my fortune! And despite all my cautions, it is possible that in wasting that fortune I may have wronged you. Enough: You have now before you the two options, much as you had at first; but you have at present more experience to aid you in your choice. You are a man, and with more brains than most men; think over it well, and decide for yourself. Now to bed, and postpone thought till the morrow. Poor Randal, you look pale!"

Audley, as he said the last words, put his hand on Randal's shoulder, almost with a father's gentleness; and then suddenly drawing himself up, as the hard inflexible expression, stamped on that face by years, returned, he moved away and resettled to Public Life and the iron-box.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY the next day Randal Leslie was in the luxurious business-room of Baron Levy. How unlike the cold Doric simplicity of the statesman's library! Axminster carpets three inches thick, *portières à la Française* before the doors; Parisian bronzes on the chimney-piece; and all the receptacles that lined the room, and contained title-deeds, and post-obits, and bills, and promises to pay, and lawyer-like japan boxes, with many a noble name written thereon in large white capitals—"making ruin pompous"—all these sepulchres of departed patrimonies veneered in rosewood that gleamed with French polish, and blazed with ormolu. There was a coquetry, an air of *petit maître*, so diffused over the whole room, that you could not for the life of you recollect that you were with a usurer. Plutus wore the aspect of his enemy Cupid, and how realize your idea of Harpagon in that Baron, with his easy French "*Mon cher*," and his white warm hands that pressed yours so genially, and his dress so exquisite, even at the earliest morn? No man ever yet saw that Baron in a dressing-gown and slippers? As one fancies some feudal baron of old (not half so terrible) everlastingly clad in mail, so all one's notions of this grand marauder of civilization were inseparably associated with varnished boots, and a camelia in the button-hole.

"And this is all that he does for you! cried the Baron, pressing together the points of his ten taper fingers. "Had he but let you conclude your career at Oxford, I have heard enough of your scholarship to know that you would have taken high honors—been secure of a fellowship —have betaken yourself with content to a slow and laborious profession—and prepared yourself to die on the woolsack."

"He proposes to me now to return to Oxford," said Randal. "It is not too late!"

"Yes it is," said the Baron. "Neither individuals nor nations ever go back of their own accord. There must be an earthquake before a river recedes to its source."

"You speak well," answered Randal, "and I cannot gainsay you. But now!"

Ah, the *now* is the grand question in life—the *then* is obsolete, gone by—out of fashion; and *now*, *mon cher*, you come to ask my advice."

"No, Baron; I come to ask your explanation."

"Of what?"

"I want to know why you spoke to me of Mr. Egerton's ruin; why you spoke to me of the lands to be sold by Mr. Thornhill; and why you spoke to me of Count Peschiera. You touched on each of these points within ten minutes—you omitted to indicate what link can connect them."

"By Jove," said the Baron, rising, and with more admiration in his face than you could have conceived that face so smiling and so cynical could exhibit—"by Jove, Randal Leslie, but your shrewdness is wonderful. You really are the first young man of your day; and I will 'help you,' as I helped Audley Egerton. Perhaps you will be more grateful."

Randal thought of Egerton's ruin. The parallel implied by the Baron did not suggest to him the rare enthusiasm of gratitude. However, he merely said, "Pray, proceed—I listen to you with interest."

"As for politics, then," said the Baron, "we will discuss that topic later. I am waiting myself to see how these new men get on. The first consideration is for your private fortunes. You should buy this ancient Leslie property—Rood and Dulmansberry—only £20,000 down; the rest may remain on mortgage forever—or at least till I find you a rich wife—as, in fact, I did for Egerton. Thornhill wants the twenty thousand now —wants them very much."

"And where," said Randal, with an iron smile, "are the £20,000 you ascribe to me to come from?"

"Ten thousand shall come to you the day Count Peschiera marries the daughter of his kinsman with your help and aid—the remaining ten thousand I will lend you. No scruple—I shall hazard nothing—the estates will bear that additional burden. What say you—shall it be so?"

"Ten thousand pounds from Count Peschiera!" said Randal, breathing hard. "You can not be serious? Such a sum—for what?—for a mere piece of information? How otherwise can I aid him? There must be a trick and deception intended here."

"My dear fellow," answered Levy, "I will give you a hint. There is such a thing in life as being over suspicious. If you have a fault, it is that. The information you allude to is, of course, the first assistance you are to give. Perhaps more may be needed—perhaps not. Of that you will judge yourself, since the £10,000 are contingent on the marriage aforesaid."

"Over suspicious or not," answered Randal, "the amount of the sum is too improbable, and the security too bad, for me to listen to this proposition, even if I could descend to—"

"Stop, *mon cher*. Business first—scruples afterward. The security, too, bad—what security?"

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"The word of Count di Peschiera."

"He has nothing to do with it—he need know nothing about it. 'Tis my word you doubt. I am your security."

Randal thought of that dry witticism in Gibbon, "Abu Rafe says he will be witness for this fact, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?" but he remained silent, only, fixing on Levy those dark, observant eyes, with their contracted, wary pupils.

"The fact is simply this," resumed Levy: "Count di Peschiera has promised to pay his sister a dowry of £20,000, in case he has the money to spare. He can only have it to spare by the marriage we are discussing. On my part, as I manage his affairs in England for him, I have promised that, for the said sum of £20,000, I will guarantee the expenses in the way of that marriage, and settle with Madame di Negra. Now, though Peschiera is a very liberal, warm-hearted fellow, I don't say that he would have named so large a sum for his sister's dowry, if, in strict truth, he did not owe it to her. It is the amount of her own fortune, which, by some arrangements with her late husband not exactly legal, he possessed himself of. If Madame di Negra went to law with him for it, she could get it back. I have explained this to him; and, in short, you now understand why the sum is thus assessed. But I have bought up Madame di Negra's debts. I have bought up young Hazeldean's (for we must make a match between these two a part of our arrangements). I shall present to Peschiera, and to these excellent young persons, an account that will absorb the whole £20,000. That sum will come into my hands. If I settle the claims against them for half the money, which, making myself the sole creditor, I have the right to do, the moiety will remain. And if I choose to give it to you, in return for the services which provide Peschiera with a princely fortune—discharge the debts of his sister—and secure her a husband in my promising young client, Mr. Hazeldean, that is my look-out—all parties are satisfied, and no one need ever be the wiser. The sum is large, no doubt; it answers to me to give it to you; does it answer to you to receive it?"

Randal was greatly agitated; but, vile as he was, and systematically as in thought he had brought himself to regard others merely as they could be made subservient to his own interest, still, with all who have not hardened themselves in actual crime, there is a wide distinction between the thought and the act; and though, in the exercise of ingenuity and cunning, he would have had few scruples in that moral swindling which is mildly called "outwitting another," yet thus nakedly and openly to accept a bribe for a deed of treachery toward the poor Italian who had so generously trusted him—he recoiled. He was nerving himself to refuse, when Levy, opening his pocket-book, glanced over the memoranda therein, and said, as to himself, "Rood Manor—Dulmansberry, sold to the Thornhills by Sir Gilbert Leslie, knight of the shire; estimated present net rental £2250, 7s. It is the greatest bargain I ever knew. And with this estate in hand, and your talents, Leslie, I don't see why you should not rise higher than Audley Egerton. He was poorer than you once!"

The old Leslie lands—a positive stake in the country—the restoration of the fallen family; and, on the other hand, either long drudgery at the bar—a scanty allowance on Egerton's bounty—his sister wasting her youth at slovenly, dismal Rood—Oliver debased into a boor!—or a mendicant's dependence on the contemptuous pity of Harley L'Estrange—Harley who had refused his hand to him—Harley who perhaps would become the husband of Violante! Rage seized him as these contrasting pictures rose before his view. He walked to and fro in disorder, striving to re-collect his thoughts, and reduce himself from the passions of the human heart into the mere mechanism of calculating intellect. "I can not conceive," said he, abruptly, "why you should tempt me thus—what interest is it to you?"

Baron Levy smiled, and put up his pocket-book. He saw from that moment that the victory was gained.

"My dear boy," said he, with the most agreeable *bonhomie*, "it is very natural that you should think a man would have a personal interest in whatever he does for another. I believe that view of human nature is called utilitarian philosophy, and is much in fashion at present. Let me try and explain to you. In this affair I shan't injure myself. True, you will say, if I settle claims, which amount to £20,000, for £10,000, I might put the surplus into my own pocket instead of yours. Agreed. But I shall not get the £20,000, nor repay myself Madame di Negra's debts (whatever I may do as to Hazeldean's), unless the Count gets this heiress You can help in this. I want you; and I don't think I could get you by a less offer than I make I shall soon pay myself back the £10,000 if the Count gets hold of the lady and her fortune Brief—I see my way here to my own interests Do you want more reasons—you shall have them. I am now a very rich man. How have I become so? Through attaching myself from the first to persons of expectations, whether from fortune or talent. I have made connections in society, and society has enriched me. I have still a passion for making money. *Que voulez vous?* It is my profession, my hobby. It will be useful to me in a thousand ways, to secure as a friend a young man who will have influence with other young men, heirs to something better than Rood Hall. You may succeed in public life. A man in public life may attain to the knowledge of state secrets that are very profitable to one who dabbles a little in the Funds. We can perhaps hereafter do business together that may put yourself in a way of clearing off all mortgages on these estates—on the encumbered possession of which I shall soon congratulate you. You see I am frank; 'tis the only way of coming to the point with so clever

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a fellow as you. And now, since the less we rake up the mud in the pond from which we have resolved to drink, the better, let us dismiss all other thoughts but that of securing our end. Will you tell Peschiera where the young lady is, or shall I? Better do it yourself; reason enough for it, that he has confided to you his hope, and asked you to help him; why should not you? Not a word to him about our little arrangement; he need never know it. You need never be troubled." Levy rang the bell: "Order my carriage round."

Randal made no objection. He was deathlike pale, but there was a sinister expression of firmness on his thin bloodless lips.

"The next point," Levy resumed, "is to hasten the match between Frank and the fair widow. How does that stand?"

"She will not see me, nor receive him."

"Oh, learn why! And if you find on either side there is a hitch, just let me know; I will soon remove it."

"Has Hazeldean consented to the post-obit?"

"Not yet; I have not pressed it; I wait the right moment, if necessary."

"It will be necessary."

"Ah, you wish it. It shall be so."

Randal Leslie again paced the room, and after a silent self-commune, came up close to the Baron, and said,

"Look you, sir, I am poor and ambitious; you have tempted me at the right moment, and with the right inducement. I succumb. But what guarantee have I that this money will be paid—these estates made mine upon the condition stipulated?"

"Before any thing is settled," replied the Baron, "go and ask my character of any of our young friends, Borrowell, Spendquick—whom you please; you will hear me abused, of course; but they will all say this of me, that when I pass my word I keep it; if I say, '*Mon cher*, you shall have the money,' a man has it; if I say, 'I renew your bill for six months,' it is renewed. 'Tis my way of doing business. In all cases my word is my bond. In this case, where no writing can pass between us, my only bond must be my word. Go, then, make your mind clear as to your security, and come here and dine at eight. We will call on Peschiera afterward."

"Yes," said Randal, "I will at all events take the day to consider. Meanwhile I say this, I do not disguise from myself the nature of the proposed transaction, but what I have once resolved I go through with. My sole vindication to myself is, that if I play here with a false die, it will be for a stake so grand, as, once won, the magnitude of the prize will cancel the ignominy of the play. It is not this sum of money for which I sell myself—it is for what that sum will aid me to achieve. And in the marriage of young Hazeldean with the Italian woman, I have another, and it may be a large interest. I have slept on it lately—I wake to it now. Insure that marriage, obtain the post-obit from Hazeldean, and whatever the issue of the more direct scheme for which you seek my services, rely on my gratitude, and believe that you will have put me in the way to render gratitude of avail. At eight I will be with you."

Randal left the room.

The Baron sat thoughtful. "It is true," said he to himself, "this young man is the next of kin to the Hazeldean estate, if Frank displease his father sufficiently to lose his inheritance; that must be the clever boy's design. Well, in the long-run, I should make as much, or more, out of him than out of the spendthrift Frank. Frank's faults are those of youth. He will reform and retrench. But *this* man! No, I shall have *him* for life. And should he fail in this project, and have but this encumbered property—a landed proprietor mortgaged up to his ears—why, he is my slave, and I can foreclose when I wish, or if he prove useless;—no, I risk nothing. And if I did—if I lost ten thousand pounds—what then? I can afford it for revenge!—afford it for the luxury of leaving Audley Egerton alone with penury and ruin, deserted, in his hour of need, by the pensioner of his bounty—as he will be by the last friend of his youth—when it so pleases me—me whom he has called 'scoundrel!' and whom he—"

Levy's soliloquy halted there, for the servant entered to announce the carriage. And the Baron hurried his hand over his features, as if to sweep away all trace of the passions that distorted their smiling effrontery. And so, as he took up his cane and gloves, and glanced at the glass, the face of the fashionable usurer was once more as varnished as his boots.

CHAPTER XIX.

When a clever man resolves on a villainous action, he hastens, by the exercise of his cleverness, to get rid of the sense of his villainy. With more than his usual alertness, Randal employed the next hour or two in ascertaining how far Baron Levy merited the character he boasted, and how far his word might be his bond. He repaired to young men whom he esteemed better judges on these points than Spendquick and Borrowell—young men who resembled the Merry Monarch, inasmuch as

"They never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

There are many such young men about town—sharp and able in all affairs except their own. No one knows the world better, nor judges of character more truly, than your half-beggared *roué*. From all these, Baron Levy obtained much the same testimonials: he was ridiculed as a would-be dandy, but respected as a very responsible man of business, and rather liked as a friendly accommodating species of the Sir Epicure Mammon, who very often did what were thought handsome, liberal things; and, "in short," said one of these experienced referees, "he is the best fellow going—for a money-lender! You may always rely on what he promises, and he is gen-

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erally very forbearing and indulgent to *us* of good society! perhaps for the same reason that our tailors are;—to send one of us to prison would hurt his custom. His foible is to be thought a gentleman. I believe, much as I suppose he loves money, he would give up half his fortune rather than do any thing for which we could cut him. He allows a pension of three hundred a year to Lord S——. True; he was his man of business for twenty years, and, before then, S—— was rather a prudent fellow, and had fifteen thousand a year. He has helped on, too, many a clever young man;—the best boroughmonger you ever knew. He likes having friends in Parliament. In fact, of course he is a rogue; but if one wants a rogue, one can't find a pleasanter. I should like to see him on the French stage—a prosperous *Macaire;* Le Maître could hit him off to the life."

From information in these more fashionable quarters, gleaned with his usual tact, Randal turned to a source less elevated, but to which he attached more importance. Dick Avenel associated with the Baron—Dick Avenel must be in his clutches. Now Randal did justice to that gentleman's practical shrewdness. Moreover, Avenel was by profession a man of business. He must know more of Levy than these men of pleasure could; and, as he was a plain-spoken person, and evidently honest, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, Randal did not doubt that out of Dick Avenel he should get the truth.

On arriving in Eton-square, and asking for Mr. Avenel, Randal was at once ushered into the drawing-room. The apartment was not in such good solid mercantile taste as had characterized Avenel's more humble bachelor's residence at Screwstown. The taste now was the Honorable Mrs. Avenel's; and, truth to say, no taste could be worse. Furniture of all epochs heterogeneously clumped together;—here a sofa *à la renaissance* in *Gobelin*—there a rosewood Console from Gillow—a tall mock-Elizabethan chair in black oak, by the side of a modern Florentine table of mosaic marbles. All kinds of colors in the room, and all at war with each other. Very bad copies of the best-known pictures in the world, in the most gaudy frames, and impudently labeled by the names of their murdered originals—"Raffaele," "Corregio," "Titian," "Sebastian del Piombo." Nevertheless, there had been plenty of money spent, and there was plenty to show for it. Mrs. Avenel was seated on her sofa *à la renaissance*, with one of her children at her feet, who was employed in reading a new Annual in crimson silk binding. Mrs. Avenel was in an attitude as if sitting for her portrait.

Polite society is most capricious in its adoptions or rejections. You see many a very vulgar person firmly established in the *beau monde;* others, with very good pretensions as to birth, fortune, &c., either rigorously excluded, or only permitted a peep over the pales. The Honorable Mrs. Avenel belonged to families unquestionably noble both by her own descent and by her first marriage; and if poverty had kept her down in her earlier career, she now, at least, did not want wealth to back her pretensions. Nevertheless, all the dispensers of fashion concurred in refusing their support to the Honorable Mrs. Avenel. One might suppose it was solely on account of her plebeian husband; but indeed it was not so. Many a woman of high family can marry a low-born man not so presentable as Avenel, and, by the help of his money, get the fine world at her feet. But Mrs. Avenel had not that art. She was still a very handsome, showy woman; and as for dress, no duchess could be more extravagant. Yet these very circumstances had perhaps gone against her ambition; for your quiet, little plain woman, provoking no envy, slips into the *coteries*, when a handsome, flaunting lady—whom, once seen in your drawing-room, can be no more overlooked than a scarlet poppy amidst a violet bed—is pretty sure to be weeded out as ruthlessly as a poppy would be in a similar position.

Mr. Avenel was sitting by the fire, rather moodily, his hands in his pockets, and whistling to himself. To say truth, that active mind of his was very much bored in London, at least during the forepart of the day. He hailed Randal's entrance with a smile of relief, and rising and posting himself before the fire—a coat tail under each arm—he scarcely allowed Randal to shake hands with Mrs. Avenel, and pat the child on the head, murmuring, "Beautiful creature." (Randal was ever civil to children—that sort of wolf in sheep's clothing always is—don't be taken in, O you foolish young mothers!) Dick, I say, scarcely allowed his visitor these preliminary courtesies, before he plunged far beyond depth of both wife and child, into the political ocean "Things now were coming right—a vile oligarchy was to be destroyed. British respectability and British talent were to have fair play." To have heard him you would have thought the day fixed for the millennium! "And what is more," said Avenel, bringing down the fist of his right hand upon the palm of his left, "if there is to be a new parliament, we must have new men—not worn out old brooms that never sweep clean, but men who understand how to govern the country, sir. I INTEND TO COME IN MYSELF!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Avenel, hooking in a word at last, "I am sure, Mr. Leslie, you will think I did right. I persuaded Mr. Avenel that, with his talents and property, he ought, for the sake of his country, to make a sacrifice; and then you know his opinions now are all the fashion, Mr. Leslie: formerly they would have been called shocking and—vulgar."

Thus saying she looked with fond pride at Dick's comely face, which at that moment, however, was all scowl and frown. I must do justice to Mrs. Avenel; she was a weak silly woman in some things, and a cunning one in others, but she was a good wife as wives go. Scotch women generally are.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.—A Morning Adventure.

ALTHOUGH the morning was raw, and although the fog still seemed heavy—I say, seemed, for the windows were so encrusted with dirt, that they would have made Midsummer sunshine dim—I was sufficiently forewarned of the discomfort within doors at that early hour, and sufficiently curious about London. to think it a good idea on the part of Miss Jellyby when she proposed that we should go out for a walk.

"Ma won't be down for ever so long," she said, "and then it's a chance if breakfast's ready for an hour afterward, they dawdle so. As to Pa, he gets what he can, and goes to the office. He never has what you would call a regular breakfast. Priscilla leaves him out the loaf and some milk, when there is any, over night. Sometimes there isn't any milk, and sometimes the cat drinks it. But I'm afraid you must be tired, Miss Summerson; and perhaps you would rather go to bed."

"I am not at all tired, my dear," said I, "and would much prefer to go out."

"If you're sure you would," returned Miss Jellyby, "I'll get my things on."

Ada said she would go, too, and was soon astir. I made a proposal to Peepy, in default of being able to do any thing better for him, that he should let me wash him, and afterward lay him down on my bed again. To this he submitted with the best grace possible; staring at me during the whole operation, as if he never had been, and never could again be so astonished in his life—looking very miserable also, certainly, but making no complaint, and going snugly to sleep as soon as it was over. At first I was in two minds about taking such a liberty, but I soon reflected that nobody in the house was likely to notice it.

What with the bustle of dispatching Peepy, and the bustle of getting myself ready, and helping Ada, I was soon quite in a glow. We found Miss Jellyby trying to warm herself at the fire in the writing-room, which Priscilla was then lighting with a smutty parlor candlestick—throwing the candle in to make it burn better. Every thing was just as we had left it last night, and was evidently intended to remain so. Below stairs the dinner-cloth had not been taken away, but had been left ready for breakfast. Crumbs, dust, and waste paper were all over the house. Some pewter-pots and a milk-can hung on the area railings; the door stood open; and we met the cook round the corner coming out of a public house, wiping her mouth. She mentioned, as she passed us, that she had just been to see what o'clock it was.

But before we met the cook, we met Richard, who was dancing up and down Thavies Inn to warm his feet. He was agreeably surprised to see us stirring so soon, and said he would gladly share our walk. So he took care of Ada, and Miss Jellyby and I went first. may mention that Miss Jellyby had relapsed into her sulky manner, and that I really should not have thought she liked me much, unless she had told me so.

"Where would you wish to go?" she asked.

"Any where, my dear," I replied.

"Any where's nowhere," said Miss Jellyby, stopping perversely.

"Let us go somewhere at any rate," said I.

She then walked me on very fast.

"I don't care!" she said. "Now, you are my witness, Miss Summerson, I say I don't care—but if he was to come to our house, with his great, shining, lumpy forehead, night after night till he was as old as Methuselah, I wouldn't have any thing to say to him. Such Asses as he and Ma make of themselves!"

"My dear!" I remonstrated, in allusion to the epithet, and the vigorous emphasis Miss Jellyby set upon it. "Your duty as a child—"

"O! don't talk of duty as a child, Miss Summerson; where's Ma's duty as a parent? All made over to the public and Africa, I suppose! Then let the public and Africa show duty as a child; it's much more their affair than mine. You are shocked, I dare say! Very well, so am I shocked, too; so we are both shocked, and there's an end of it!"

She walked me on faster yet.

"But for all that, I say again, he may come, and come, and come, and I won't have any thing to say to him. I can't bear him. If there's any stuff in the world that I hate and detest, it's the stuff he and Ma talk. I wonder the very paving stones opposite our house can have the patience to stay there, and be a witness of such inconsistencies and contradictions as all that sounding nonsense, and Ma's management!"

I could not but understand her to refer to Mr. Quale, the young gentleman who had appeared after dinner yesterday. I was saved the disagreeable necessity of pursuing the subject, by Richard and Ada coming up at a round pace, laughing, and asking us if we meant to run a race? Thus interrupted, Miss Jellyby became silent, and walked moodily on at my side; while I admired the long successions and varieties of streets, the quantity of people already going to and fro, the number of vehicles passing and repassing, the busy preparations in the setting forth of shop windows and the sweeping out of shops, and the extraordinary creatures in rags, secretly groping among the swept-out rubbish for pins and other refuse.

"So, cousin," said the cheerful voice of Richard to Ada, behind me. "We are never to get out of Chancery! We have come by another way to our place of meeting yesterday, and—by the Great Seal, here's the old lady again!"

Truly, there she was, immediately in front of us, courtesying and smiling, and saying, with her yesterday's air of patronage:

"The wards in Jarndyce! Ve-ry happy, I am sure!"

* Continued from the April Number.

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"You are out early, ma'am," said I, as she courtesied to me.

"Ye-es! I usually walk here early. Before the Court sits. It's retired. I collect my thoughts here for the business of the day," said the old lady, mincingly. "The business of the day requires a great deal of thought. Chancery justice is so ve-ry difficult to follow."

"Who's this, Miss Summerson?" whispered Miss Jellyby, drawing my arm tighter through her own.

The little old lady's hearing was remarkably quick. She answered for herself directly.

"A suitor, my child. At your service. I have the honor to attend court regularly. With my documents. Have I the pleasure of addressing another of the youthful parties in Jarndyce?" said the old lady, recovering herself, with her head on one side, from a very low courtesy.

Richard, anxious to atone for his thoughtlessness of yesterday, good-naturedly explained that Miss Jellyby was not connected with the suit.

"Ha!" said the old lady. "She does not expect a judgment? She will still grow old. But not so old. O dear, no! This is the garden of Lincoln's Inn. I call it my garden. It is quite a bower in the summer-time. Where the birds sing melodiously. I pass the greater part of the long vacation here. In contemplation. You find the long vacation exceedingly long, don't you?"

We said yes, as she seemed to expect us to say so.

"When the leaves are falling from the trees, and there are no more flowers in bloom to make up into nosegays for the Lord Chancellor's court," said the old lady, "the vacation is fulfilled; and the Sixth Seal, mentioned in the Revelations, again prevails. Pray come and see my lodging. It will be a good omen for me. Youth, and hope, and beauty are very seldom there. It is a long, long time since I had a visit from either."

She had taken my hand, and, leading me and Miss Jellyby away, beckoned Richard and Ada to come too. I did not know how to excuse myself, and looked to Richard for aid. As he was half amused and half curious, and all in doubt how to get rid of the old lady without offense, she continued to lead us away, and he and Ada continued to follow; our strange conductress informing us all the time, with much smiling condescension, that she lived close by.

It was quite true, as it soon appeared. She lived so close by, that we had not time to have done humoring her for a few moments, before she was at home. Slipping us out at a little side gate, the old lady stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn, and said, "This is my lodging. Pray walk up!"

She had stopped at a shop, over which was written, KROOK, RAG AND BOTTLE WAREHOUSE. Also, in long thin letters, KROOK, DEALER IN MARINE STORES. In one part of the window was a picture of a red paper mill, at which a cart was unloading a quantity of sacks of old rags. In another, was the inscription, BONES BOUGHT. In another, KITCHEN-STUFF BOUGHT. In another, OLD IRON BOUGHT. In another, WASTE PAPER BOUGHT. In another, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WARDROBES BOUGHT. Every thing seemed to be bought, and nothing to be sold there. In all parts of the window, were quantities of dirty bottles: blacking bottles, medicine bottles, ginger-beer and soda-water bottles, pickle bottles, wine bottles, ink bottles: I am reminded by mentioning the latter, that the shop had, in several little particulars, the air of being in a legal neighborhood, and of being, as it were, a dirty hanger-on and disowned relation of the law. There were a great many ink bottles. There was a little tottering bench of shabby old volumes, outside the door, labeled, "Law Books, all at 9*d*." Some of the inscriptions I have enumerated were written in law-hand, like the papers I had seen in Kenge and Carboy's office, and the letters I had so long received from the firm. Among them was one, in the same writing, having nothing to do with the business of the shop, but announcing that a respectable man aged forty-five wanted engrossing or copying to execute with neatness and dispatch: Address to Nemo, care of Mr. Krook within. There were several second-hand bags, blue and red, hanging up. A little way within the shop door, lay heaps of old crackled parchment scrolls, and discolored and dog's-eared law-papers. I could have fancied that all the rusty keys, of which there must have been hundreds huddled together as old iron, had once belonged to doors of rooms or strong chests in lawyers' offices. The litter of rags tumbled partly into and partly out of a one-legged wooden scale, hanging without any counterpoise from a beam, might have been counselors' bands and gowns torn up. One had only to fancy, as Richard whispered to Ada and me while we all stood looking in, that yonder bones in a corner, piled together and picked very clean, were the bones of clients, to make the picture complete.

As it was still foggy and dark, and as the shop was blinded besides by the wall of Lincoln's Inn intercepting the light within a couple of yards, we should not have seen so much but for a lighted lantern that an old man in spectacles and a hairy cap was carrying about in the shop. Turning toward the door, he now caught sight of us. He was short, cadaverous, and withered; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His throat, chin, and eyebrows, were so frosted with white hairs, and so gnarled with veins and puckered skin, that he looked, from his breast upward, like some old root in a fall of snow.

"Hi, hi!" said the old man, coming to the door. "Have you any thing to sell?"

We naturally drew back and glanced at our conductress, who had been trying to open the house door with a key she had taken from her pocket, and to whom Richard now said, that, as we had had the pleasure of seeing where she

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lived, we would leave her, being pressed for time. But she was not to be so easily left. She became so fantastically and pressingly earnest in her entreaties that we would walk up, and see her apartment for an instant; and was so bent, in her harmless way, on leading me in, as part of the good omen she desired; that I (whatever the others might do) saw nothing for it but to comply. I suppose we were all more or less curious;—at any rate, when the old man added his persuasions to hers, and said, "Ay, ay! Please her! It won't take a minute! Come in, come in! Come in through the shop, if t'other door's out of order!" we all went in, stimulated by Richard's laughing encouragement, and relying on his protection.

"My landlord, Krook!" said the little old lady, condescending to him from her lofty station, as she presented him to us. "He is called among the neighbors the Lord Chancellor. His shop is called the Court of Chancery. He is a very eccentric person. He is very odd. Oh, I assure you he is very odd!"

She shook her head a great many times, and tapped her forehead with her finger, to express to us that we must have the goodness to excuse him, "For he is a little—you know!—M—!" said the old lady, with great stateliness. The old man overheard, and laughed.

"It's true enough," he said, going before us with the lantern, "that they call me the Lord Chancellor, and call my shop Chancery. And why do you think they call me the Lord Chancellor, and my shop Chancery?"

"I don't know, I am sure!" said Richard, rather carelessly.

"You see," said the old man, stopping and turning round, "they—Hi! Here's lovely hair! I have got three sacks of ladies' hair below, but none so beautiful and fine as this. What color, and what texture!"

"That'll do, my good friend!" said Richard, strongly disapproving of his having drawn one of Ada's tresses through his yellow hand. "You can admire as the rest of us do, without taking that liberty."

The old man darted at him a sudden look, which even called my attention from Ada, who, startled and blushing, was so remarkably beautiful that she seemed to fix the wondering attention of the little old lady herself. But as Ada interposed, and laughingly said she could only feel proud of such genuine admiration, Mr. Krook shrunk into his former self as suddenly as he had leaped out of it.

"You see I have so many things here," he resumed, holding up the lantern, "of so many kinds, and all, as the neighbors think (but *they* know nothing), wasting away and going to ruck and ruin, that that's why they have given me and my place a christening. And I have so many old parchmentses and papers in my stock. And I have a liking for rust and must and cobwebs. And all's fish that comes to my net. And I can't abear to part with any thing I once lay hold of (or so my neighbors think, but what do *they* know?) or to alter any thing, or to have any sweeping, nor scouring, nor cleaning, nor repairing going on about me. That's the way I've got the ill name of Chancery. *I* don't mind. I go to see my noble and learned brother pretty well every day, when he sits in the Inn. He don't notice me, but I notice him. There's no great odds betwixt us. We both grub on in a muddle. Hi, Lady Jane!"

A large gray cat leaped from some neighboring shelf on his shoulder, and startled us all.

"Hi! Show 'em how you can scratch. Hi! Tear, my lady!" said her master.

The cat leaped down, and ripped at a bundle of rags with her tigerish claws, with a sound that it set my teeth on edge to hear.

"She'd do as much for any one I was to set her on," said the old man. "I deal in cat-skins among other general matters, and hers was offered to me. It's a very fine skin, as you may see, but I didn't have it stripped off! *That* warn't like Chancery practice though, says you."

He had by this time led us across the shop, and now opened a door in the back part of it, leading to the house-entry. As he stood with his hand upon the lock, the old lady graciously observed to him before passing out:

"That will do, Krook. You mean well, but are tiresome. My young friends are pressed for time. I have none to spare myself, having to attend court very soon. My young friends are the wards in Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce!" said the old man, with a start.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce. The great suit, Krook," returned his lodger.

"Hi!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of thoughtful amazement, and with a wider stare than before. "Think of it!"

He seemed so rapt all in a moment, and looked so curiously at us, that Richard said:

"Why, you appear to trouble yourself a good deal about the causes before your noble and learned brother, the other Chancellor!"

"Yes," said the old man, abstractedly. "Sure! *Your* name now will be—"

"Richard Carstone."

"Carstone," he repeated, slowly checking off that name upon his forefinger; and each of the others he went on to mention, upon a separate finger. "Yes. There was the name of Barbary, and the name of Clare, and the name of Dedlock, too, I think."

"He knows as much of the cause as the real salaried Chancellor!" said Richard, quite astonished, to Ada and me.

"Ay!" said the old man, coming slowly out of his abstraction. "Yes! Tom Jarndyce—you'll excuse me, being related; but he was never known about court by any other name, and was as well known there, as—she is now;" nodding slightly at his lodger; "Tom Jarndyce was often in here. He got into a restless habit of strolling about when the cause was on, or expected, talking to the little shopkeepers, and telling 'em to

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keep out of Chancery, whatever they did. 'For,' says he, 'it's being ground to bits in a slow mill; it's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned by drops; it's going mad by grains.' He was as near making away with himself, just where the young lady stands, as near could be."

We listened with horror.

"He come in at the door," said the old man, slowly pointing an imaginary track along the shop, "on the day he did it—the whole neighborhood had said for months before, that he would do it, of a certainty, sooner or later—he come in at the door that day, and walked along there, and sat himself on a bench that stood there, and asked me (you'll judge I was a mortal sight younger then) to fetch him a pint of wine. 'For,' says he, 'Krook, I am much depressed; my cause is on again, and I think I'm nearer Judgment than I ever was.' I hadn't a mind to leave him alone; and I persuaded him to go to the tavern over the way there, t'other side my lane (I mean Chancery-lane); and I followed and looked in at the window, and saw him, comfortable as I thought, in the arm-chair by the fire, and company with him. I hadn't hardly got back here, when I heard a shot go echoing and rattling right away into the inn. I ran out—neighbors ran out—twenty of us cried at once, 'Tom Jarndyce!'"

The old man stopped, looked hard at us, looked down into the lantern, blew the light out, and shut the lantern up.

"We were right, I needn't tell the present hearers. Hi! To be sure, how the neighborhood poured into court that afternoon while the cause was on! How my noble and learned brother, and all the rest of 'em, grubbed and muddled away as usual, and tried to look as if they hadn't heard a word of the last fact in the case; or as if they had—O dear me! nothing at all to do with it, if they had heard of it by any chance!"

Ada's color had entirely left her, and Richard was scarcely less pale. Nor could I wonder, judging even from my emotions, and I was no party in the suit, that to hearts so untried and fresh, it was a shock to come into the inheritance of a protracted misery, attended in the minds of many people with such dreadful recollections. I had another uneasiness, in the application of the painful story to the poor half-witted creature who had brought us there; but, to my surprise, she seemed perfectly unconscious of that, and only led the way up-stairs again; informing us, with the toleration of a superior creature for the infirmities of a common mortal, that her landlord was "a little—M—, you know!"

She lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night: especially in the moonshine. Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed the scantiest necessaries in the way of furniture; a few old prints from books, of Chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall; and some half-dozen reticules and work-bags, "containing documents," as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing any where, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth; but all dry and empty. There was a more affecting meaning in her pinched appearance, I thought, as I looked round, than I had understood before.

"Extremely honored, I am sure," said our poor hostess, with the greatest suavity, "by this visit from the wards in Jarndyce. And very much indebted for the omen. It is a retired situation. Considering, I am limited as to situation. In consequence of the necessity of attending on the Chancellor. I have lived here many years. I pass my days in court; my evenings and my nights here. I find the nights long, for I sleep but little, and think much. That is, of course, unavoidable; being in Chancery. I am sorry I can not offer chocolate. I expect a judgment shortly, and shall then place my establishment on a superior footing. At present, I don't mind confessing to the wards in Jarndyce (in strict confidence), that I sometimes find it difficult to keep up a genteel appearance. I have felt the cold here. I have felt something sharper than cold. It matters very little. Pray excuse the introduction of such mean topics."

She partly drew aside the curtain of the long, low garret-window, and called our attention to a number of bird-cages hanging there: some, containing several birds. There were larks, linnets, and goldfinches—I should think at least twenty.

"I began to keep the little creatures," she said, "with an object that the wards will readily comprehend. With the intention of restoring them to liberty. When my judgment should be given. Ye-es! They die in prison, though. Their lives, poor silly things, are so short in comparison with Chancery proceedings, that, one by one, the whole collection has died over and over again. I doubt, do you know, whether one of these, though they are all young, will live to be free! Ve-ry mortifying, is it not?"

Although she sometimes asked a question, she never seemed to expect a reply; but rambled on as if she were in the habit of doing so, when no one but herself was present.

"Indeed," she pursued, "I positively doubt sometimes, I do assure you, whether while matters are still unsettled, and the sixth or Great Seal still prevails, *I* may not one day be found lying stark and senseless here, as I have found so many birds!"

Richard, answering what he saw in Ada's compassionate eyes, took the opportunity of laying some money, softly and unobserved, on the chimney-piece. We all drew nearer to the cages, feigning to examine the birds.

"I can't allow them to sing much," said the little old lady, "for (you'll think this curious) I

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and my mind confused by the idea that they are singing, while I am following the arguments in court. And my mind requires to be so very clear, you know! Another time, I'll tell you their names. Not at present. On a day of such good omen, they shall sing as much as they like. In honor of "youth," a smile and courtesy; "hope," a smile and courtesy; "and beauty," a smile and courtesy. "There! We'll let in the full light."

The birds began to stir and chirp.

"I can not admit the air freely," said the little old lady; the room was close, and would have been the better for it; "because the cat you saw down stairs—called Lady Jane—is greedy for their lives. She crouches on the parapet outside, for hours and hours. I have discovered," whispering mysteriously, "that her natural cruelty is sharpened by a jealous fear of their regaining their liberty. In consequence of the judgment I expect being shortly given. She is sly, and full of malice. I half believe, sometimes, that she is no cat, but the wolf of the old saying. It is so very difficult to keep her from the door."

Some neighboring bells reminding the poor soul that it was half-past nine, did more for us in the way of bringing our visit to an end, than we could easily have done for ourselves. She hurriedly took up her little bag of documents, which she had laid upon the table on coming in, and asked if we were also going into court? On our answering no, and that we would on no account detain her, she opened the door to attend us down stairs.

"With such an omen, it is even more necessary than usual that I should be there before the Chancellor comes in," said she, "for he might mention my case the first thing. I have a presentiment that he *will* mention it the first thing this morning."

She stopped to tell us, in a whisper, as we were going down, that the whole house was filled with strange lumber which her landlord had bought piecemeal, and had no wish to sell—in consequence of being a little—M—. This was on the first floor. But she had made a previous stoppage on the second floor, and had silently pointed at a dark door there.

"The only other lodger," she now whispered, in explanation; "a law-writer. The children in the lanes here say he has sold himself to the



THE LORD CHANCELLOR COPIES FROM MEMORY.

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devil. I don't know what he can have done with the money. Hush!"

She appeared to mistrust that the lodger might hear her, even there; and repeating "Hush!" went before us on tiptoe, as though even the sound of her footsteps might reveal to him what she had said.

Passing through the shop on our way out, as we had passed through it on our way in, we found the old man storing a quantity of packets of waste paper, in a kind of well in the floor. He seemed to be working hard, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, and had a piece of chalk by him; with which, as he put each separate package or bundle down, he made a crooked mark on the paneling of the wall.

Richard and Ada, and Miss Jellyby, and the little old lady had gone by him, and I was going, when he touched me on the arm to stay me, and chalked the letter *J* upon the wall—in a very curious manner, beginning with the end of the letter and shaping it backward. It was a capital letter, not a printed one, but just such a letter as any clerk in Messrs. Kenge and Carboy's office would have made.

"Can you read it?" he asked me, with a keen glance.

"Surely," said I. "It's very plain."

"What is it?"

"J."

With another glance at me, and a glance at the door, he rubbed it out, and turned an *a* in its place (not a capital letter this time), and said, "What's that?"

I told him. He then rubbed that out, and turned the letter *r*, and asked me the same question. He went on quickly, until he had formed, in the same curious manner, beginning at the ends and bottoms of the letters, the word JARNDYCE, without once leaving two letters on the wall together.

"What does that spell?" he asked me.

When I told him, he laughed. In the same odd way, yet with the same rapidity, he then produced singly, and rubbed out singly, the letters forming the words BLEAK HOUSE. These, in some astonishment, I also read; and he laughed again.

"Hi!" said the old man, laying aside the chalk, "I have a turn for copying from memory, you see, miss, though I can neither read nor write."

He looked so disagreeable, and his cat looked so wickedly at me, as if I were a blood-relation of the birds up-stairs, that I was quite relieved by Richard's appearing at the door and saying:

"Miss Summerson, I hope you are not bargaining for the sale of your hair. Don't be tempted. Three sacks below are quite enough for Mr. Krook!"

I lost no time in wishing Mr. Krook good-morning, and joining my friends outside, where we parted with the little old lady, who gave us her blessing with great ceremony, and renewed her assurance of yesterday in reference to her intention of settling estates on Ada and me. Before we finally turned out of those lanes, we looked back, and saw Mr. Krook standing at his shop-door, in his spectacles, looking after us, with his cat upon his shoulder, and her tail sticking up on one side of his hairy cap, like a tall feather.

"Quite an adventure for a morning in London!" said Richard, with a sigh. "Ah, cousin, cousin, it's a weary word this Chancery."

"It is to me, and has been ever since I can remember," returned Ada. "I am grieved that I should be the enemy—as I suppose I am—of a great number of relations and others; and that they should be my enemies—as I suppose they are; and that we should all be ruining one another, without knowing how or why, and be in constant doubt and discord all our lives. It seems very strange, as there must be right somewhere, that an honest judge in real earnest has not been able to find out through all these years where it is."

"Ah, cousin!" said Richard. "Strange, indeed! all this wasteful, wanton chess-playing is very strange. To see that composed Court yesterday jogging on so serenely, and to think of the wretchedness of the pieces on the board, gave me the headache and the heartache both together My head ached with wondering how it happened, if men were neither fools nor rascals; and my heart ached to think they could possibly be either. But at all events, Ada—I may call you Ada?"

"Of course you may, cousin Richard."

"At all events, Ada, Chancery will work none of its bad influence on *us*. We have happily been brought together, thanks to our good kinsman, and it can't divide us now!"

"Never, I hope, cousin Richard!" said Ada, gently.

Miss Jellyby gave my arm a squeeze, and me a very significant look. I smiled in return, and we made the rest of the way back very pleasantly.

In half an hour after our arrival, Mrs. Jellyby appeared; and in the course of an hour the various things necessary for breakfast straggled one by one into the dining-room. I do not doubt that Mrs. Jellyby had gone to bed, and got up in the usual manner, but she presented no appearance of having changed her dress. She was greatly occupied during breakfast; for the morning's post brought a heavy correspondence relative to Borrioboola-Gha, which would occasion her (she said) to pass a busy day. The children tumbled about, and notched memoranda of their accidents in their legs, which were perfect little calendars of distress; and Peepy was lost for an hour and a half, and brought home from Newgate market by a policeman. The equable manner in which Mrs. Jellyby sustained both his absence, and his restoration to the family circle, surprised us all.

She was by that time perseveringly dictating to Caddy, and Caddy was fast relapsing into the inky condition in which we had found her. At one o'clock an open carriage arrived for us, and a cart for our luggage. Mrs. Jellyby charged us with many remembrances to her good friend, Mr.

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Jarndyce; Caddy left her desk to see us depart, kissed me in the passage, and stood, biting her pen, and sobbing on the steps; Peepy, I am happy to say, was asleep, and spared the pain of separation (I was not without misgivings that he had gone to Newgate market in search of me); and all the other children got up behind the barouche and fell off, and we saw them, with great concern, scattered over the surface of Thavies Inn, as we rolled out of its precincts.

CHAPTER VI.—Quite at Home.

The day had brightened very much, and still brightened as we went westward. We went our way through the sunshine and the fresh air, wondering more and more at the extent of the streets, the brilliancy of the shops, the great traffic, and the crowds of people whom the pleasanter weather seemed to have brought out like many-colored flowers. By-and-by we began to leave the wonderful city, and to proceed through suburbs which, of themselves, would have made a pretty large town, in my eyes; and at last we got into a real country road again, with wind-mills, rick-yards, milestones, farmers' wagons, scents of old hay, swinging signs, and horse-troughs: trees, fields, and hedge-rows. It was delightful to see the green landscape before us, and the immense metropolis behind; and when a wagon with a train of beautiful horses, furnished with red trappings and clear-sounding bells, came by us with its music, I believe we could all three have sung to the bells, so cheerful were the influences around.

"The whole road has been reminding me of my namesake, Whittington," said Richard, "and that wagon is the finishing touch. Halloa! what's the matter?"

We had stopped, and the wagon had stopped, too. Its music changed as the horses came to a stand, and subsided to a gentle tinkling, except when a horse tossed his head, or shook himself, and sprinkled off a little shower of bell-ringing.

"Our postillion is looking after the wagoner," said Richard; "and the wagoner is coming back after us. Good-day, friend!" The wagoner was at our coach-door. "Why, here's an extraordinary thing!" added Richard, looking closely at the man. "He has got your name, Ada, in his hat!"

He had all our names in his hat. Tucked within the band, were three small notes; one, addressed to Ada; one, to Richard, one, to me. These the wagoner delivered to each of us respectively, reading the name aloud first. In answer to Richard's inquiry from whom they came, he briefly answered, "Master, sir, if you please;" and, putting on his hat again (which was like a soft bowl), cracked his whip, re-awakened his music, and went melodiously away.

"Is that Mr. Jarndyce's wagon?" said Richard, calling to our post-boy.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Going to London."

We opened the notes. Each was a counterpart of the other, and contained these words, in a solid, plain hand:

"I look forward, my dear, to our meeting easily, and without constraint on either side. I therefore have to propose that we meet as old friends, and take the past for granted. It will be a relief to you possibly, and to me certainly, and so my love to you. John Jarndyce."

I had, perhaps, less reason to be surprised than either of my companions, having never yet enjoyed an opportunity of thanking one who had been my benefactor and sole earthly dependence through so many years. I had not considered how I could thank him, my gratitude lying too deep in my heart for that; but I now began to consider how I could meet him without thanking him, and felt it would be very difficult indeed.

The notes revived, in Richard and Ada, a general impression that they both had, without quite knowing how they came by it, that their cousin, Jarndyce, could never bear acknowledgments for any kindness he performed, and that, sooner than receive any, he would resort to the most singular expedients and evasions, or would even run away. Ada dimly remembered to have heard her mother tell, when she was a very little child, that he had once done her an act of uncommon generosity, and that on her going to his house to thank him, he happened to see her through a window coming to the door, and immediately escaped by the back gate, and was not heard of for three months. This discourse led to a great deal more on the same theme, and indeed it lasted us all day, and we talked of scarcely any thing else. If we did, by any chance, diverge into another subject, we soon returned to this; and wondered what the house would be like, and when we should get there, and whether we should see Mr. Jarndyce as soon as we arrived, or after a delay, and what he would say to us, and what we should say to him. All of which we wondered about, over and over again.

The roads were very heavy for the horses, but the pathway was generally good; so we alighted and walked up all the hills, and liked it so well that we prolonged our walk on the level ground when we got to the top. At Barnet there were other horses waiting for us; but as they had only just been fed, we had to wait for them, too, and got a long fresh walk, over a common and an old battle-field, before the carriage came up. These delays so protracted the journey, that the short day was spent, and the long night had closed in, before we came to Saint Albans; near to which town Bleak House was, we knew.

By that time we were so anxious and nervous, that even Richard confessed, as we rattled over the stones of the old street, to feeling an irrational desire to drive back again. As to Ada and me, whom he had wrapped up with great care, the night being sharp and frosty, we trembled from head to foot. When we turned out of the town, round a corner, and Richard told us that the post-boy, who had for a long time sympathized with our heightened expectation, was looking back and nodding, we both stood up in the car-

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riage (Richard holding Ada, lest she should be jolted down), and gazed round upon the open country and the starlight night, for our destination. There was a light sparkling on the top of a hill before us, and the driver, pointing to it with his whip and crying, "That's Bleak House!" put his horses into a canter, and took us forward at such a rate, up-hill though it was, that the wheels sent the road-drift flying about our heads like spray from a water-mill. Presently we lost the light, presently saw it, presently lost it, presently saw it, and turned into an avenue of trees, and cantered up toward where it was beaming brightly. It was in a window of what seemed to be an old-fashioned house, with three peaks in the roof in front, and a circular sweep leading to the porch. A bell was rung as we drew up, and amidst the sound of its deep voice in the still air, and the distant barking of some dogs, and a gush of light from the opened door, and the smoking and steaming of the heated horses, and the quickened beating of our own hearts, we alighted in no inconsiderable confusion.

"Ada, my love, Esther, my dear, you are welcome. I rejoice to see you! Rick, if I had a hand to spare at present, I would give it you!"

The gentleman who said these words in a clear, bright, hospitable voice, had one of his arms round Ada's waist, and the other round mine, and kissed us both in a fatherly way, and bore us across the hall into a ruddy little room, all in a glow with a blazing fire. Here he kissed us again, and, opening his arms, made us sit down side-by-side, on a sofa ready drawn out near the hearth. I felt that if we had been at all demonstrative, he would have run away in a moment.

"Now, Rick," said he, "I have a hand at liberty. A word in earnest is as good as a speech. I am heartily glad to see you. You are at home. Warm yourself!"

Richard shook him by both hands with an intuitive mixture of respect and frankness, and only saying (though with an earnestness that rather alarmed me, I was so afraid of Mr. Jarndyce's suddenly disappearing), "You are very kind, sir! We are very much obliged to you!" laid aside his hat and coat, and came up to the fire.

"And how did you like the ride? And how did you like Mrs. Jellyby, my dear?" said Mr. Jarndyce to Ada.

While Ada was speaking to him in reply, I glanced (I need not say with how much interest) at his face. It was a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; and his hair was a silvered iron-gray. I took him to be nearer sixty than fifty, but he was upright, hearty, and robust. From the moment of his first speaking to us, his voice had connected itself with an association in my mind that I could not define; but now, all at once, a something sudden in his manner, and a pleasant expression in his eyes, recalled the gentleman in the stage-coach, six years ago, on the memorable day of my journey to Reading. I was certain it was he. I never was so frightened in my life as when I made the discovery, for he caught my glance, and appearing to read my thoughts, gave such a look at the door that I thought we had lost him.

However, I am happy to say that he remained where he was, and asked me what *I* thought of Mrs. Jellyby.

"She exerts herself very much for Africa, sir," I said.

"Nobly!" returned Mr. Jarndyce. "But you answer like Ada," whom I had not heard. "You all think something else, I see."

"We rather thought," said I, glancing at Richard and Ada, who entreated me with their eyes to speak, "that perhaps she was a little unmindful of her home."

"Floored!" cried Mr. Jarndyce.

I was rather alarmed again.

"Well! I want to know your real thoughts, my dear. I may have sent you there on purpose."

"We thought that, perhaps," said I, hesitating, "it is right to begin with the obligations of home, sir; and that, perhaps, while those are overlooked and neglected, no other duties can possibly be substituted for them?"

"The little Jellybys," said Richard, coming to my relief, "are really—I can't help expressing myself strongly, sir—in a devil of a state."

"She means well," said Mr. Jarndyce, hastily. "The wind's in the east."

"It was in the north, sir, as we came down," observed Richard.

"My dear Rick," said Mr. Jarndyce, poking the fire; "I'll take an oath it's either in the east, or going to be. I am always conscious of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when the wind is blowing in the east."

"Rheumatism, sir?" said Richard.

"I dare say it is, Rick. I believe it is. And so the little Jell—I had my doubts about 'em—are in a—oh, Lord, yes, it's easterly!" said Mr. Jarndyce.

He had taken two or three undecided turns up and down while uttering these broken sentences, retaining the poker in one hand and rubbing his hair with the other, with a good-natured vexation, at once so whimsical and so lovable, that I am sure we were more delighted with him than we could possibly have expressed in any words. He gave an arm to Ada and an arm to me, and bidding Richard bring a candle, was leading the way out, when he suddenly turned us all back again.

"Those little Jellybys. Couldn't you—didn't you—now, if it had rained sugar-plums, or three-cornered raspberry tarts, or any thing of that sort!" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"O cousin—!" Ada hastily began.

"Good, my pretty pet. I like cousin Cousin John, perhaps, is better."

"Then, cousin John!—" Ada laughingly began again.

"Ha, ha! Very good indeed!" said Mr. Jarndyce, with great enjoyment. "Sounds uncommonly natural. Yes, my dear?"

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"It did better than that. It rained Esther."

"Ay?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "What did Esther do?"

"Why, cousin John," said Ada, clasping her hands upon his arm, and shaking her head at me across him—for I wanted her to be quiet: "Esther was their friend directly. Esther nursed them, coaxed them to sleep, washed and dressed them, told them stories, kept them quiet, bought them keepsakes."—My dear girl! I had only gone out with Peepy, after he was found, and given him a little, tiny horse!—"and, cousin John, she softened poor Caroline, the eldest one, so much, and was so thoughtful for me and so amiable!—No, no, I won't be contradicted, Esther dear! You know, you know, it's true!"

The warm-hearted darling leaned across her cousin John, and kissed me; and then, looking up in his face, boldly said, "At all events, cousin John, I *will* thank you for the companion you have given me." I felt as if she challenged him to run away. But he didn't.

"Where did you say the wind was, Rick?" asked Mr. Jarndyce.

"In the north, as we came down, sir."

"You are right. There's no east in it. A mistake of mine. Come girls, come and see your home!"

It was one of those delightfully irregular houses where you go up and down steps, out of one room into another, and where you come upon more rooms when you think you have seen all there are, and where there is a bountiful provision of little halls and passages, and where you find still older cottage-rooms in unexpected places, with lattice windows and green growth pressing through them. Mine, which we entered first, was of this kind, with an up-and-down roof, that had more corners in it than I ever counted afterward, and a chimney (there was a wood-fire on the hearth) paved all round with pure white tiles, in every one of which a bright miniature of the fire was blazing. Out of this room, you went down two steps, into a charming little sitting-room, looking down upon a flower-garden, which room was henceforth to belong to Ada and me. Out of this you went up three steps, into Ada's bedroom, which had a fine broad window, commanding a beautiful view (we saw a great expanse of darkness lying underneath the stars), to which there was a hollow window-seat, in which, with a spring-lock, three dear Adas might have been lost at once. Out of this room, you passed into a little gallery, with which the other best rooms (only two) communicated, and so, by a little staircase of shallow steps, with a great number of corner stairs in it, considering its length, down into the hall. But if, instead of going out at Ada's door, you came back into my room, and went out at the door by which you had entered it, and turned up a few crooked steps that branched off in an unexpected manner from the stairs, you lost yourself in passages, with mangles in them, and three-cornered tables, and a Native-Hindoo chair, which was also a sofa, a box, and a bedstead, and looked, in every form, something between a bamboo skeleton and a great bird-cage, and had been brought from India nobody knew by whom or when. From these, you came on Richard's room, which was part library, part sitting-room, part bed-room, and seemed indeed a comfortable compound of many rooms. Out of that, you went straight, with a little interval of passage, to the plain room where Mr. Jarndyce slept, all the year round, with his window open, his bedstead, without any furniture, standing in the middle of the floor for more air, and his cold-bath gaping for him in a smaller room adjoining. Out of that, you came into another passage, where there were back-stairs, and where you could hear the horses being rubbed down, outside the stable, and being told to Hold up, and Get over, as they slipped about very much on the uneven stones. Or you might, if you came out at another door (every room had at least two doors), go straight down to the hall again by half-a-dozen steps and a low archway, wondering how you got back there, or had ever got out of it.

The furniture, old-fashioned rather than old, like the house, was as pleasantly irregular. Ada's sleeping-room was all flowers—in chintz and paper, in velvet, in needle-work, in the brocade of two stiff courtly chairs, which stood, each attended by a little page of a stool for greater state, on either side of the fire-place. Our sitting-room was green; and had, framed and glazed, upon the walls, numbers of surprising and surprised birds, staring out of pictures at a real trout in a case, as brown and shining as if it had been served with gravy; at the death of Captain Cook; and at the whole process of preparing tea in China, as depicted by Chinese artists. In my room there were oval engravings of the months—ladies hay-making, in short waists, and large hats tied under the chin, for June—smooth-legged noblemen, pointing, with cocked-hats, to village steeples, for October. Half-length portraits, in crayons, abounded all through the house; but were so dispersed that I found the brother of a youthful officer of mine in the china-closet, and the gray old age of my pretty young bride, with a flower in her boddice, in the breakfast-room. As substitutes, I had four angels, of Queen Anne's reign, taking a complacent gentleman to heaven, in festoons, with some difficulty; and a composition in needle-work, representing fruit, a kettle, and an alphabet. All the movables, from the wardrobes to the chairs and tables, hangings, glasses, even to the pincushions and scent-bottles on the dressing-tables, displayed the same quaint variety. They agreed in nothing but their perfect neatness, their display of the whitest linen, and their storing-up, wheresoever the existence of a drawer, small or large, rendered it possible, of quantities of rose-leaves and sweet lavender. Such, with its illuminated windows, softened here and there by shadows of curtains, shining out upon the starlight night; with its light, and warmth, and comfort; with its hospitable jingle, at a dis-

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tance, of preparations for dinner; with the face of its generous master brightening every thing we saw; and just wind enough without to sound a low accompaniment to every thing we heard; were our first impressions of Bleak House.

"I am glad you like it," said Mr. Jarndyce, when he had brought us round again to Ada's sitting-room. "It makes no pretensions; but it is a comfortable little place, I hope, and will be more so with such bright young looks in it. You have barely half an hour before dinner. There's no one here but the finest creature upon earth—a child."

"More children, Esther!" said Ada.

"I don't mean literally a child," pursued Mr. Jarndyce; "not a child in years. He is grown up—he is at least as old as I am—but in simplicity, and freshness, and enthusiasm, and a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs, he is a perfect child."

We felt that he must be very interesting.

"He knows Mrs. Jellyby," said Mr. Jarndyce. "He is a musical man; an Amateur, but might have been a Professional. He is an Artist, too; an Amateur, but might have been a Professional. He is a man of attainments and of captivating manners. He has been unfortunate in his affairs, and unfortunate in his pursuits, and unfortunate in his family; but he don't care—he's a child!"

"Did you imply that he has children of his own, sir?" inquired Richard.

"Yes, Rick! Half-a-dozen. More! Nearer a dozen, I should think. But he has never looked after them. How could he? He wanted somebody to look after *him*. He is a child, you know!" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"And have the children looked after themselves at all, sir?" inquired Richard.

"Why, just as you may suppose," said Mr. Jarndyce: his countenance suddenly falling. "It is said that the children of the very poor are not brought up, but dragged up. Harold Skimpole's children have tumbled up somehow or other.—The wind's getting round again, I am afraid. I feel it rather!"

Richard observed that the situation was exposed on a sharp night.

"It *is* exposed," said Mr. Jarndyce. "No doubt that's the cause. Bleak House has an exposed sound. But you are coming my way. Come along!"

Our luggage having arrived, and being all at hand, I was dressed in a few minutes, and engaged in putting my worldly goods away, when a maid (not the one in attendance upon Ada, but another whom I had not seen) brought a basket into my room, with two bunches of keys in it, all labeled.

"For you, miss, if you please," said she.

"For me?" said I.

"The housekeeping keys, miss."

I showed my surprise; for she added, with some little surprise on her own part: "I was told to bring them as soon as you was alone, miss. Miss Summerson, if I don't deceive myself?"

"Yes," said I. "That is my name."

"The large bunch is the housekeeping, and the little bunch is the cellars, miss. Any time you was pleased to appoint to-morrow morning, I was to show you the presses and things they belong to."

I said I would be ready at half-past six; and, after she was gone, stood looking at the basket, quite lost in the magnitude of my trust. Ada found me thus; and had such a delightful confidence in me when I showed her the keys, and told her about them, that it would have been insensibility and ingratitude not to feel encouraged. I knew, to be sure, that it was the dear girl's kindness; but I liked to be so pleasantly cheated.

When we went down stairs, we were presented to Mr. Skimpole, who was standing before the fire, telling Richard how fond he used to be, in his school-time, of football. He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gayety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr. Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences.

I gathered from the conversation, that Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German prince. He told us, however, that as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known any thing about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail. And he told us, with great humor, that when he was wanted to bleed the prince, or physic any of his people, he was generally found lying on his back in bed, reading the newspapers, or making fancy-sketches in pencil, and couldn't come. The prince, at last, objecting to this, "in which," said Mr. Skimpole, in the frankest manner, "he was perfectly right," the engagement terminated; and Mr. Skimpole having (as he added with delightful gayety) "nothing to live upon but love, fell in love, and married, and surrounded himself with rosy cheeks." His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends then helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life; but to no purpose, for he must confess to two of the oddest infirmi

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ties in the world: one was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which, he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of any thing! Well! So he had got on in life, and here he was! He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy-sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. *That* wasn't much. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret, and he asked no more. He was a mere child in the world, but he didn't cry for the moon. He said to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn-sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!"

All this, and a great deal more, he told us, not only with the utmost brilliancy and enjoyment, but with a certain vivacious candor—speaking of himself as if he were not at all his own affair, as if Skimpole were a third person, as if he knew that Skimpole had his singularities, but still had his claims too, which were the general business of the community, and must not be slighted. He was quite enchanting. If I felt at all confused at that early time, in endeavoring to reconcile any thing he said with any thing I had thought about the duties and accountabilities of life (which I am far from sure of), I was confused by not exactly understanding why he was free of them. That he *was* free of them, I scarcely doubted; he was so very clear about it himself.

"I covet nothing," said Mr. Skimpole, in the same light way. "Possession is nothing to me. Here is my friend Jarndyce's excellent house. I feel obliged to him for possessing it. I can sketch it, and alter it. I can set it to music. When I am here, I have sufficient possession of it, and have neither trouble, cost, nor responsibility. My steward's name, in short, is Jarndyce, and he can't cheat me. We have been mentioning Mrs. Jellyby. There is a bright-eyed woman, of a strong will and immense power of business-detail, who throws herself into objects with surprising ardor! I don't regret that *I* have not a strong will and an immense power of business-detail, to throw myself into objects with surprising ardor. I can admire her without envy. I can sympathize with the objects. I can dream of them. I can lie down on the grass—in fine weather—and float along an African river, embracing all the natives I meet, as sensible of the deep silence, and sketching the dense overhanging tropical growth as accurately, as if I were there. I don't know that it's of any direct use my doing so, but it's all I can do, and I do it thoroughly. Then, for heaven's sake, having Harold Skimpole, a confiding child, petitioning you, the world, an agglomeration of practical people of business habits, to let him live and admire the human family, do it somehow or other, like good souls, and suffer him to ride his rocking-horse!"

It was plain enough that Mr. Jarndyce had not been neglectful of the adjuration. Mr. Skimpole's general position there would have rendered it so, without the addition of what he presently said.

"It's only you, the generous creatures, whom I envy," said Mr. Skimpole, addressing us, his new friends, in an impersonal manner. "I envy you your power of doing what you do. It is what I should revel in, myself. I don't feel any vulgar gratitude to you. I almost feel as if *you* ought to be grateful to *me*, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity. I know you like it. For any thing I can tell, I may have come into the world expressly for the purpose of increasing your stock of happiness. I may have been born to be a benefactor to you, by sometimes giving you an opportunity of assisting me in my little perplexities. Why should I regret my incapacity for details and worldly affairs, when it leads to such pleasant consequences? I don't regret it therefore."

Of all his playful speeches (playful, yet always fully meaning what they expressed) none seemed to be more to the taste of Mr. Jarndyce than this. I had often new temptations, afterward, to wonder whether it was really singular, or only singular to me, that he, who was probably the most grateful of mankind upon the least occasion, should so desire to escape the gratitude of others.

We were all enchanted. I felt it a merited tribute to the engaging qualities of Ada and Richard, that Mr. Skimpole, seeing them for the first time, should be so unreserved, and should lay himself out to be so exquisitely agreeable. They (and especially Richard) were naturally pleased for similar reasons, and considered it no common privilege to be so freely confided in by such an attractive man. The more we listened, the more gayly Mr. Skimpole talked. And what with his fine hilarious manner, and his engaging candor, and his genial way of lightly tossing his own weaknesses about, as if he had said, "I am a child, you know! You are designing people compared with me;" (he really made me consider myself in that light); "but I am gay and innocent; forget your worldly arts and play with me!"—the effect was absolutely dazzling.

He was so full of feeling too, and had such a delicate sentiment for what was beautiful or tender, that he could have won a heart by that alone. In the evening when I was preparing to make tea, and Ada was touching the piano in the adjoining room, and softly humming a tune to her cousin Richard, which they had happened to mention, he came and sat down on the sofa near me, and so spoke of Ada that I almost loved him.

"She is like the morning," he said. "With that golden hair, those blue eyes, and that fresh bloom on her cheek, she is like the summer morning. The birds here will mistake her for it We will not call such a lovely young creature as

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that, who is a joy to all mankind, an orphan. She is the child of the universe."

Mr. Jarndyce, I found, was standing near us, with his hands behind him, and an attentive smile upon his face.

"The universe," he observed, "makes rather an indifferent parent, I am afraid."

"O! I don't know!" cried Mr. Skimpole, buoyantly.

"I think I do know," said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Well!" cried Mr. Skimpole, "you know the world (which in your sense is the universe), and I know nothing of it, so you shall have your way. But if I had mine," glancing at the cousins, "there should be no brambles of sordid realities in such a path as that. It should be strewn with roses; it should lie through bowers, where there was no spring, autumn, nor winter, but perpetual summer. Age or change should never wither it. The base word money should never be breathed near it!"

Mr. Jarndyce patted him on the head with a smile, as if he had been really a child; and passing a step or two on, and stopping a moment, glanced at the young cousins. His look was thoughtful, but had a benignant expression in it which I often (how often!) saw again: which has long been engraven on my heart. The room in which they were, communicating with that in which he stood, was only lighted by the fire. Ada sat at the piano; Richard stood beside her, bending down. Upon the wall, their shadows blended together, surrounded by strange forms, not without a ghostly motion caught from the unsteady fire, though reflected from motionless objects. Ada touched the notes so softly, and sang so low, that the wind, sighing away to the distant hills, was as audible as the music. The mystery of the future, and the little clew afforded to it by the voice of the present, seemed expressed in the whole picture.

But it is not to recall this fancy, well as I remember it, that I recall the scene. First, I was not quite unconscious of the contrast, in respect of meaning and intention, between the silent look directed that way, and the flow of words that had preceded it. Secondly, though Mr. Jarndyce's glance, as he withdrew it, rested for but a moment on me, I felt as if, in that moment, he confided to me—and knew that he confided to me, and that I received the confidence—his hope that Ada and Richard might one day enter on a dearer relationship.

Mr. Skimpole could play on the piano, and the violoncello; and he was a composer—had composed half an opera once, but got tired of it—and played what he composed, with taste. After tea we had quite a little concert, in which Richard—who was enthralled by Ada's singing, and told me that she seemed to know all the songs that ever were written—and Mr. Jarndyce, and I, were the audience. After a little while I missed, first Mr. Skimpole, and afterward Richard; and while I was thinking how could Richard stay away so long, and lose so much, the maid who had given me the keys looked in at the door, saying, "If you please, miss, could you spare a minute?"

When I was shut out with her in the hall, she said, holding up her hands, "Oh, if you please, miss, Mr. Carstone says would you come up-stairs to Mr. Skimpole's room. He has been took, miss!"

"Took?" said I.

"Took, miss. Sudden," said the maid.

I was apprehensive that his illness might be of a dangerous kind; but, of course, I begged her to be quiet and not disturb any one; and collected myself, as I followed her quickly up-stairs, sufficiently to consider what were the best remedies to be applied if it should prove to be a fit. She threw open a door, and I went into a chamber; where, to my unspeakable surprise, instead of finding Mr. Skimpole stretched upon the bed, or prostrate on the floor, I found him standing before the fire smiling at Richard, while Richard, with a face of great embarrassment, looked at a person on a sofa, in a white great coat, with smooth hair upon his head and not much of it, which he was wiping smoother, and making less of, with a pocket-handkerchief.

"Miss Summerson," said Richard, hurriedly, "I am glad you are come. You will be able to advise us. Our friend, Mr. Skimpole—don't be alarmed!—is arrested for debt."

"And, really, my dear Miss Summerson," said Mr. Skimpole, with his agreeable candor, "I never was in a situation, in which that excellent sense, and quiet habit of method and usefulness, which any body must observe in you who has the happiness of being a quarter of an hour in your society, was more needed."

The person on the sofa, who appeared to have a cold in his head, gave such a very loud snort, that he startled me.

"Are you arrested for much, sir?" I inquired of Mr. Skimpole.

"My dear Miss Summerson," said he, shaking his head pleasantly, "I don't know. Some pounds, odd shillings, and halfpence, I think, were mentioned.

"It's twenty-four pound, sixteen and seven pence ha'penny," observed the stranger. "That's wot it is."

"And it sounds—somehow it sounds," said Mr. Skimpole, "like a small sum?"

The strange man said nothing, but made another snort. It was such a powerful one, that it seemed quite to lift him up out of his seat.

"Mr. Skimpole," said Richard to me, "has a delicacy in applying to my cousin Jarndyce, because he has lately—I think, sir, I understood you that you had lately—"

"Oh, yes!" returned Mr. Skimpole, smiling. "Though I forgot how much it was, and when it was. Jarndyce would readily do it again; but I have the epicure-like feeling that I would prefer a novelty in help; that I would rather," and he looked at Richard and me, "develop generosity in a new soil, and in a new form of flower."

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"What do you think will be best, Miss Summerson?" said Richard, aside.

I ventured to inquire generally, before replying, what would happen if the money were not produced.

"Jail," said the strange man, coolly putting his handkerchief into his hat, which was on the floor at his feet. "Or Coavinses."

"May I ask, sir, what is—"

"Coavinses?" said the strange man. "A ot se."

Richard and I looked at one another again. It was a most singular thing that the arrest was our embarrassment, and not Mr. Skimpole's. He observed us with a genial interest; but there seemed, if I may venture on such a contradiction nothing selfish in it. He had entirely washed his hands of the difficulty, and it had become ours.

"I thought," he suggested, as if good-naturedly to help us out, "that, being parties in a Chancery suit concerning (as people say) a large amount of property, Mr. Richard, or his beautiful cousin, or both, could sign something, or make over something, or give some sort of undertaking, or pledge, or bond? I don't know what the business name of it may be, but I suppose there is some instrument within their power that would settle this?"

"Not a bit on it," said the strange man.

"Really," returned Mr. Skimpole; "that seems odd, now, to one who is no judge of these things!"

"Odd or even," said the stranger, gruffly, "I tell you, not a bit on it!"

"Keep your temper, my good fellow, keep your temper!" Mr. Skimpole gently reasoned with him, as he made a little drawing of his head on the fly-leaf of a book. "Don't be ruffled by your occupation. We can separate you from your office; we can separate the individual from the pursuit. We are not so prejudiced as to suppose that in private life you are otherwise than a very estimable man, with a great deal of poetry in your nature, of which you may not be conscious."



COAVINSES.

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The stranger only answered with another violent snort; whether in acceptance of the poetry-tribute, or in disdainful rejection of it, he did not express to me.

"Now, my dear Miss Summerson, and my dear Mr. Richard," said Mr. Skimpole, gayly, innocently, and confidingly, as he looked at his drawing with his head on one side; "here you see me utterly incapable of helping myself, and entirely in your hands! I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free. Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole what it concedes to the butterflies!"

"My dear Miss Summerson," said Richard, in a whisper, "I have ten pounds that I received from Mr. Kenge. I must try what that will do."

I possessed fifteen pounds, odd shillings, which I had saved from my quarterly allowance during several years. I had always thought that some accident might happen which would throw me, suddenly, without any relation or any property, on the world; and had always tried to keep some little money by me, that I might not be quite penniless. I told Richard of my having this little store, and having no present need of it; and I asked him delicately to inform Mr. Skimpole, while I should be gone to fetch it, that we would have the pleasure of paying his debt.

When I came back, Mr. Skimpole kissed my hand, and seemed quite touched. Not on his own account (I was again aware of that perplexing and extraordinary contradiction), but on ours; as if personal considerations were impossible with him, and the contemplation of our happiness alone affected him. Richard, begging me, for the greater grace of the transaction, as he said, to settle with Coavinses (as Mr. Skimpole now jocularly called him), I counted out the money and received the necessary acknowledgment. This, too, delighted Mr. Skimpole.

His compliments were so delicately administered, that I blushed less than I might have done; and settled with the stranger in the white coat, without making any mistakes. He put the money in his pocket, and shortly said, "Well then, I'll wish you a good-evening, miss."

"My friend," said Mr. Skimpole, standing with his back to the fire, after giving up the sketch when it was half finished, "I should like to ask you something without offense."

I think the reply was, "Cut away, then!"

"Did you know this morning, now, that you were coming out on this errand?" said Mr. Skimpole.

"Know'd it yes'day aft'noon at tea time," said Coavinses.

"It didn't affect your appetite? Didn't make you at all uneasy?"

"Not a bit," said Coavinses. "I know'd if you wos missed to-day, you wouldn't be missed to-morrow. A day makes no such odds."

"But when you came down here," proceeded Mr. Skimpole, "it was a fine day. The sun was shining, the wind was blowing, the lights and shadows were passing across the fields, the birds were singing."

"Nobody said they warn't, in my hearing," returned Coavinses.

"No," observed Mr. Skimpole. "But what did you think upon the road?"

"Wot do you mean?" growled Coavinses, with an appearance of strong resentment. "Think! I've got enough to do, and little enough to get for it, without thinking. Thinking!" (with profound contempt.)

"Then you didn't think, at all events," proceeded Mr. Skimpole, "to this effect. 'Harold Skimpole loves to see the sun shine; loves to hear the wind blow; loves to watch the changing lights and shadows; loves to hear the birds, those choristers in Nature's great cathedral. And does it seem to me that I am about to deprive Harold Skimpole of his share in such possessions, which are his only birthright!' You thought nothing to that effect?"

"I—certainly—did—NOT," said Coavinses, whose doggedness in utterly renouncing the idea was of that intense kind, that he could only give adequate expression to it by putting a long interval between each word, and accompanying the last with a jerk that might have dislocated his neck.

"Very odd and very curious, the mental process is, in you men of business!" said Mr. Skimpole, thoughtfully. "Thank you, my friend. Good-night."

As our absence had been long enough already, to seem strange down stairs, I returned at once, and found Ada sitting at work by the fireside talking to her cousin John. Mr. Skimpole presently appeared, and Richard shortly after him. I was sufficiently engaged, during the remainder of the evening, in taking my first lesson in backgammon from Mr. Jarndyce, who was very fond of the game, and from whom I wished of course to learn it as quickly as I could, in order that I might be of the very small use of being able to play when he had no better adversary. But I thought, occasionally when Mr. Skimpole played some fragments of his own compositions; or, when, both at the piano and the violoncello, and at our table, he preserved, with an absence of all effort, his delightful spirits and his easy flow of conversation; that Richard and I seemed to retain the transferred impression of having been arrested since dinner, and that it was very curious altogether.

It was late before we separated: for when Ada was going at eleven o'clock, Mr. Skimpole went to the piano, and rattled, hilariously, that the best of all ways, to lengthen our days, was to steal a few hours from Night, my dear! It was past twelve before he took his candle and his radiant face out of the room; and I think he might have kept us there, if he had seen fit, until daybreak. Ada and Richard were lingering for a few moments by the fire, wondering whether Mrs. Jellyby had yet finished her dictation for the day, when Mr. Jarndyce, who had been out of the room, returned.

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"Oh, dear me, what's this, what's this?" he said, rubbing his head and walking about with his good-humored vexation. "What's this, they tell me? Rick, my boy, Esther, my dear, what have you been doing? Why did you do it? How could you do it? How much apiece was it?—The wind's round again. I feel it all over me!"

We neither of us quite knew what to answer.

"Come, Rick, come! I must settle this before I sleep. How much are you out of pocket? You two made the money up you know! Why did you? How could you?—O Lord, yes, it's due last—must be!"

"Really, sir," said Richard, "I don't think it would be honorable in me to tell you. Mr. Skimpole relied upon us—"

"Lord bless you, my dear boy! He relies upon every body!" said Mr. Jarndyce, giving his head a great rub, and stopping short.

"Indeed, sir?"

"Every body! And he'll be in the same scrape again, next week!" said Mr. Jarndyce, walking again at a great pace, with a candle in his hand that had gone out. "He's always in the same scrape. He was born in the same scrape. I verily believe that the announcement in the newspapers when his mother was confined, was 'On Tuesday last, at her residence in Botheration Buildings, Mrs. Skimpole of a son in difficulties.'"

Richard laughed heartily, but added, "Still, sir, I don't want to shake his confidence, or to break his confidence; and if I submit to your better knowledge again, that I ought to keep his secret, I hope you will consider before you press me any more. Of course, if you do press me, sir, I shall know I am wrong, and will tell you."

"Well!" cried Mr. Jarndyce, stopping again, and making several absent endeavors to put his candlestick in his pocket. "I—here! Take it away, my dear. I don't know what I am about with it; it's all the wind—invariably has that effect—I won't press you, Rick; you may be right. But, really—to get hold of you and Esther—and to squeeze you like a couple of tender young Saint Michael's oranges!—It'll blow a gale in the course of the night!"

He was now alternately putting his hands into his pockets, as if he were going to keep them there a long time; and taking them out again, and vehemently rubbing them all over his head.

I ventured to take this opportunity of hinting that Mr. Skimpole, being in all such matters quite a child—

"Eh, my dear?" said Mr. Jarndyce catching at the word.

"—Being quite a child, sir," said I, "and so different from other people—"

"You are right!" said Mr. Jarndyce, brightening. "Your woman's wit hits the mark. He is a child—an absolute child. I told you he was a child, you know, when I first mentioned him."

"Certainly! certainly!" we said.

"And he *is* a child. Now isn't he?" asked Mr. Jarndyce, brightening more and more.

He was indeed, we said.

"When you come to think of it, it's the height of childishness in you—I mean me—" said Mr. Jarndyce, "to regard him for a moment as a man. You can't make *him* responsible. The idea of Harold Skimpole with designs or plans, or knowledge of consequences! Ha, ha, ha!"

It was so delicious to see the clouds about his face clearing, and to see him so heartily pleased, and to know, as it was impossible not to know, that the source of his pleasure was the goodness which was tortured by condemning, or mistrusting, or secretly accusing any one, that I saw the tears in Ada's eyes while she echoed his laugh, and felt them in my own.

"Why, what a cod's head and shoulders I am," said Mr. Jarndyce, "to require reminding of it! The whole business shows the child from beginning to end. Nobody but a child would have thought of singling *you* two out for parties in the affair! Nobody but a child would have thought of *your* having the money! If it had been a thousand pounds, it would have been just the same!" said Mr. Jarndyce, with his whole face in a glow.

We all confirmed it from our night's experience.

"To be sure, to be sure!" said Mr. Jarndyce. "However, Rick, Esther, and you too, Ada, for I don't know that even your little purse is safe from his inexperience—I must have a promise all round, that nothing of this sort shall ever be done any more. No advances! Not even sixpences."

We all promised faithfully; Richard, with a merry glance at me, touching his pocket, as if to remind me that there was no danger of *our* transgressing.

"As to Skimpole," said Mr. Jarndyce, "a habitable doll's house, with good board, and a few tin people to get into debt with and borrow money of, would set the boy up in life. He is in a child's sleep by this time, I suppose; it's time I should take my craftier head to my more worldly pillow. Good-night, my dears. God bless you!"

He peeped in again, with a smiling face, before we had lighted our candles, and said, "O! I have been looking at the weather-cock. I find it was a false alarm about the wind. It's in the south!" And went away, singing to himself.

Ada and I agreed, as we talked together for a little while up-stairs, that this caprice about the wind was a fiction; and that he used the pretense to account for any disappointment he could not conceal, rather than he would blame the real cause of it, or disparage or depreciate any one. We thought this very characteristic of his eccentric gentleness; and of the difference between him and those petulant people who make the weather and the winds (particularly that unlucky wind which he had chosen for such a different purpose) the stalking-horse of their splenetic and gloomy humors.

Indeed, so much affection for him had been added in this one evening to my gratitude, that I hoped I already began to understand him through that mingled feeling. Any seeming inconsistencies in Mr. Skimpole, or in Mrs. Jellyby, I could

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not expect to be able to reconcile; having so little experience or practical knowledge. Neither did I try; for my thoughts were busy when I was alone, with Ada and Richard, and with the confidence I had seemed to receive concerning them. My fancy, made a little wild by the wind perhaps, would not consent to be all unselfish either, though I would have persuaded it to be so if I could. It wandered back to my godmother's house, and came along the intervening track, raising up shadowy speculations which had sometimes trembled there in the dark, as to what knowledge Mr. Jarndyce had of my earliest history—even as to the possibility of his being my father—though that idle dream was quite gone now.

It was all gone now, I remembered, getting up from the fire. It was not for me to muse over bygones, but to act with a cheerful spirit and a grateful heart. So I said to myself, "Esther, Esther, Esther! Duty, my dear!" and gave my little basket of housekeeping keys such a shake, that they sounded like little bells, and rang me hopefully to bed.

CHAPTER VII.—The Ghost's Walk.

While Esther sleeps, and while Esther wakes, it is still wet weather down at the place in Lincolnshire. The rain is ever falling, drip, drip, drip, by day and night, upon the broad flag terrace-pavement, The Ghost's Walk. The weather is so very bad, down in Lincolnshire, that the liveliest imagination can scarcely apprehend its ever being fine again. Not that there is any superabundant life of imagination on the spot, for Sir Leicester is not here (and, truly, even if he were, would not do much for it in that particular), but is in Paris with my Lady; and solitude, with dusky wings, sits brooding upon Chesney Wold.

There may be some notions of fancy among the lower animals at Chesney Wold. The horses in the stables—the long stables in a barren, red-brick court-yard, where there is a great bell in a turret, and a clock with a large face, which the pigeons who live near it, and who love to perch upon its shoulders, seem to be always consulting—*they* may contemplate some mental pictures of fine weather, on occasions, and may be better artists at them than the grooms. The old roan, so famous for cross-country work, turning his large eyeball to the grated window near his rack, may remember the fresh leaves that glisten there at other times, and the scents that stream in, and may have a fine run with the hounds, while the human helper, clearing out the next stall, never stirs beyond his pitchfork and birch-broom. The gray, whose place is opposite the door, and who, with an impatient rattle of his halter, pricks his ears, and turns his head so wistfully when it is opened, and to whom the opener says, "Woa gray, then, steady! Noabody wants you to-day!" may know it quite as well as the man. The whole seemingly monotonous and uncompanionable half-dozen, stabled together, may pass the long wet hours, when the door is shut, in livelier communication than is held in the servants' hall, or at the Dedlock Arms; or may even beguile the time by improving (perhaps corrupting) the pony in the loose box in the corner.

So the mastiff, dozing in his kennel, in the court-yard, with his large head on his paws, may think of the hot sunshine, when the shadows of the stable-buildings tire his patience out by changing, and leave him, at one time of the day, no broader refuge than the shadow of his own house, where he sits on end, panting and growling short, and very much wanting something to worry, besides himself and chain. So now, half-waking and all-winking, he may recall the house full of company, the coach-houses full of vehicles, the stables full of horses, and the outbuildings full of attendants upon horses, until he is undecided about the present, and comes forth to see how it is. Then, with an impatient shake of himself, he may growl, in the spirit, "Rain, rain, rain! Nothing but rain—and no family here!" as he goes in again, and lies down with a gloomy yawn.

So with the dogs in the kennel-buildings across the park, who have their restless fits, and whose doleful voices, when the wind has been very obstinate, have even made it known in the house itself: up-stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber. They may hunt the whole country-side, while the rain-drops are pattering round their inactivity. So the rabbits with their self-betraying tails, frisking in and out of holes at roots of trees, may be lively with ideas of the breezy days when their ears are blown about, or of those seasons of interest when there are sweet young plants to gnaw. The turkey in the poultry-yard, always troubled with a class-grievance (probably Christmas), may be reminiscent of that summer morning wrongfully taken from him, when he got into the lane among the felled trees, where there was a barn and barley. The discontented goose, who stoops to pass under the old gateway, twenty feet high, may gabble out, if we only knew it, a waddling preference for weather when the gateway casts its shadow on the ground.

Be this as it may, there is not much fancy otherwise stirring at Chesney Wold. If there be a little at any odd moment, it goes, like a little noise in that old echoing place, a long way, and usually leads off to ghosts and mystery.

It has rained so hard and rained so long, down in Lincolnshire, that Mrs. Rouncewell, the old housekeeper at Chesney Wold, has several times taken off her spectacles and cleaned them, to make certain that the drops were not upon the glasses. Mrs. Rouncewell might have been sufficiently assured by hearing the rain, but that she is rather deaf, which nothing will induce her to believe. She is a fine old lady, handsome, stately, wonderfully neat, and has such a back, and such a stomacher, that if her stays should turn out when she dies to have been a broad old-fashioned family fire-grate, nobody who knows her would have cause to be surprised. Weather affects Mrs. Rouncewell little. The house is there in all weathers, and the house, as she expresses it, "is

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what she looks at." She sits in her room (in a side passage on the ground floor, with an arched window commanding a smooth quadrangle, adorned at regular intervals with smooth round trees and smooth round blocks of stone, as if the trees were going to play at bowls with the stones), and the whole house reposes on her mind. She can open it on occasion, and be busy and fluttered; but it is shut-up now, and lies on the breadth of Mrs. Rouncewell's iron-bound bosom, in a majestic sleep.

It is the next difficult thing to an impossibility to imagine Chesney Wold without Mrs. Rouncewell, but she has only been here fifty years. Ask her how long, this rainy day, and she shall answer, "fifty year three months and a fortnight, by the blessing of Heaven, if I live 'till Tuesday." Mr. Rouncewell died some time before the decease of the pretty fashion of pig-tails, and modestly hid his own (if he took it with him) in a corner of the church-yard in the park, near the mouldy porch. He was born in the market town, and so was his young widow. Her progress in the family began in the time of the last Sir Leicester, and originated in the still-room.

The present representative of the Dedlocks is an excellent master. He supposes all his dependents to be utterly bereft of individual characters, intentions, or opinions, and is persuaded that he was born to supersede the necessity of their having any. If he were to make a discovery to the contrary, he would be simply stunned—would never recover himself, most likely, except to gasp and die. But he is an excellent master still, holding it a part of his state to be so. He has a great liking for Mrs. Rouncewell; he says she is a most respectable, creditable woman. He always shakes hands with her, when he comes down to Chesney Wold, and when he goes away; and if he were very ill, or if he were knocked down by accident, or run over, or placed in any situation expressive of a Dedlock at a disadvantage, he would say if he could speak, "Leave me, and send Mrs. Rouncewell here!" feeling his dignity, at such a pass, safer with her than with any body else.

Mrs. Rouncewell has known trouble. She has had two sons, of whom the younger ran wild, and went for a soldier, and never came back. Even to this hour, Mrs. Rouncewell's calm hands lose their composure when she speaks of him, and unfolding themselves from her stomacher, hover about her in an agitated manner, as she says, what a likely lad, what a fine lad, what a gay, good-humored, clever lad he was! Her second son would have been provided for at Chesney Wold, and would have been made steward in due season; but he took, when he was a schoolboy, to constructing steam-engines out of saucepans, and setting birds to drav their own water, with the least possible amount of labor; so assisting them with artful contrivance of hydraulic pressure, that a thirsty canary had only, in a literal sense, to put his shoulder to the wheel, and the job was done. This propensity gave Mrs. Rouncewell great uneasiness. She felt it with a mother's anguish, to be a move in the Wat Tyler direction: well knowing that Sir Leicester had that general impression of an aptitude for any art to which smoke and a tall chimney might be considered essential. But the doomed young rebel (otherwise a mild youth, and very persevering), showing no sign of grace as he got older; but, on the contrary, constructing a model of a power-loom, she was fain, with many tears, to mention his backslidings to the baronet. "Mrs. Rouncewell," said Sir Leicester, "I can never consent to argue, as you know, with any one on any subject. You had better get rid of your boy, you had better get him into some Works. The iron country farther north is, I suppose, the congenial direction for a boy with these tendencies." Farther north he went, and farther north he grew up; and if Sir Leicester Dedlock ever saw him, when he came to Chesney Wold to visit his mother, or ever thought of him afterward, it is certain that he only regarded him as one of a body of some odd thousand conspirators, swarthy and grim, who were in the habit of turning out by torch-light, two or three nights in the week, for unlawful purposes.

Nevertheless Mrs. Rouncewell's son has, in the course of nature and art, grown up, and established himself, and married, and called unto him Mrs. Rouncewell's grandson: who, being out of his apprenticeship, and home from a journey in far countries, whither he was sent to enlarge his knowledge and complete his preparation for the venture of this life, stands leaning against the chimney-piece this very day, in Mrs. Rouncewell's room at Chesney Wold.

"And, again and again, I am glad to see you, Watt! And, once again, I am glad to see you, Watt!" says Mrs. Rouncewell. "You are a fine young fellow. You are like your poor uncle George. Ah!" Mrs. Rouncewell's hands unquiet, as usual, on this reference.

"They say I am like my father, grandmother."

"Like him, also, my dear—but most like your poor uncle George! And your dear father." Mrs. Rouncewell folds her hands again. "He is well?"

"Thriving, grandmother, in every way."

"I am thankful!" Mrs. Rouncewell is fond of her son, but has a plaintive feeling toward him—much as if he were a very honorable soldier, who had gone over to the enemy.

"He is quite happy?" says she.

"Quite."

"I am thankful! So, he has brought you up to follow in his ways, and has sent you into foreign countries and the like? Well, he knows best. There may be a world beyond Chesney Wold that I don't understand. Though I am not young, either. And I have seen a quantity of good company too!"

"Grandmother," says the young man, changing the subject, "what a very pretty girl that was, I found with you just now. You called her Rosa?"

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"Yes, child. She is daughter of a widow in the village. Maids are so hard to teach, nowadays, that I have put her about me young. She's an apt scholar, and will do well. She shows the house already, very pretty. She lives with me, at my table here."

"I hope I have not driven her away?"

"She supposes we have family affairs to speak about, I dare say. She is very modest. It is a fine quality in a young woman. And scarcer," says Mrs. Rouncewell, expanding her stomacher to its utmost limits, "than it formerly was!"

The young man inclines his head, in acknowledgment of the precepts of experience. Mrs. Rouncewell listens.

"Wheels!" says she. They have long been audible to the younger ears of her companion. "What wheels on such a day as this, for gracious sake?"

After a short interval, a tap at the door. "Come in!" A dark-eyed, dark-haired, shy, village beauty comes in—so fresh in her rosy and yet delicate bloom, that the drops of rain, which have beaten on her hair, look like the dew upon a flower fresh-gathered.

"What company is this, Rosa?" says Mrs. Rouncewell.

"It's two young men in a gig, ma'am, who want to see the house—yes, and if you please, I told them so!" in quick reply to a gesture of dissent from the housekeeper. "I went to the hall-door, and told them it was the wrong day, and the wrong hour; but the young man who was driving took off his hat in the wet, and begged me to bring this card to you."

"Read it, my dear Watt," said the housekeeper.

Rosa is so shy as she gives it to him, that they drop it between them, and almost knock their foreheads together as they pick it up. Rosa is shyer than before.

"Mr. Guppy," is all the information the card yields.

"Guppy!" repeats Mrs. Rouncewell. "*Mr.* Guppy! Nonsense, I never heard of him!"

"If you please, he told *me* that!" says Rosa. "But he said that he and the other young gentleman came from London only last night by the mail, on business at the magistrates' meeting ten miles off, this morning; and that as their business was soon over, and they had heard a great deal said of Chesney Wold, and really didn't know what to do with themselves, they had come through the wet to see it. They are lawyers. He says he is not in Mr. Tulkinghorn's office, but is sure he may make use of Mr. Tulkinghorn's name, if necessary." Finding, now she leaves off, that she has been making quite a long speech, Rosa is shyer than ever.

Now, Mr. Tulkinghorn is, in a manner, part and parcel of the place; and, besides, is supposed to have made Mrs. Rouncewell's will. The old lady relaxes, consents to the admission of the visitors as a favor, and dismisses Rosa. The grandson, however, being smitten by a sudden wish to see the house himself, proposes to join the party. The grandmother, who is pleased that he should have that interest, accompanies him—though, to do him justice, he is exceedingly unwilling to trouble her.

"Much obliged to you, ma'am!" says Mr. Guppy, divesting himself of his wet dreadnought in the hall. "Us London lawyers don't often get an out; and when we do, we like to make the most of it, you know."

The old housekeeper, with a gracious severity of deportment, waves her hand toward the great staircase. Mr. Guppy and his friend follow Rosa, Mrs. Rouncewell and her grandson follow them, a young gardener goes before to open the shutters.

As is usually the case with people who go over houses, Mr. Guppy and his friend are dead beat before they have well begun. They straggle about in wrong places, look at wrong things, don't care for the right things, gape when more rooms are opened, exhibit profound depression of spirits, and are clearly knocked up. In each successive chamber that they enter, Mrs. Rouncewell, who is as upright as the house itself, rests apart in a window-seat, or other such nook, and listens with stately approval to Rosa's exposition. Her grandson is so attentive to it, that Rosa is shyer than ever—and prettier. Thus they pass on from room to room, raising the pictured Dedlocks for a few brief minutes as the young gardener admits the light, and reconsigning them to their graves as he shuts it out again. It appears to the afflicted Mr. Guppy and his inconsolable friend, that there is no end to the Dedlocks, whose family-greatness seems to consist in their never having done any thing to distinguish themselves, for seven hundred years.

Even the long drawing-room of Chesney Wold can not revive Mr. Guppy's spirits. He is so low that he droops on the threshold, and has hardly strength of mind to enter. But a portrait over the chimney-piece, painted by the fashionable artist of the day, acts upon him like a charm. He recovers in a moment. He stares at it with uncommon interest; he seems to be fixed and fascinated by it.

"Dear me!" says Mr. Guppy. "Who's that?"

"The picture over the fire-place," says Rosa, "is the portrait of the present Lady Dedlock. It is considered a perfect likeness, and the best work of the master."

"'Blest!" says Mr. Guppy, staring in a kind of dismay at his friend, "if I can ever have seen her. Yet I know her! Has the picture been engraved, miss?"

"The picture has never been engraved. Sir Leicester has always refused permission."

"Well!" says Mr. Guppy, in a low voice, "I'll be shot if it an't very curious how well I know that picture! So that's Lady Dedlock, is it?"

"The picture on the right is the present Sir Leicester Dedlock. The picture on the left is his father, the late Sir Leicester."

Mr. Guppy has no eyes for either of these magnates. "It's unaccountable to me," he says, still

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staring at the portrait, "how well I know that picture! I'm dashed!" adds Mr. Guppy, looking round, "if I don't think I must have had a dream of that picture, you know!"

As no one present takes any especial interest in Mr. Guppy's dreams, the probability is not pursued. But he still remains so absorbed by the portrait, that he stands immovable before it until the young gardener has closed the shutters; when he comes out of the room in a dazed state, that is an odd though a sufficient substitute for interest, and follows into the succeeding rooms with a confused stare, as if he were looking every where for Lady Dedlock again.

He sees no more of her. He sees her rooms, which are the last shown, as being very elegant, and he looks out of the windows from which she looked out, not long ago, upon the weather that bored her to death. All things have an end—even houses that people take infinite pains to see, and are tired of before they begin to see them. He has come to the end of the sight, and the fresh village beauty to the end of her description; which is always this:

"The terrace below is much admired. It is called, from an old story in the family, The Ghost's Walk."

"No?" says Mr. Guppy, greedily curious; "what's the story, miss? Is it any thing about a picture?"

"Pray tell us the story," says Watt, in a half whisper.

"I don't know it, sir." Rosa is shyer than ever.

"It is not related to visitors; it is almost forgotten," says the housekeeper, advancing. "It has never been more than a family anecdote."

"You'll excuse my asking again if it has any thing to do with a picture, ma'am," observes Mr. Guppy, "because I do assure you that the more I think of that picture the better I know it, without knowing how I know it!"

The story has nothing to do with a picture; the housekeeper can guarantee that. Mr. Guppy is obliged to her for the information; and is moreover, generally obliged. He retires with his friend, guided down another staircase by the young gardener; and presently is heard to drive away. It is now dusk. Mrs. Rouncewell can trust to the discretion of her two young hearers, and may tell *them* how the terrace came to have that ghostly name. She seats herself in a large chair by the fast-darkening window, and tells them:

"In the wicked days, my dears, of King Charles the First—I mean, of course, in the wicked days of the rebels who leagued themselves against that excellent King—Sir Morbury Dedlock was the owner of Chesney Wold. Whether there was any account of a ghost in the family before those days, I can't say. I should think it very likely indeed."

Mrs. Rouncewell holds this opinion, because she considers that a family of such antiquity and importance has a right to a ghost. She regards a ghost as one of the privileges of the upper classes; a genteel distinction to which the common people have no claim.

"Sir Morbury Dedlock," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "was, I have no occasion to say, on the side of the blessed martyr. But it *is* supposed that his lady, who had none of the family blood in her veins, favored the bad cause. It is said that she had relations among King Charles's enemies; that she was in correspondence with them; and that she gave them information. When any of the country gentlemen who followed His Majesty's cause met here, it is said that my lady was always nearer to the door of their council-room than they supposed. Do you hear a sound like a footstep passing along the terrace, Watt?"

Rosa draws nearer to the housekeeper.

"I hear the rain-drip on the stones," replies the young man, "and I hear a curious echo—I suppose an echo—which is very like a halting step."

The housekeeper gravely nods and continues.

"Partly on account of this division between them, and partly on other accounts, Sir Morbury and his lady led a troubled life. She was a lady of a haughty temper. They were not well suited to each other in age or character, and they had no children to moderate between them. After her favorite brother, a young gentleman, was killed in the civil wars (by Sir Morbury's near kinsman), her feeling was so violent that she hated the race into which she had married. When the Dedlocks were about to ride out from Chesney Wold in the King's cause, she is supposed to have more than once stolen down into the stables in the dead of night, and lamed their horses; and the story is, that once, at such an hour, her husband saw her gliding down the stairs, and followed her into the stall where his own favorite horse stood. There he seized her by the wrist; and in a struggle or in a fall, or through the horse being frightened and lashing out, she was lamed in the hip, and from that hour began to pine away."

The housekeeper has dropped her voice to little more than a whisper.

"She had been a lady of a handsome figure and a noble carriage. She never complained of the change; she never spoke to any one of being crippled, or of being in pain; but, day by day, she tried to walk upon the terrace; and, with the help of a stick, and with the help of the stone balustrade, went up and down, up and down, up and down, in sun and shadow, with greater difficulty every day. At last, one afternoon, her husband (to whom she had never, on any persuasion, opened her lips since that night), standing at the great south window, saw her drop upon the pavement. He hastened down to raise her, but she repulsed him as he bent over her, and looking at him fixedly and coldly, said, 'I will die here, where I have walked. And I will walk here, though I am in my grave. I will walk here until the pride of this house is humbled. And when

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calamity, or when disgrace is coming to it, let the Dedlocks listen for my step!'"

Watt looks at Rosa. Rosa, in the deepening gloom, looks down upon the ground, half frightened, and half shy.

"There and then she died. And from those days," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "the name has come down—The Ghost's Walk. If the tread is an echo, it is an echo that is only heard after dark, and is often unheard for a long while together. But it comes back, from time to time; and so sure as there is sickness or death in the family, it will be heard then."

"—And disgrace, grandmother—" says Watt.

"Disgrace never comes to Chesney Wold," returns the housekeeper.

Her grandson apologizes, with "True. True."

"That is the story. Whatever the sound is, it is a worrying sound," says Mrs. Rouncewell, getting up from her chair, "and what is to be noticed in it is, that it *must be heard*. My lady, who is afraid of nothing, admits that when it is there, it must be heard. You can not shut it out. Watt, there is a tall French clock behind you (placed there, a' purpose) that has a loud beat when it is in motion, and can play music. You understand how those things are managed?"

"Pretty well, grandmother, I think."

"Set it a-going."

Watt sets it a-going—music and all.

"Now, come hither," says the housekeeper. "Hither, child, toward my lady's pillow. I am not sure that it is dark enough yet, but listen! Can you hear the sound upon the terrace, through the music, and the beat, and every thing?"

"I certainly can!"

"So my lady says."

THE RUSSIAN CZAR AT A PUBLIC BALL.

TO provide resources for the invalids of the Russian army, great care is taken; and in addition to more fixed estimates, the emperor makes extraordinary exertions, by balls, and lotteries, and masquerades, of a charitable nature, to augment the ways and means of the veterans who have been disabled in his service. Sometimes the ball, the lottery, and the masquerade are all combined in one festive display. Of course, such displays take place in winter, which is the St. Petersburg season. It is not two years since I was present on one of these occasions, round which the emperor threw all the attractions of his gorgeous court. And, as the festivities were for the especial benefit of the military invalids, I may be excused for lingering for awhile on the details which I witnessed. Besides, often as the emperor, who is the real commander-in-chief of all the Russian forces, has been described, the subject is far from being picked to the bone; and what I saw of him it will gratify the curiosity of the reader to learn.

It is the military frequenters, with their prodigious variety of costumes, who give so much splendor to the celebrated masquerades of St. Petersburg. These are conducted on the model of the still more celebrated masquerades of old, in Venice. The approximation is the less complete, of course, because the climate is so different. Open-air assemblies, for pleasure's sake, are out of the question, in a northern winter. The merry-makers would have little else to do but rub each other's noses with snow, to prevent their falling off gradually after they had been bleached by the leprous-looking frost-bite. There are nights when it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, if a person spits out, it is a pellet of ice which rattles against the ground. The sudden transition from such a winter to the intense heat of the Petersburg summer is one among several conditions which render a residence in that capital so unfriendly to the health of foreigners, unless they come in the plastic time of childhood, and grow, with many precautions, acclimatized.

The place of assembly for these great festive or charitable demonstrations (the only kind of "demonstration," except such as are military, which can be seen in Russia) is not unworthy of its purposes. It is probably the finest of its kind in Europe or in the world, and is called the "Hall of Nobility"—*Salle de Noblesse*—a vast edifice, capable of receiving seven thousand guests, supported inside by splendid scagliola columns, richly decorated, skillfully laid out, distributed into a vast pit for dancing, with circumambient galleries and balconies, with retiring or withdrawing apartments for the emperor and his court, and with general refreshment-rooms in the outer circuit. This scene is lit up by clusters of wax-lights the beams of which are multiplied by crystal pendants; while the wax-lights themselves are many thousands in number, more numerous, in fact, than the stars visible to the naked eye on a bright frosty night.

A great masquerade ball for the benefit of the invalids, in such a place, with the additional attraction of the promised presence of the Emperor Nicholas, was irresistible. I determined to go, and my determination was the more natural inasmuch as I happened to possess a free ticket. On entering, I was struck by the novel and somewhat grotesque feature imparted to the scene by the lottery prizes, which had lain there "on view" for some days previously. I found a crowd which was afterward estimated at seven thousand; but, I dare say, it numbered five or six only.

Perfectly lost in the vastness of the place, the multitude assembled, and the grotesque horror of beautiful forms without human faces, I sat down for awhile, near the orchestra. The benches, on one of which I was, rose here in successive tiers, from the vast, pit-like saloon to the surrounding gallery, which was overhung by another gallery, and abutted upon several splendid refreshment-rooms. Before and below, the crowd was particularly dense around a little rostrum, on which a glass wheel and several officials who plied it, stood together. The press, the throng, the hustling, the jostling, the redness of

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faces where they could be seen, and the activity of elbows where they could be insidiously inserted, were raging around. A similar apparatus, besieged by similar votaries, stood at the other three corners of the saloon. In the ancillary apartments there were more of these shrines of gambling; a gambling in which only one class was sure to win, a class unvexed by the excitement of the game, the invalided veterans, the brave old disabled soldiers of the empire. For their sakes was all this gorgeous commotion; for their sakes this splendid mob bustled about the "*Ailetpii Allegri*;" that is, the wheels of fortune, the lottery stands, the stalls of fate. All round these, and between them, circulated the pervading immensity of the masquerade.

Tired of this part of the scene, I asked the person next me, in what part of the room the emperor was. I had already seen Alexander, the crown prince, or, as he is called, the *Grand Duc Héritier*, walking about with a lady on his arm, his handsome open countenance radiant with the smiles that are so easily lit there.

"The emperor," said the person whom I had asked, "passed this way about a quarter of an hour since, and must be somewhere yonder," and he pointed to the end of the saloon, opposite the orchestra.

I arose, ascended the flights of stairs that conducted to the Boulevard-like gallery, and I began to thread my way behind the scagliola columns. Beyond these, across the width of the corridor, arose the wall which was the running boundary of the corridor on the other side; and into this wall were let tall mirrors, which multiplied every particular of the confused and shifting splendor of the rooms.

When I reached the further end of the gallery, a spectacle was offered to me, which arrested all my attention. I must premise, that when the emperor attends these festivities, or others of a like nature, he evinces certain likings, feelings, tastes. He is not entirely indifferent as to what his subjects may do. If there be one thing more than another which he abhors, it is that in these scenes of familiar relaxation, in which he mingles to unbend his own mind, while contributing indirectly a new interest to the revels of others, he should be saluted as emperor, or beset by the unmannerly siege of a universal stare. It is strictly understood, or, as the fashionable jargon is, *de rigueur*, that he is present as any other stranger, not to be noted, not to be quoted, quite incognitus. Here he comes, like any one else, to amuse himself, to forget imperial cares for a brief moment. Nothing pleases him more than to let him pass. Can he not be as any other of the countless visitors, who engage in the intricate tactics of these grave and sober saturnalia—this game of small mystery—this strategic maze of hushed frolic—these profound combinations of grown-up gentlemen and ladies at hide-and-seek?

I had easily figured to myself, that it was easier for the emperor to let people know that such was his wish, than for others to affect an unconsciousness which they did not feel, or an indifference which they felt still less. I had guessed that, in such scenes, his desire to be allowed to move about unnoticed, was difficult to be reduced to perfect practice. But I was far indeed from being prepared for what I beheld.

Sauntering idly along, I became conscious, not of a start among the throng—not of any exclamation—not even of any particular hush, but of an indefinable *sensation* around me. Crowds have their general physiognomies like individuals. This sensation was as perceptible as a change of countenance, and as silent. I looked up, and in the midst of a vacant place, from which every one had shrunk back, as from a plague-stricken spot, or a haunted floor, or a "fairy-ring," about ten yards onward and facing me, I saw the emperor (his head bare), standing alone, with his back against the opposite wall. I had often seen him before in the streets, but never with so good an opportunity of noting his physiognomy, deportment, figure, and whole appearance.

"Now," said I to myself, "let me realize this with accuracy. It is not so much the Sovereign of Russia whom you see there, as it is Russia itself—a power—a sway, in a single person. He is the only surviving instance or ensample of types, such as loomed before the minds of the prophets of God aforetime, and have been thought worthy to be the themes of their awful predictions. This is Cyrus, or the second Cæsar; this a mystic statue—not that of which the head was of fine gold, but the breast and the arms of silver, and the belly and the thighs of brass, and the legs of iron; the feet part of iron, and part of clay."

Not such; yet assuredly such like.

I forgot every thing around me, except that great mighty figure towering aloft. It were useless to describe very particularly the present Emperor "of all the Russias." People in England still remember him, as he was when he visited us in his magnificent youth. Years have indeed made some change. His hair is thin, which was then so abundant. Public care has written some lines on a face, far more commanding, though perhaps less haughty, and certainly less blooming than in those days. But he has still the same marvelous width of chest and shoulder, the same royal-looking height, the same large open blue eye, full of authority and instinct with mind; a forehead which is even broader and loftier than of old, and which never yet belonged to one whose mental powers were not extraordinary; and that statuesque set of the head, which, if it wore no crown, would yet make you know it for the head of some mighty king.

"They would have proclaimed him," said I to myself, "on their shields, in the days of Attila, or of Clovis."

On the present occasion, the emperor was standing alone, as I have said; his back resting against the wall, and a crowd of the most persistent gazers around. He looked vexed—even melancholy. They would not grant him this casual moment of amusement untormented. He had the air of one at bay. He faced the crowd

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full, and wherever his glance fell, I could see all eyes sink before it immediately. It rested a moment on myself. I had often heard, and often read, that it was difficult to return his look; and why I know not. It is but an eye; yet, whether it was the involuntary sympathy I felt for a king thus bayed in his moments of relaxation, or whether it was that in his piercing glance, there is an expression as if he were about to address you, and thus to make you the object of universal notice, or whatever else it may be, I too dropped my looks to the ground.

A couple of masks approached him as if to speak; he turned full upon them, to give the opportunity; their hearts failed them at once, and with a low courtesy, they shrank back again.

I saw him again several times during the evening, once walking with a lady (deeply masked, if I remember). His dress was that of a general officer, and he wore a lofty hussar's cap, with a single tall feather at its side. It made his stature seem still more colossal.

As I was defiling through the crowd, I felt shortly afterward a sharp blow on my elbow. Turning, I saw a mask, who, looking at me for a moment, retreated. I followed till my guide had sat down in a place where there was room for two, making me to understand that I was to occupy the vacant spot. I considered her figure for a moment, and then feeling perfectly sure that it was not that of an acquaintance, I declined. Without any answer, I strolled my way. Having seen what a masquerade was at the "*Nobles' Hall*," I soon afterward left the rooms altogether, hoping sincerely that the proceeds might be ample, for the sake of the veteran invalids; and meditating much on the Czar, whom I had had so good an opportunity of seeing, and whom these veterans regarded as by right divine their perpetual "Generalissimo."

A SLEEP TO STARTLE US.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

AT the top of Farringdon-street in the city of London, once adorned by the Fleet Prison, and by a diabolical jumble of nuisances in the middle of the road called Fleet Market, is a broad new thoroughfare in a state of transition. A few years hence, and we of the present generation will find it not an easy task to recall, in the thriving street which will arise upon this spot, the wooden barriers and hoardings—the passages that lead to nothing—the glimpses of obscene Field-lane and Saffron-hill—the mounds of earth, old bricks, and oyster-shells—the arched foundations of unbuilt houses—the backs of miserable tenements with patched windows—the odds and ends of fever-stricken courts and alleys—which are the present features of the place. Not less perplexing do I find it now, to reckon how many years have passed since I traversed these by-ways one night before they were laid bare, to find out the first Ragged School.

If I say it is ten years ago, I leave a handsome margin. The discovery was then newly made, that to talk soundingly in parliament, and cheer for Church and State, or to consecrate and confirm without end, or to perorate to any extent in a thousand market-places about all the ordinary topics of patriotic songs and sentiments, was merely to embellish England on a great scale with whited sepulchres, while there was, in every corner of the land where its people were closely accumulated, profound ignorance and perfect barbarism. It was also newly discovered, that out of these noxious sinks where they were born to perish, and where the general ruin was hatching day and night, the people *would not come* to be improved. The gulf between them and all wholesome humanity had swollen to such a depth and breadth, that they were separated from it as by impassable seas or deserts; and so they lived, and so they died: an always-increasing band of outlaws in body and soul, against whom it were to suppose the reversal of all laws, human and divine, to believe that society could at last prevail.

In this condition of things, a few unaccredited messengers of Christianity, whom no bishop had ever heard of, and no government-office porter had ever seen, resolved to go to the miserable wretches who had lost the way to them; and to set up places of instruction in their own degraded haunts. I found my first Ragged School, in an obscure place called West-street, Saffron-hill, pitifully struggling for life, under every disadvantage. It had no means, it had no suitable rooms, it derived no power or protection from being recognized by any authority, it attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint, and dirt, and pestilence: with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other; seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out and made its way. Some two years since, I found it, one of many such, in a large, convenient loft in this transition part of Farringdon-street—quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established.

The number of houseless creatures who resorted to it, and who were necessarily turned out when it closed, to hide where they could in heaps of moral and physical pollution, filled the managers with pity. To relieve some of the more constant and deserving scholars, they rented a wretched house, where a few common beds—a dozen or a dozen-and-a-half perhaps—were made

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upon the floors. This was the Ragged School Dormitory; and when I found the school in Farringdon-street, I found the dormitory in a court hard by, which in the time of the cholera had acquired a dismal fame. The dormitory was, in all respects, save as a small beginning, a very discouraging institution. The air was bad; the dark and ruinous building, with its small close rooms, was quite unsuited to the purpose; and a general supervision of the scattered sleepers was impossible. I had great doubts at the time whether, excepting that they found a crazy shelter for their heads, they were better than in the streets.

Having heard, in the course of last month, that this dormitory (there are others elsewhere) had grown as the school had grown, I went the other night to make another visit to it. I found the school in the same place, still advancing. It was now an Industrial School too; and besides the men and boys who were learning—some, aptly enough; some, with painful difficulty; some, sluggishly and wearily; some, not at all—to read, and write, and cipher; there were two groups, one of shoemakers, and one (in a gallery) of tailors, working with great industry and satisfaction, Each was taught and superintended by a regular workman engaged for the purpose, who delivered out the necessary means and implements. All were employed in mending, either their own dilapidated clothes or shoes, or the dilapidated clothes or shoes of some of the other pupils. They were of all ages, from young boys to old men. They were quiet, and intent upon their work. Some of them were almost as unused to it as I should have shown myself to be if I had tried my hand, but all were deeply interested and profoundly anxious to do it somehow or other. They presented a very remarkable instance of the general desire there is, after all, even in the vagabond breast, to know something useful. One shock-headed man, when he had mended his own scrap of a coat, drew it on with such an air of satisfaction, and put himself to so much inconvenience to look at the elbow he had darned, that I thought a new coat (and the mind could not imagine a period when that coat of his was new!) would not have pleased him better. In the other part of the school, where each class was partitioned off by screens adjusted like the boxes in a coffee-room, was some very good writing, and some singing of the multiplication-table—the latter, on a principle much too juvenile and innocent for some of the singers. There was also a ciphering-class, where a young pupil teacher out of the streets, who refreshed himself by spitting every half-minute, had written a legible sum in compound addition, on a broken slate, and was walking backward and forward before it, as he worked it, for the instruction of his class, in this way:

Now then! Look here, all on you! Seven and five, how many?

Sharp Boy (in no particular clothes).—Twelve!

Pupil Teacher.—Twelve—and eight?

Dull Young Man (with water on the brain)—Forty-five!

Sharp Boy.—Twenty!

Pupil Teacher.—Twenty. You're right And nine?

Dull Young Man (after great consideration).—Twenty-nine!

Pupil Teacher.—Twenty-nine it is. And nine!

Reckless Guesser.—Seventy-four!

Pupil Teacher (drawing nine strokes).—How can that be? Here's nine on 'em! Look! Twenty-nine, and one's thirty, and one's thirty-one, and one's thirty-two, and one's thirty-three, and one's thirty-four, and one's thirty-five, and one's thirty-six, and one's thirty-seven, and one's what?

Reckless Guesser.—Four-and-two-pence farden!

Dull Young Man (who had been absorbed in the demonstration).—Thirty-eight!

Pupil Teacher (restraining sharp boy's ardor).—Of course it is! Thirty-eight pence. There they are! (writing 38 in slate-corner.) Now what do you make of thirty-eight pence? Thirty-eight pence, how much? (Dull young man slowly considers and gives it up, under a week.) How much, you? (to sleepy boy, who stares and says nothing.) How much, *you*?

Sharp Boy.—Three-and-twopence!

Pupil Teacher.—Three-and-twopence. How do I put down three-and-twopence?

Sharp Boy.—You puts down the two, and you carries the three.

Pupil Teacher.—Very good. Where do I carry the three?

Reckless Guesser.—T'other side the slate!

Sharp Boy.—You carries him to the next column on the left hand, and adds him on!

Pupil Teacher.—And adds him on! and eight and three's eleven, and eight's nineteen, and seven's what?

—And so on.

The best and most spirited teacher was a young man, himself reclaimed through the agency of this school from the lowest depths of misery and debasement, whom the committee were about to send out to Australia. He appeared quite to deserve the interest they took in him, and his appearance and manner were a strong testimony to the merits of the establishment.

All this was not the dormitory, but it was the preparation for it. No man or boy is admitted to the dormitory, unless he is a regular attendant at the school, and unless he has been in the school two hours before the time of opening the dormitory. If there be reason to suppose that he can get any work to do and will not do it, he is admitted no more, and his place is assigned to some other candidate for the nightly refuge: of whom there are always plenty. There is very little to tempt the idle and profligate. A scanty supper and a scanty breakfast, each of six ounces of bread and nothing else (this quantity is less than the present penny-loaf), would scarcely be regarded by Mr. Chadwick himself as a festive or uproarious entertainment.

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I found the Dormitory below the School: with its bare walls and rafters, and bare floor, the building looked rather like an extensive coach-house, well lighted with gas. A wooden gallery had been recently erected on three sides of it; and, abutting from the centre of the wall on the fourth side, was a kind of glazed meat-safe, accessible by a ladder; in which the presiding officer is posted every night, and all night. In the centre of the room, which was very cool, and perfectly sweet, stood a small fixed stove; on two sides, there were windows; on all sides, simple means of admitting fresh air, and releasing foul air. The ventilation of the place, devised by DOCTOR ARNOTT, and particularly the expedient for relieving the sleepers in the galleries from receiving the breath of the sleepers below, is a wonder of simplicity, cheapness, efficiency, and practical good sense. If it had cost five or ten thousand pounds, it would have been famous.

The whole floor of the building, with the exception of a few narrow pathways, was partitioned off into wooden troughs, or shallow boxes without lids—not unlike the fittings in the shop of a dealer in corn and flour, and seeds. The galleries were parceled out in the same way. Some of these berths were very short—for boys; some, longer—for men. The largest were of very contracted limits; all were composed of the bare boards; each was furnished only with one coarse rug, rolled up. In the brick pathways were iron gratings communicating with trapped drains, enabling the entire surface of these sleeping-places to be soused and flooded with water every morning. The floor of the galleries was cased with zinc, and fitted with gutters and escape-pipes, for the same reason. A supply of water, both for drinking and for washing, and some tin vessels for either purpose, were at hand. A little shed, used by one of the industrial classes, for the chopping up of fire-wood, did not occupy the whole of the spare space in that corner; and the remainder was devoted to some excellent baths, available also as washing troughs, in order that those who have any rags of linen may clean them once a week. In aid of this object, a drying-closet, charged with hot-air, was about to be erected in the wood-chopping shed. All these appliances were constructed in the simplest manner, with the commonest means, in the narrowest space, at the lowest cost; but were perfectly adapted to their respective purposes.

I had scarcely made the round of the Dormitory, and looked at all these things, when a moving of feet overhead announced that the School was breaking up for the night. It was succeeded by profound silence, and then by a hymn, sung in a subdued tone, and in very good time and tune, by the learners we had lately seen. Separated from their miserable bodies, the effect of their voices, united in this strain, was infinitely solemn. It was as if their souls were singing—as if the outward differences that parted us had fallen away, and the time was come when all the perverted good that was in them, or that ever might have been in them, arose imploringly to Heaven.

The baker who had brought the bread, and who leaned against a pillar while the singing was in progress, meditating in his way, whatever his way was, now shouldered his basket and retired. The two half-starved attendants (rewarded with a double portion for their pains) heaped the six-ounce loaves into other baskets, and made ready to distribute them. The night-officer arrived, mounted to his meat-safe, unlocked it, hung up his hat, and prepared to spend the evening. I found him to be a very respectable-looking person in black, with a wife and family; engaged in an office all day, and passing his spare time here, from half-past nine every night to six every morning, for a pound a week. He had carried the post against two hundred competitors.

The door was now opened, and the men and boys who were to pass that night in the Dormitory, in number one hundred and sixty-seven (including a man for whom there was no trough, but who was allowed to rest in the seat by the stove, once occupied by the night-officer before the meat-safe was), came in. They passed to their different sleeping-places, quietly and in good order. Every one sat down in his own crib, where he became presented in a curiously foreshortened manner; and those who had shoes took them off, and placed them in the adjoining path. There were, in the assembly, thieves, cadgers, trampers, vagrants, common outcasts of all sorts. In casual wards and many other Refuges, they would have been very difficult to deal with; but they were restrained here by the law of kindness, and had long since arrived at the knowledge that those who gave them that shelter could have no possible inducement save to do them good. Neighbors spoke little together—they were almost as uncompanionable as mad people—but every body took his small loaf when the baskets went round, with a thankfulness more or less cheerful, and immediately ate it up.

There was some excitement in consequence of one man being missing; "the lame old man." Every body had seen the lame old man up-stairs asleep, but he had unaccountably disappeared. What he had been doing with himself was a mystery, but, when the inquiry was at its height, he came shuffling and tumbling in, with his palsied head hanging on his breast—an emaciated drunkard, once a compositor, dying of starvation and decay. He was so near death, that he could not be kept there, lest he should die in the night; and, while it was under deliberation what to do with him, and while his dull lips tried to shape out answers to what was said to him, he was held up by two men. Beside this wreck, but all unconnected with it and with the whole world, was an orphan boy with burning cheeks and great gaunt eager eyes, who was in pressing peril of death too, and who had no possession under the broad sky but a bottle of physic and a scrap of writing. He brought both from the

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house-surgeon of a Hospital that was too full to admit him, and stood, giddily staggering in one of the little pathways, while the Chief Samaritan read, in hasty characters underlined, how momentous his necessities were. He held the bottle of physic in his claw of a hand, and stood, apparently unconscious of it, staggering, and staring with his bright glazed eyes; a creature, surely, as forlorn and desolate as Mother Earth can have supported on her breast that night. He was gently taken away, along with the dying man, to the workhouse; and he passed into the darkness with his physic-bottle as if he were going into his grave.

The bread eaten to the last crumb; and some drinking of water and washing in water having taken place, with very little stir or noise indeed; preparations were made for passing the night. Some, took off their rags of smock frocks; some, their rags of coats or jackets, and spread them out within their narrow bounds for beds; designing to lie upon them, and use their rugs as a covering. Some, sat up, pondering, on the edges of their troughs; others, who were very tired, rested their unkempt heads upon their hands and their elbows on their knees, and dozed. When there were no more who desired to drink or wash, and all were in their places, the night officer, standing below the meat-safe, read a short evening service, including perhaps as inappropriate a prayer as could possibly be read (as though the Lord's Prayer stood in need of it by way of Rider), and a portion of a chapter from the New Testament. Then, they all sang the Evening Hymn, and then they all lay down to sleep.

It was an awful thing, looking round upon those one hundred and sixty-seven representatives of many thousands, to reflect that a Government, unable, with the least regard to truth, to plead ignorance of the existence of such a place, should proceed as if the sleepers never were to wake again. I do not hesitate to say—why should I, for I know it to be true!—that an annual sum of money, contemptible in amount as compared with any charges upon any list, freely granted in behalf of these Schools, and shackled with no preposterous Red Tape conditions, would relieve the prisons, diminish county rates, clear loads of shame and guilt out of the streets, recruit the army and navy, waft to new countries fleets full of useful labor, for which their inhabitants would be thankful and beholden to us. It is no depreciation of the devoted people whom I found presiding here, to add, that with such assistance as a trained knowledge of the business of instruction, and a sound system adjusted to the peculiar difficulties and conditions of this sphere of action, their usefulness could be increased fifty-fold in a few months.

My Lords and Gentlemen, can you, at the present time, consider this at last, and agree to do some little easy thing! Dearly beloved brethren elsewhere, do you know that between Gorham controversies, and Pusey controversies, and Newman controversies, and twenty other edifying controversies, a certain large class of minds in the community is gradually being driven out of all religion! Would it be well, do you think, to come out of the controversies for a little while, and be simply Apostolic thus low down!

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS NOSE.

THE following passage from a letter is amusing, as well as instructive:

"Trifles are said to amuse weak minds, and probably by a similar process of reasoning, they may be said to annoy great minds. The extreme susceptibility of the President respecting any attempt to turn either his person or policy into ridicule has been frequently noticed, and this excessive susceptibility has gradually attained an intensity which gives it the air of absolute monomania. The police have peremptory orders to ravage any shop in which any work or engraving is to be found in any way reflecting upon that prominent feature in the Presidental visage which has secured for him the time-honored title of '*Noscitur a naso.*' Any semblance of a caricature on the Presidental proboscis exposes the unfortunate possessor (as George Robins would have said) to the persecution of the police. A short time past Paris was inundated with a ludicrous counterfeit portrait of the President's features, which were fashioned into a crockery tobacco-pot. The resemblance was so striking, and yet so irresistibly ludicrous withal—for you know there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—that these tobacco-pots were eagerly purchased, and the designer made a small fortune in his way. The police have of late busily occupied themselves in hunting out the purchasers of these crockery caricatures, which are seized and broken without mitigation or remorse. The crockery shops have been ransacked, and whenever any have been found the shopkeepers have been exposed to considerable annoyance and persecution. Some weeks since two girls were condemned to fine and imprisonment for having openly declared that they never could fall in love with Louis Napoleon. But the Prince now appears disposed to carry the matter still further; for it is alleged that rather sharp notes have been sent to Belgium by the Minister of Foreign Affairs with respect to a masquerade which took place at Ghent in the latter part of the Carnival. Some young men, it appears, promenaded through the streets, a man on a horse, wearing a dress to represent the President of the Republic, and with a gigantic false nose. This man carried in his hand a whip with which he struck from time to time a set of puppets which he carried in his hand—the puppets, each of which had a lock on his mouth, being intended to represent the French Senators and Deputies. The Belgian government is said to have replied that it disapproved of the parody, and offered to dismiss the commissary of police who did not fulfill his duty by preventing it. But the French government not considering this satisfaction sufficient, requires, it is said, the dismissal of the governor, who was on the balcony when the masquerade passed."

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

IN Congress, during the past month, debate has turned mainly on topics connected with the approaching Presidential contest. In the Senate, the resolutions upon the subject of non-intervention have been still further discussed, but no vote has been taken upon them. On the 18th of March, Senator Jones, of Tennessee, replied at length to the speeches of Senators Cass and Seward upon this subject—seeking to establish, by copious citation of authorities, that it had never been the policy of this country to take any part whatever in the affairs of other nations, and urging the importance of still adhering to this course. He was opposed to protesting against the violation of international law by Russia, unless we were prepared to enforce that protest by war. Senator Cass rejoined, defending his positions from the assault of Senator Jones. On the 22d, Senator Soulé, of Louisiana, spoke upon the subject. Whatever might be the fate of the resolutions, he said, their discussion had given the country a chance of expressing its sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden nations of the earth. He then entered upon a historical argument of some length to show that the neutrality advocated and enforced by Washington, during the war between England and France, was simply a matter of necessity—a temporary measure, which the exigencies of the time demanded; and that it was not regarded by Washington as a permanent rule for the action of this country. And further, even if this were not so, and if Washington had really set forth the doctrine, that this country must always remain indifferent to the movements of other nations, Senator Soulé urged, our national growth and progress would render it obsolete. The policy of this nation could not remain the same from century to century; it must change with changing circumstances, and keep pace with the rapid increase of our national population and power. Upon the conclusion of his remarks, the subject was again postponed. On the 26th, a message from the President announced that certain papers, connected with the prosecution of Mexican claims, which had been placed on file in the State Department, had been abstracted therefrom; and asking for the adoption of measures for the better protection of public documents and papers. On the 19th, Senator Cass made a statement of his views on the Wilmot Proviso, in reply to some remarks in a published letter from Senator Davis, of Mississippi. He denied the right of Congress to impose upon a territorial government any restriction in regard to its legislation upon slavery, claiming for the Legislature the right to establish or prohibit slavery, as it may see fit. He also justified the first settlers of California in the steps they took for the establishment of a government, and complained that many gentlemen at the South did not make a just and proper allowance for the sentiments of the North concerning slavery. In the *House of Representatives*, the proceedings have been wholly unimportant. A bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the last fiscal year, has been made the occasion for discussing the prospects of political parties, and the relative claims of various candidates for the Presidency. On the 10th of March, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, spoke in defense of Senator Douglass, from imputations made upon his political course; and Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, vindicated General Butler from similar censure. On the 18th, Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, defended President Fillmore against various assailants, and the discussion was pursued from day to day.

Political Conventions have been held in several States during the month. In Louisiana, the Whigs held one at Baton Rouge on the 16th of March, at which resolutions were adopted in favor of nominating Mr. Fillmore for President, and Mr. Crittenden for Vice-President—declaring the unabated devotion of the people of the State to the Union—demanding the protection of Government for the commerce, agriculture, and manufactures of the country—affirming the mission of this Republic to be, "not to propagate our opinions, or impose on other countries our form of government, by artifice or force, but to teach by example, and show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government, and the advantages of free institutions;"—sustaining the Compromise measures, and pledging the Whigs of the State to support the nominee of the National Convention. The Democratic State Convention declared its preference for General Cass, as the Presidential candidate, by a vote of 101, to 72 for Judge Douglass.——In Virginia, a Democratic Convention assembled at Richmond on the 24th of March: a good deal of difficulty was experienced in effecting an organization. On the third day of the session, resolutions were adopted, affirming the resolutions of 1798–9; denouncing a protective tariff and a division of the public lands among the States; and re-affirming the Baltimore platform. They also resolved to appoint four delegates from each Congressional District to the Baltimore National Convention, who shall in that body sustain the two-thirds rule, and be untrammeled in their choice of a candidate for the Presidency, but vote for such a one as can command the greatest strength with the Democracy, and whose principles are known to conform most strictly to the cardinal tenets of the Democratic faith.——In Pennsylvania, a Whig State Convention met at Harrisburgh, on the 24th. Resolutions were adopted, expressing a desire to act in harmony with the Whig party throughout the Union, declaring in favor of a protective tariff, proclaiming devotion to the Constitution and the Union, commending the administration of President Fillmore, and nominating General Scott unanimously as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. A resolution was also adopted, expressing regret at the illness of Mr. Clay.——The Legislature of Mississippi adjourned on the 16th of March. No United States Senator was chosen for the full term, to commence at the close of the present Congress. In both Houses a bill was rejected which proposed to provide for the payment of the bonds of the State issued on account of the Planters' Bank, but both Houses passed a bill, which has become a law, submitting the question of their payment to a vote of the people. The bill for districting the State, for the election of five members of Congress, was lost, from disagreement between the two Houses—both being willing to pass the bill, but they could not agree as to the composition of the districts.——In Alabama, a Southern Rights State Convention met on the 4th. Only a small portion of the State was represented. Resolutions were adopted in favor of maintaining the separate organization of the Southern Rights party, but acquiescing in the decision of the Southern States against secession for the present.——A message from Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, in regard to the debt of that State, states

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that there is now due and unpaid two millions four hundred and ninety-one thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars of the bonds of the Commonwealth, bearing an interest of six per cent., and a balance of near one hundred thousand dollars due to domestic creditors, bearing a like interest, besides one million three hundred and ninety thousand dollars, at five per cent.; over two millions will fall due in 1853, and about three millions in 1854. He recommends that the matured bonds, and such as may fall due during the year, be canceled by the negotiation of a loan, and that bonds of the Commonwealth be issued, reimbursable at the expiration of ten or fifteen years, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent., with interest certificates attached, or in the usual form, as may be deemed proper.

Mr. Webster happening to visit Trenton, N. J., to take part in a legal argument, was received by the Legislature of the State, on the 26th of March. He was welcomed in a highly eulogistic speech, to which he replied briefly, paying a high compliment to the gallant devotion of New Jersey to the cause of the country during the Revolution, and expressing his thanks for the distinguished attentions which had been shown to him. Senator Stockton, who happened to be present, spoke in terms of high admiration of Mr. Webster, commending his political course, and alluding incidentally to various topics of public interest.——Hon. JEREMIAH MORROW, a distinguished citizen of Ohio, died on the 25th of March, at the advanced age of 73. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature of Ohio in 1800, a member of the Convention to form a State Constitution in 1802, the first member of Congress from that State, afterward Senator and then Governor, serving in the latter capacity two terms, and then returning to Congress. He was a man of ability, influence, and marked integrity.——A serious accident happened in the East River, near New York, on the 26th of March. M. Maillefert, a French scientific gentleman, had been for some time engaged in blasting under water the rocks forming the whirlpool known as Hell-gate, by lowering upon the rock very heavy charges of powder, and exploding them by a galvanic battery. On this occasion, through some misunderstanding, the wrong wire was put into his hands, and he exploded a canister lying in a boat and containing sixty or seventy pounds of gunpowder. Three men were killed, and two or three others, including M. Maillefert himself, were seriously injured.——Ninety of the Americans, captured in Cuba and released by the Queen of Spain, reached New York on the 13th of March.——An extract of a private letter from Mr. Clay has been published, in which he declares his preference for Mr. Fillmore as the Whig candidate for the Presidency, on the ground that he has administered the executive government with signal success and ability. Either Gen. Scott or Mr. Webster, he says, "might possibly administer the government as well as Mr. Fillmore has done. But neither of them has been tried." Mr. Fillmore has been tried, and Mr. Clay thinks that "prudence and wisdom should restrain us from making any change without necessity."——Seven vessels of war are fitting out at New York to join the squadron in the East India seas. It is stated that in connection with other duties, Commodore Perry, the commander of this squadron, is to be instructed to make commercial arrangements with Japan, and for the better treatment of shipwrecked American sailors, who have been heretofore barbarously treated by the Japanese in several instances; and possibly may be required to make reclamations for injuries and losses heretofore sustained by American citizens. Japan has now no treaty with any Christian government except Holland.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 1st of March. The steamship North America running from Panama to San Francisco, went ashore on the 28th of February, about seventy miles south of Acapulco. The vessel is a total loss; she had over 750 passengers, all of whom were saved.——Both political parties in California had chosen delegates to the National Conventions. No further injury had been sustained from attacks of the Indians, and in the southern part of the State every thing was quiet. Mr. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission, had reached San Francisco, after a very severe journey across the desert. A bill was pending in the Legislature authorizing the call of a State Convention to revise the Constitution, and the project of dividing the State continued also to be pressed. Crime had increased considerably in San Francisco, and the Vigilance Committee had again been organized. The anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated at that city with great spirit. Col. Berzenczey, who came to the United States in Kossuth's suite had arrived at San Francisco on his way to Chinese Tartary, which he intends to explore in order to discover, if possible, the origin of the Magyar race: it has been stated that a tribe of Magyars still exists in some part of that vast and unknown region. The United States sloop of war St. Mary's had reached San Francisco, under orders to take on board and return to their homes a number of shipwrecked Japanese. From the mines the news is not important. Owing to lack of rain the labors of the miners had been less productive than usual. Rich quartz veins continue to be found, and very extensive preparations are being made for working them. The whole amount of gold exported from San Francisco during the year ending December 31, 1851, was $34,492,633. Judge Tefft, with three other persons, was drowned, while attempting to land from the Ohio at San Luis Obispo, in a small boat—the surf being high.

MEXICO.

We have news from the City of Mexico to the 28th of February. Both Houses of Congress had voted the suppression of the justices of the peace, but the Government had refused its sanction to the act. It is stated that claims to the amount of twenty or thirty millions of dollars will be brought against the United States, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, for outrages committed by Indians and invaders on the frontier. The administration of Gen. Arista is losing strength, and rumors were current of new plans of revolution of which Santa Anna is at the head.

Intelligence from the Rio Grande fully confirms the defeat of Caravajal and the suppression of the insurrectionary movement in that quarter. On the 21st of February that chief led his forces, consisting of about 300 men to the attack on Camargo, when he was met by about 250 Mexican cavalry. The latter charged upon him three times, when the force under his command broke in confusion and fled across the river. His loss is stated at between thirty and sixty. This ends the revolutionary attempt in Northern Mexico.——Serious annoyance is experienced from the ravages of the Indians in that quarter. On the evening of the 21st a party of sixteen attacked a party of Americans and Mexicans near San Antonio, and killed several of the latter. About two hundred of them were encamped at Lake Espantoza, near the junction of the Leona and Nueces rivers.

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On the 16th, a party of dragoons attacked a body of Indians near Belleville, and dispersed them after killing four.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have at length reliable news of decisive events on the Rio de la Plata. Rosas has been routed by Urquiza, and has fled to England. The control of the whole country, therefore, passes into new hands. From Buenos Ayres our intelligence is to the 3d of February. The passage of the Parana by the liberating army under Gen. Urquiza, commenced on the 22d of December, and was accomplished on the 8th of January. His force consisting of 28,000 men, with 50,000 horses, and 50 pieces of artillery, was brought together on the Diamanté, one of the strongest points upon the river, and he was at once joined by the citizens of the whole province of Santa Fé, and by 4000 troops of Rosas. The Governor of the Province fled toward Buenos Ayres. On the 10th of January the inhabitants of San Nicolao, the frontier town of the province of Buenos Ayres, pronounced against Rosas, and repelled an attack made upon them by a large cavalry force stationed near them. On the 15th Gen. Urquiza passed the frontier, with his whole army; and in a march of twelve days obtained possession of the entire northern part of the province, driving out all the cavalry of Rosas, which had been detached for its defense. On the 29th of January, his advanced guard reached the Rio Conchas, within six leagues of Buenos Ayres, having forced General Pacheco to retreat across that river with the small force remaining of those with whom he had gone to the defense of the province. Rosas had divided his force into three parts—one division of 4000 under Echaqué, another of 3500 under Mancilla, and the third of 5800 under Pacheco. This disposition of them rendered it easy for Urquiza to attack and defeat them separately. On the 27th of January Rosas set out for Santos Lugares, where his main force had been collected. A general engagement at once took place along the whole line of defense, which lasted for several hours, and resulted in the total defeat of the forces of Rosas, General Urquiza remaining master of the field. Rosas immediately fled on board a British vessel in the harbor of Buenos Ayres, with the intention of proceeding to England at the earliest opportunity. He had been engaged for some weeks in securing large amounts of treasure, in apparent preparation for such a flight. General Urquiza immediately followed up his victory by investing the city of Buenos Ayres. Deprived of its governor, of course it could make no long defense, and steps had already been taken to organize a constitutional government under the new auspices. The intelligence of the fall of Rosas had created the liveliest satisfaction in England, and was followed by an immediate and very considerable rise in the market value of Buenos Ayres bonds. This change in the political prospects of that portion of South America, it is believed, will lead to a largely increased emigration thither from the southern parts of Europe. The government of Rosas has been for many years an object of terror and distrust in Buenos Ayres, and has greatly retarded the industry and progress of the country. It has at last been overthrown—not by the intervention of foreign states, but by the independent exertions of the people themselves. General Urquiza, the successful soldier, seems disposed to use his power so as to promote the best interests of the country, and under his guidance a new organization of the several states may be expected.——The Congress of *Venezuela* was still in session on the 10th of March. The affairs of the country were highly prosperous.——The revolted convicts at the Straits of Magellan had been seized by the British war steamer Virago, and taken heavily ironed to Valparaiso. There were in all 350, of whom 180 were taken from the British brig Eliza Cornish, which they had seized:—the rest had taken the American bark Florida, but were afterward subdued by a counter-plot on board, and were delivered up. The officers of the Cornish had been shot in cold blood by the miscreants, who were guilty of shocking barbarities. They were landed at Valparaiso, February 25, and delivered over to the authorities.——In *Peru* an expedition had been organized by General Flores, against Ecuador. It is said he has enlisted two or three thousand men, and sent out four or five vessels loaded with men and munitions, for an attack on the city of Guayaquil. Great excitement prevailed at the latter place, where preparations had been made to give the invaders a warm reception.——Panama papers record the successful result of an expedition to the reputed gold placers on the coast of Choco, in the southern part of the kingdom of *New Grenada*, about 150 miles south of Panama. About 1500 ounces of pure gold dust were exhibited in the latter city, as the first-fruits of the enterprise. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of the *oro* in that vicinity in large quantities.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The political intelligence of the month has little interest. The Derby Ministry still retains office, but without any definite announcement of the line of policy it intends to pursue. On the evening of February 27, the Earl of Derby made a statement of the reasons which had induced him to take office. With regard to the intentions of the new ministry, he said he should seek to maintain peace with foreign nations by calm and conciliatory conduct, and by strict adherence to the obligations of treaties. He was for rigidly respecting the right of every nation, great and small, to govern themselves in their own way. So far as the national defenses were concerned, he thought the preparations wisely made by his predecessor should be continued, so as to screen the country from the possibility of invasion. As regarded refugees, while England was the natural refuge of all political exiles, it was the duty of the latter not to abuse her hospitality; and the government was bound to keep watch of them, and warn their governments of any steps they might take hostile to their peace. With regard to financial measures, although he avowed his belief that a revision of the existing system was desirable, he was aware that it could only be effected by reference to the clearly expressed wish of the people. So large a question could only be dealt with by a government strong in popular confidence, and not by one called suddenly to office. He did not know whether he had a majority in that House; he knew he was in a minority in the other—but he had not felt that the public interest would be consulted by a dissolution at this period of the year and in this condition of the world. Government would have to appeal to the forbearance of its adversaries and to the patience of its supporters, but he had too much confidence in the good sense of the House of Commons to believe that it would unnecessarily take up subjects of controversy while there were legal and social reforms for which the country was anxious. In reference to the measures introduced by the late government, he said that he was most desirous to crush corruption to the utmost of his power, but that, as regarded the proposed reform bill, he should not follow it up, and he warned his hearers, especially members of the House of Commons, against the danger of perpetually unsettling every thing, and settling

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nothing. He did not contend that the system established in 1831 was perfect, or did not require amendment, but he wished to be sure that a proposed remedy would not aggravate the evils complained of. As regarded education, the feelings of all classes had united in the conviction that the more you educated the safer was the country; but he was opposed to the mere acquisition of secular knowledge, dissociated from the culture of the soul. And although he looked on all engaged in education as his fellow-laborers, his chief reliance would be on the parochial clergy. This explanation on the part of the new ministry has not been received as sufficiently explicit to be satisfactory, and it meets, therefore, with very warm hostility. Lord John Russell, in announcing his own retirement, took occasion to say that, for the future, he should think it his duty to oppose, out of office, as he had opposed in office, any restoration of the duty on corn, whether under the name of protection or of revenue;—that he should support an extension of the suffrage to those who are fit to exercise the franchise for the welfare of the country; and that he should use the little influence he might possess for the maintenance of the blessings of peace.—Parliament, after these explanations, adjourned until the 12th of March. —Mr. Disraeli, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has issued a brief address to his constituents, stating that on the 12th of March he should ask for a re-election. The first duty of the new administration, he said, would be to provide for the ordinary exigencies of the government; but at no distant period they hoped to establish a policy in conformity with the principles which in opposition they had felt it their luty to maintain. "We shall endeavor," he adds, "to terminate that strife of classes which of late years has exercised so pernicious an influence over the welfare of this kingdom; to accomplish those remedial measures which great productive interests, suffering from unequal taxation, have a right to demand from a just government; to cultivate friendly relations with all foreign powers, and secure honorable peace; to uphold in their spirit, as well as in their form, our political institutions; and to increase the efficiency, as well as maintain the rights, of our national and Protestant church." Other members of the government had issued similar addresses to their respective constituencies, and several of them had already been re-elected.—At a subsequent session, the ministry intimated that they would no longer resist the demand of the country for a dissolution.

The advent of the Protective Ministry has called into new life the Anti-Corn Law League at Manchester. A meeting of the League was held on the 2d of March, at which resolutions were adopted reorganizing the association, and taking measures to urge upon their friends throughout the kingdom, not to return members in favor of restoring the duties on corn; it was also resolved to petition the Queen for an immediate dissolution of Parliament in order that the question of Free Trade might be decided by a prompt appeal to the people. Mr. Cobden was present, and made a long speech vindicating the operation of the existing system, and resisting the policy of allowing the Ministry to strengthen themselves for the restoration of the protective system. He wished the friends of cheap bread to unite in order to drive the government into one of three courses—either to recant forever the principle of protection, resign their seats, or dissolve Parliament. It was within their power to compel one or the other of these steps to be taken. A very large subscription was immediately raised to defray the expenses of the projected agitation.

The Earl of Derby, on taking office, tendered to Mr. Layard a continuance in office as Under Secretary of State. The offer, however, was declined.——Ireland lost two of its most celebrated men on the 26th of February—THOMAS MOORE, the sweetest and best of her poets, and Archbishop MURRAY, the mildest and best of the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in that country. Moore was in his 72d year, the Archbishop in his 83d year. Moore died at his cottage at Sloperton, near Devizes. For several years he had been alive only in the body. Like Sir Walter Scott and Southey, the tenacity of physical existence outlived the term of the mind. He was buried, according to his long-ago expressed wish, in the quiet church-yard of the village where he died. Sir HERBERT JENNER FUST, Dean of Arches, and long connected with law proceedings and law literature, died on the 20th February, in the 76th year of his age.

FRANCE AND CENTRAL EUROPE.

The elections for members of the Legislative corps were held throughout France on the 29th of February, and resulted in the success of the Government candidate in nearly every instance. Gen. Cavaignac and Carnot are the only Opposition candidates of any prominence who have been elected. What course they will pursue is still a matter of conjecture. It is clear, however, that such a thing as an opposition party in the Legislature will scarcely exist.

The President continues the issue of decrees for the government of France. They embrace, of course, the entire scope of legislation, as the country for the present has no other source of law. One of the most important of these decrees is that authorizing the establishment of Mortgage Banks, the object of which is to enable owners of real estate to borrow on mortgage, and repay the loans by means of long annuities; that is, in addition to the interest the borrower is obliged to pay annually say one per cent. as a sinking fund, which will extinguish the debt in forty years. The banks are to loan on double real estate security. They are allowed to issue notes or bonds. They are not to require more than five per cent. interest, nor more than two nor less than one per cent. as a sinking fund. An article in the *Moniteur* followed the publication of this decree for the purpose of explaining its provisions, from which it appears that there are $160,000,000 of mortgaged debts in France, paying, inclusive of various expenses, an average interest of eight per cent., and that these debts are increasing at the rate of $12,000,000 yearly. It is claimed that the new law will remedy this state of things, and Germany is pointed to in proof of the beneficial effects of mortgage societies.——Another financial decree directs that the holders of five per cent. government funds will receive hereafter only four and a half per cent. or the principal at par value, at their option. The effect of this change will be to reduce the annual interest on the national debt by about three and a half millions of dollars. The holders of these securities of course complain of it as an unjust reduction of their incomes.——Another decree directs the entire organization of the College of France to be put under the immediate control of the President, until the law for its permanent establishment shall have been prepared. New officers have been appointed throughout—a number of the most distinguished scholars of France being superseded.——It has also been decreed that judicial officers shall be disqualified at seventy years of age. By this means the President secures the displacement of a large number of judges, whose seats he

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will fill with persons more acceptable to himself. ——It is decided that M. Billault is to be President of the Legislative corps.——Several distinguished Frenchmen have died during the month. Marshal MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa, the last of the Marshals of Napoleon, died at Venice on the 2d of March. He received his highest military title on the battle field of Wagram. He forsook Napoleon's cause when Napoleon was falling, held high offices under the restoration, and has lived in exile since 1830. Having forsaken Napoleon in 1814, and opposed the revolution of July, his name was erased from the list of Marshals by Louis Philippe's Government, and a black vail drawn over his portrait in the Hall of the Marshals at the Tuileries.——ARMAND MARRAST, who acquired distinction as editor of the *National* and by his close connection with the provisional government of 1848, died March 10.——The President has offered a prize of fifty thousand francs in favor of the author of the discovery which shall render the pile of Volta applicable with economy, whether to industrial operations, as a source of heat, or to illumination, or to chemistry, or to mechanics, or to practical medicine. Scientific men of all nations are admitted to compete for the prize. The competition shall remain open for the space of five years.——He has also presented to M. Leon Foucault, the young *savant* of Paris, distinguished for his works on electricity and light, and especially for the experiment with the *pendulum* illustrative of the earth's rotary motion, the sum of ten thousand francs.

On the 21st of March, the President reviewed the troops, and bestowed upon them the medal, instituted by the confiscation of the Orleans estates. In the speech which he made to them upon the occasion, he said, his object in instituting this medal was to make some more adequate compensation for the services of the army, than they usually received. It secures to each soldier, who shall have it, an annuity of 100 francs for life; the sum is small, but the evidence of merit, which the medal carries with it, adds to its value. He urges them to receive it as an encouragement to maintain intact their military spirit. "Wear it," he says, "as a proof of my solicitude for your interest, and my affection for that great military family of which I am proud to be the head, because you are its glorious children."

The demands of France upon BELGIUM were mentioned in our last Record. It is stated that they have been boldly met and repelled. The King of Belgium at once made an appeal to England and the Continental courts, and he has received from all the European Powers the most positive assurance that they will not suffer any aggressive step whatever of Louis Napoleon against Belgium. The French Cabinet had required the Belgian Government to remove the Lion which had been placed on the field of Waterloo; but that demand was refused. It is said, upon reliable authority, that the "decree" for annexing Belgium to France had been prepared and even sent to the *Moniteur* for publication; and was only withdrawn in consequence of the strenuous opposition of those who have more prudence than the President, and who fortunately possess some influence over him.

The Paris correspondence of the London *Morning Chronicle*, furnishes the details of a diplomatic correspondence between the principal Continental Powers, which has decided interest and importance. It is stated that, on the 7th of February, Prince Schwarzenberg addressed a note to the representatives of Austria at St. Petersburg and Berlin, in which he urged that the object of the Northern Powers ought now to be to put down all that remained of constitutional government on the continent of Europe; and that for this purpose they ought to insist on the representative form of government being abolished in all the States where it was still tolerated, and more especially in Piedmont and in Greece. He further declared that Louis Napoleon, by his *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, which, while it put an end to constitutional government, restored military government in France, had merited the applause of all the Northern Powers, and he suggested that they ought to concur in giving him their united and cordial support, even to the exclusion of both branches of the House of Bourbon, because none of the members of that illustrious House could reascend the throne without according representative government in some shape. The representatives of Austria at Berlin and St. Petersburg having been directed to communicate this dispatch to the governments to which they were accredited, did so, but the manner in which the communication was received by the two Powers was very different. The Prussian government at once declared that it strongly disapproved of the suggestion of the Austrian government, and that, as it looked upon a certain degree of constitutional freedom as necessary in the present state of Europe, it highly disapproved of the attempt of Louis Napoleon to establish a military despotism. The Russian Czar, who sets up as the arbiter of all that is done to Germany, gave a very characteristic answer to both Powers. He recommended to the Austrian government not to be so enthusiastic in its admiration of Louis Napoleon, and to the Prussian government, not to be so determined in its hostility to that personage; and thus, says the writer, the affair for the present rests.

Concerning the SWISS question, we have more authentic intelligence. The French diplomatic agent at Berne had delivered to the Federal Authorities a note, dated January 25th, containing an explicit demand from Louis Napoleon, "That the formal promise be made to me that all the expulsions of refugees which I may ask be accorded to me, without any examination as to what category the French political refugees affected by this measure belong; and, in addition, that the orders of the central power be executed according to terms prescribed in advance, without being mitigated or wholly disregarded by the cantonal authorities, as I can prove, by examples, has been done in previous instances. The French embassador only is in a condition to know the individuals whose former connections and present relations render impossible the prolongation of their stay in the territory of the Helvetic Confederation; as also those who can be tolerated provisionally, if their future conduct renders them worthy of this tolerance. The first should depart from the moment that I have designated them by name. The others should be told that they can continue to reside in Switzerland only on condition that they give no reason for complaint." It seems scarcely possible that so peremptory and insulting a demand should have been made, even by the French autocrat, upon any independent power; but the text of the letter is given. Austria also made a similar requisition; and the *Assemblée Nationale* says that the Cabinet of Vienna distinctly announced to the Federal Council its intention to occupy the canton of Ticino with Austrian troops, unless the demands for the expulsion of certain refugees were complied with, and guarantees given for preventing their return, as well as the renewal of conspiracies against the peace of Lombardy. Prince Schwarzenberg sent instructions to M. Hubner, the Austrian embassador at Paris, to propose to the French gov

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ernment a simultaneous action in the same views, and the occupation of Geneva and the canton of Vaud by the French troops. The government of Louis Napoleon declined to co-operate with Austria in invading the Swiss territory; and Austria was also persuaded to desist from this enterprise. The firm attitude of the cabinets of London and Berlin, backed perhaps by the counsels of Russia, is supposed to have procured this result. But no sooner was the project of the joint violation of the neutral territory baffled, than a new scheme was adopted by the two conspiring Powers, which threatens to be equally ruinous to Switzerland. The French and Austrian governments have entered into a convention for the commercial blockade of that country. In order to carry this into effect Piedmont must be forced to join the league and stop her frontier against Swiss commerce. In the way of such a result stand the government of Sardinia and British influence at the court of Turin. How much these will avail remains to be seen. Subsequent advices state that Switzerland had acceded to all the President's requisitions—they having been repeated in less offensive terms.

From GERMANY there is no news of interest. The Emperor of Austria left Vienna, February 25th, for Trieste and Venice, to meet the Grand Prince of Prussia. The Second Chamber of Wurtemberg, in its sitting of the 26th, adopted, by 54 votes to 32, resolutions, declaring that the fundamental rights proclaimed by the National Assembly of Frankfort continue to have legal force in the kingdom, and can only be abolished in the form presented by the Constitution. The Chamber rejected, by 66 votes to 20, a resolution protesting against certain measures of the Germanic Diet; and it rejected, by 48 votes to 38, a motion relative to the dissolution of the Chamber in 1850. M. de Plessen, after these votes, made a declaration, in the name of the Government, that the Chamber would probably be dissolved.

In SPAIN it is said that the Government is about to reinforce the garrisons of Cuba and Porto Rico by an addition of three or four thousand men. General Concha has been recalled from the Governorship of Cuba; his successor, Gen. Caredo, was to sail from Cadiz on the 20th of March. Extensive changes were taking place in all departments of the public service.

THE EAST.

From TURKEY we learn that Reschid Pasha, whose dismissal was noted in our last, has been received to favor again, and restored to office. The Sultan has lately shown his magnanimity to rebels against his authority, by bestowing upon Aziz Bey and his brother Ahmed Bey, rebel Kurdish chiefs, near Bagdad, conquered by the Sultan, and brought to Constantinople six months ago, a pension of three thousand piastres a month. This clemency to political offenders is said to be common with the Turkish Sovereign. The Turkish Government has recently forbidden the loan of money to farmers at more than eight per cent. interest: it also forbids the payment of all engagements hitherto made at higher rates. A third bridge has just been finished across the Golden Horn. A splendid ball was given at the close of the Carnival by the British Embassador, at which about eight hundred persons were present.

In PERSIA the recently dismissed Grand Vizier, Mirza-Taghi-Khan, has been put to death, by having his veins opened in a bath, and his treasures have been seized by the Shah.

From INDIA we have news of further difficulties between the English and the Burmese. Previous advices stated that Commodore Lambert had complained to the King of Ava of the conduct of the Governor of Rangoon in refusing compliance with certain demands of reparation for injuries sustained by the British. The King professed a ready submission to the Commodore's requisitions, but his sincerity was doubted, and Commodore Lambert consequently resolved to remain with his squadron, for some days longer, in order to test the truth of his suspicions. Scarcely had the new Governor or Viceroy been placed in authority, than he commenced a series of annoyances against all British subjects, which rendered it imperative on the part of Commodore Lambert to seek an interview with him, which was not only refused, but all communication between the shore and fleet strictly prohibited. In this warlike aspect of affairs many of the British took refuge on board the English vessels, while those who remained behind desirous of securing their property, were cast into prison. The fleet remained at anchor for twenty-four hours on the opposite side of the river, when intimation was received from the Viceroy that he would fire on the squadron should the Commodore attempt to move down the river. On the 10th of January the Fox was towed down, and anchored within a few hundred yards of the stockade erected by the Viceroy, when the steamer having returned to bring away with her a Burmese man-of-war, was fired on, which was immediately returned with great vigor. The enemy dispersed after some three of them were slain. The squadron then proceeded on its course, and the river ports of Burmah were proclaimed to be in a state of blockade. Commodore Lambert then proceeded to Calcutta for further instructions. Another campaign was therefore deemed unavoidable, which, it was supposed, could not be commenced before October.

Editor's Table.

CREDULITY and SKEPTICISM are often, in fact, but different aspects of one and the same state of mind. No man is more credulous than the infidel in respect to all that would make against the truth of Christianity. Hindoo legends, Chinese chronologies, unmeaning Egyptian hieroglyphics, are suffered at once to outweigh the clearest declarations of that volume which alone sheds light on history, and solves the otherwise inexplicable problem of our humanity.

Nowhere is this remark more strikingly exemplified than in the pretensions of what may be called the pseudo-spiritualism of the day. Men whose credulity can not digest the supernatural of the Bible are most remarkably easy of belief in respect to spiritual rappings, and spiritual table-liftings, and spiritual communications in Hebrew translated into ungrammatical and false-spelled English. Prophecy and inspiration are irrational; the belief in a Divine regenerating influence on the human soul is superstitious and fanatical; but clairvoyance and *clairvoyant prevision*, and mental alchemy are embraced without difficulty, by the professors of this more transcendent faith. They see and feel nothing of that

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grandeur of conception, that holy seriousness, that impressive truthfulness of style, that superhuman elevation above all that associates itself with the absurd, the grotesque, the low, and the malignant—in a word, those traits which every where characterize the miraculous of the Scriptures, and have ever awed the most thoughtful into a recognition of its reality. And yet some of these lecturers and *professors* have even the impudence to baptize their naturalistic jargon with the name of spiritualism, and while treating the human soul with less reverence than is justly due to the lowest form even of vegetable life, dare to talk of the *moral* uses of their pretended science, as though it had any more place for the word and the idea than might be found in the jerking automaton of the toy-shop.

Sometimes the pretense can be characterized by no milder term than mocking blasphemy. One of these impostors, who has made some noise lately, is said to have accurately foretold the words and ideas of a discourse which was to be delivered by another person on a subsequent day. It was no hypothetical prediction, grounded on a scientific calculation of assumed causes and effects, but, in fact, a *clairvoyant prevision*, not from any Divine impression (an idea which this blasphemous pretender is known wholly to deride), but from a transcendent subjective state of his natural intelligence. And yet some who are known to believe only in an ideal Christ, and an ideal resurrection, are not ashamed to signify a half assent to this monstrous assertion of one of the highest conceivable attributes of the Almighty. Every one who thinks at all must see that here there is no possible middle ground. It is this claim, awfully profane and daring as it is, or a downright imposture.

There is nothing derogatory to the human mind in the belief of the *marvelous*. In fact, such belief is an element of its higher life. The wonder is, that there is not more of it. But no degree of evidence can justify us in giving credence to the *absurd*. The ridiculous is ever proof of the presence of falsehood. The higher we rise in the scale of truth, the more do we find ourselves ascending into a region of seriousness. An impression of a sterner reality, of a deeper interest, of more dread importance, of a more solemn consistency, accompanies every genuine advance. Truth, as it grows purer and clearer, is ever found to be more and more a fearful thing—joyful, indeed, and soul-inspiring, yet finding the very fullness and solidity of its joy in that graver element which gives it its highest and most real interest for the human soul. A faith that has no awe proves itself a delusion. A religion that has no fear, or is not deeply solemn, is a contradiction in terms. For the absurd and the ridiculous even pure falsehood is too stern a thing. They have their existence only in that grotesque mixture of truth and error, in which the distortion of the one concealing the malignity of the other gives birth to all revolting and ludicrous monstrosities.

We need no better test. Apply it to the supernatural of the Scriptures, and it furnishes one of the strongest evidences of their truth. So serious a book can not be a lie. Bring to this criterion the modern charlatanry, which so wantonly assumes the name of faith, "obtruding itself with its fleshly mind" into the domain of the true supernatural, and yet denying the supernatural—bring it to this criterion, we say, and it is at once shown to be "earthly, sensual, devilish"—a grotesque reflection of some of the worst things of this world thrown back in lurid distortion from the darkness visible of the Satanic realms. But even this may be assigning to it too high a rank. The position can not be charged with irrationality which assumes that the "mocking fiend" may sometimes be permitted to practice his jugglings on those rash fools, who would venture too near to his domain of falsehood. But in most of the modern cases of this kind, we are beginning to have little doubt that sheer imposture is the predominant if not the only element.

On the outward evidence, however, we can not at present dwell, since it is with the reasoning of these charlatans we design that our brief strictures shall be mainly occupied. In this, too, we find the proof of falsehood. For we return again to our text—the marvelous may be believed, the absurd no amount of evidence can prove. And here some thoughts suggest themselves to which we must give expression. What amount of solid thinking, what discrimination of ideas, what right knowledge of words, what degree of logical training, which, although not the discoverer of truth, is the surest guard against error—in a word, what amount of general, solid, mental culture must there be in an age distinguished for the extensive circulation and approbation of such works as Davis's Revelations of Nature, and Davis's Great Harmonia, and Dodd's Psychology, &c., &c.? Could it have been so when Butler wrote his immortal Analogy; or, farther back, when Howe preached his Living Temple as evening lectures to a country congregation, and Baxter's tracts were found in every hamlet in England? Could it have been so in our own land, when Edwards preached his deep theology to plain men in plain New England villages? The marvelous, we may well suppose, would have had no lack of believers in those days. But would such absurdities in reasoning have ever gained currency in those thinking though little scientific periods? With all our talk of science, and progress, and universities, and common schools, and the schoolmaster being abroad in the land, there must be, somewhere, something wrong in our most modern ideas and modern modes of education. Is not the physical element too predominant, and is it not to the common smatterings in this department that such a pretended spiritualism, yet real materialism, is directly to be traced? A superficial sciolism, extensive enough in its facts, but utterly hollow in its philosophy, is the food with which the common mind is every where crammed even to satiety, while there is such a serious lack of the logical, the theological, the Biblical, the classical, the historical—in short, of those elements which must furnish the foundation of all right thinking, and without which other knowledge is more likely to lead to error than to truth.

But we can at present only hint at this. In respect to the reasonings of these scientific discoverers (as they claim to be), we may say that their fallacies get currency from this very cause, namely, the general want of discrimination in respect to the true bounds of fundamental ideas, and that abuse of language which is the necessary result. If the consequences were not so serious, nothing could be more amusing than their pretensions, or their method. They would have us believe that they are the martyrs—Galileos—Bacons—Harveys, all of them. Each one is a suffering Servetus, while all the bigotry of the theological world, with all its inquisitorial priests and furious Calvins, is ever ready to crush their new science, and give the crown of martyrdom to its devoted teachers.

They have, too, the sagacity to perceive that audiences, in general, love to be addressed in the technics of a scientific style, whether rightly used or not. The vender of quack medicines has discovered

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the same secret; and hence he, too, has his array of causes and effects, and fluids, and mediums, and counteracting forces, and grand systems of circulation, and positive and negative states. To be thus addressed raises the hearer or reader at once in his own estimation, and thus prepares him, sometimes, for the reception of almost any kind of nonsense. He acquires, too, an interest in these high matters; and if not himself an actual martyr to science, becomes at least a sympathizer with those who are doomed to all this infamous persecution.

The usual course has now become so stereotyped, that one who has attended a number of lectures of this kind, will be able to predict the general method of remark quite as well as Davis is said to have foretold that of Dr. Bushnell. He will be certain of the very places where the peculiar and most original cant of the school will be sure to come in. He will know just when and where to look out for Galileo and the priests, and the Puritans and the Quakers, and Fulton and the steam-engine. He anticipates precisely the spot where the lecturer will tell us how Bacon "used up" the Stagyrite, and how wonderfully knowledge has grown since that remarkable event, and how all previous progress was preparatory to this new science, which it has been reserved for our bold martyr not only to discover in its elements, but to present full formed and full grown to his astonished hearers, —and which, moreover, he generously offers to teach to private classes (the ladies to be by themselves) at the exceedingly reasonable rate of ten dollars per course.

Sometimes the whole of this scientific claptrap will consist of the dextrous use of some one long new-coined term, very much like those that are invented for the venders of soaps and perfumes to express the psychology of their most ingenious and philosophical compounds. The lecturer has discovered a new word, and it stands to him in place of a mine of thought. In Martinus Scriblerus we read of a project to banish metaphysics out of Spain. It was to be done by forbidding the use of the compounds and decompounds of the substantive verb. "Take away from the scholastic metaphysician," says this ingenious reformer, "his *ens*, his *entitas*, his *essentia*, &c., and there is an end of him." So also we have known lectures, and even books, on some of these new psychologies from which the abstraction of a single term would cause the whole to collapse. And yet to the quackish lecturer it is the key to unlock all his scientific treasures. He has somehow picked up a *word*, and he is deluding himself, and trying to delude others, into the notion that he has really caught an *idea*. The connection of soul and body is no longer a mystery. Science has at length dragged it out of its dark retreat. Nothing can be simpler than the explanation at length afforded of the fact which had so long baffled all inquiry. It is wholly owing to the *nervo-vital* fluid. But how is this? Is this connecting medium mind, or matter, or a compound of both, or a tertium quid? If it is either the first or the second, the mystery is just where it was before. If it be said that it is the last (the only answer which does not at once annihilate itself), the further query arises—How is that to be a medium which needs itself a medium, or rather two other distinct media, to serve as connecting links between it and the two worlds it would unite? Or is it a bridge without an abutment on either shore?

But what are all such difficulties to our modern Galileo, or to his scientific audience? It is the *nervo-vital* fluid, whether or no. There is a charming philosophy in the very sound, and it is impossible that so good a term should not mean something. It is an admirable word—a most euphonic word—and since the parts are certainly significant, there can be no reason why the whole compound should not be so likewise.

Another of these magic words is *electricity*. It is getting to be the *universal solvent* for all scientific difficulties. It is life, it is gravitation, it is attraction, it is generation, it is creation, it is development, it is law, it is sensation, it is thought, it is every thing. "Give me a place to put my lever," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world!" Give us electricity and nervo-vital fluids, say our biologists, and we will explain the mystery of all organizations, from the animalcule to the universe!

We repeat it, The downright impositions in respect to facts, are not so insulting to an audience, as the quackish reasoning which is often presented by way of explanation. To state an example: One of the most common performances of these mountebanks consists in the pretended control of one mind or one person over the senses, the actions, the volitions, and even the moral states of another. The performance is generally contemptible enough in itself, but it is rendered still more so when our man of science undertakes, as he generally does, to explain to his audience the profound rationale of his proceedings. The lecturer most modestly and reverently disclaims for himself the possession of supernatural powers. It is all science—all strictly in accordance with "*natural laws*," and performed on the most rational and scientific principles. He had broken no law of mind or matter, as he would make perfectly level to the understandings of his most respectable auditory. The grand agent in the whole process was electricity, or the nervo-vital fluid. By means of this, the mind of the operator was transferred to the soul of the subject, and hence it is perfectly plain that the emotions and mental exercises of the one become the emotions and mental exercises of the other. A terrific scene was fancied (in the case which we have now in mind it was a picture of serpents), and the patient was thrown into a state of most agitating fright. Now that an impostor, or a juggler, might deceive the senses of an audience, is nothing incredible, and implies nothing derogatory to their intelligence. That some physical effect may have been produced on the nervous system of some peculiarly sensitive subject, is by no means beyond belief; or that in some way, explicable or inexplicable, the agitation and convulsion may have had a real existence. So far it may have been wholly false, or partly false and partly real. Again, whether there may or may not be unknown fluids through which one mind or one body affects another, is not the question. If it were so, it would only be analogous to the ordinary modes of mediate communication by air, and light, and sound, and would be liable in kind, if not in degree, to the same imperfections. Still would it be true, whatever the media, ordinary or extraordinary, that only as mind is communicated to mind *as it really is*, can one affect the emotions, and exercises, and states of the other. There may be less, there never can be more, in the effect than in the cause.

Here, then, is the palpable absurdity, which should bring a blush of shame upon every audience, and every individual calling himself rational, who is for a moment affected by it. The mind of the operator, it is maintained, is, for the time being, the mind of the patient. It has taken possession of his thinking and feeling province. This is the philosophy that Aristotle never knew, and of which even Bacon hardly had a glimpse. Let us test it. As the lecturer is a very frank and fearless man, he invites the fullest examination, not only of his facts, but of his reasoning. Some one may, therefore, be sup-

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posed to present the following or similar questions: You *willed*, did you, the scene and the state of mind which produced these alarming results? Exactly so. Was it, then, a simple volition of the *effect*, as an effect (if such a thing were possible), or accompanied in your own mind, by a conception of the scene presented? Certainly, replies the triumphant lecturer, the whole rationale, as you have been told, consisted in throwing my mind into that of the subject. He thought what I thought—he felt what I felt. Very well. But were you frightened at the snakes? Did terror constitute any part of the exercises of your own mind? This is a puzzler, but there is an apparent way of surmounting the difficulty. The patient, it may be said, *believes* in the reality of the scene presented, while the operator does not. But this only suggests a still greater absurdity. This belief, or non-belief, is certainly a very important part of the mental and emotional state. How comes one of the most essential ingredients to be left behind in the psychological transfer? Does the operator *will* it thus to be? We have never heard any such thing alleged; but if it were so, it would only be the crowning folly of this superlatively foolish process—this very lunacy of nonsense. Such volition itself would then become a part of the mental state, and must pass over to the patient along with the other thoughts and emotions, and with all the absurdity involved in it, or require another volition to keep it back, and still another volition for this, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Have any of our readers ever seen a foolish dog running round and round after his own tail, and ever jerking it away just when he seemed to himself to be on the point of catching it? Nothing can furnish a better illustration of the exceeding folly that has often in this way been presented as profound and scientific reasoning to what have been styled enlightened and respectable audiences.

There is another fallacy running through all these pretended sciences—from phrenology and phrenomesmerism to the most stupid exhibitions that have been ever given, under the names of "electrical psychology" and "mental alchemy." It is that view which, in effect, wholly denies any thing like a spiritual unity to the human soul, making it a series of separate impulses, or, like the keys of a piano, each when struck from without giving an isolated sound. Let one be touched, the machine lifts up its hand, and is supposed to pray. Strike another, and it blasphemes. And so, by turns, it hates and loves, and fears and trusts—not different objects, which would be perfectly consistent with a spiritual unity, in which the whole moral and intellectual state is represented in every exercise, but the same objects, and with transitions so sudden as to be almost simultaneous. We might, in a similar way, expose the absurd reasoning contained in all this, but we would rather dwell at present on the moral aspect of the case—the shocking irreverence it manifests toward the human soul, making its faith, its reason, its love, its conscience, as worthless as the lowest bodily appetites—sinking it, indeed, below the dignity of respectable organic or inorganic matter, with which such tricks can not be played, and reducing all that have heretofore been regarded as the highest moral truths to the rank of physical phenomena.

In some former remarks of our Editorial Table, there was an allusion to the revolting claim clairvoyance makes to meddle with the soul's sacred individuality. The thought is applicable to all those kindred pretensions which are now so rife. Their tendency is to destroy all reverence for our own spirituality, and with it all reverence for the truly spiritual everywhere. If this be true of what is called biology and mental alchemy, in a still more impressive sense may it be charged upon that other compound of blasphemy and Satanic mummery, which has grown directly out of them. We allude to the pretense of holding intercourse with departed spirits through mesmerized mediums, or what are usually called *spiritual rappings*. The first class of performances are an insult to the human intelligence; this is a moral outrage upon the most tender, the most solemn, the most religious feelings of our nature. The one is a profane trifling with all that is most sacred in life—the other is a violation of the grave, and of all beyond, of which it is the appointed vail. It is hard to write or speak with calmness here. The mischief done and doing in this direction, defies all proper estimate. These proceedings are sending lunatics to our asylums, but this is by no means the sorest evil that may be laid to their charge. It is the soul-hardening familiarity they are every where producing with the most awful subjects that can be offered for human contemplation. Such an effect, too, in relation to the spirit of man must soon be followed by a similar one in respect to the still more tremendous idea of Deity. To use a strange but most expressive term, first employed by De Quincey (although applied to a different subject) we know of nothing in human experience that threatens to be so utterly *de-religionizing*—in other words, so fatally destructive of all that reverence for the spiritual, that awe of the unseen, that tender emotion, as well as solemn interest, which connect themselves with the idea of the other life, and without which religion itself, in any form, can have no deep or permanent hold upon the mind. We find it difficult to conceive how any man possessed of the smallest share of these holy sympathies, can bring himself to give any countenance whatever to such practices. We appeal to those who have lost the nearest relatives—a parent, a brother, a sister, a dear departed child—how should every right feeling of the soul revolt against the thought of holding intercourse with them, even though it were possible, through such means? Who that has a Christian heart would not prefer the silence of the grave to the thought of the dear departed one in the midst of such imaginings, and such scenic associations as are connected with the usual performances of this kind? Through that silence of the grave the voice of faith may be heard speaking to us in the language of revelation—*He is not dead but sleepeth*. Blessed word,—so utterly unknown to all previous philosophy—never heard in any other revelation than that of the gospel! They are not dead but *sleep*. "They enter into *peace*," says the prophet. And then the precious and consoling addition—They sleep *in Jesus*. Surely the term thus employed can imply no cessation of consciousness, no torpor of the higher and better faculties of the soul; but it does denote, beyond all doubt, a state of rest, of calmness, of security, of undisturbed and beatific vision—a state far removed from all resemblance to this bustling life—a state in all respects the opposite of that which fancy pictures as belonging to the scenes presented in the manifestations of spiritual rappings, and spiritual table-liftings, and, in a word, those spiritual pantomimes, which seem to be becoming more and more extravagant and grotesque in proportion to the infidel credulity with which they are received.

Such are every where the scriptural ideas in respect to the condition of the pious dead, and from the other class we seek not to draw that vail which it has thrown over them. Nothing shows more strikingly the extreme secularity of the age in which we

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live than the disposition, even among many who are professedly religious, to look upon the other world as only a continuation of the activities of the present; but we affirm with all boldness, that such a view receives no support from the Bible. Rest, security, calmness, peace, removal from all agitation, from all excitement, from all commingling in the scenes of this busy, restless, probationary life—these are the thoughts which are suggested by its parables, its metaphors, its visions, its direct and positive assertions. Especially clear and prominent is the idea of entire separation from the present world. They have "entered into rest"—they are in "Abraham's bosom"—they are "with Christ in Paradise." To the same effect would the spiritually-minded reader interpret certain phrases employed in the Older Scriptures. They are in "the secret of his pavilion," in the "hiding-place of his tabernacle"—they abide "under the shadow of the Almighty." Such expressions may have a meaning in connection with this life; but their fullest import is only brought out when their consoling assurances are referred to the state of the departed in the spirit-world.

And here the thought most naturally suggests itself—How striking the difference between the sensual obtrusiveness, the impious pretensions, the profane curiosity exhibited in connection with this modern charlatanry, and what may be called the *solemn reserve* of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible never condescends to gratify our curiosity respecting what may be called the physiology, or *physical* theory of the other life. On the other hand, the *moral* effect is ever kept in view, and to this, in all its communications, it ever aims at giving the deepest intensity. In the light of this thought let any one contrast the sublime vision of Eliphaz (Job iv.) with any of these modern spiritual manifestations. The vail is for a moment withdrawn. A light just gleams upon us from the spirit-world, not to show us things within, but to cast its moral irradiation upon things without. The formless form, the silence, and the voice leave all things physical, or psychological as much unknown as before; but how deep the moral impression! There are no disclosures of the scenery or topography of the unseen state; no announcement of "great truths about to break forth;" nothing said of "throwing down barriers between the two worlds." But instead of this, a most solemn declaration of a Divine moral government, and a moral retribution, to which all that is physical, or physiological, or psychological even, is intended ever to be kept subservient.

Thus it is throughout the Bible. Paul had visions of the third Heavens. Christ descended into Hades, and rose again; but he has told us nothing of the state or doings of departed spirits. Where the sacred penmen draw back, and scarce afford a hint, except as to the certainty of retribution in another world, modern mystics, modern impostors have given us volumes.

> Fools rashly venture in
> Where angels dare not tread.

And so, too, in respect to death itself. The impostor Davis profanely assumes to describe the process of the elimination of the spirit from the struggling body, and some have pronounced the unfeeling caricature worthy of the genius of Dante or of Milton. But with what solemn reserve does the Scripture cast a vail over this dread event, and reveal to us only its moral consequences. It is a going down into a "Valley of Shadows," and all that the believer is allowed to know of it is, that in that Valley there is one to take him by the hand, one who will walk with him through its darkness, and "whose rod and staff shall comfort him" through all that dreary way. To this correspond the terms expressive of the idea in primitive languages. It is a going into *Hades*, the *Invisible*, the *Unknown*, not in the sense of any doubt, implied as to the real existence of a spirit world (for men have never been without a distinct belief in this, as matter of fact), but unknown as to its physical states and modes of being. In the Hebrew it is *Beth Olam*, the *Hidden House* (imperfectly rendered *the long home*, Eccles. xii.), where the souls of the dead take no part in things that are done beneath the sun." The living go to them, but they come not back any more to us. And what right-feeling heart would have it otherwise. They are

> Not dead, but parted from their house of clay.

They still dwell, too, in our memories; they are enshrined in our hearts. Who would not trust them to the Scripture promises of rest and peace, rather than imagine them as subject to the unrest, and sharing in the agitating and tumultuous scenes of this pseudo-spiritualism. The believer in rappings charges his opponent with a Sadducean lack of faith. But we would take issue with him on the term. The naturalistic spirit-hunter is a stranger to the idea. With him it is only the sensualism and sensual scenes of this earth carried into a supposed spiritual world. It is a faith which has no trust, no patient waiting. It is not "the evidence of things unseen." It is not "the substance of things hoped for." It is rank materialism, after all. It is, moreover, *essentially* irreligious. As far as it extends, it threatens, to an awful degree, to de-religionize the human soul—not only to take away all true spirituality of view, but to render men incapable of those ideas, on which alone a right religious belief can be founded.

We hope our readers will not think that we have indulged in a train of thought too serious or sombre for the pages of a literary Monthly Magazine. It is directly forced upon us by our subject, if we would treat it as it deserves to be treated; and our only apology for choosing such a theme, is found in the fact that it is connected with one of the most widespread and mischievous delusions of the day. We should indeed think that we had discharged a most important editorial duty, could we only convey to the many thousands of our readers our deep impression, not only of the falsehood and wickedness of these "*lying wonders*," but also of the immense moral evil of which they threaten to be the cause.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Spring hangs fire, like a rusty match-lock; and even as we write—though the almanac tells stories of "pleasant showers about this time"—the snow-flakes are dappling the distant roofs, and shivering under a northern wind. The early-trout fishers upon the south-shore of the Island, are bandaged in pea-coats, and the song-making blue-birds twitter most scattered and sorry orisons.

It is a singular circumstance—and one of which the meteorologic men must give us the resolution—that the seasons of the Eastern and Western Continents balance themselves so accurately as they do. Thus, the severe winter which, leaning from the Arctic Circle, has touched our Continent with an icy *right* hand, has kindled with a warm *left*, the north of Europe into a premature Spring. The journalists tell us of flowers blooming in Norway, through all the latter half of February; and the winter in Paris has proved as sham a winter, as their Republic is sham republic

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Is there any tide of atmosphere which makes flux and reflux of cold—kindred to the sweep of the ocean? And may not that Northern Centre, which geographers call the POLE, have such influence on the atmospheric currents, as the moon is said to have upon the sea?

POOR Sir John, meantime, shivering in the Northern Regions, or—what is far more probable—sealed up in some icy shroud, that keeps his body whole, and that will not break or burst until the mountains melt—is not forgotten. Even now the British Admiralty are fitting out another expedition, to flounder for a season among the icebergs, and bring back its story of Polar nights, and harsh Arctic music.

A little bit of early romance, associated with the great navigator, has latterly found its way into the journals, and added new zest to the talk of his unknown fate. Lady Franklin was, it appears, in her youthful days, endowed with the same poet-soul—which now inspires her courage, and which then inspired her muse. Among other rhymed thoughts which she put in print, were some wild, weird verses about the Northern realms, and the bold navigators who periled life and fortune among the Polar mountains. The verses caught the eye and the sympathies of Sir John Franklin. He traced them to their source, and finding the heart of the lady as true and brave, as her verse was clear and sound, he challenged her love, and won such wife as became the solace of his quieter days, and the world-known mourner of his fate.

DOMESTIC talk plays around the topic of the coming Presidential campaign, and not a dinner of the whole Lenten season but has turned its chat upon this hinge. And it is not a little curious to observe how the names of the prospective Presidents narrow down, as the time approaches, to some two or three focal ones, toward which converge all the rays of calumny and of laudation. Yet in this free speech—thanks to our privilege—we offer a most happy contrast to that poor shadow of a Republic, which is now thriving in embroidered Paris coats, and whose history is written under the ban of Censors. It is amusing to recall now the speeches of those earnest French Republicans, who, in the debates of 1848, objected so strongly to any scheme of representation which should bear that strong federal taint that belonged to our system. "It is an off-shoot," said they, "of British and lordly birth, and can not agree with the nobler freedom which we have established, and which has crowned our Revolution."

May God, in his own good time, help the French—if they will not help themselves—and give them no worse a ruler, than the poorest of our present candidates!

SOME little time ago we indulged in a pleasant strain of self-gratulation, that the extraordinary woman, Lola Montes—*danseuse, diplomate*, widow, wife, *femme entretenue*—should have met with the humblest welcome upon American shores, and by such welcome given a lift to our sense of propriety It would seem, however, that the welcome was only stayed, and not abandoned. The cordial reception which our national representatives have given the Bavarian Countess, was indeed a matter to be looked for. Proprieties of life do not rule high under the Congressional atmosphere; nor is Washington the moving centre of much Christian enterprise—either missionary or other. But that Boston, our staid rival, should have shown the *danseuse* the honor of Educational Committees, and given her speech in French and Latin of the blooming Boston girls, is a thing as strange as it was unexpected. We observe, however, that the officer in attendance upon Lola, pleads simple courtesy as a warrant for his introduction, and regrets that newspaper inquiry and comment should make known to his pupil-*protégées* the real character of the lady introduced. It certainly is unfortunate—but still more unfortunate, that the character of any visitor should not be proof against inquiry.

Lola, it seems, resents highly any imputation upon her good name, and demands proof of her losses.

Her indignation is adroit, and reminds us of a certain old "nut for the lawyers," which once went the round of the almanacs:

"Will Brown, a noted toper, being out of funds, and put to his wits, entered the beer-shop, and called for four two-penny loaves of bread. After ruminating awhile, with the loaves under his arm, he proposed to exchange a couple of the loaves for a mug of ale. Bruin of the bar assented to the bargain. Will quietly disposed of his ale, and again proposed a further exchange of the remaining loaves, for a second mug of the malt liquor.

"Will quietly discharged his duty toward the second tankard, and as quietly moved toward the door. Bruin claimed pay. Will alleged that he had paid in two-penny loaves. Bruin demanded pay for the bread; but Will, very imperturbably swore that he did not keep the bread, and challenged poor Bruin to prove his indebtedness."

JENNY LIND has latterly slipped from the public eye into the shades of her newly-found domestic life. Rumor, however, tells the story of one last appearance, during the Spring, when all the world will be curious to see how she wears her bridal state, and to take fuller glimpse of the man, who has won her benevolent heart. Can the married world explain to us, how it is that matrimony seems to dull the edge of triumph, and to round a grave over maiden glory! Why is Madame Goldschmidt so much less than Jenny Lind? Simply in this way: she who has conquered the world by song and goodness, has herself been conquered: and the conqueror, if rumor tells a fair story, is no better, or worthier, or stronger than the average of men. The conclusion, then, is inevitable, that she, having yielded, is, in some qualities of head or heart—even less than he; and so reduced to the standard of our dull every-day mortality.

Rumor says again, that the songstress, after a visit only to her own shores, is to return to the pleasant town of Northampton for a home. The decision, if real, does credit to our lady's love of the picturesque; for surely a more sightly town lies no where in our western world, than that mass of meadow and sweeping hill which lies grouped under the shoulder of Holyoke.

WITH the spring-time, the city authorities are brushing the pavements—very daintily—for the summer's campaign. Mr. Russ is blockading the great thoroughfare, for a new fragment of his granite road; and "May movings," on the very day this shall come to the eye of our reader, will be disturbing the whole quiet of the metropolis. High rents are making the sad burden of many a master of a household; and a city paper has indulged in philosophical speculations upon the influence of this rise in rent upon the matrimonial alliance. The matter is not without its salient points for reflection. Young ladies, whose extravagance in dress is promoting high prices of all

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sorts, must remember that they are thereby cheapening their chances of a home and a husband. The good old times, when a thousand or two thousand a year were reckoned sufficient income for a city man to marry upon, and to bring up such family as Providence vouchsafed him, are fast falling into the wake of years.

A wife and a home are becoming great luxuries—not so much measured by peace as by pence.

Would it not be well for domestically inclined clerks—whose rental does not run to a large figure—to organize (in the way of the Building Associations) cheap Marriage Associations? We do not feel competent to suggest the details of such a plan, but throw out the hint for younger men to act upon.

It is pleasant to fancy the "Special Notices" of the Tribune newspaper lit up with such sparkling inducements for bachelors as these:

The BLOOMER MARRIAGE ASSOCIATION will hold its regular meeting on Friday at half past seven. Those who appreciate the advantages of a good wife, at small cost, with reliable men for trustees, will not fail to attend. The stock is now nearly all taken. A few shares are left. Several new names of modest and marriageable young ladies—also two thriving widows with small families—are registered upon the books of the Association. Every information supplied.

JEDEDIAH RULETHEROOST, *Secretary.*

CHEAP WIVES for poor and deserving young men. The CAROLINE FRY Marriage Association is the best and oldest of similar organizations. Hundreds of young men are now in the enjoyment of estimable partners for life, and all the endearments of the domestic circle through the agency of this Association. Shares are still to be sold, and the surplus of capital already amounts to the incredible sum of fourteen thousand dollars.

Particular attention paid to proper matching of temperaments. Only two unfortunate marriages have thus far been contracted under the auspices of this Association. The best of medical advisers.

Remember the number, 220 Broadway.

SILAS WIDDERS, *Secretary.*

ENGLISH Punch is busy nowadays in twisting the Jew locks of the new leader in the House of Commons. The personal peculiarities of Mr. Disraeli make him an easy subject for the artists of Fleet-street. We shall expect, however, to see some rare debates led off by the accomplished Hebrew. Disraeli has his weaknesses of manner and of action; but he is a keen talker, and can make such show of brilliant repartee as will terribly irk the leaders of the Left.

The Earl of Derby, notwithstanding his fine and gentlemanly bearing, comes in for his share of the Punch caricature. Few British statesmen are so accomplished and graceful speakers as the Earl of Derby; and, with the burden of the Government upon his shoulders, to spur his efforts, we shall confidently look for such strong pleading, as will surpass any thing yet heard from Lord Stanley.

FRENCH talk is tired of political prognostic, and has yielded itself, with characteristic indolence and *insouciance*, to the gayeties of the *mi-carême*. Balls have broken the solemnities of Lent, and a new drama of the younger Dumas, which turns upon the life and fortunes of a *courtisane* of the last century, seems to chime with the humor of the time.

The broidered coats are thickening under imperial auspices; and Napoleon is winning a host of firm supporters among the broidering girls of Nancy and of the metropolis. The Americans, it would seem, are doing their part toward the festivities of the season; and forget Lent and Republic, in the hilarity of balls and routs. An American club, holding its meetings in the old saloon of Frascati, is among the *on dits* of the winter.

A proposition for shaving the beards of judges and advocates, has wakened the apprehensions of all the benchers; and, in defense of their old-time prerogatives, the subjects of the proposed edict have brought to light an old pleading for their hirsute fancies, which may well have its place.

The shaved chin is an incongruity as connected with the toga; the beard, on the contrary, is in perfect keeping. If it had not existed by a wise provision of Providence, it must have been invented. What more imposing spectacle than a court rendering a solemn decree, in the presence of both chambers—and what measure of authority would not the white beard of the judge give to the sentence he pronounces!

If then, you have a real care for your dignity, oh magistrates, curb not the flowing beard, but rather tempt its honors, with all the aids of art. And if the eccentric sallies of some brother gownsman, or some naïve testimony of an unkempt witness, put your gravity in peril, you can laugh—in your beard. Thus nature will have her rights, and your dignity rest unmolested.

We commend these opinions to their honors of the New York Bench; only adding, that such aldermanic judges as are proof against wit—as they are proof against sense, might yet value the beard to hide their blushes.

ALL European travelers know the value and the awkwardness of passports, and the importance of securing them *en regle*.

The Count B, ——wishing latterly to pass into Austria with a domestic and a favorite horse, sent to the legation for the necessary papers, charging his secretary to see that all was in order.

"As to the domestic," said the official, "he will have a separate passport; but there are some formalities as to the horse; we must have a perfect description of him, to insert in the passport of his owner."

"Very good," said the secretary, "I will send the groom with it."

The embassador proceeded to fill up the passport: "We, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., invite the civil and military authorities to allow M. le Comte, with his horse, to pass, and in case of need, to render all possible aid and assistance to ——"

Here occurred a blank, in view of the fact that the applicant might possess either wife or family. The good embassador (whom it is reasonable to suppose a bachelor) reckoning the horse equivalent to one or the other—filled up the blank with the word "them."

The signature being appended, the task of filling up the description was left to the *attaché*.

In due time the groom arrived. The sub-officia copied faithfully the description of the count's gelding.

Age—three years and a half.
Height—fourteen hands.
Hair—dark sorrel.
Forehead—spotted with white.
Eyes—very lively.
Nose—broad nostrils.

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Mouth—A little hard.

Beard—none (the count was a veritable Turk).

Complexion—none.

Private marks—ears very long; small star branded on the left thigh.

In course of time the count departed, his passport in the guardianship of his accomplished secretary.

The frontier officers are not, travelers will remember, either very brilliant men, or very witty men. They have a dull eye for a joke.

The count's passport was scrutinized severely; the description did not accord accurately, in the opinion of the *sergent* of police, with the actual man. The *sergent* pulled his mustache, looked wise—and put Monsieur le Comte under arrest. The story about the horse was a poor story. The *sergent* was not to be outwitted in that fashion.

The consequence was a detention under guard for four days, until the necessary explanations could be returned from Paris, and the *sergent* be fully persuaded that the description attached to the count's horse, and not to some dangerous political refugee.

Under the head of "Touching Matrimonial Confidence," a French provincial paper gives the following: A certain Gazette of Auvergne published, a few days since, this notice (not unknown to our newspaper annals):

"No person will give credit to the woman Ursula-Veronica-Anastasia-Cunegonde Piot—my wife, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting."

The same Gazette published, a few days after, the following rejoinder (which we commend to all wives similarly situated):

"Monsieur Jerome Barnabas, my husband, could have spared himself the trouble of his late notice.

"It is not to be supposed that I could get credit on his account; for, since he pays no debts of his own, nobody would count on him to pay any debts of mine.

"FEMME BARNABAS—NEE PIOT."

We should not be greatly surprised if the precedent here afforded, should lead to a new column of city advertisements.

Apropos of the late balls in Paris, a very good story is told of a bouncing student at law (with rooms and *ménage* in the quarter of the Pantheon), who recently made his *début*, under the auspices of his father, at a ball of the Chaussée d'Antin.

His father, a stout provincial, but bolstered into importance by a fat vineyard, and wine cellars to match, insisted upon introducing his son to the high life of the capital. The son declined, urging that he did not dance (the truth being that his familiarity was only with the exceptional dances of the *Chaumière* and such grisette quarters).

"*Mon Dieu*—not dance!" said the old gentleman.

"*Oui*—after a fashion, but in a way not appreciated, I fear, in such salons."

The old gentleman chuckled over his son's modesty—he could imagine it nothing else—and insisted upon the venture. The student was a guest; but determined to keep by the wall, as a spectator of the refined gallopades of the quarter d'Antin. The first look, however, at the salon polka plunged him into a profound reverie. Was it indeed true that he was in the elegant saloon of the *Marquise* M——? thought he, gaining courage.

It was his method precisely—the very dance that Amy had taught him—practiced with all their picturesque temerity. Sure of his power, and using all the art of the *Mabile*, he gave himself up to two hours of most exhilarating pastime.

"They have calumniated the *beau monde*," mused he in leaving. "I find it very entertaining. Our dances are not only understood, but cultivated—practiced; and, *ma foi*, I rather prefer handling these countesses, to those very greedy grisettes."

Our brave student at law might possibly find his paces as well understood, in some American saloons as in those of the Chausée d'Antin!

We close our long chat for the month with a little whimsicality of travel, which comes to us in the letter of a friend.

Major M'Gowd was of Irish extraction (which he denied)—had been in the English service (which he boasted), and is, or was two years ago, serving under the Austrian flag.

He was not a profound man; but, as majors go, a very good sort of major, and great disciplinarian—as the following will show:

You have seen the Austrian troops in review, and must have noticed the curious way in which their cloaks are carried around their necks, making the poor fellows look like the Vauxhall showman, looking out from the folds of a gigantic anaconda.

On one occasion, the major, being officer of the day, observed a soldier with his cloak lying loosely upon his arm.

"Where's your cloak, rascal?" was the major's peremptory demand.

"Here, sir," was the reply.

"What's the use of a cloak if it's not rolled up?" thundered the major; and the poor scamp was sent to the lock-up.

Thus much for the major's discipline. But like most old officers of no great depth of brain, the major had his standard joke, which had gone the rounds of a hundred mess-tables. Latterly, however, he had grown coy of a repetition, and seems to cherish a suspicion that he has not cut so good a figure in the story as he once imagined.

A little after-dinner mellowness, however, is sure to bring the major to his trump card, and in knowledge of this, Ned and myself (who had never heard his story), one day tempted the major's appetite with some very generous Tokay.

Major M'Gowd bore up, as most old officers are able to do, to a very late hour, and it was not till eleven that he seemed fairly kindled.

"Well, major, now for the story," said we.

"Ah, boys, it won't do" (the major looked smilingly through his glass), "it was really too bad."

"Out with it, major," and after as much refusing and urging as would seat half the girls in New York at the piano, the old gentleman opened:

"It's too bad, boys; it was the most cutting, sarcastic thing that perhaps ever was heard. You see, I was stationed at Uxbridge; you know Uxbridge, p'raps—situated on a hill. I was captain, then; young and foolish—very foolish. I wrote poetry. I couldn't do it now. I never have since; I wish I hadn't *then*. For, do you see, it was the most cruel, cutting thing—"

The major emptied his glass.

"Go on, major," said Ned, filling for him again.

"Ah, boys—sad work—it cut him down. I was young, as I said—stationed at Uxbridge—only a captain then, and wrote poetry. It was there the thing happened. It's not modest to say it, but really, a more cutting thing—fill up your glasses, my boys

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"I became acquainted with a family of the name of Porter—friends of the colonel; pray remember the name—Porter. There was a daughter, Miss Porter. Keep the name in mind, if you please. Uxbridge, as you know, is situated on a hill. About fifteen miles away was stationed another regiment. Now, a young officer of this regiment was very attentive to Miss Porter; don't forget the name, I beg of you.

"He was only a lieutenant, a second son—nothing but his pay to live on; and the old people did not fancy his attentions, being, as I said, second son, lieutenant; which was very sensible in them.

"They gave him a hint or two, which he didn't take. Finally they applied to me, Captain M'Gowd, at that time, begging me to use my influence in the matter. I had not the pleasure of acquaintance with the lieutenant; though, apart from his being second son, lieutenant, small pay, &c., I knew nothing in the world against the poor fellow.

"The more's the pity, boys; as I had no right to address him directly on the subject, I determined to hit him off in a few lines of poetry—those fatal, sarcastic lines!" sighed the major, finishing his glass.

"I had the reputation of being witty, and a poet; and though I say it myself—was uncommonly severe.

"They commenced in this way," (the major threw himself into attitude.)

"The other day to Uxbridge town—

"You recollect the circumstance—I was at Uxbridge—young and foolish—had made the acquaintance of the Porters (remember the name)—young lieutenant was attentive to Miss Porter (lively girl was Mary Jane); poor, second son, not agreeable to old people, who, as I told you, called on me to settle the matter. So I wrote the lines—terribly sarcastic:

"The other day to Uxbridge town—

now you're coming to it—

"A major (he was lieutenant, you know) of dragoons (he was in the infantry) came down (Uxbridge is on a hill). It was a very sarcastic thing, you see.

"The other day to Uxbridge town
A major of dragoons came down—

now for the point, my boys,

"The reason why he came down here
'Twas said he had—

You remember the name—Porter, and how I was at Uxbridge, situated on a hill, was Captain M'Gowd, then—young lieutenant, &c., devilish severe verses—but now mind—here they are:

"The other day to Uxbridge town
A major of dragoons came down,
The reason why he came down here
'Twas said he had a love (remember the name)
for—Beer!"

If you have never heard a maudlin, mess-table story, told over the sixth bottle, you have at the least, read one.

Editor's Drawer.

THE readers of the "Drawer" will be amused with a forcible picture, which we find in our collection, of the ups-and-downs of a strolling player's life. One would think such things enough to deter young men and women from entering upon so thorny a profession. "In one of the writer's professional excursions," runs our extract, "his manager finds himself in a woeful predicament. His pieces will not 'draw' in the quiet New England village where he had temporarily 'set up shop;' he and his company are literally starving; the men moodily pacing the stage; the women, who had kept up their spirits to the last, sitting silent and sorrowful; and the children, little sufferers! actually crying for food.

"I saw all this," says the manager, "and I began to feel very suicidal. It was night, and I looked about for a rope. At length I spied just what I wanted. A rope dangled at the prompt-side, and near a steep flight of stairs which led to a dressing room. '*That's* it!' said I, with gloomy satisfaction: 'I'll mount those stairs, noose myself, and drop quietly off in the night; but first let me see whether it is firmly fastened or no.'

"I accordingly approached, gave a pull at the rope, when '*whish! whish!*' I found I had set the rain a-going. And now a thought struck me. I leaped, danced, and shouted madly for joy.

"'Where did you get your liquor from?' shouted the 'walking-gentleman' of the company.

"'He's gone mad!' said Mrs. ——, principal lady-actress of the corps. 'Poor fellow!—hunger has made him a maniac. Heaven shield *us* from a like fate!'

"'Hunger!' shouted I, 'we shall be hungry no more! Here's food from above (which was *literally* true), manna in the wilderness, and all that sort of thing. We'll feed on rain; we'll feed on rain!'

"I seized a hatchet, and mounting by a ladder, soon brought the rain-box tumbling to the ground.

"My meaning was now understood. An end of the box was pried off, and full a bushel of dried beans and peas were poured out, to the delight of all. Some were stewed immediately, and although rather hard, I never relished any thing more. But while the operation of cooking was going on below, we amused ourselves with parching some beans upon the sheet-iron—the 'thunder' of the theatre—set over an old furnace, and heated by rosin from the lightning-bellows.

"So we fed upon rain, cooked by thunder-and-lightning!"

There is nothing in the history of IRVING's "Strolling Player" more characteristic of his class than the foregoing; and there is a *verisimilitude* about the story which does not permit us to doubt its authenticity. It is too natural *not* to be true.

THINK of a patent-medicine vender rising at the head of his table, where were assembled some score or two of his customers, and proposing such a toast as the following:

"Gentlemen: allow me to propose you a sentiment. When I mention *Health*, you will all admit that I allude to the greatest of sublunary blessings. I am sure then that you will agree with me that we are all more or less interested in the toast that I am about to prescribe. I give you, gentlemen,

"PHYSIC, and much good may it do us!"

This sentiment is "drunk with all the honors," when a professional Gallenic vocalist favors the company with the annexed song:

"A BUMPER of Febrifuge fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it, Black Draught;
But whatever the dose a strong one it must be,
Though our last dose to-night shall be quaffed.
And while influenza attacks high and low,
And man's queerest feelings oppress him,
Mouth-making, nose-holding, round, round let I go,
Drink our Physic and Founder—ugh, bless him!"

THE reader may have heard a good deal from the poets concerning "*The Language of Flowers*;" but here is quite a new dialect of that description, in the shape of mottos for different fruits and vegetables in different months:

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Motto for the Lilac in April: "Give me leave."
For the Rose in June: "Well, I'm blowed!"
For the Asparagus in July: "Cut and come again."
For the Marrowfat Pea in August: "Shell out!"
For the Apple in September: "Go it, my Pippins!"
For the Cabbage in December: "My heart is sound: my heart is my own."

Now that "shads is come;" now that lamb has arrived, and green peas may soon be looked for; now that asparagus is coming in, and poultry is going out, listen to *the Song of the Turkey*, no longer seen hanging by the legs in the market, and rejoice with him at his emancipation:

"The season of Turkeys is over!
The time of our danger is past:
'Tis the turn of the wild-duck and plover,
But the Turkey is safe, boys, at last!

"Then hobble and gobble, we'll sing, boys,
No longer we've reason to fear;
Who knows what a twelvemonth will bring, boys,
Let's trust to the chance of the year!

"The oyster in vain now may mock us,
Its sauce we can proudly disdain;
No sausages vulgar shall shock us,
We are free, we are free from their chain!

"Then hobble and gobble, we'll sing, boys,
No longer we've reason to fear;
Who knows what a twelvemonth will bring, boys,
Let's trust to the chance of the year!

"What matters to you and to me, boys,
That one whom we treasured when young,
With a ticket, "Two dollars! look here!" boys,
In a poulterer's window was hung!

"Then hobble and gobble, we'll sing, boys,
No longer we've reason to fear;
Who knows what a twelvemonth will bring, boys,
Let's trust to the chance of the year!

"Then mourn not for friends that are eaten,
A drum-stick for care and regret!
Enough that, the future to sweeten,
Our lives are not forfeited yet!

"Then hobble and gobble, we'll sing, boys,
No longer we've reason to fear;
Who knows what a twelvemonth will bring, boys,
Let's trust to the chance of the year!"

SOMEWHAT curious, if true, is an anecdote which is declared to be authentic, and which we find among the *disjecta membra* of our *ollapodrida:*

Lieutenant Montgomery had seen much military service. The wars, however, were over; and he had nothing in the world to do but to lounge about, as best he could, on his half-pay. One day he was "taking his ease in his inn," when he observed a stranger, who was evidently a foreigner, gazing intently at him. The lieutenant appeared not to notice him, but shifted his position. After a short time the stranger shifted *his* position also, and still stared with unblemished, unabated gaze.

This was too much for Montgomery. He rose, and approaching his scrutinizing intruder, said:

"Do you *know* me, sir?"

"I think I do," answered the foreigner. (He was a Frenchman.)

"Have we ever met before?" continued Montgomery.

"I will not swear for it; but if we have—and I am almost *sure* we have," said the stranger, "you have a sabre-cut, a deep one, on your right wrist."

"I have," said Montgomery, turning back his sleeve, and displaying a very broad and ugly scar. "I didn't get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made me a present of it I repaid with a gash across the skull!"

The Frenchman bent down his head, parted his hair with his hands, and said:

"You did: you may look at the receipt."

The next moment they were in each other's arms.

Now this story *seems* a little problematical; and yet it is vouched for on what ought to be considered reliable authority. In short, it is *true* in every respect.

SOME ambitious juvenile once sung, with an aspiration "peculiar to our institutions,"

"I wish I was the President
Of these United States,
I never would do nothing
But swing on all the gates."

He little knew the miseries, the ennui, the mental dyspepsia, which afflicts the wretch who has nothing to do. One of these unhappy mortals it is, who says, in the bitterness of his spirit:

"Sir, I have no books, and no internal resources. I can not draw, and if I could, there's nothing that I want to sketch. I don't play the flute, and if I did there's nobody that I should like to have listen to me. I never wrote a tragedy, but I think I am in that state of mind in which tragedies are written. Any thing lighter is out of the question. I whistle four hours a day, yawn five, smoke six, and sleep the rest of the twenty-four, with a running accompaniment of swearing to all these occupations except the last, and I'm not quite sure that I don't sometimes swear in my dreams.

"In one word, sir, I'm getting desperate, for the want of *something to do.*"

THERE is a good deal of humor in the sudden contrast of sentiment and language exhibited in the verses below. They purport to be the tragi-comical tale of a deserted sailor-wife, who, with a baby in her arms, comes often to a rock that overlooks the main, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of a returning sail. At length, in despair, she throws her infant into the sea:

"A gush of tears fell fast and warm,
As she cried, with dread emotion,
Rest, baby! rest that fairy form
Beneath the rush of ocean;
'Tis calmer than the world's rude storm,
And kinder—I've a notion!

. . . . . .

"Now oft the simple country folk
To this sad spot repair,
When wearied with their weekly yoke,
They steal an hour from care;
And they that have a pipe to smoke,
They go and smoke it there!

"When soon a little pearly bark
Skims o'er the level brine,
Whose sails, when it is not too dark,
With misty brightness shine:
Though they who these strange visions mark
Have sharper eyes than mine!

"And, beauteous as the morn, is seen
A baby on the prow,
Deck'd in a robe of silver sheen,
With corals round his brow—
A style of head-dress not, I ween,
Much worn by babies now!"

What somebody of the transcendental school of these latter days calls the "element of unexpectedness," is very forcibly exemplified by the writer from whom we have quoted.

WE have often laughed over the following scene, but couldn't tell where it is recorded to save our reputation for "general knowledge." All that we *do* know is, that it is a clever sketch by a clever writer

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whoever he may be. The scene is a military station; and it should be premised that a certain surly, ill-tempered major, whose wife and sister are in the habit of visiting him at the barracks, gives orders, out of spite to subordinate officers, whose families have hitherto enjoyed the same privilege, that "no females are to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretense whatever:"

"It so happened that the morning after this announcement appeared in the order-book, an old lieutenant, who might have been the major's grandfather, and whom we used to call "The General," on account of his age and gray hairs, was the officer on duty. To the sergeant of the guard "the General" gave the necessary orders, with strict injunctions to have them obeyed to the letter.

"Shortly after tattoo, sundry ladies, as usual, presented themselves at the barrack-gate, and were, of course, refused admission; when, to the surprise of the sentinel on duty, the major's lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering as usual. To their utter astonishment, the sentry refused them permission to pass. The sergeant was called, but that worthy was quite as much of a precisian as the ladies, and his conscience would not permit him to let them in.

"'Do you know who we are, sir?' asked the major's lady, with much asperity of voice and manner.

"'Oh, sartingly; I knows your ladyships wery well.'

"'And pray, what do you mean, sir, by this insolence?'

"'I means no imperance whatsomdever, marm; but my orders is partickler, to let no female ladies into this here barracks a'ter tattoo, upon no account whatever; and I means for to obey my orders without no mistake.'

"'Then you have the effrontery, do you, to refuse admittance to the lady of your commanding officer?' screamed the Honorable Mrs. Snooks.

"'And her sister!' joined in the second lady.

"'Most sartingly, marm,' replied the non-commissioned officer, with profound gravity: 'I knows my duty, marm.'

"'Good gracious, what assurance!' exclaimed both ladies in a breath.

"'No insurance at all, marm: if your ladyships was princesses, you couldn't come in after tattoo; my orders is partikler!'

"'Don't you know, stupid, that these orders can not be intended to apply to *us*?'

"'I doesn't know nuffin about *that*, my lady: all I know is, that orders is *orders*, and must be obeyed.'

"'Impudence!'

"'Imperance or no imperance, I must do my duty; and I can tell your ladyships if my superior officers was for to give me orders not to let in the major himself, I would be obligated for to keep him off at the p'int of the bay'net!'

"The officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly-book, which, by the light of the guard-room lantern, was exhibited to the ladies by "the General,' in justification of his apparent rudeness."

It might, doubtless, have been added, that the effect of such a lesson upon the major, was of a salutary nature; for the chalice was commended to his own lips, which he had prepared for others, in downright earnest.

These lines, from the pen of a Southern poet, are very tender and touching. They were printed some ten years since:

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs, save when, with playful wile,
I bid her rise and place her lips to mine,
Which in her sleep she does. And sometimes then,
Half-muttered in her slumbers, she affirms
Her love for me is boundless. And I take
The little bud and close her in my arms;
Assure her by my action—for my lips
Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart
She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,
Hour after hour, without desire of sleep,
I watch above that large amount of hope,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow morn
Walks forth into the night."

In the final disposition of his characters, Dickens excels any living author. There is no confusion—no infringement of the natural. In "Barnaby Rudge," for example, the old lethagic inn-keeper, Willett, retiring in his dotage, and with his ruling passion strong upon him, scoring up vast imaginary sums to imaginary customers, and the lament of the elder Weller at the death of good old Master Humphrey, are not only characteristic, they are perfect specimens of their kind. "And the sweet old creetur," says the elder Weller "has bolted. Him as had no wice, and was so free from temper that an infant might ha' drove 'im, has been took at last with that ere unawoidable fit of the staggers, as we must all come to, and gone off his feed forever!" "I see him," continues the old stage-coach driver, "I see him gettin' every journey more and more groggy. I says to Samivel, says I, 'Samivel, my boy, the Gray's a-going at the knees;' and now my predilection is fatally werified; and him as I could never do enough to serve or to show my likin' for, is up the great uniwersal spout o' natur'!"

It is poor Tom Hood, if we have not forgotten, who describes a species of "Statistical Fellows" as

——"A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who jot down the laboring classes' riches,
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertained that a working man
Wears a pair and a half of average breeches!"

Of this kind was the "Scientific Ass-sociate" mentioned in the "Table Talk of the late John Boyle." The Professor is setting forth one of his "various important matters connected with every-day life." The learned gentleman spoke of shaving as follows:

"The mode of shaving differs in different individuals. Some are very close shavers; others are greater adepts at cutting unpleasant acquaintances than themselves. It is, however, most important that the art of shaving should be reduced to a nicety, so that a man can cut his beard with the same facility as he could cut his stick. It is also of consequence that an accurate calculation should be made of the number of shaving brushes and the number of half pounds of soap used in the course of the year by respectable shavers, for I have observed that some of them are very badly off for soap. There is also a very great variation in the price of labor. Some barbers undertake to shave well for threepence; others charge a much higher sum. This is probably the effect of competition; and I must say, that the Government deserves well of the country for not encouraging any monopoly. At the same time there is a looseness in the details of the profession, which I should like to see corrected. An accurate register ought to be kept of the number of individuals who shave themselves, and of those who shave daily, every other

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day, and once a week only. We can hardly contemplate the immense benefits which science would reap, if such matters as these were properly attended to!"

Who has not seen just such statistics as these dwelt upon with unction by your thorough "statist?"

NEVER forget this "*Receipt of Domestic Economy.*" When you have paid a bill, always *take*, and *keep*, a receipt of the same:

"O, fling not the receipt away,
Given by one who trusted thee;
Mistakes will happen every day,
However honest folks may be;
And sad it is, oh, *twice* to pay,
So cast not thy receipt away!

"Ah, yes; if e'er in future hours,
When we this bill have all forgot,
They send it in *again!* ye powers!
And swear that we have paid it not:
How sweet to know, on such a day,
We've never cast receipts away!

THE following is one of the pen-and-ink portraits that have found their way into the "Drawer." The sitter was a subject of our own Gotham.

"He was a Scotchman by birth, and had, without exception, the ugliest face I ever saw on a man's shoulders, or a monkey's either, for that matter. But by a perversity of taste, not unusual in the world, the man made a complete hobby of his 'mug,' homely as it was; and was full of the conceit that on fit occasions he could summon to it a look of terrible and dignified sarcasm, that was more efficacious than words or blows. He was rather insolent in his deportment, and was consequently continually getting into scrapes with some one or other, in which he invariably got the worst of it; because instead of lifting his hand, and giving blow for blow, he always trusted to the efficacy of his *look*. His various little mishaps he used to relate to his fellow-boarders at meal-times, always concluding his narrations with, 'But didn't I give the dirty rapscallions one o' my *looks?*' And then twisting his 'ugly mug' into a shape impossible to be described, he fancied he had convinced his hearers that his antagonists, whoever they were, would be in no hurry to meddle with *him* again!

"The last time I saw him, he was giving an account of an insult he had received the night before at some porter-house in the neighborhood, where a little fellow, who was a perfect stranger to him, had insisted upon drinking at his expense, and who, when he refused to pay for the liquor, had not only abused him most shamefully with his tongue, but had actually *kicked* him.

"'Kick you!' exclaimed a fellow-boarder.

"'Yes!' said he, growing warm with the recital; 'he kicked me here!' and he laid his hand on that portion of his valorous person that had come in contact with the stranger's boot.

"'And what did you say to *that?*' asked a second listener.

"'What did I *say* to it?' he replied, as if astonished that any body should be ignorant of his invariable rejoinder to similar assaults. 'What did I *say?* I said nothing at all. The kick was but a soft one, and the fellow that gave it a wee bit of a 'jink-maddoddy,' that I could have throttled with one hand on the spot. But I just contented myself with giving him one of my looks!'

Here Sawney 'defined his position' to the company, by giving them one of his awful glances. But *this* time he managed to convey an expression of ugliness and comicality so far beyond any thing he had ever called up before, that the inference was irresistible that the kick he had received must have been a good deal harder than he was willing to acknowledge."

ANY man or woman walking up or down the sunny side of Broadway, on a pleasant summer day, will see various little bipeds, with thin legs, faded countenances, and jaded air, flourishing little canes, who may, perhaps, bring to mind the following lines:

"Some say there's nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
And prove it, very handy,
By citing animals like these—
Musquitoes, bed-bugs, crickets, fleas,
And, worse than all—A DANDY!"

But Nature, as the poet adds, "never made a dandy;" he was cast in a fictitious mould altogether.

THERE is something not over-complimentary to us, magazine-editors, in the remonstrance which "Chawls Yellowplush" makes to his employer against his discharging him from his employ, because he has ascertained that he writes in magazines, and other periodicals:

"Sir,' says I, claspink my 'ands, and bursting into tears, 'do not, for Eving's sake, do not think of anythink of the sort, or drive me from your service, because I have been fool enough to write in magazeens! Glans but one moment at your honor's plate; every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condescend to igsamine your shoos; your honor may see reflected in them the faces of every one in the company. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the lit'ry man, and committed to paper my remindicences of fashionable life, it was from a sinsear desire to do good and promote nollitch; and I apeal to your honor—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the face of this honorable company, beg you to say—when you rung your bell, who came to you first? When you stopt out till mornink, who sat up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the nat'ral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? Oh, sir,' says I, 'I knows what's what: don't send me away! I know them lit'ry chaps, and, bleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work is not so hard—the pay is better—the vittels incompyrably shuperiour. I've but to clean my things, run my errints, you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth.'"

This was written by one who was himself, in his own person, an admirable illustration of what success and honor a *true* literary man is capable of achieving; but Yellowplush's "lit'ry men" were of a different calibre.

THE learned "science-women" of the day, the "deep, deep-blue stockings" of the time, are fairly hit off in the ensuing satirical sonnet:

I idolize the LADIES! They are fairies,
That spiritualize this world of ours;
From heavenly hot-beds most delightful flowers,
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies,
But learning, in its barbarous seminaries,
Gives the dear creatures many wretched hours,
And on their gossamer intellect sternly showers
SCIENCE, with all its horrid accessaries.
Now, seriously, the only things, I think,
In which young ladies should instructed be,
Are—stocking-mending, love, and cookery!—
Accomplishments that very soon will sink,
Since Fluxions now, and Sanscrit conversation,
Always form part of female education!

Something good in the way of inculcation may be

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educed from this rather biting sonnet. If woman so far forgets her "mission," as it is common to term it nowadays, as to choose those accomplishments whose only recommendation is that they are "the vogue," in preference to acquisitions which will fit her to be a better wife and mother, she becomes a fair subject for the shafts of the satirical censor.

THE following bit of gossip is especially "Frenchy," and will remind the readers of "The Drawer" of the man described by the late ROBERT C. SANDS, who sued for damages in a case of breach-of-promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his breaking heart. "Two hundred dollars!" he exclaimed; "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes—for blighted affection—for a wretched existence—a blasted life! Two hundred dollars! for all this!! No—never! *Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!*" But to the French story:

"A couple very well known in Paris are at present arranging terms of separation, to avoid the scandal of a judicial divorce. A friend has been employed by the husband to negotiate the matter. The latest mission was in relation to a valuable ring given to the husband by one of the then sovereigns of Europe, and which he wished to retain. For this he would make a certain much-desired concession. The friend made the demand—

"What!" said the indignant wife, "do you venture to charge yourself with such a mission to *me!* Can you believe that I could tear myself from a gift which alone recalls to me the day when my husband loved me? No: this ring is my only *souvenir* of a happiness, now, alas! forever departed! 'Tis all that I now possess of a once-fond husband!"

Here she threw herself upon a *fauteuil*, and covered her face with her hands.

But the husband's friend insisted. The lady supplicated—grew desperate—threatened to submit to a public divorce, as a lesser evil than parting with that cherished ring—and at last confessed that she had *—sold the ring six months before!*

Wasn't *that* a climax?

A VERY quaint and pretty scrap of verse is this, from the old German:

"Should you meet my true love,
Say, I greet her well;
Should she ask you how I fare,
Say, she best can tell.

"Should she ask if I am sick,
Say, I died of sorrow;
Should she then begin to weep,
Say, I'll come to-morrow!"

IT has been thought strange, that when a malefactor is executed at "*The Tombs*," that curiosity should be excited to know how the unfortunate wretch behaved at the last, and at the same time great anxiety is manifested to obtain the slightest relic connected with his ignominious death. This propensity is well hit off in the following episode in the life of "*A Criminal Curiosity-Hunter.*" A friend visits him, and he thus describes the interview:

"He received me with extreme urbanity, and asked me to sit down in an old-fashioned arm-chair. I did so.

"'I suppose, sir,' said he, with an air of suppressed triumph, 'that you have no idea that you are now sitting in a very remarkable chair!'

"I assured him that I was totally unconscious of the fact.

"'Let me tell you, then,' said he, 'that it was in that chair that Fauntleroy, the banker, who was hanged for forgery, was sitting when he was arrested!'

"'Indeed!'

"'Fact, sir! I gave ten guineas for it! I thought, also, to have obtained the night-cap in which he slept the night before his execution, but another collector was beforehand with me, and bribed the turnkey to steal it for him.'

"'I had no idea,' I said, 'that there could be any competition for such an article.'

"'Ah, sir!' said he, with a deep sigh, 'you don't know the value of these interesting relics. I have been upward of thirty years a collector of them. When a man devotes himself to a great object, he must go to it heart and soul. I have spared neither time nor money in *my* pursuit; and since I became a collector I have attended the execution of every noted malefactor throughout the kingdom.'

"Perceiving that my attention was drawn to a common rope which served as a bell-pull, he said to me:

"'I see you are remarking my bell-cord; that is the identical rope, sir, which hanged Bellingham, who murdered Mr. Perceval in the House of Commons. I offered any sum for the one in which Thistlewood ended his life, to match it, but I was disappointed..... The Whigs, sir, have swept away all our good old English customs, and deprived us of our national recreations. I remember, sir, when Monday was called 'hanging-day' at the Old Bailey; on that morning a man might be certain of seeing three or four criminals swung off before breakfast.'"

The criminal curiosity-hunter now takes his friend into an adjoining room, where he shows him his general museum of curiosities, comprising relics of every grade of crime, from murder to petty larceny; among them a door-mat made of oakum picked by a "lady"-culprit while in the penitentiary; a short clay-pipe, once in the possession of Burke, the wholesale murderer; and the *fork* belonging to the *knife* with which some German had cut his wife's and children's throats!

"MISERY," it is said, "loves company." What a juvenile "company," when the last thaw came—(and so many came, after what was supposed to be the *last* snow, this season, that it would be difficult to count them)—what a juvenile company, we say, there was, to lament with the skate-vender who poured out his griefs in the following affecting parody upon the late THOMAS MOORE'S lines, "I never loved a dear gazelle," &c.:

"I never wrote up 'Skates to sell,'
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But—when I advertised them well,
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw.
Yes; it was ever thus—the Fates
Seem adverse to the trade in skates.

"If a large lot I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely *still* to freeze
Up the thermometer would fly,
All in a day, some ten degrees.
Their presence in my window-pane,
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain."

But, after all, our skate-vender has no great need of fear. We have had deep snows in April, and May *may* bring him his season yet: for what says the Almanac of past years? Why, that

"Monday, fourth of May,
Was a very snowy day!"

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Literary Notices.

Austria in 1848 *and* '49, by W. H. STILES (Harper and Brothers). This work, in two octavo volumes, by the late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, at the Court of Vienna, furnishes the most complete history that has yet appeared of the political affairs of Hungary, with ample and accurate details of the late disastrous revolutionary struggle. From his diplomatic position at Vienna, Mr. Stiles had rare opportunities for observation, of which he has availed himself in a manner that is highly creditable to his acuteness and good sense.. He has evidently made a diligent study of his subject in all its bearings; the best authorities have been faithfully consulted; conflicting views have been cautiously weighed; but his final conclusions are derived from the free exercise of his own judgment. Hence his work is quite free from the spirit of partisanship. It is critical in its tone, rather than dogmatic. Aiming at entire impartiality, it may seem too moderate in its statements to satisfy the advocates of extreme views on either side. Mr. Stiles shows an ardent attachment to the principles of liberty; he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American institutions; but he has no sympathy with the Communism or Red Republicanism of Europe. An admirer of the heroic enthusiasm of Kossuth, he displays no wish to conceal the defects of his character. He is opposed, with strong conviction, to the interference of America in the affairs of Hungary. At the same time he deprecates the tyranny of which she has been the victim, and presents a candid and intelligent view of the nature of her recent struggle. His volume contains many felicitous portraitures of the leading actors on both sides. A number of valuable and interesting documents, illustrative of the Revolutionary movement, are preserved in the Appendix.

The following description of the Seressâners, a portion of Jellachich's troops, presents a favorable specimen of the picturesque style in which the author often temperately indulges:

"*Seressâners* are the wild border soldiers from Montenegro, and bearing a stronger resemblance to the Indians of the North American forests than to the ordinary troops of the European continent. The frame of such a borderer seems to be nothing but sinew and muscle; and with ease, nay, without appearing to be at all affected by them, he endures hardships and fatigues to which the most seasoned soldiers are scarcely equal. A piece of oaten bread and a dram of *sklikowitz* (plum brandy) suffice him, on an emergency, a whole day, and with that refreshment alone will march on untired, alike in the most scorching heat and the most furious snow-storm; and when night comes, he desires no other couch than the bare ground, no other roof than the open sky. Their costume is most peculiar, as well as picturesque. There is something half Albanian in some portions of the dress—in the leggings and full trowsers fastened at the knee, and in the heavily gold-embroidered crimson jacket. But that which gives decided character and striking originality to these sons of war is the cloak. Over these giant frames hangs a mantle of scarlet cloth, fastened tightly at the throat; below this, on the breast, depends the clasp of the jacket, a large silver egg, made so as to open and serve as a cup. In the loose girdle are to be seen the richly-mounted pistols and glittering kandjar—Turkish arms chiefly; for every *Seressâner* is held, by old tradition, to have won his first weapon from the Turk. The mantle has a cape, cut somewhat in the shape of a bat's wing, but which, joined together by hooks and eyes, forms a sharp pointed hood, resembling those of the Venetian *marinari*, but higher and more peaked. Over the crimson cap, confined by a gold band upon the brow, falling with a gold tassel on the shoulder, rises this red hood, usually overshadowing such a countenance as a Murillo or a Vandyke would delight to portray. The brilliant rays of the long dark eye repose beneath a thick fringe of sable lashes; but you feel that, if awakened, they must flash forth in fire. The brow, the mouth, and the nose are all essentially noble features; and over all is spread a skin of such clear olive-brown, that you are inclined to think you have a Bedouin before you."

Our readers will remember the controversy which has recently produced some excitement in London, with regard to a person claiming to be a Hungarian baroness, employed in the political service of Kossuth. The following curious anecdote sets that question at rest, while it explains the romantic manner in which Mr. Stiles was put in possession of the dispatch from Kossuth, requesting his intervention with the Imperial Government:

"On the night of the 2d December, 1848, when all communication between Hungary and Austria had ceased, large armies on either side guarding their respective frontiers, the author was seated in the office of the Legation of the United States at Vienna, when his servant introduced a young female, who desired, as she said, to see him at once upon urgent business. She was a most beautiful and graceful creature, and, though attired in the dress of a peasant, the grace and elegance of her manner, the fluency and correctness of her French, at once denoted that she was nearer a princess than a peasant. She sat and conversed for some time before she ventured to communicate the object of her visit. As soon as the author perceived that in the exercise of the utmost caution she desired only to convince herself that she was not in error as to the individual she sought, he told her that, upon the honor of a gentleman, she might rest assured that the individual she saw before her was the diplomatic agent of the United States at the court of Vienna. Upon that assurance, she immediately said, 'Then, sir, I am the bearer of a communication to you.' She then asked, 'Have you a servant, sir, in whom you can rely, who can go with me into the street for a few moments?' The author replied that he had no servant in whom he could rely, that he feared they were all in the pay of the police, but that he had a private secretary in whom he reposed confidence, and who could accompany her. The secretary was immediately called, they descended together into the street, and in a few moments returned, bearing with them the rack of a wagon. This rack, which is a fixture attached either to the fore or back part of a peasant's wagon, and intended to hold hay for the horses during a journey, was composed of small slats, about two inches wide and about the eighth of an inch thick, crossing each other at equal distances, constituted a semicircular net-work. As all these slats, wherever they crossed, were fastened together with either wooden or iron bolts, with our unskillful hands an hour nearly was consumed before we could get the rack in pieces. When this was accomplished, we saw nothing before us but a pile of slats; but the fair courier, taking them up one by one, and examining them very minutely, at length selected a piece, exclaiming, 'This is it!' The slat selected resembled the others so completely, that the most rigid observer, unapprised

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of the fact, could not have detected the slightest difference between them; but, by the aid of a penknife, to separate its parts, this slat was found to be composed of two pieces, hollowed out in the middle, and affording space enough to hold a folded letter. In this space had been conveyed, with a secrecy which enabled it to pass the severe scrutiny of the Austrian sentinels, the communication addressed to the author by Louis Kossuth.

"The mysterious personage, as intrepid as she was fair, who undertook the conveyance of this dispatch, at night, alone and unprotected, in an open peasant's wagon, in a dreadful snow-storm, through the midst of the Austrian army, when detection would have been certain death, was (as M. Pulszky has just informed the author) then a single lady, has since married, and is now the Countess Motesiczky.

"The statement, therefore, of a person assuming the title of Baroness de Beck, and who, in a work upon the Hungarian war, published in England about two years ago, claiming for herself the credit of having been the bearer of the dispatch referred to, is altogether without foundation. This authoress, whose character, as well as untimely and remarkable death, was involved in so much mystery, and excited for a time so much discussion in Europe, was (as M. Pulszky represents) the servant of the Countess Motesiczky, and thus became possessed of a knowledge of the incident above detailed."

Stringer and Townsend have issued the fourth edition of *Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States*, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, with several additions and new pictorial illustrations. One need not be a practical sportsman in order to enjoy, with keen zest, the racy descriptions of silvan life which flow so charmingly from the practiced pen of this accomplished "Forester." In the woods, he is every where at home. He not only knows how to bag his game, but he studies all their habits as a book, and never leaves them till they have fulfilled their destiny on the table of the epicure. Writing, in a great measure, from personal experience, his style has all the freshness of a mountain breeze. With a quick eye for the picturesque, he paints the scenery of our American sporting grounds, with admirable truthfulness and spirit. He has made free use in these volumes of the works of distinguished naturalists, Audubon, Giraud, Wilson, Godman and others, and has been equally happy in his borrowings and in his own productions. We recommend his manual to all who cherish a taste for rural life. To sportsmen, of course, we need say nothing of its merits.

The *Golden Christmas*, by W. GILMORE SIMMS is the title of a slight story, presenting many vivid sketches of social life on a Southern plantation. In its execution, it is more careless than the usual writings of the author, but its ease and vivacity will make it a favorite with indulgent readers in search merely of amusement. Its prevailing tone is "genial and gentle, tender and tolerant, not strategetical and tragical." (Published by Walker, Richards, and Co. Charleston, S. C.)

Falkenburgh is a recent novel by the author of "Mildred Vernon," which is well worth reading, for its piquant delineations of character, apart from the current interest of the plot, which is one of great power and intensity. The scene is laid in the picturesque regions of the Rhine, and suggests many delightful pictures to the rare descriptive talents of the writer. (Harper and Brothers.)

A new work of fiction by CAROLINE CHESEBRO,' entitled *Isa, A Pilgrimage*, is issued by J. S. Redfield, in the style of simple elegance which distinguishes his recent publications. This is a more ambitious effort than the former productions of the authoress, displaying a deeper power of reflection, a greater intensity of passion, and a more complete mastery of terse and pointed expression. On the whole, we regard it as a successful specimen of a quite difficult species of composition. Without the aid of a variety of incident or character, with scarcely a sufficient number of events to give a fluent movement to the plot, and with very inconsiderable reference to external nature, the story turns on the development of an abnormal spiritual experience, showing the perils of entire freedom of thought in a powerful, original mind, during the state of intellectual transition between attachment to tradition and the supremacy of individual conviction. The scene is laid in the interior world—the world of consciousness, of reflection, of passion. In this twilight region, so often peopled with monstrous shapes, and spectral phantasms, the author treads with great firmness of step. With rare subtlety of discrimination, she brings hidden springs of action to light, untwisting the tangled webs of experience, and revealing with painful minuteness, some of the darkest and most fearful depths of the human heart. The characters of Isa and Stuart, the leading personages of the story, certainly display uncommon insight and originality. They stand out from the canvas in gloomy, portentous distinctness, with barely light enough thrown upon them to enable us to recognize their weird, mysterious features. For our own part, we should prefer to meet this writer, whose rare gifts we cordially acknowledge, in a more sunny atmosphere; but we are bound to do justice to the depth and vigor of the present too sombre creation.

The Howadji in Syria, by GEORGE W. CURTIS (Harper and Brothers). Another fragrant record of Oriental life by the delightful pen which dropped spices and honey so luxuriantly in the unmatched *Nile Notes of a Howadji*. This volume is written in a more subdued strain—the radiant Oriental splendors gleam less dazzlingly, as the traveler approaches the West—the pictures of gorgeous beauty are softened down to a milder tone—and as the pinnacles of the Holy City appear in view, a "dim religious light" tempers the glowing imaginative sensuosity which revels in the glorious enchantments of the sunny Nile. As a descriptive writer, the Howadji has few equals in modern literature. He is indebted for his success to his exquisite perceptions of external nature, combined with a fancy fertile in charming images, and a vein of subtle reflection, which often gives an unexpected depth to his pictures, in the midst of what may at first seem to be only the flashes of a brilliant rainbow coloring. His notices of facts have the accuracy of a gazetteer. They are sharp, firm, well-defined, and singularly expressive. The most prosaic writer could not give a more faithful daguerreotype copy of Eastern scenery. Read his account of the Camel, in the description of his passage across the Desert from Cairo to Jerusalem. The ugly beast is made as familiar to the eye as the horses in a Broadway omnibus. A few authentic touches give a more vivid impression of this unwieldy "ship of the desert" than the labored details of natural history. But this fidelity to nature is by no means the ultimate aim of the Howadji. It is only the condition of a higher sweep. Its serves as the foundation of a series of delicious prose poems, sparkling with beauty, electric with emotion, and seductive to the ear by their liquid melody of expression. The Howadji is no less loyal to feeling than he is faithful to nature. With not the faintest trace of sentimentalism, he is

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not ashamed of the eye and the soul susceptible to all beautiful influences. He writes out his experience with a cordial frankness that disarms prejudice. This union of imagination and fact in the writings of the Howadji must always give a charm to his personal narratives. No one can listen to the relation of his unique adventures without delight. How far his admirable success in this line of composition would insure his success in a purely imaginative work, we do not venture to predict. We trust he will yet give us an opportunity to decide the experiment.

A Commentary on the Book of Proverbs, by MOSES STUART. In a characteristic Preface to this volume, which is the last that came from the press previous to the lamented death of the author, Professor Stuart maintains that the Book of Proverbs was not wholly composed by Solomon, but that it consists of a selection of the proverbial sayings that were current among the wise men of the Hebrew nation. These were digested and arranged by Solomon, and received his sanction by passing through his hands. Most of the maxims are the offspring of sound common sense, of much experience, and of acute discrimination. They present a vivid picture of the internal Hebrew man —of his genius, feelings, morals, industry, social condition, and, indeed, of the whole state of the Hebrews, and their rank among the society of nations. The commentary by Professor Stuart is adapted to beginners in the Hebrew study, giving minute attention to all the philological difficulties, whether in form, idiom, or syntax. It exhibits a profusion of grammatical and exegetical learning, a devoted study of the original text, and considerable analytic acumen. (Published by M. W. Dodd.)

The Story of a Soul, by HENRY W. PARKER, is the title of an anniversary Poem, read before a literary society of Hamilton College, devoted to a retrospect of the supposed experience of a soul, and of the progress of society during the nineteenth century. It shows a lively imagination, a familiar acquaintance with human nature, and an uncommon fluency of expression. The alternation in the poem of grave reflections on the spiritual life, and touches of sarcastic humor on the current events of the day, gives a lively air to the composition, and well sustains the interest of the reader. (Sold by Evans and Brittan.)

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have commenced the publication of a series of *Cabinet Histories*, embracing a volume for each State in the Union. The work is intrusted to the charge of T. S. ARTHUR, and W. H. CARPENTER, whose names may be taken as a guarantee that their task will be performed with exactness and fidelity, and that no sectarian, sectional, or party feelings will bias their judgment, or lead them to violate the integrity of history. It is intended to present a brief narrative of the domestic policy of each State; and, at the same time, to give a peculiar prominence to the personal history of the people, illustrating the progressive development of the social state from the rude forest life of the earlier day to the present condition of refinement and prosperity. The design of the series is excellent. If ably carried out, as we have no doubt it will be, it must prove an important contribution to the interests of popular education. We have already received the *Histories of Kentucky* and of *Georgia*, which are executed in a manner that furnishes the highest promise for the future volumes of the series. The style is marked by rare simplicity and clearness. The facts are well arranged, and apparently based on authentic evidence. A fine portrait of the veteran pioneer, Daniel Boone, embellishes the History of Kentucky.

The translation of MOSHEIM'S *Commentaries on the State of Christianity before the Age of Constantine*, by JAMES MURDOCK, D.D., is a valuable contribution to the literature of Ecclesiastical History. This work is well known to the students of theology as one of great learning and research, and has not been superseded by the more elaborate and ambitious productions of a later period. Dr. Murdock's name is a sufficient assurance of the fidelity of the translation. (Published by S. Converse.)

A new edition of Madame PULSZKY'S delightful *Tales and Traditions of Hungary* has been issued by J. S. Redfield. They are full to overflowing of the genuine Magyar spirit, presenting a series of rich and beautiful portraitures of the old Hungarian life. In the prevailing interest which is now attached to the country of Kossuth, this volume can not fail to find a welcome reception with the American public.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN. The brave martial spirit of these poems of the olden time is finely sustained by the ringing melody of their rhythm. Combining a fervent admiration of the Cavaliers with a devout hatred of the Covenanters, the author has embodied his political feelings in resonant strains. The neat edition of his volume brought out by Redfield will make him better known in this country.

Harper and Brothers have published *Notes on the Book of Revelation*, by Rev. ALBERT BARNES, forming the eleventh volume of Barnes's *Notes on the New Testament*. The character of this popular commentary is too well known to require any critical remarks. In the preface to the present volume, the author makes some interesting statements with regard to the progress of the work from its commencement to its completion. It was begun more than twenty years ago. It was intended only to comprise brief and simple Notes on the Gospels, for the use of Bible classes and Sunday-school teachers. Contrary to the original plan of the author, his Notes have been extended to eleven volumes, and embrace the whole of the New Testament. They have been written entirely in the early hours of the morning, before nine o'clock, the rest of the day having been invariably devoted to other pursuits. In studying the Apocalypse, without any pre-conceived theory as to its plan, Mr. Barnes discovered that the series of events recorded by Gibbon bore a singular correspondence to the series of symbols made use of by the sacred writer. This fact presents a point of literary curiosity which we apprehend has escaped the notice of previous writers. The remarks upon it by Mr. Barnes are quite to the purpose: "The symbols were such as it might be supposed *would be used*, on the supposition that they were intended to refer to these events, and the language of Mr. Gibbon was often such as *he would have used*, on the supposition that he had designed to prepare a commentary on the symbols employed by John. It was such, in fact, that, if it had been found in a Christian writer, professedly writing a commentary on the book of Revelation, it would have been regarded by infidels as a designed attempt to force history to utter a language that should conform to a predetermined theory in expounding a book full of symbols. So remarkable have these coincidences appeared to me in the course of this exposition, that it has almost seemed as if he had designed to write a commentary on some portions of this book, and I have found it difficult to doubt that that distinguished historian was raised up by an overruling Providence to make a record of those events which would ever afterward be regarded as an impartial and unprejudiced statement of the evidences of the fulfillment of

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prophecy. The historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' had no belief in the divine origin of Christianity, but he brought to the performance of his work learning and talent such as few Christian scholars have possessed. He is always patient in his investigations; learned and scholar-like in his references; comprehensive in his groupings, and sufficiently minute in his details; unbiased in his statements of facts, and usually cool and candid in his estimates of the causes of the events which he records; and, excepting his philosophical speculations, and his sneers at every thing, he has probably written the most candid and impartial history of the times that succeeded the introduction of Christianity, that the world possesses, and even after all that has been written since his time, his work contains the best ecclesiastical history that is to be found. Whatever use of it can be made in explaining and confirming the prophecies, will be regarded by the world as impartial and fair, for it is a result which he least of all contemplated, that he would ever be regarded as an expounder of the prophecies in the Bible, or be referred to as vindicating their truth."

Romanism at Home, by KIRWAN, is a controversial work against the Roman Catholic Church, in a series of Letters to the Hon. Chief Justice Taney. Bold, vehement, and enthusiastic—of a stringent polemical tone—and abounding in striking local and personal details—it is adapted to make a strong impression, and can not fail to be extensively read. (Harper and Brothers.)

Lord COCKBURN'S *Life of Francis Jeffrey* is welcomed by the London Press as one of the most charming books of the season. The Correspondence is spoken of as being singularly delightful. "The generous humanity," says the *Athenæum*, "the genial good-will, the ever-recurring play of the noblest affections of the heart endear to us the writer of these letters, and claim the sympathies of all who are alive to what is beautiful in human nature. They exhibit much of the vivacity and freshness of Walpole, combined with the literary grace of Chesterfield and the sweet tenderness of Cowper. In their union of emotional feeling with refined sense and bright conception, their character is almost poetical. They are revelations of Jeffrey's heart as well as of his head, and will make him known and loved by countless readers. His fascination as friend and companion can be easily understood after reading these effusions of a mind whose genial feeling could not be stifled or depressed by forensic or literary toil, or by the snows of age."

The ninth and tenth volumes of Mr. GROTE'S *History of Greece* are now out. They bring down the history from the period of the culmination of the Spartan supremacy, to the accession of Philip of Macedon. "A very remarkable thing about these two volumes," says the *Leader*, "is the amount of political teaching they contain, adapted to the present hour. The volumes are, we may say, pervaded with a lesson of contrast between the results of a government founded on despotism, and those of a government founded on free speech. Invariably in Greece, where free speech was permitted, and democratic spirit prevailed, the developments of society were better, greater, and more orderly, than where matters were managed by long continuations of military despotism, or occasional *coups d'état*." Three or four volumes more will conclude this great work.

Mr. GLADSTONE has published the third volume of his translation of FARINI'S *History of the Roman State*. This volume carries on the story from the flight of the Pope, to the landing of General Oudinot at Civita Vecchia. "The narrative is interesting," says the *Leader*, "but, like the two previous volumes, narrow and peevish in its spirit. One regrets more than ever, on reading these volumes, that MARGARET FULLER'S *History of the Italian Movement* has been lost to the world; it would have told the story of the Roman Republic in so different a spirit from that of the crabbed Farini, who, though he writes well enough, is precisely one of those men who would act like vinegar in any cause, souring all, and helping nothing. By-the-by, SAFFI, Mazzini's young and gifted colleague in the Triumvirate (one of the few men of whom even Farini speaks well, and who is precisely the man to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, and what is more, to deserve them), is writing a *History of the Roman Revolution of* 1848–49. We believe part of it is already written, if not published by the Italian press of Switzerland."

MR. MOXON has called in the *Shelley Papers*, in two volumes, published in January last, it having been discovered that the whole work was a collection of ingenious forgeries, deceiving alike publisher, editor, and public. The first suspicion raised of their genuineness was by a correspondent of the Literary Gazette drawing attention to the singular identity of whole paragraphs of some of the letters, with an article in the Quarterly on "Fine Arts in Florence" in 1840, and contemporaneously, Mr. Palgrave discovered the embodiment of a whole article of his father's, contributed to the Edinburgh Review. This led to further examination and strict inquiry, and there appears at the present time, says the London journals, but little reason to doubt that the letters which were purchased at auctions for high prices can be traced to the "George Gordon Byron, Esq.," whose projected publication in England, some years since, of some alleged secret unpublished papers of Lord Byron was prohibited.

We believe it has not yet been stated, with reference to these forgeries, that they were made, not to impose on autograph collectors, for which purpose their value, in relation to the time and pains spent in their fabrication, would offer no inducement; but they were produced to authenticate a new memoir of Lord Byron, but this publication having failed, and the author falling into distress, was compelled to part with his alleged "original MSS."

The *London Critic* says that the Messrs. "Routledge have presented to the British lovers of poetry the collected works of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the foremost in local fame of the poets of America, but who is less known in England than some of his brethren of lesser merit. This reprint, at a trifling price, will, we trust, introduce him to the better acquaintance of our readers, who can not but be pleased with the vivid imagination, the fruitful fancy, the exquisite transcripts of nature, and the lofty sentiment that pervades his productions."

We learn from the *Athenæum* that Margaret Fuller, on the eve of that visit to the Continent which was to prove so eventful and disastrous, left in the hands of a friend in London a sealed packet, containing, it is understood, the journals which she kept during her stay in England. Margaret Fuller contemplated at that time a return to England at no very distant date; and the deposit of these papers was accompanied by an injunction that the packet should then

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be restored with unbroken seal into her own hands. The papers are likely to be of great interest, and were doubtless intended for publication; but the writer had peremptorily reserved the right of revision to herself, and forbidden the breaking of the seals, on a supposition which fate has now made impossible. The equity of the case under such circumstances demands only a reference to Margaret Fuller's literary executors.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL is engaged in the preparation of a Life of *Charles James Fox*. The materials, collected by Lord Holland and by Mr. Allen, have been long since placed at his lordship's disposal, and the work might have been ready but for the public duties which occupy so much of his attention and time.

At a recent sale of books in London a few rarities were brought to the hammer. "The Bokes of Solomon," printed by W. Copland, 1551, a very rare little volume, sold for 26*l.*; a copy of Coverdale's Bible, the edition of 1560, but imperfect, sold for 31*l.*; a manuscript book of "Hours," with miniatures very prettily painted, sold for 19*l.* As if to prove that the days of bibliomania are not yet quite gone—a copy of "Barnes's History of Edward III.," which in ordinary condition is worth about 10*s.*, sold for the large sum of 9*l.* 10*s.*, simply because it happened to be in "choice old blue morocco, the sides and back richly tooled."

The election to the vacant chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh which took place on the 2d of March, was contested with uncommon zeal. Up to a late period it seemed undecided which of the many able candidates for the office would win—but at last the choice lay between Dr. William Smith, Dr. Schmitz, Prof. Blackie, Prof. Macdowall, and Mr. Price. The election was ultimately decided by the Lord Provost giving a casting vote in favor of Prof. Blackie. In this gentleman the University has secured a man of genius, energy, and kindly feeling --and one well able to maintain its character for classical learning.

Mr. DICKENS's *Bleak House* is producing quite a marked sensation in Germany. Half a dozen publishers at least announced the work several weeks since, and on the 30th of March the first number of *Bleak House* was to appear in half a dozen German translations. It remains to be seen what the German translators will do with the Court of Chancery and its technicalities.

There are now about five or six various translations of Macaulay's 'History of England' published in Germany. The number is likely to be increased by another translation, for which a Brunswick bookseller has engaged the name of HERR BESELER the Schleswig-Holstein politician of the year 1848.

BARANTE has published his third volume of the *Histoire de la Convention Nationale*, which comes down to the epoch of CARRIER, at Nantes.

PIERRE LEROUX, who is now an exile in London, is about to deliver a course of lectures on the *History of Socialism*. Pierre Leroux has not only the necessary erudition for the task, he has also the prestige of having intimately known the modern Socialists.

The works of CHAMFORT are collected into one octavo volume, with a preliminary essay by ARSENE HOUSSAYE. These writings abound in anecdotes, and sharp sentences, picturesque, ear-catching, brief, and suggestive phrases.

GEORGE SAND has made another unsuccessful dramatic experiment, *Pandolphe en vacances*, which distresses the admirers of her genius, who desire to see her renounce a stage to which that genius is clearly not adapted, in spite of *Le Champi* and *Claudie*.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is commenced a skillful translation of Mrs. NORTON's beautiful novel, *Stuart of Dunleath*, by EMILE FORGUES; and an intimation is given of this vein being actively worked.

No small sensation has been caused in Paris by the discovery of the extraordinary forgeries of the Shelley letters. The fact is, that the system of forging letters and manuscripts of distinguished personages is carried on to a large extent in that city: indeed it is as much a regular branch of business as the manufacture of pictures by the great masters is in Italy. In Germany similar frauds are practiced with great success. Only a little while ago a gentleman purchased several letters purporting to be written by Luther, every one of which it now appears is a forgery. In Italy the same system is carried on.

The literary remains of the late ANSELM FEUERBACH, the most learned of the professors of criminal jurisprudence in Germany, are about to be edited by his son, L. Feuerbach, and published by C. Wigand, of Leipzig.

King Max of Bavaria has given a commission to M. Halbig, the sculptor of Munich, to model from the life a bust of Schelling, the well-known German philosophical writer.

The admirers of German literature will be glad to learn that an attempt has been made in Germany to register the enormous number of books and pamphlets which the Germans themselves have published on their two great poets, Goethe and Schiller. A catalogue of the Goethe literature in Germany, from the year 1793 to 1851, has been published by Balde, at Cassel, and in London by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. The Schiller literature, from 1781 to 1851, is likewise announced by the same firm.

The literary remains of the late Count PLATEN-HALLERMUNDE, author of *The Tower with Seven Gates*, *The Romantic Œdipus*, *The Fateful Fork*, and other works, which will always stand pre-eminent in German literature, as well as the poet's correspondence with Count FUGGER, are now in the hands of Dr. MINKVITZ, who is preparing them for publication.

The first volume of *The Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas*, is announced as nearly ready in London. It is to be completed in three volumes, and to be printed uniformly with Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, with illustrations. The author, who is not unknown to fame, truly remarks, "It is a singular fact that there is no such work at present in the English language, and that we know, perhaps, less of "Russia and the Russians," than we do of some of the distant tribes of India. It does appear, therefore, that there is a blank in our historical library which requires filling up; such a publication, consequently, may be deemed a *desideratum* in English literature."

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Three Leaves from Punch.



First Aristocratic Butcher-Boy.—"Hullo, Bill. Don't mean to say yer've come down to a Pony?"
Second Ditto Ditto.—"Not dezactly! Our Cart is only gone a-paintin'."

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FLUNKEY.—"Apollo? Hah! I dessay it's very cheap, but it ain't my Ideer of a Good Figger!"



OMNIBUS DRIVER.—"Reely, now! and so the *'lectric fluid* takes a message between Dover and Calais. (Inquiringly) Pray, Sir, wot's it like? Is it any thing like *beer*, for example?"

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ELLEN.—"Oh, don't tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all well!"
CHARLEY.—"I tell you what it is, Cousin—the fact is, You are in Love! Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it!"



MRS. SMITH.—"Is Mrs. Brown in?"
JANE.—"No, Mem, she's not at Home."
LITTLE GIRL.—"Oh! what a horrid Story, Jane! Mar's in the Kitchen, helping Cook!"

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PENALTIES.

THE Penalty of buying cheap clothes, is the same as that of going to law, the certainty of losing your suit, and having to pay for it.

The Penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.

The Penalty of remaining single, is having no one who "cares a button" for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirts.

The Penalty of thin shoes, is a cold.

The Penalty of a pretty cook, is an empty larder.

The Penalty of stopping in Paris, is being shot.

The Penalty of tight boots, is corns.

The Penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you, is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.

The Penalty of popularity, is envy.

The Penalty of a baby, is sleepless nights.

The Penalty of interfering between man and wife, is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows, from both.

The Penalty of a Godfather, is a silver knife, fork, and spoon.



Awful Contortion of the Face produced by the constant Use of an Eye-glass.

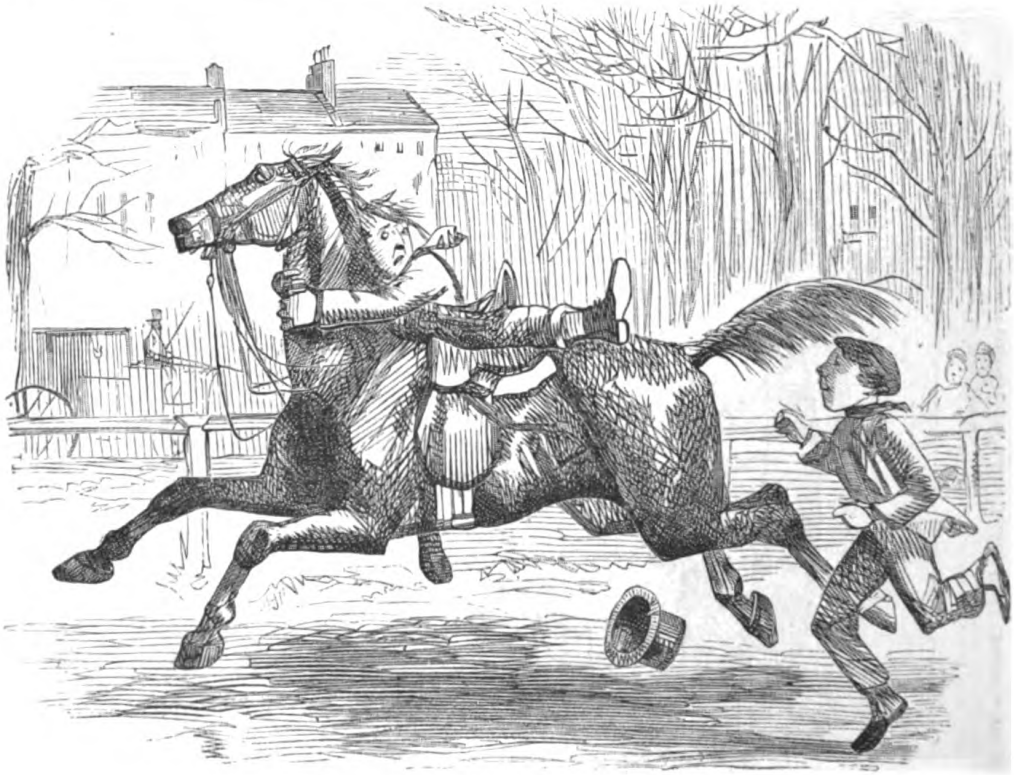
The Penalty of kissing a baby, is half-a-crown (five shillings, if you are liberal) to the nurse.

The Penalty of a public dinner, is bad wine.

The Penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamt of, and of a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

The Penalty of lending, is—with a book or an umbrella, the certain loss of it; with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, the lamest chance of ever seeing it back again sound.

The Penalty of being a witness, is to be abused by the lawyers, snubbed by the judge, and laughed at by the spectators; besides having the general state of your wardrobe described in the papers next morning.



RATHER SEVERE.

"Shall I 'old your 'Orse, Sir?"

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WHAT I HEARD ABOUT MYSELF IN THE EXHIBITION.



I AM the original of the "Portrait of a Gentleman," in the Exhibition of last year. I had my likeness taken, because I had a great admiration for the original. I thought my face handsome, and my figure noble, if not elegant—I believed that I had a remarkably grand head. I prided myself on my eyes, not only on account of their color, which I took for a deep gray, but also for a lustre which I fancied them to emit, which I supposed was the fire of genius. I was persuaded that I had a Roman nose and a finely chiseled mouth. Sometimes I thought I resembled Byron, at others Shelley. It is true I could not conceal from myself that my proportions were rather massive than lofty, and that my legs were somewhat curved; but I imagined that these peculiarities imparted a stalwart manliness to my bearing. While sitting to the artist I composed my countenance into the most dignified and intellectual expression of which it was capable. I was represented in full dress, and I thought I presented the appearance of an Apollo—perhaps a little too much developed—got up for an evening party. I was anxious that the public should share my gratification, and had the portrait sent to the Exhibition, where it appeared on the Catalogue as the "Portrait of a Gentleman." As soon as the Exhibition was opened I went there, and stationed myself before my picture; a crowd was gathered around. I thought, at first, that they were admiring it as much as I did. I listened to their criticisms, and was undeceived. "'Portrait of a Gentleman!'" said one, "Portrait of a Snob!" and passed on. I was indignant. "What could possess that fellow, with his unmeaning face, fat paunch, and bandy legs, to have his picture taken?" inquired another. My head swam, I thought I should have fainted. "Vulgarity personified;" "What a silly simper upon the face;" "What a self-satisfied smirk about the mouth," remarked a second, third, and fourth, as they cast their eyes upon the picture. "The head is like a dumpling," said a phrenological-looking visitor. "Why does he show that fat hand so conspicuously?" asked a sixth. I was represented standing with one leg crossed before the other, my hand resting upon a book—which attitude I thought harmonized with my remarkably intellectual countenance. "The figure would pass for Sancho Panza, but the face is too stupid," said a seventh. By this time I was almost stupefied with humiliation; but the worst was yet to come. Among those who were contemplating the portrait was a lady—the loveliest, I think, I ever saw. "Poor fellow!" said she, at last, with a sigh, "how dreadful it must be for him to have those horrid green eyes!" I could bear no more. I rushed from the Exhibition, and slunk to my rooms. What I suffered that night I can not describe. But the next day I recovered my senses; sent for my picture from the Exhibition; and am now reconciled to the fact that I am a very ugly-featured, bandy-legged punchy little fellow, not the least in the world like an Apollo.



NOBLE LORD.—"Here's this confounded Newspaper speaking the Truth again Ah! They manage these things better in France."

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INTERIOR OF A FRENCH COURT OF JUSTICE, 1852.

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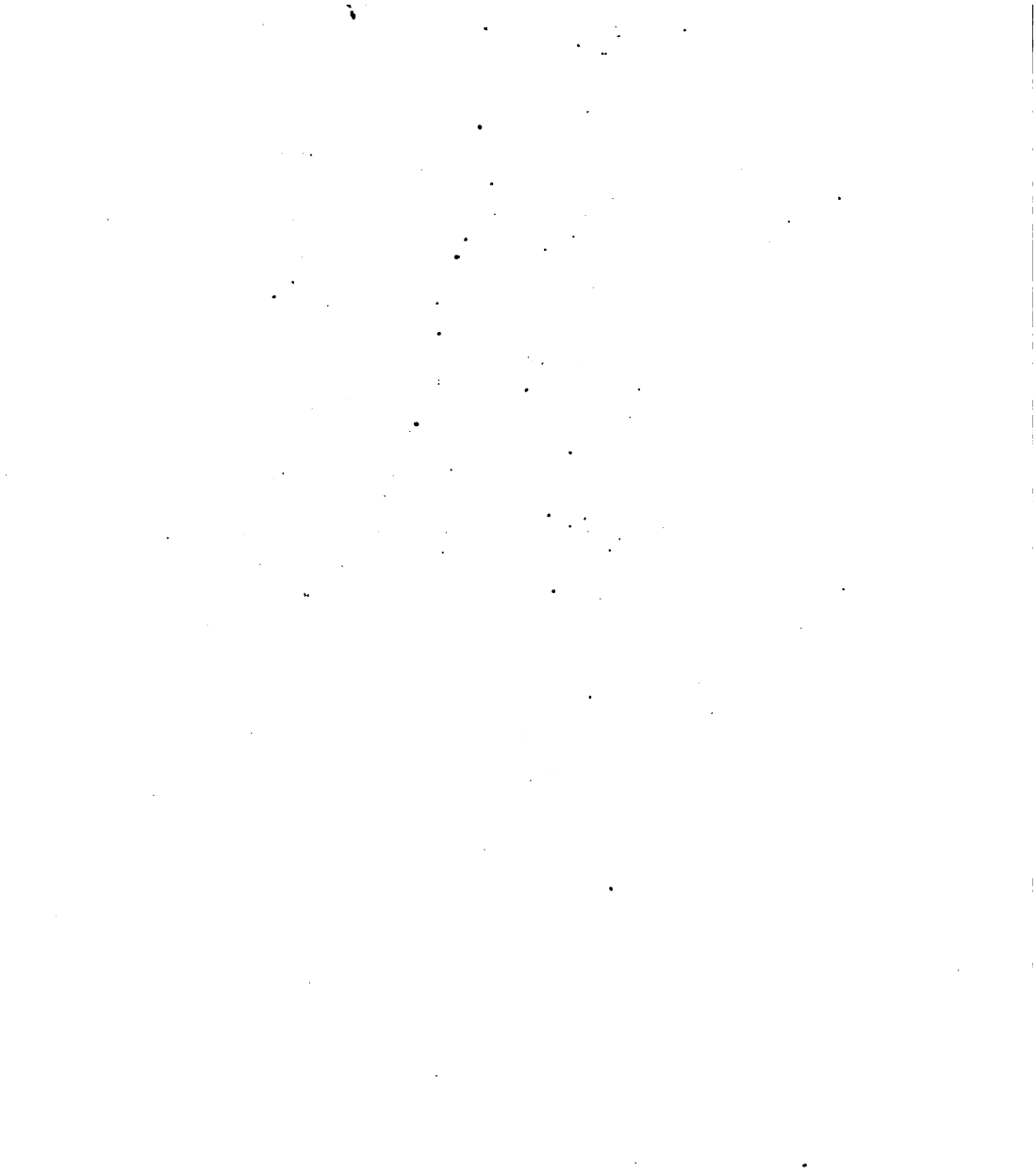
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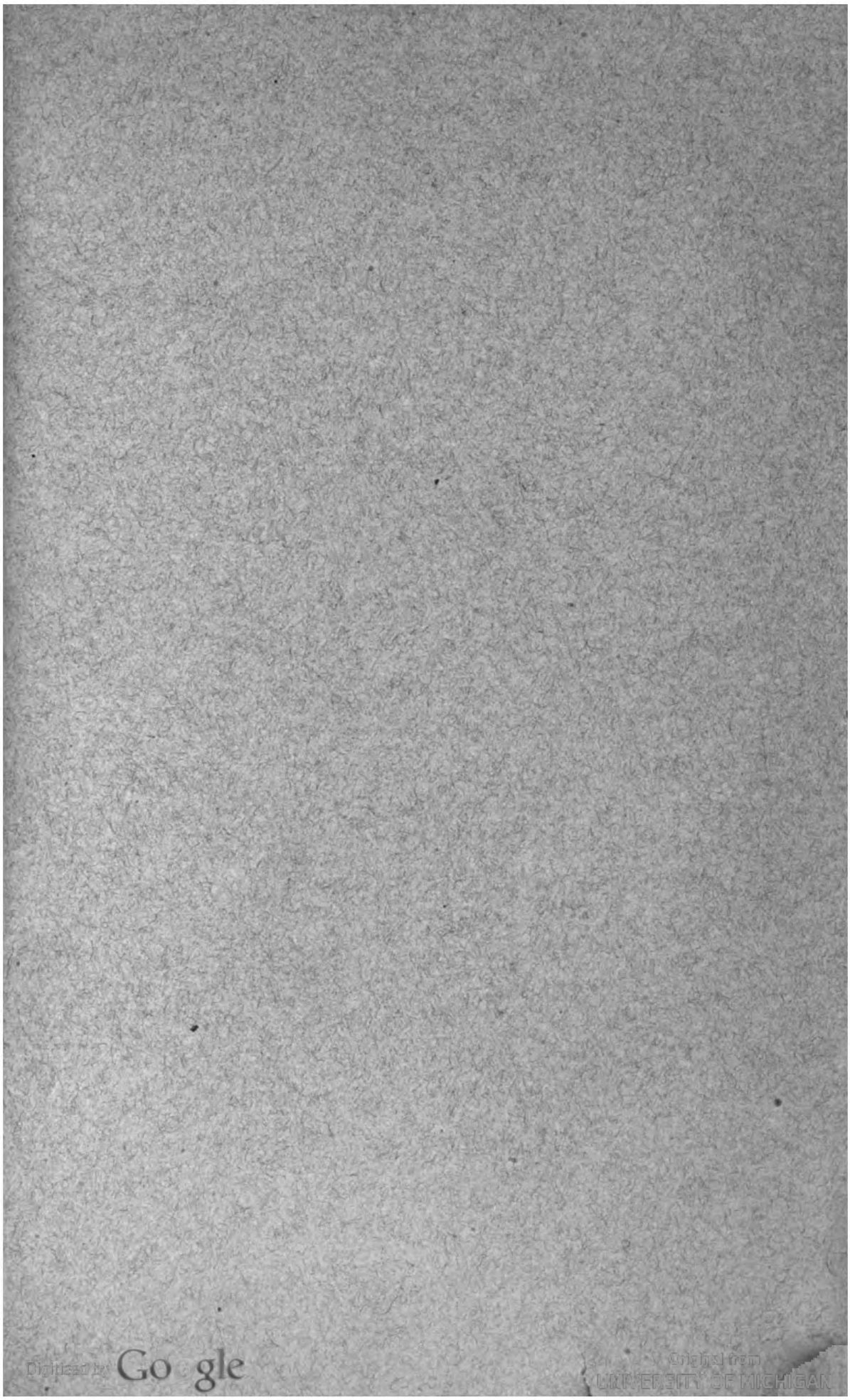
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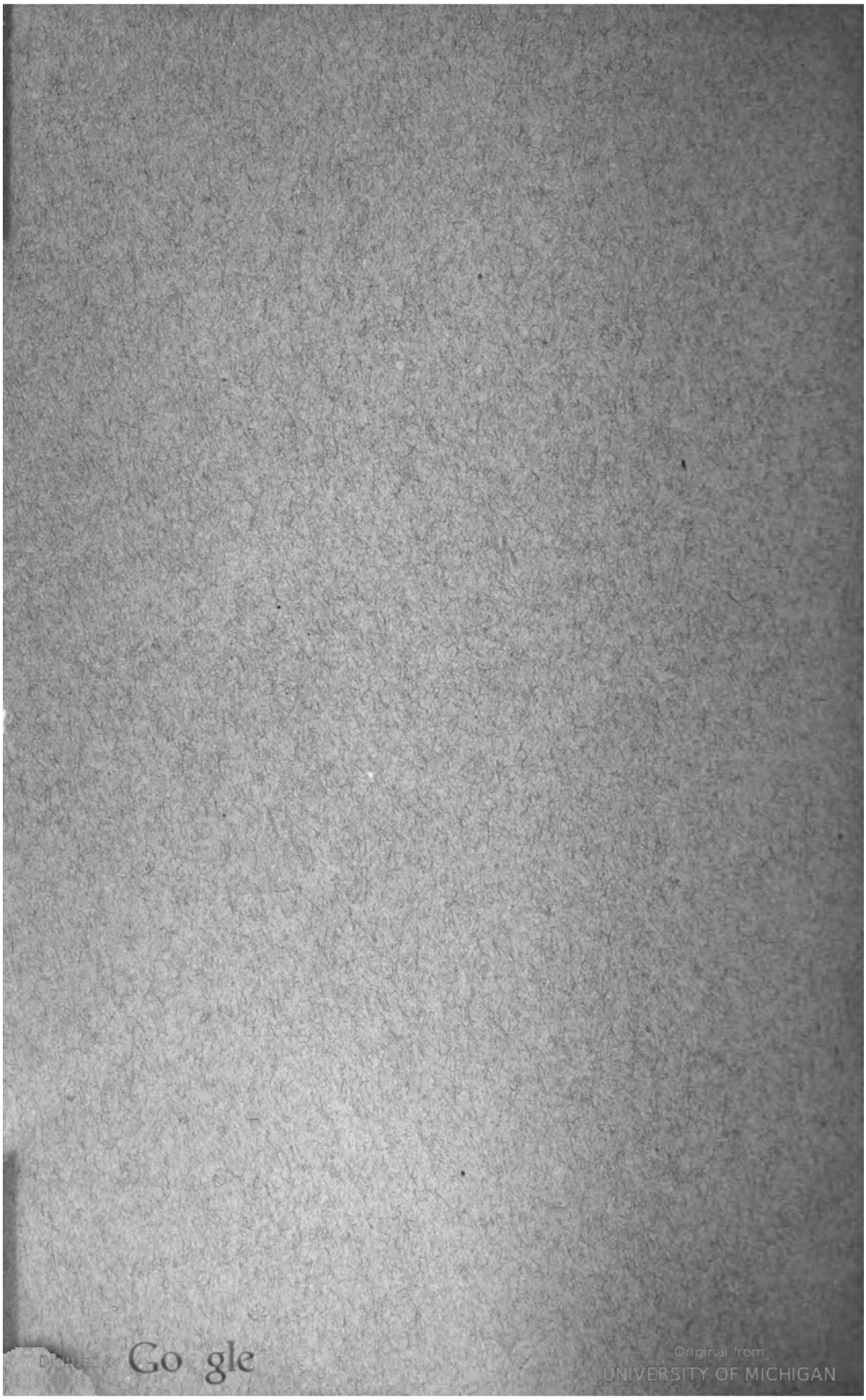
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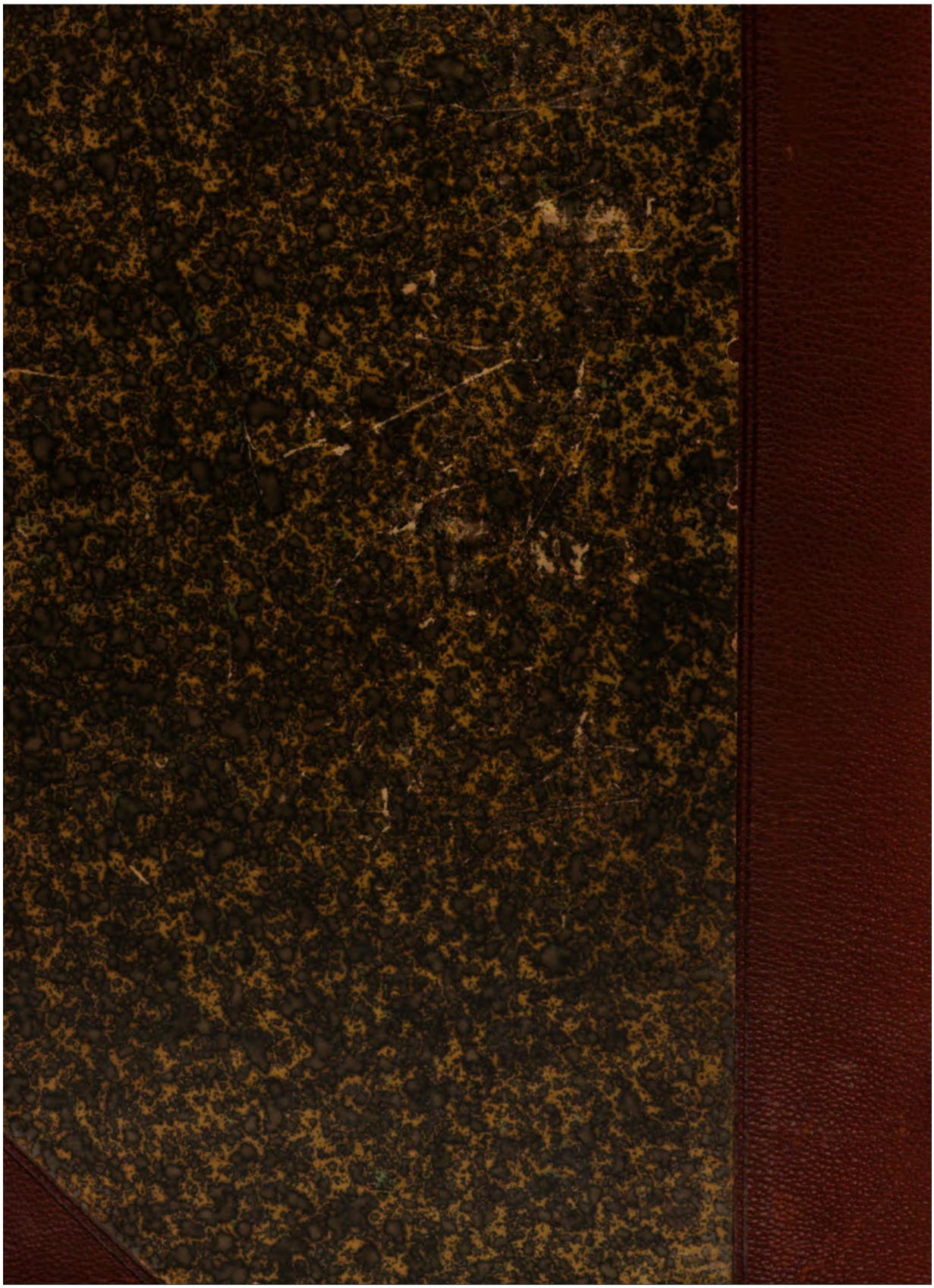
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